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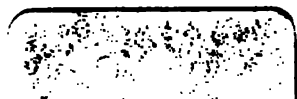
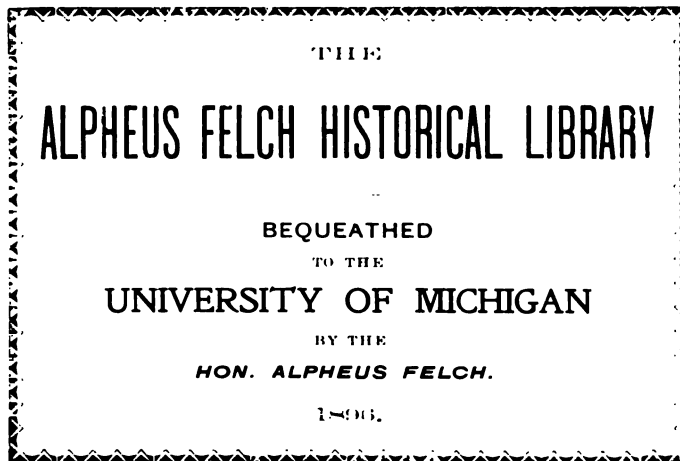
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INDEX.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. SHAKESPEARE AND HIS FAMILY.
2. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, M.P.
3. SIR MORTON PETO, BART.
4. SIR HENRY RAWLINSON, BART.
5. DAVID LIVINGSTONE, D.D.
6. SIR FRANCIS GRANT, BART.

POETRY.

	PAGE
In Trust,	109
Two Loves and a Life,	130
On the Rhine,	130
Tryste in the Snow,	131
The Fords of Jordan,	131
Twilight,	132
The Dead,	132
Of the World, but not Worldly,	132
The Birth of the Snowdrop,	256
Winter Wooing,	257
Not Alone,	257
Maiden Meditation,	257
To Gertrude,	258
In the Churchyard,	384
The Wishing Gate,	385
Autumn Leaves,	385
Wordsworth and Coleridge,	385
A Girl's Resolve,	386
Christmas in the Workhouse,	386
She is Dead,	386
Consider,	386
The Small Chrysanthemum,	386
True or False,	515
Twilight,	516
A Remembered Spring,	516
The Churchyard Yew,	517
The Lady Merle,	517
The Origin of the Snowdrop,	612
Autumn,	640
King Henry and the Abbot of Waltham,	640
Poetry,	641
New-Year Fancies,	641
Sonnets of Sorrow,	641
Sea View,	642
Beauty,	642
Gold in the Firelight,	674
Nemesis,	771
A Blush,	773

ART MISCELLANY, 135; 261-262; 390-391; 646-647; 775.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY, 135; 259-261; 388-390; 518-520; 645-646; 774.

VARIETIES, 136; 262-264; 391-392; 520; 647-648; 776.

NOTIONS, LITERARY, 133-135; 258-259; 386-388; 518; 642-645; 772-774.

A

	PAGE
A Hundred Years Ago,	252
Albert, The, Chapel, in Windsor Castle,	646
American Furs,	445
Anecdotes from a Blue Book,	677
Angelica's Betrothal,	344
Arlyn, Lucy,	518
Asphodel,	773
Astronomical Photography,	390

B

Balloon Ascents and their Scientific Importance,	505
Bible, the English, its Early History and Literary Characteristics,	52
Bolingbroke, Writings of,	92
Bowles, William L.,	216
Brain, The Human,	170
Bruce's Cowper,	338
Broken to Harness,	642
Bushnell, Dr., Vicarious Sacrifice,	258

C

Cathedrals of England, The,	222, 326
Candide,	417
Cattle Plague, Notes on,	584
Cecilias, The,	645
Celtic Literature, The Study of,	728
Cicero (Forsyth), Noticed,	134
Clarendon, The Fall of,	77
Cobden, Richard,	392
Coleridge, Hartley, Reminiscences of,	109
Culture, the Modern Doctrine of,	725
Coliseum, A Night in the,	502
Comte and Positivism,	608
Concerning Roadside Stations,	632
Cowper, Bruce's,	338
Chinese Literature,	520
Crabbe, George,	216
Cup, The, A Fairy Tale,	305, 481

D

Dante Commemoration, The,	1
Dante (Botta), Noticed,	134
De Tocqueville, Posthumous Writings of,	458
Diplomatist's Story, The,	366
Doctor Kemp,	773
Dreams, The Literature of,	701
Dyer's History of the City of Rome,	565

E

England, Distribution of Wealth in,	555
---	-----

	PAGE		PAGE
England, The Cathedrals of,	222, 326	P	
Epidemics, Past and Present,	297	Palmerston, Lord,	113
F		Peace on Earth,	354
Faithful and True,	83	Peto, Sir Morton, Sketch of	381
Favorites, Royal,	118	Perfumes, The Book of,	478
Fenians, The Ancient, and Fenian Literature,	361	Peloponnesus, Wyse's Excursion in,	177
Fiction and its Uses,	192	Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects,	134
French Aristocracy at the Sea-side,	428	Philosophical Puzzles,	70
French Government, The, and the Mecca Pilgrims,	243	Poetry (Richard Grant White), Lyrical, Narrative, and Satirical, of the Civil War,	644
Frost and Fire, Notice of,	133	Præd and his Works,	649
Froude's England, Noticed,	134	Proctor, Edna Dean, Poems,	388
G		R	
Gallican Church, The,	266	Ralph, and Other Poems (Abbey),	772
Gaskell, Mrs., Wives and Daughters, reviewed,	718	Rawlinson, Sir Henry, Sketch of,	514
Gazelle, and Other Poems,	773	Recollections of Waterloo by a Surviving Veteran,	375
Gipsies, The,	539	Robertson, F. W., Life and Letters of, Noticed, 258; Review of,	532
Gladstone, W. E., Bart, Address to the Edinburgh University,	137	Rome, Dyer's History of the City of,	565
Gladstone, Sketch of,	254	Rome, Notes in, Artistic and Social,	705
Gold in the Firelight,	674	Roman London,	721
Grant, Francis,	772	Russian Mission, A, in Palestine,	739
Grote's Plato,	664	S	
Gulliver,	417	Scotland, The Organ in,	73
H		Shakespeare and his Family,	128
Hatch, Dr., Constitution of Man,	388	Simplicity and Fascination,	388
History of Precious Stones,	642	Sinai, The Peninsula of: Notes of Travel therein,	521, 688
Homer (Derby), Noticed,	134	Skye, A Summer in,	134
Honor May,	644	Sleep, The Mystery of,	458
Hughes, Thomas, Peace on Earth,	354	Southey, Robert,	494, 591
Hunt, Leigh,	17	South, The, Since the War,	772
I		Spanish, Ballads from the,	544
India, The Military Situation in,	318	Spencerian Key to Practical Penmanship,	518
In Trust (Douglas),	773	Spring, Gardiner, Life and Times of,	384
Italian Literature, Recent,	436	Statistical Averages and Human Actions,	245
Jamaica,	284	Storm, An Alpine,	550
Java, Recollections of,	410	Switzerland, Rural Economy of,	745
L		T	
Lake Basins, On,	36	Taylor, Isaac, The Literary Life of,	182
Land of the Lotus Eaters,	775	Tennyson, The Bibliography of,	159
Landor, Walter Savage,	293	Teufelsdröckh,	417
Leaves of Consolation, etc.,	388	The Cliff Ball,	598
Leighton Court,	644	The Queen Mother and Rosamond,	772
Leo, Andre,	28	The Vilest of God's Creatures,	214
Leopold, late King of Belgium,	540	Tischendorf and the Grand Duke Constantine,	739
Literary Imposture, A New,	235	V	
Literary Representative Types,	417	Violin, A Freak on,	754
Livingstone, Dr., The Zambesi Expedition, 418; Sketch of Life,	638	Von Weber, Carl Maria, Life of,	568
M		W	
Marsh, Dr., Temperance Recollections,	773	Wet Days at Edgewood,	134
Mars, Appearance of,	259	Whewell, Dr., Comte and Positivism, 603; Grote's Plato, 664; Note on Death of,	664
Mexico, Buried City in,	259	Whewell, William, In Memoriam,	750
Miletus, The Lost Tales of,	614	White, Richard Grant, Poetry of the War,	772
My Sister Biatrice,	205	Wilson, John,	708
N		Wives and Daughters, Reviewed,	718
Noted Names of Fiction,	258	Woman's Craft and Man's Dishonesty,	378
Norman Conquest, Story of,	390	Women, Witty and Pretty, of the Time of Horace Walpole,	43
Novelist, A New,	28	Wordsworth,	291
O		Wyse's Excursion in the Peloponnesus,	177
Oxford and its Colleges,	756		



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London Quarterly Review.

THE DANTE COMMEMORATION.*

THE celebration of the Dante Festival, so long enthusiastically anticipated and prepared for by all Italy, was held in Florence on the fourteenth and two following days of May last. It is worthy of observation, that this festival on the six hundredth birthday of the Florentine Poet, should so nearly synchronize with the elevation of his birthplace to the dignity of a royal city, and its promotion to be the metropolis of Italy. It is equally gratifying that this festival should occur so soon after the establishment of Italian Unity; an object of Dante's devout aspiration, and to which his immortal works have in some measure

contributed. It was the gathering of all Italy around her constitutional king, to do honor to the genius and patriotism of her greatest poet; whose name is one of her chief glories, and who has done so much to form her language and literature, to develop her national spirit, and to aid in advancing her to the position she now so proudly occupies. Even Venice and Rome, not yet politically united with the kingdom of Italy, though united with her in spirit and hope, were represented on the recent auspicious occasion, alike in the splendid procession moving from the square of Santo Spirito, and in the multitudinous and enthusiastic assemblage and impressive ceremonies in the Piazza di Santa Croce.

* 1. The Dante Festival. From our own Correspondent. The Times, May 19, 1865.

2. The Daily Telegraph, (Leading Article,) May 17, 1865.

3. The Inferno of Dante, Translated in the Metre of the original. By James Ford, M.A., Prebendary of Exeter. Smith and Co., Cornhill.

NEW SERIES—Vol. III. No. 1

4. Critical, Historical, and Philosophical Contributions to the study of the Divina Commedia. By Henry Clark Barlow, M.D. Williams and Co., 14 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

5. The Trilogy; or, Dante's Three Visions: Translated, with Notes and Illustrations. By Rev. J. W. Thomas. Bohn. 1861.

The spirit of Dante, though intensely Italian, was also cosmopolitan. He loved his country with an ardent affection, but he lived and breathed in an atmosphere far above his contemporaries; and although born in the thirteenth, and flourishing in the beginning of the fourteenth century, he belonged not to one age, but to all time. He had in his nature and character so much of the *VATES*—the prophet poet—that he anticipated the future of his country, and influenced her destinies through every subsequent age, preserving in his immortal verse for posterity the knowledge of his own times, and transmitting to us a more correct conception of them than their own prolix and discordant annals have afforded. Though “his soul was like a star and dwelt apart,” it shed its lustre on the scene above which it rose, and rendered attractive events which history overlooked, and which the pen of the mere historian could not have endowed with interest, or invested with importance.

The name of Dante is not only the most conspicuous in medieval history, but as a poet he takes rank among the foremost in any age or nation. Macaulay places him above all the ancient poets, except Homer. Many a name, illustrious during the middle ages, has been obscured by the lapse of time and the change of circumstances; but that of Dante still holds its place in the literary firmament, and shines with undiminished lustre. Of middle stature and grave deportment, his dress plain, and his manner at times a little absent and abstracted, he was endowed with extraordinary powers of mind; the mould in which he was cast was one of the choicest—

“The master-mould of Nature's heavenly hand,
Wherein are cast the heroic and the free,
The beautiful, the brave.”

The moral and political condition of Italy in Dante's time was very lamentable. Its Christianity had long been debased by error and superstition. From the Church the glory had departed, and the Ark of God was in captivity among its enemies. The pretended successors of St. Peter had risen from the condition of subjects to

that of sovereign princes, and their dominion operated as a blight on public and private virtue and happiness. The commandments of God were made void by the traditions of men; and the system of clerical celibacy and priestly absolution tended to undermine and deprave the morals of society; while the traffic in indulgences, introduced by Urban the Second in the eleventh century, under pretense of raising funds for rescuing the Holy Land from the infidel, gave direct encouragement to licentiousness and crime. These evils were aggravated by the violence of party-spirit, which appeared to rage without control. Every town and city was rent by the contending parties of Guelph and Ghibeline, and whenever either of these prevailed the other was driven into exile. The popes endeavored to maintain their political ascendancy by encouraging the animosities of the two factions, and sometimes by inviting the assistance of foreign potentates. Thus Italy became the theatre of bloody and desolating wars; and the German emperor, the Frenchman, and the Spaniard, successively made her their prey. Unity, alone, was wanting, to make the Alps impassable to the invader, and to preserve Italian freedom from the yoke of the stranger; but the consummation of this obvious means of security was delayed for six hundred years by virulent hatreds, and by the rivalry and furious passions of contending republics which led them to sacrifice material prosperity, and civil and political freedom and welfare, to native tyrants and foreign invaders; thus preparing the way for ages of ignominy and bondage.

Yet these Italian states had been the birth-place and cradle of European civilization, laws, literature, arts, and sciences. We are more indebted to their example and influence than most persons are aware. When the rest of Europe was comparatively poor and barbarous, Italy was prosperous and civilized. The open country round each city was cultivated by an industrious peasantry, whose labor placed them in easy and often affluent circumstances. The citizen proprietors advanced them capital, and shared

their harvests. At vast expense and with immense labor, embankments were constructed to preserve the plains from inundation by the rivers annually swollen through the melting of the Alpine snows. They are alluded to by Dante, *Inferno*, xv. 7-9. The Naviglio Grande of Milan, which connects the Ticino and the Po, was constructed in the twelfth century, chiefly for the purpose of irrigation, and was the earliest artificial canal in Europe, with the possible exception of that between Bruges and Ghent. It is still useful for its original purpose, the country on each side, which is the finest part of Lombardy, being watered by its numerous branches. At a time, too, when the inhabitants of London and Paris could not step out of their houses without plunging deep into mud, the cities of Italy, walled and terraced, were for the most part paved with broad flagstones; the rivers were spanned by bridges of bold and elegant structure; and the palaces of the magistracy united strength with grandeur. One of the most magnificent of them, the *Palazza Vecchio*, or old palace, was built in 1298 by Arnolfo, as the residence of the Gonfaloniere and the Priori. There were commenced by him before A.D. 1300, the Church of Santa Croce, which has been called the Westminster Abbey and the Pantheon of Florence, in front of which the Dante Celebration was held in May last; and the Church of Santa Maria Fiore, which is the Cathedral of the city. The cupola of the latter is the largest dome in the world; it was erected in 1420 by Brunelleschi, who was born several years after Dante's decease. This dome served Michael Angelo as a model for St. Peter's. His admiration of it was so great, that he used to say: "Come te non voglio, meglio di te non posso," (Like thee I will not build, better I can not.) In the year 1300, that of Arnolfo's death and Dante's vision, Andrea di Pisa cast the admirable bronze gates of the Baptistery of St. John standing opposite the Duomo at Florence, which Michael Angelo pronounced "worthy to be the gates of Paradise." Dante's attachment to this building appears from his calling

it "Il bel mio san Giovanni," (My beautiful St. John.) On the south side of the piazza or square, common to the Baptistery and Duomo, is a flagstone inscribed *Sasso di Dante*, where formerly stood a stone seat on which he used to sit and contemplate the cathedral and its magnificent campanile. In the same age the art of painting was revived by Cimabue and his greater disciple Giotto, and that of music by Casella, both of whom were friends of Dante, and are all three celebrated by him in the *Divina Commedia*. Throughout Italy the study of the classics, of history, philosophy, and ethics, was now revived; but it was in Florence that the love of liberty was most pervading and persistent; her judicial institutions were the first that guarded the welfare of the citizens; here improvement in legislation soonest appeared, and mental cultivation was carried farthest.

The poetry of Dante was greatly influenced by the early poetry of France. The Romance language in Gaul preceded that of Italy, and was divided into two dialects. The Provençal, the earliest of the European languages that sprang out of the decay of Latin, was the one employed by the Troubadors, the instructors of Europe in the rules of modern versification. At the beginning of the twelfth century, Italian was not believed capable of becoming a polished language, or worthy to be employed in the composition of poetry. The first lisplings of the Italian muse were but faint echoes and humble imitations of the Provençal lyrics. It was after the long night of ages that these stars of the dawn had risen, so famous in their time; but they were soon made to pale their ineffectual fires before the superior splendor of Dante's genius. Besides the Troubadors, whose genius was lyric, and who sang of "faithful" or faithless "loves," there were the Trouveurs of Northern France, whose genius was epic, and who in the Wallon dialect (Norman French) sang "fierce warres." In three different parts of his poem, Dante alludes to the romance of *Lancelotte du Lac*, and besides these allusions to the romances of the Trouveurs, their spirit may be recognized in the

majestic allegories of Dante, who, according to Sismondi, took for his model the most ancient and celebrated of them, the *Romance of the Rose*, which, however, he has infinitely surpassed.

DANTE was born at Florence, May fourteenth, 1265. His baptismal name was Durante, afterward abbreviated to Dante. His ancestry, connections, and the incidents of his life, are best gathered from his works. His grandfather, Cacciaguida D'Elisei, married a lady of the Aldighieri or Alighieri family of Ferrara, whose children assumed the arms and name of their mother. Cacciaguida accompanied the Emperor Conrad the Third in his crusade to the Holy Land, was knighted for his valor, and died in battle against the Saracen Infidels, A.D. 1147. Hence the poet, in his *Paradiso*, exalts him to the rank of a martyr, and makes him relate his adventures and describe the condition of Florence, and the simple and primitive manner of its inhabitants, before the breaking out of the great feud between the Guelphs and Ghibelines. While Dante was yet a child, his father died and left him to the care of his mother, who, being wealthy and a woman of sense, gave him the best education that could be procured. One of his preceptors was Brunetto Latini, an eminent scholar and poet, who from the early indications of his pupil's genius, appears to have prognosticated his preëminence and renown.

Dante relates his meeting with him in the Shades below :

" 'A glorious port thou canst not miss, thy star
So thou but follow,' he to me replied,
'If well I judged thee in the life more fair.' "

Dante's gratitude to his preceptor is shown in his reply :

"For in my memory fixed, now grieves my heart
The dear and good paternal image known
Of you on earth, where with a master's art
You taught me how eternity is won.
How dear I hold the lesson, while I live
'Tis fit should by my eloquence be shown."

In the ninth year of his age, he first saw a young lady a few months older than himself, an event which left an indelible impression on his mind and

character. Such early attachments are often the purest, and the most lasting in their influence: how often has some object of boyish passion, removed by death, been enshrined in the memory, and visited the dreams to the end of life! But never was the early love of human genius immortalized like Dante's. The vision of Beatrice Portinari, seen at a festival given by her father to the young people of the city, on May-day, 1274, never departed from him. In *La Vita Nuova*, the earliest of his known productions, he relates, with infinite delicacy, the incidents of that youthful passion which helped to stamp his destiny as a poet, and inspired his hymn of the eternal rest. As in the case of another great poet—one of our own country—the object of this first and passionate love could not be his. Yet

"She was his life;
The ocean to the river of his thoughts."

After several years of declining health, she died at the age of twenty-five; unconscious, probably, or but half-conscious of the interest which she had awakened in the breast of her youthful admirer, who has linked her name with his own in the immortality of his great poem. To her he consecrated the earliest strains of his lyre; in his maturer age, when passing through the regions of blessedness, she is his chosen guide; and while he listens to celestial harmony, amidst the shining company of saints and angels, *her* presence heightens heaven.

Dante's youth was distinguished by a noble and contemplative disposition, and that enthusiasm for study which is the surest presage of distinction, and which accompanied him through every period of his life. Among his most intimate friends were some of the distinguished men of his time—philosophers, poets, and artists. In the pursuit of wisdom, he not only studied in the famous universities of Padua and Bologna, but is also said to have visited those of Paris and Oxford. He belonged to the Guelph party, which at that time ruled in Florence; and although not a warrior by profession, was in the battle of

Campaldino; in which, June, 1289, the Ghibelines of Arezzo were defeated. Thus he commences the twenty-seventh canto of *Inferno*:

"I have seen horsemen shift their camp, and I
Have seen them join in fight, and at review,
And sometimes quit the battle-field and fly.
I've seen the light-armed squadrons riding
through
Thy plains, Arezzo, and the troopers fleet."

Soon after this he married Gemma Dinato, a lady of a powerful Guelph family; and in 1300, at the age of thirty five, was elected chief magistrate, or first of the Priori. It was not long, however, before a schism occurred in the Guelph party, which gave rise to the two factions of Bianchi and Neri, (whites and blacks;) the Donati, with whom the poet was allied in marriage, taking part with the Neri, while Dante himself, induced by personal friendship and the claims of justice, united himself with the Bianchi. Dante and his fellow magistrates having called the citizens to their protection and aid, sent the chiefs of both factions into temporary banishment. The Neri betook themselves to Pope Boniface the Eighth, who sent Charles de Valois, brother of the French King, to the help of that party in Florence. This led to a general proscription of the Bianchi, many of whom were slain, and their houses plundered and burnt; others were driven into exile. Dante had been deputed to Rome by the Bianchi, to counteract, if possible, the machinations of their adversaries. His house was plundered in his absence; and he, on hearing of the proscription, left Rome, and joined his exiled friends at Arezzo. In January, 1302, a sentence was passed by the Florentine magistrates, condemning him to two years' exile, and a fine of eight thousand florins. By a second sentence, he and others were condemned, as *barrattieri*, (swindlers,) to be *burnt alive*! The sentence was grounded on "publica fama," which, in this case, meant the slander of his enemies.

On the death of Boniface the Eighth, and the election of Benedict the Eleventh, a man of mild and conciliating disposition, some hopes of reconciliation were entertained by the exiles. The new Pope sent a legate to Florence

for the purpose of restoring peace; but the ruling party thwarted his endeavors, and the legate retired, leaving the city a prey to anarchy; during which, in June, 1304, nineteen hundred houses were destroyed by a conflagration. The Bianchi and Ghibelines, during the confusion, made an unsuccessful attempt to surprise and reënter the town.

Dante's life thenceforward was to be a life of wandering and dependence; and with that susceptibility which belongs to poetic natures, he felt the more keenly the miseries of such a condition. Thus his grandfather tells him:

"Thou wilt leave every thing which thou most
dearly
Hast loved; and this first shaft which thou
must bear,
Will from the bow of exile touch thee nearly.
Next thou wilt find how hard it is to share
The bread of others, and how hard the wending
To mount and to descend another's stair.
But the worst load thy shoulders then offending
Will be the vile and senseless concourse
thrown
Along with thee, and in that vale descending,
Which all ungrateful, mad, and impious grown,
Will turn against thee; but in little space,
Not thy brows will be crimsoned but their
own,
Of their brutality with rapid pace
They'll give plain proof; 'tis therefore well
for thee
That thou a party by thyself dost place."

Paradiso, canto xvii. ll. 55-69. (Thomas's tr.)

Dante endeavored to obtain a revocation of the sentence which had been pronounced against him; for which purpose he addressed his countrymen in a pathetic letter, commencing: "Popule mi, quid tibi fecisti?" (My people, what have I done to thee?) But it had no effect; the family of Adimari, who had got possession of his estate, opposed with all their influence an act of justice which would have deprived them of their newly-won spoil. In 1306, he resided at Padua, and in 1307 was hospitably entertained at Sinigiana, by the Marquis Morello Malespina. He went thence to Gubbio, and remained some time with Busone, between whom and himself there existed a strict friendship. His next sojourn was again at Verona, drawn thither by the amiable and enlightened charac-

ter of its joint rulers, Can Francisco and Alboino Scagligeri, the former of whom had the title of *Il Grande*, on account of his exploits in the war with Padua, and both being celebrated throughout Italy for the splendor of their court, and their munificent patronage of learning. On the death of the Emperor Albert, May, 1308, Dante exerted himself with the utmost vigor on behalf of Henry, Prince of Luxembourg, one of the candidates for the imperial crown; from whose interposition, if successful, the Bianchi hoped for a favorable change in their condition. It was to encourage the partisans of Henry, that Dante wrote his treatise *De Monarchiâ*, in which he advocates, with great strength of argument, the independence of the civil power. To his great joy, the election of Henry was proclaimed, and the imperial army was shortly on its way to Florence. Henry halted before he got within sight of the walls, and then withdrew his forces, to pursue other measures more in accordance with his policy. The last glimmer of hope was extinguished by his premature death in the following year, 1313.

Dante's next and latest sojourn was at Ravenna, with Guido Novella da Polenta, the lord of that ancient city and "fortress of falling empire," a nobleman of singular liberality, the father of the unfortunate Francesca di Rimini. His love of literature and admiration of the greatest man that Italy had produced in modern times, made him rejoice in the society and feel honored by the presence of such a guest. Here, enjoying the friendship of his generous and accomplished host, the venerable exile, after many years of wandering and anxiety, like a tempest-tost vessel that had reached the haven, was permitted to enjoy a season of repose.

It is said that about the year 1316 it was intimated to him by a friend, that on condition of acknowledging his fault and soliciting pardon, he might yet be permitted to return to Florence. But he refused, in words resembling those of Job, "Till I die, I will hold fast mine integrity;" nor would he degrade himself, even to escape the bitterness of dependence on strangers,

and the anguish of irrevocable exile. His last public act was an endeavor to negotiate peace on behalf of his patron with the State of Venice, with whom he had for some time been at war; but the proud rulers of that city refused him even an audience. His physical strength at length yielded to the weight of sorrow rather than years, and in September, 1321, at the age of fifty-seven, he died at Ravenna, in the palace of his patron, who testified his sorrow and respect by the splendor of his obsequies, and by giving orders to erect a monument, which however he did not live to complete. But even his death did not put an end to the hostility of his enemies. He was excommunicated after his death by the Pope.

"Yet by their curse we are not quite so lost
But that eternal mercy from on high
Can save, while hope the least green bloom can
boast."

Purgatorio, canto iii. 132.

Pope John XXII. had his treatise *De Monarchiâ* publicly burnt, and we have seen a copy of the Roman index of prohibited books in which it is honored with a place. On the expulsion of Guido da Polenta from Ravenna, the bones of Dante narrowly escaped a treatment similar to that undergone just a century later by those of Wicliff, whom in many respects he so much resembled. In 1677 Cardinal Beltramo del Pogetto ordered his bones, being those of an excommunicated heretic, to be taken from their coffin and burnt. It was not known till very recently by what means they escaped. The original monument having gone to decay—

"Quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoque fata
sepulchris" *Juvenal*, x. 146

—it was repaired and decorated in 1483 by Bernardo Bembo, Podesta of Ravenna for the Republic of Venice, and father of the Cardinal. Again, in 1692 it was restored at the public expense; and finally replaced by the present structure in 1780, at the cost of Cardinal Gonzaga of Mantua, the legate of that period. This mausoleum and the sarcophagus of Greek marble bearing the poet's portrait, and supposed to contain his ashes, have been

visited by thousands, including some of the greatest poets. Alfieri prostrated himself there, and expressed his feelings in one of the finest sonnets in the Italian language. Byron deposited a copy of his works on the tomb, and wrote:

"I pass each day where Dante's bones are laid:
A little cupola, more neat than solemn,
Protects his dust."

They were deceived. "The monument was but an empty cenotaph." While we write, a statement respecting "the discovery of Dante's bones twelve days after the celebration of his sexcentenary birthday," is going the round of the papers. It seems almost a coincidence too good to be true, and too striking to be real, that the preparation for the Dante festival should have been the cause of the discovery. We copy from the *Athenæum*:

"In the year 1677, Cardinal Pogetta, of Ravenna, expressed his intention of having Dante's bones, being those of a heretic, taken from the coffin and burnt. The Archbishop, less of a bigot than the Cardinal, and a sincere admirer of the poet, had the remains secretly excavated and concealed in another part of the church. When the danger was over, the Archbishop died, and Dante's remains were not replaced in the original coffin. A few years more, and the grave in which they had been concealed was forgotten. . . . On the occasion of the festival, the town council had ordered some improvements to be made at the gravestone of the poet: this made some digging necessary between a building called Braccioforte and the chapel in which Dante's sarcophagus stood. When the workmen tried to fix a pump to get rid of the superfluous water, and broke down an old wall of Braccioforte, they discovered in this very wall a wooden box which fell to the ground. The box, being made of deal and badly joined, opened in the fall and the bones fell out. The box had two inscriptions written with a pen. On the outside, 'Dantis ossa à me Fra Antonio Santi hic posita, anno 1677, die Octobris.' The inscription inside is, 'Dantis ossa de nuper revisa 3 Junii 1677.' The bones are well preserved; it is evident they have never been underground. They have been replaced in the box, this one locked in another box, and deposited for the present in the Dante Chapel."

During the life-long struggle of Dante, not all the kindness and distinction with which he was treated by his generous, hospitable, and illustrious

friends, could overcome the weariness of exile, or mitigate the unquenchable desire which he ever felt for a return to his native home and family hearth. His woes, and the injustice which inflicted and perpetuated them, had wrung from him expostulation, complaint, and entreaty; and their want of success infused into his mind an enduring bitterness against Florence. Yet amidst all his eloquent appeals and denunciations, we recognize a deep and ardent love to his ungrateful country, a love which glowed amidst his anger, and refused to turn itself to hatred. Throughout the *Divina Commedia* we see the banished magistrate of Florence, the exiled statesman, whose bowels yearn to be restored to "the City of Flowers."

"La carita del natio loro mi strinse."

For the love which he bears to Florence, he stoops to gather up and reverently deposit the human spoils of one of her citizens, whom he meets with in the hell of suicides. Like our own Milton, he was one of the sternest and most active politicians, at a most eventful era of his country's history: like him he shared the ruin of his party; and solaced his exile and dependence, as did Milton his obscurity and poverty, by the composition of his immortal work. Without a home on earth, he made his home in eternity. Like Milton he boldly plunged into the dark infernal abyss, and then, passing through the region of milder sorrow and corrective suffering, he uprose, as on the wings of seraphim, to gaze with reverential awe on the splendors of the eternal throne. His great soul, filled with his mighty subject, and long brooding over it in speechless thought and wonder, at length broke forth into mystic and unfathomable song. But the memory of his wrongs pursues him into the immensity of eternal light. Florence, to her lasting shame, refused him the satisfaction of returning even to die. She kept aloof the heart that beat only for her, the breast that would gladly have bled in her cause.

"What mighty wrongs, what grief, great bard,
could turn
Thy love of Florence to indignant ire,

Which, long pent up within thy breast like
 fire,
 At last flashed forth to make the guilty mourn,
 And in thy verse through distant ages burn ?
 The pangs of hope deferred, the vain desire
 Of lingering exile, tuned the poet's lyre,
 While for his native soil his bowels yearn.
 O ingrate people ! thy sublimest son
 Thy malice doomed in misery to pine.
 Too late shalt thou repent what thou hast done ;
 For he who entered, by the Power Divine,
 The gates of Paradise, like banished John,
 Was not permitted to reënter thine."

Yes, Florence, that refused him a home when living, would gladly have received him to her bosom when dead. Like the Hebrew scribes and rulers, who slew the prophets and then built and adorned their sepulchres, the Florentines at length awoke to a perception of their error, and eagerly desired to bring home the remains of their illustrious countryman, and proposed to erect a mausoleum for their reception. The people of Ravenna, however, resisted all their supplications. Michael Angelo, whose pencil had portrayed in the Sistine Chapel some of the scenes with Dante's pen had painted in song, was vainly employed by the Pope of his time to renew the entreaty. And now, after a remorse that has endured for five centuries, we have seen in that very Florence all Italy assembled to testify her deep repentance, and to inaugurate in front of her holiest place the marble effigy of her illustrious exile, sculptured by a son of Ravenna,* the city in which his ashes were deposited, and where they still sleep. It is true that no papal canonization has been decreed him: this was not to be expected. The miracle of an awakened and renovated nation was not signal enough to prove his title to *that* honor, which *for him* would have been singularly inappropriate. But he has received from *his country*, united under her constitutional though excommunicated king, *all but an apotheosis*. For,

* The statue of Dante thus inaugurated is by Enrico Pazzi, of Ravenna ; its height near twenty feet. It stands on a pedestal in the style of the fourteenth century, designed by Luigi del Sarto ; with the simple but sufficient inscription : "TO DANTE ALIGHIERI, ITALY, MDCCCLXV." The likeness, expression, and attitude of the poet's figure in this work of modern Italian art, have been very generally praised.

on the unvailing of his image in the presence of eighteen thousand spectators—besides the ringing of the bells of the Palazza Vecchio just at hand, the shouts of the multitude, the speeches of the Gonfaloniere and other dignitaries, and the grand symphony of the band, *A Hymn to Dante*, composed for the occasion, was sung by a band of vocalists and the great orchestra. This will probably appear to some, if not actual hero-and-image-worship, a narrow escape from "peril of idolatry !" Aided by this example, we can easily understand the origin of pseudo-religions ; and but for the light and influence of Christianity, the pilgrimage to Florence and Ravenna might become for the admirers of the hero-poet what for a thousand years Mecca and Medina have been for the Moslem followers of their hero-prophet ; or Dante and Garibaldi might be first idolized and then deified, as heroes and public benefactors were in ancient times. But the spirit of Dante, enshrined in his volume, and so largely imbued with Christianity, however it may be supposed to tolerate the inauguration of the new colossal statue, would frown on the inauguration of a new religion. There his lone figure stands, overlooking the multitude, wrapt round with folded robe, the laurel-wreath shading the brow, and showing those worn features of sorrow and disdain, which the pencil of Giotto had preserved, and the chisel of Pazzi has now sculptured. The frown is there, as on the original so many centuries ago, though now, by the artist's care, somewhat lightened and mitigated. But what hand can erase, what art can cancel, those burning lines in the *Trilogy* of Dante, which record his wrongs and his country's injustice ?

"Florence exult ! thy greatness who can tell ?
 O'er sea and land thy rushing wings resound :
 Meantime thy name hath spread itself o'er hell.
 Five such among the plunderers there I found
 Thy citizens, whence shame befalleth me,
 And to thyself no glory can redound.
 But if our dreams near dawn may claim to be
 The truth, much time will not elapse ere thou
 Feel what not Plato only wisheth thee ;
 And 'twould be not untimely if 'twere now ;
 Would that it were so, since it must take place,
 'Twill grieve me more the more with age I bow."

Inferno, canto xxvi. ll. 1-12.

In the *Daily Telegraph* leader, indicated at the head of this article, Dante is vividly described as, "wearied by ineffectual struggle, he strode through the throng in silence and contempt, or sate against the wall with downcast eyes, in that street which leads nowadays from the Duomo to Benvenuto Cellini's house. The old stone bench remains where he might often be seen, as far away from Florence as heaven and hades are, meditating the boldest flight of fancy that human genius ever dared to take. Donne, and Donzelle, and Signori passing by, to flirt and pray, and make the most of a merry, doubtful world, pointed to him, and said to each other, with a shudder, 'There sits the maestro who puts people into hell!' for cantos of his tremendous comedy were already about Italy, and crimes, and treacheries, and villainies, of the past and present, sometimes found themselves punished with the damnation of a line, in that lovely Tuscan, which sung in men's ears like the trumpet of the angel of doom."

Dante was one of the very few master spirits who have created the national poetry of their country, and whose works, having stood the test of ages, are secure of immortality. He is the spokesman and interpreter of Medieval Europe, and in him ten silent centuries found a voice. He uttered what they had thought and felt; without him they would have remained mute for us. He has expounded the meditations of the wise and good, and embodied them in strains whose music has charmed every subsequent age, and will continue to exert their charm to the latest posterity.

The *Divina Commedia*, or, as we prefer calling it, the *Trilogy*, of Dante, is unique in its character; a narrative largely interspersed with dialogue, description, and discussion, theological and philosophical; a vision of hades, or the intermediate state of souls, both good and bad, between death and the resurrection. It is thick-sown with beauties, as the dark blue vault of midnight is with stars; while scenes of exquisite pathos, and others of terrible sublimity, are ever and anon presented to the mind of the reader. In com-

mon with many readers, we have a distinct and vivid remembrance of our first introduction to Dante, when a single line—the terrible inscription over the gate of Hell—stamped itself on our memory, and determined at once and forever our admiration of his genius. The whole passage is thus rendered:

"Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate."

"Through me men reach the city of deploring,
Through me the path to endless woe they prove,
Through me they join the lost beyond restoring.
Justice did my Supreme Creator move;
I am the work of Power Divine, designed
By Sovereign Wisdom and Primeval Love.
Before me nothing save immortal mind
Was made, and I eternally endure.
O ye who enter, leave all hope behind."

Thomas Carlyle observes: "I know nothing so intense as Dante. Consider how he paints. He has a great power of vision—seizes the very type of a thing—presents that and nothing else. You remember the first view he gets of the Hall of Dis, *red* pinnacle, red-hot cone of iron glowing through the dim immensity of gloom; so vivid, so distinct, visible at once and forever! It is an emblem of the whole genius of Dante."

It is impossible to do full justice to a long poem by selecting a few brief quotations; for, as in a building or a statue, the several parts derive much of their beauty from the relation they bear to each other and to the whole. Let the reader bear this in mind, while we present him with a few of the passages which are likely to suffer least by being separately given. In the passages referred to by Mr. Carlyle, when reading the poem, the mind is prepared by what precedes—"the signal fires," which the poet perceives at a distance; the light skiff steered by the solitary pilot over the stagnant channel to meet the poets; their voyage across; and the plunge of Philippo Argenti in the "hell-broth" of the lake. Dante then says:

"Now smote mine ears a lamentation loud;
Hence with wide opening eyes I gazed before,
And my good guide said, as the waves we ploughed,
'Now to the city named of Dis we come,
With its grieved citizens, a mighty crowd.'
'Master,' I said, 'its towers already loom;
There, certes, in the vale I see them well."

Vermilion—as if issuing through the gloom
All fire.' Then on mine ear his answer fell :
'The eternal fire within makes them appear
All red, as thou behold'st in this low hell.'
Moated around was that sad region there,
And we arrived within its fosses deep,
The walls, it seemed to me, of iron were."
Inferno, canto viii. ll. 65-78.

Here is his description of what he
saw on the arid plain of the seventh
circle:

"And hovering o'er the land with slow descent,
Broad flakes of fire were falling all around,
Like Alpine snow through the calm element.

Even so descended the eternal fire
From which the sand, like tinder from the
steel,
Was kindled up, doubling the anguish dire.
Without repose forever was the wheel
Of wretched hands, now turning here, now there,
To shake from them the fresh fallen fire they
feel."

He then describes Capaneus, unsoft-
ened by the eternal fire, and obdurate
as ever; a description which hardly
yields in grandeur to the *Prometheus*
of Æschylus, and is probably the pro-
totype of Milton's Satan in *Paradise*
Lost:

"Who is that mighty one, morose and grim,
Who careless of the burning seems to lie,
So that the fire-shower can not soften him?
And he, as to my leader I apply,
Perceiving 'twas of him I thus inquire,
Cried, 'What I was alive, such dead am I.
If incensed Jupiter his workmen tire,
From whom he snatched the thunderbolts that
day
Which was my last, and struck me in his ire;
If he—the rest all spent by turns while they
The sledge in Mongibello's black forge wield—
Cry, 'Help, good Vulcan, help!' as in the fray
He cried of old in the Phlegrean field,
And launch his bolts at me with all his might,
A joyful vengeance it shall never yield."
Inferno, canto xiv. ll. 28-60.

As another instance of Dante's won-
derful imagery and word-painting, we
quote the comparison of the boiling
pitch seen below by the poets, when
standing on the bridge across the fifth
chasm of Malebolge:

"As in the arsenal at Venice, where
Boils through the winter the tenacious pitch,
Wherewith each damaged vessel they repair;
For now they can not sail, instead of which
Some build the bark, and some the ribs will stop
Of that which hath made many a voyage rich:
One hammers well the prow, and one the poop;
Some shape the oars, and some the cables
twine;
The mizzen and the mainsail some sew up:

So, not by fire but by the art divine,
There boiled below a thick and pitchy mass,
Daubing in every part the steep decline."
Inferno, xxi. ll. 7-18.

In sublimity, Dante is surpassed only
by the Hebrew prophets, by Homer,
and by our own Milton. Yet, even in
his most thrilling and tremendous de-
scriptions of eternal misery, we are fre-
quently surprised by images of beauty
and calm delight, all the more welcome
and pleasing from their contrast with
the scenes of suffering, the timeless
gloom, and the air forever shaken,
from which we have just escaped, and
into which we have again to pass. It
is as if when treading "over the burn-
ing marle," we suddenly came upon
some happy valley, or entered some
sylvan shade, where the song of birds
is heard amidst the foliage, or the mu-
sic of the rill that murmurs on the
verge of the enameled green. Take,
for instance, the Limbo of the Unbap-
tized—a passage which also discovers
his veneration for the great writers of
antiquity, and his revulsion from the
doctrine which dooms all unbaptized
persons to eternal misery: for the ex-
press accommodation of the heroes,
poets, and philosophers of heathen an-
tiquity, whom the orthodox theology
of the age excluded from heaven, he
has contrived a kind of paradise in
hell:

"Now to a noble castle's foot we came,
Seven times with lofty walls encompassed
round;
And round it also flowed a pleasant stream,
O'er which we passed, as if upon firm ground:
Through seven gates entering with the sages
there,
We reached a meadow with fresh verdure
crowned;
With grave slow eyes, the crowds assembled
were
In their appearance of great majesty;
And as they talked their words were sweet and
rare.
Thus to one side retiring entered we
An open place, light, lofty, and serene,
So that all there were visible to me.
There just above, upon the enameled green,
The mighty spirits I could recognize,
Whom I esteem it honor to have seen."
Inferno, canto iv. 106, etc.

But while the *Trilogy* abounds in
vivid word-painting and striking de-
scription, it also excels in depicting the
deep workings of the mysterious hu-
man heart. Shakespeare is acknow-

ledged to be preëminently the poet of human nature, which is doubtless the noblest earthly object of contemplation. But while we admit the supremacy of Shakespeare in this respect, we must also allow that Dante approaches him the nearest, and is unrivaled by any other. What Pièro della Vigne did for his imperial master, Frederick the Second, Dante does for his readers:

"I then am he who once held both the keys
Of Frederick's heart, and who in that high
post,
Opening and shutting, turned them with such
ease,
None else his secret confidence could boast."
Inferno, canto xiii. 58.

This mastery over the passions is shown alike in the despair which petrifies Ugolino, as the wretched father sees his children pine from day to day, and one after another droop and die with hunger, shut up in the *Torre del Fame*, the keys of which he had heard flung into the Arno by his arch-enemy; in the self-devotion of Francesca and her love, unquenched by misery and death; in the blasphemies of the lost on the shores of Acheron; in the milder sorrows of the repentant in purgatory; and in the joy with which the poet hails the object of his undying attachment in the realms of blessedness. Even before he ascends thither, the mention of her name overcame his reluctance to pass through the flaming barrier of purgatory.

"As Pyramus, at Thisbe's name, his eyes
Opened in death, once more on her to look,
What time the mulberry gained its crimson dyes,
Even thus one word my obstinacy shook."
Purgatorio, canto xxvii. ll. 36-40.

The exquisite opening of the eighth canto, where he describes the hour of twilight, proves how keen was his observation of human nature.

"The hour was come that wakes desire anew,
And melts the heart in voyagers, when they
That day to their sweet friends have said 'Adieu!'
And thrills the new-made pilgrim on his way
With love, if he from far the vesper bell
Should hear, that seems to mourn the dying
day."

Purgatorio, canto viii. ll. 1-6.

We do not agree with Lord Macaulay in the opinion that the external world made *little impression* on the mind of Dante, or that his observation

was fixed *exclusively* on human nature. Innumerable passages might be pointed out which would prove the incorrectness of his remark. We shall content ourselves with one description of a scene of surpassing beauty, that of *Matilda gathering flowers*.

"Already had my slow steps wandered o'er
The ground so far within an ancient wood,
That I its entrance could perceive no more;
And, lo, a brook my onward march withstood;
While toward the left the herbs that by it grow
Bend with the wavelets of its crystal flood.
The purest streams that from earth's fountains
flow

With them some taint or feculence combine
Compared with this, which nothing hides below;
Yet black with shade its limpid waves decline
Under that verdant roof's perpetual screen,
Through which no sun or moon can ever shine.
My steps were stayed, but with mine eyes the
scene

Beyond the stream I reached, amazed to see
The varied bloom of branches fresh and green.

All on a sudden there appeared to me,
As when aught strikes us with astonishment,
Causing all other thoughts at once to flee,
A lady unaccompanied, that went
Singing, and gathering flowers from flowers,
that wove

Along her path its rich embellishment."

Purgatorio, canto xxviii. ll. 23-43.

The interest which Dante took in the stirring events of his own time is everywhere manifested. His conversation with Farinata in the tenth canto of *Inferno*, says Mr. Hallam, "is very fine, and illustrative of Florentine history." That with Pièro della Vigne, in the thirteenth canto, exhibits in a light equally striking the cabals that infested the court of the Emperor Frederick the Second, while the narrative given of himself by Guido Montefeltro is a damning exposure of the Papal Court and its intrigues and tyranny under the ambitious and unprincipled Boniface the Eighth, "the Prince of the new Pharisees." His power of sarcasm and invective was terrible; witness the imprecation against Pisa for its heartless cruelty to the innocent children of Ugolino, the reproof of the Emperor Albert for permitting the continuance of Italian anarchy, and the reproach with which he thunder-strikes the Simonists and Pope Nicholas the Fourth in hell. We quote the first and last of these examples:

"Ah! Pisa! Shame of all who appertain
To that fair land with language of soft sound,

To punish thee, since neighbors yet abstain,
 Capraia and Gorgona from the ground
 Rise, and a mole o'er Arno's entrance throw,
 Till with her waters all in thee be drowned.
 That he thy castles had betrayed although
 Count Ugolino was accused by fame,
 His children thou should'st not have tortured so.
 The shield of innocence which youth may claim
 (New Thebes) Uguccione and Brigata share."
Inferno, canto xxxiii. ll. 79-89.

In relating his conversation with
 Pope Nicholas the Fourth, he says :

"I know not if too rashly I my mind
 Expressed, but my reply this burden bore:
 'Alas! now tell me, when our Lord inclined
 To put the keys into St. Peter's power,
 What treasures did he first of him demand?
 None—' Follow me,' he said, and asked no
 more.
 Peter and th' others of Matthias's band
 Nor gold nor silver took, when lots they cast
 For one in Judas's forfeit place to stand.
 Then stay where thy just punishment thou
 hast,
 And look that well thou guard that wealth ill
 gained,
 Whence thou against King Charles embold-
 ened wast.
 And if it were not that I am restrained
 By reverence for the keys which once did fill
 Thy grasp, while cheerful life to thee remained,
 The words I speak would be severer still;
 Because your avarice the whole world hath
 grieved,
 Trampling the good, and raising up the ill.
 You shepherds the Evangelist perceived,
 When her who on the waters sits he saw,
 And who with kings in filthy whoredom lived.
 Her who with seven heads born could also
 draw
 From the ten horns conclusive argument,
 While yet she pleased her spouse with virtue's
 law.
 What could the idolater do more, who bent
 To gold and silver, which you make your
 God?
 But worship to a hundred ye present
 For one! Ah! Constantine, what ills have
 flowed
 Though not from thy conversion, from the
 dower
 Which to thy gift the first rich father owed."
Inferno, canto xix. 88.

Dante, without question, like Luther
 at the commencement of his career,
 acknowledged the spiritual supremacy
 of the Pope, and held most of the
 doctrines of the Church of Rome. In
 short, he was a sincere Catholic. But
 in early life he had become acquainted
 with the Holy Scriptures, and the re-
 sult is obvious throughout his poem.
 To them, and not to his own labors,
 learning, experience, or philosophy, he
 ascribes the light of truth which had

been poured into his soul. In reply
 to the question, "What is faith?" he
 answers: "Faith is the substance of
 things hoped for, the proof of things
 not seen." In answer to St. Peter's
 question: "This previous faith, whence
 comes it?" he replies: "The copious
 rain of the Holy Spirit, which is poured
 out on the Old and New Testament,
 and an argument which so conclusively
 convinces me that every other proof
 seems obtuse in comparison therewith."
 After having recited the articles of his
 belief, he concludes:

"And this revealed profundity divine
 Which now I touch on, to my heart has
 given
 And sealed the evangelic doctrine mine.
 This is the root, the spark whose fiery leaven,
 Wide spreading, kindles to a vivid flame,
 And in me sparkles like a star in heaven."
Paradiso, canto xxiv. ll. 142-147.

Dante regarded the temporal sove-
 reignty of the Pope as the source of
 papal corruption, and of the misery of
 his country.

"Rome, that of old reformed the world, bestowed
 Light from two suns, to show how each way
 tends—
 That of the civil state, and that of God;
 One has the other quenched, confusion blends
 The sword and crosier; and when thus together,
 They can not fitly work to their due ends;
 Because when joined the one fears not the
 other.
 But if thou doubt it, see what fruits abound;
 Each plant is known when we the harvest
 gather.

The Church of Rome, now fallen in mire con-
 fess,
 By her confounding these two regiments,
 Herself makes filthy and her charge no less."
Purgatorio, canto xvi. ll. 106-129.

Although Dante has interpreted to
 us the Middle Ages, it would seem
 that, in many cases, he himself needs
 an interpreter. Accordingly his works
 have had a greater number of com-
 mentators and translators than any
 other literary production, except the
 sacred writings. This may be ac-
 counted for from the interest they have
 excited, as well as from their profund-
 ity. "All knowledge," says Coleridge,
 "begins with wonder, passes through
 an interspace of admiration, mixed
 with research, and ends in wonder
 again." Among the commentators of
 Dante, the greatest diversity of inter-

pretation has prevailed. In a passage probably suggested by acquaintance with Dante, Milton describes himself with his lamp at midnight, on some high lonely tower, where he might outwatch the bear, or "unsphere

The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook."

There is no need for wishing that we could unsphere the spirit of Dante, to know "what he means" in the above passage from *Paradiso*.^{*} Yet Gabriele Rossetti, a countryman of Dante's, published two octavo volumes to prove his poem to be a covert, allegorical, and political satire on the Papacy; and that there exists a key to explain it, which, in the author's time, only the initiated possessed. "The voice of ages," he writes, "proclaimed Dante to be no less profound as a theologian than matchless as a poet; deeply did I meditate on his works, and compare them, one with another. I confronted them with those of other authors; and as doubt swelled into suspicion, and suspicion became certainty, I can not describe the feelings with which the full (conviction) of his *hypocrisy* overwhelmed me." (*Disquisitions*, vol. ii. p. 198.) We think the author, "come quei ch'ha mala luce," looks a great way off to discover what is just at hand. That some parts of the *Trilogy* are to be understood in a figurative sense, Dante himself has told us. Milton has introduced into *his* poem the allegory of Death and Sin; but we do not, on that account, regard *Paradise Lost* as an allegory the sense of which is esoteric, or as a political mystification like the jocular narratives of Rabelais. The spirit of Dante was too

bold and lofty to seek the shelter of "hypocrisy," and he has in the most outspoken and daring manner launched his tremendous invectives against the Court of Rome. It is probable, indeed, that in the opening of his poem, the panther, the lion, and the wolf, are intended as emblems of the Neri and their allies; this was according to the spirit of the time; but he soon drops all metaphor, inveighing against them in the plainest and most bitter terms, in open and undisguised warfare.

The opinion, therefore, of Thomas Carlyle respecting the *Divina Commedia*, commends itself to our judgment as well as to our feelings, which revolt from Rossetti's odious charge of hypocrisy:

"It is the *sincerest* of all poems! It came deep out of the author's heart of hearts; and it goes deep, and through long generations, into ours. Sincerity, too, we find to be the measure of worth. No work known to me is so elaborate as this of Dante's. It has all been molten in the hottest furnace of his soul. Every compartment is worked out, with intense earnestness, into truth, into clear visuality. It is the soul of Dante, and in this the soul of the Middle Ages, rendered forever rhythmically visible there. There is a brevity, an abrupt transition in him. Tacitus is not briefer, more condensed; and then, in Dante, it seems a natural condensation, spontaneous to the man. One smiting word, and then there is silence; nothing more is said. This silence is more eloquent than words. With what a sharp decisive grace he snatches the true likeness of a matter; cuts into it as with a pen of fire. Plutus, the blustering giant, collapses at Virgil's rebuke, 'as the sails sink, the mast being suddenly broken.' Or that poor Brunetto Latini, with the *cotto aspetto*, face 'baked,' parched brown and lean; and the 'fiery snow-wind,' slow, deliberate, never-ending! Or the lids of those tombs; square sarcophaguses, in that silent, dim-burning hall, each with its soul in torment; the lids laid open there, to be shut at the judgment-day, through eternity. And how Farinata rises; and how Cavalcante falls at hearing of his son, and the past tense 'fue.'

"Dante's painting is not only graphic, brief, true, and of a vividness as of fire in a dark night, it is every way noble, and the outcome of a great soul. Francesca and her lover! a thing woven of rainbows, on a ground of eternal black. A small, flute-voice of infinite wail, speaks there into our very heart of hearts. A touch of womanhood in it too: *della bella persona, che mi fu tolta*; and even in

^{*} It would perhaps take many a *modern* poet by surprise, and put him to no small embarrassment, to be asked the *meaning* of such and such a particularly fine phrase. It is said that some gentlemen, having got into a dispute about the meaning of a passage in Goethe's poetry, determined, as the most sure and satisfactory method of deciding, to apply to the bard himself and ask an explanation. This they did, and begged he would kindly inform them what his meaning was in the passage referred to. Goethe replied: "Really, gentlemen, I do not know, and can not possibly say, what I *did* mean!"

the pit of woe, it is a solace, that *he* will never part from her! Saddest tragedy in these *altai guai*. And the racking winds in that *aer bruno*, whirl them away again to wail forever! Dante was the friend of this poor Francesca's father. Francesca, herself, may have sat upon the poet's knee, when a bright, innocent child. Infinite pity, yet infinite rigor of law; it is so nature is made,* it is so Dante discerned that she was made. What a paltry notion is that, of his *Divine Comedy's* being a poor splenetic, impotent, terrestrial libel; putting those into hell whom he could not be avenged upon on earth! I suppose, if ever pity, tender as a mother's, was in the heart of any man, it was in Dante's. But a man who does not know vigor, can not know pity either. His very pity will be cowardly, egotistic sentimentality, or little better. I know not in the world an affection equal to Dante's. It is a tenderness, a trembling, longing, pitying love, like the wail of Æolian harps, and soft as a young child's heart. Those longings of his toward Beatrice; their meeting in Paradise; his gazing in her pure, transfigured eyes; her that had been purified by death so long, separated so far. One likens it to the song of angels; it is among the purest utterances that ever came out of a human soul.

"Dante is intense in all things. His scorn, his grief, are transcendent as his love; as, indeed, what are they but the *inverse* or *converse* of his love? '*A Dio spiacenti, ed a' nemici sui*.' Hatelike both to God and to his enemies! Lofty scorn, unappeasable silent reprobation and aversion; '*Non ragionam di lor*.' We will not speak of them, but look and pass. Or think of this, '*Non ha speranza di morte*.' They have not the hope to die. For rigor, earnestness, and depth, Dante is not to be paralleled in the modern world; to seek his parallel, we must go to the Hebrew Bible, and live with the antique prophets.

"Dante's poem is a sublime embodiment of the soul of Christianity. It expresses how he felt good and evil to be the two polar elements of this creation, on which it all turns; that these two differ, not by *preferability* of

one to the other, but by incompatibility absolute and infinite; that the one is excellent and high, as light and heaven, the other hideous, black—black as Gehenna and the pit of hell. Everlasting justice, yet with penitence, with everlasting pity."

It must, however, be admitted, that the *Divina Commedia* is not without its faults. What human work is perfect? Homer sometimes nods, particularly in the management of his machinery, or treatment of the gods of Olympus. The blending of Pagan mythology with Christian tradition and the truths of Holy Scripture, makes Dante's poem in some parts appear like the debatable ground between the ancient superstition and the newer faith; in which, however, the latter is victorious, and the dethroned and desecrated gods of the Pantheon, transformed to demons, are dragged at the chariot-wheels of the conqueror. In Dante's age, the Ptolemaic system was universally received; the poet, accordingly, regards the earth as immovably fixed in the centre of the universe; and the sun, with all the planets and fixed stars, as moving round it once in every twenty-four hours. At that time, too, the authority of Aristotle was undisputed and paramount; so that a quotation from his works, with an *ipse dixit*, was deemed sufficient, and all-conclusive in any controversy. Even in theology, though himself a heathen, his authority was appealed to by Christian divines. Dante makes a somewhat prodigal display, occasionally, of his Aristotelian lore. Yet, endowed as he was, with a rare sagacity, he went far ahead of his time, not only in theology, as we have seen, but also in physics. It was not until after the middle of the fifteenth century, that European voyagers crossed the line; yet in the imaginary voyage of Ulysses to the Antipodes, Dante has foreshadowed the discoveries of the Portuguese, and may have given a hint to Columbus himself. Ulysses in describing his voyage southward, says:

"Each star of the other pole, as on we bore,
The night beheld, and ours had sunk so low,
That now it rose not on the ocean-floor."

Inferno, canto xxvi. ll. 137-139.

And in relating his own voyage to the Mount of Purgatory, Dante says:

* We are told by Goethe, in his autobiography, that he had attained his sixth year when the terrible earthquake at Lisbon took place; "an event," he says, "which greatly disturbed his peace of mind for the first time." He could not reconcile a catastrophe so suddenly destructive to thousands with the idea of a Providence, all-powerful and all-benevolent. But he afterward learned, he tells us, to recognize in such events the "God of the Old Testament." Yes, it is the God of the Old Testament whom we see exhibited in all nature and all providence; and it is our wisdom and duty, however little we can comprehend his proceedings, to exercise full confidence in their justice and propriety. "Clouds and darkness are round about him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne."

"I turned me to the right, and fixed my mind
On the other pole, and those four stars I saw,
Ne'er seen save by the earliest of mankind."
Purgatorio, canto i. ll. 22-24.

Amerigo Vespuccio, Dante's countryman, in his third voyage, in 1501, first applied these lines to that magnificent constellation, the Southern Cross, which consists of four stars, and is to the southern what our Pole-star is to the northern hemisphere.

Dante displays his knowledge of gravitation, and the sphericity of the earth, when he speaks of the centre as the place—

"Toward which all heavy things from all parts
tend." *Inferno*, canto xxx. l. 8

We have Cuvier's Theory of the Earth anticipated in a single line, *Inferno*, canto xii. l. 43 :

"The world has oft been into chaos turned."

And one can hardly help supposing that Dante must have had some acquaintance with the condition of the pre-Adamite earth, and with its enormous occupants, now extinct, and so recently disclosed by geology. Of "the horrible giants," he says :

"Nature, indeed, when she declined the art
Of forming such as these, did what was meet,
Taking from war these vassals grim and swart;
And if the elephant and whale so great
Repent her not, who ponders as he ought
Holds her herein more just and more discreet."
Inferno, canto xxxi. l. 49.

That Dante was deficient in the feeling of humor, is true, but this can hardly be imputed to him as a fault. He never appeals to our sense of the ridiculous: he was much too earnest for jocularities, and he made his poem as serious as the grave and the world beyond it. Hence the inappropriateness of the word *Comedy*, which is not a true rendering of the word *Commedia*, as used by Dante, and understood in his time. A *Comedy*—without the least gleam of the comic from beginning to end, but much of the tragic, and more of the grand and sublime! Nor is it properly dramatic. Milton and Byron wrote dramas, but the genius of each was essentially undramatic. So was Dante's: in this respect it was in direct contrast with that of Shakespeare. The genius of Shakespeare was many-sided; and

he sympathized with much which Dante would have condemned and scorned. The perfect dramatist never intrudes his own personality, but, forgetting himself, lives only in the character which he portrays. He displays the virtues and the vices, the wisdom and the folly of the different characters whom he undertakes to represent. It is his business to describe what is, and not to decide what should or should not be. Shakespeare's power of sympathy took a wider range than Dante's; and his creative power could identify itself with all it saw, could think their thoughts, and speak their language. In his historical plays we may discover, indeed, a genuine warmth of patriotism, but in his other writings we learn little of himself. His genius flashed its light over the whole world of human nature, describing actions without deciding on their merits or demerits. With Dante it was otherwise: he too has described mankind as he found them; but he has passed judgment on all he saw and heard, applauding their virtues with just praise, and branding their vices with the stamp of indelible infamy. There is also in his works (as in those of Byron) a constant and unavoidable self-portraiture. In reading Shakespeare we seldom think of the author; in reading Dante we are never allowed to forget him. Shakespeare's presence is masked by the immense variety of characters which he assumes; but Dante ever accompanies us in his own. To Shakespeare's facile temperament fun and frolic appear to have given delight; he smiled on the follies of mankind, and seldom frowned on their vices; but from the severer moral judgment of Dante, and his unbending sternness, they always met with reprobation and condemnation.

The most extensively known translation into English of Dante's *Divine Comedy* is Cary's, of which many thousand copies have been sold since it was first published by subscription. But it is in *blank verse*, which can give the reader no idea of Dante's music—the *terza rima* of the original—that continuous and interchanging harmony, so suitable to Dante's great and solemn theme, "like a chime on the

bells of eternity." That so many translations of the Florentine poet should have recently appeared, is a tribute to his greatness, and a proof that a correct and elevated taste is increasing among English readers. There is no lack of correct versions of Dante; the most common and fatal fault in translations is the absence of the *vis poetica*. "A good translation," says the *Times*, (Saturday, January 15th, 1859,) "implies ability of the highest order, and this especially in poetry, where the idea is expressed in the most perfect form—in a form which can not be altered in its minutest detail without injury. To translate the perfect crystal of one language into the perfect crystal of another is no mean effort, and the instances in which this has been done so well as to preclude every attempt at rivalry are very few It is nonsense to translate the *ottava rima* of Tasso into English heroics; it is an injustice to translate the *terza rima* of Dante into blank verse."

It has been observed by Mr. Gladstone, in his work on "Homer and the Homeric Age," that Homer, Shakespeare, and Dante have succeeded, as none others have done, in expressing fully, by the flow and rhythm of their verse, the thoughts they intended to convey, and this without any straining after effect, or unnatural distortion of language; indeed, without leaving a trace to show that the effect produced has been in any way the result of care or labor.

The translation of the *Inferno*, the title of which stands at the head of our article, is the most recent that has come under our notice. It is, as far as we can judge, correct, in good taste, and certainly superior to several of its predecessors.

Dr. Henry C. Barlow, the title of whose recent work we have given, is well known, from his previous publications, as a warm admirer of the great Italian poet. He is said to have originated the proposal for a Dante celebration, and to have been the author of the programme which was observed on the occasion. By his Italian studies and travels, he appears to have acclimated his genius to that people and

their delightful country, so that in one part of the proceedings in Florence, during the festival, he delivered a speech in the Italian language. His recent volume of *Critical, Historical, and Philosophical Contributions to the Study of the Divina Commedia*, displays great industry and extensive research. We have an introductory account of Codices; an account of Codices at Rome, in Florence, in other parts of Italy, in France and Belgium, in England, in Denmark, and in Germany; then an account of the various readings in the *Inferno*, in *Purgatorio*, and in *Paradiso*, with a copious index and supplement. The readings constitute the great bulk of the volume, of which the largest space is given to *Paradiso*. Some of these have previously appeared in the *Athenæum*. We do not agree with the learned doctor in all his conclusions; but his criticisms on various passages, his illustrations of Dante's great work, and view of its literary history, deserve the attention and must command the respect of every student of the *Trilogy*; while his thorough appreciation of the illustrious Florentine is worthy of all commendation.

At the close of the first day's proceedings in celebration of the six hundredth birthday of Dante, the City of Flowers was the scene of a splendid illumination. The winding Arno reflected myriads of lamps, the bridges that cross it and streets on either side of it might be traced in long lines of light, amidst which rose conspicuous the Duomo, the Campanile, and the church of Santa Croce; and far away among the cypresses, old San Miniato shone out resplendent against the evening sky; while in the heart of the city, the Bargello seemed on fire; and soaring above all, the grand tower of the Palazzo Vecchio shone brightly—like the rekindled Pharos of Liberty. May the auspicious omen be fully realized! May the recent happy gathering in Florence, which we regard as a sign of the unity and freedom to which Italy has already attained, prove also a means of strengthening that unity, without which Italian freedom can not long exist, and a truthful augury of that complete emancipation of all her

children from the yoke of the Austrian, from the tyranny of the Popedom, and from the dominion of error, superstition, and vice, which, in the counsels of a wise and gracious Providence, we have no doubt is intended for her.

Art Journal.

MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF
THE AGE.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

LEIGH HUNT.

LEIGH HUNT, the son of a clergyman of the Church of England, was born at Southgate, in Middlesex, October nineteenth, 1784. Like Coleridge and Lamb, he was educated at Christ's Hospital, and chiefly under the same grammar-master, and, like Lamb, he was prevented from going to the University (which, on the Christ's Hospital foundation, is understood to imply going into the Church) by an impediment in his speech, which, however, he had the better luck to outgrow. At school, as afterward, he was remarkable for exuberance of animal spirits, and for passionate attachment to his friends, but did not evince any great regard for his studies, except when the exercises were in verse. His prose themes were so bad, that the master used to crumple them up in his hand, and throw them to the boys for their amusement. Animal spirits, a power of receiving delight from the commonest every day objects, as well as remote ones, and a sort of luxurious natural piety, if we may so speak, are the prevailing influences of Mr. Hunt's writings. His friend Hazlitt used to say of him, in allusion to his spirits, and to his family stock, (which is from the West-Indies,) that he had "tropical blood in his veins." . . . "He has been an ardent politician in his time, and has suffered in almost every possible way for opinions, which, whether right or wrong, he has lived to see, in a great measure, triumph. Time and suffering, without altering them, we understand, have blunted his exertions as a partisan, by showing him the excuses common and necessary to all men; but the zeal

which he has lost as a partisan, he no less evinces for the advancement of mankind."

The passages printed above are contained in a letter addressed to me by Leigh Hunt in 1838, and were notes for a biography I wrote of him in the *Book of Gems*. His ancestors, who originally "hailed" from Devonshire, were, on the father's side, Tories and cavaliers who fled from the tyranny of Cromwell, and settled in Barbadoes. His grand-mother was "an O'Brien, and very proud of her descent from Irish kings." At the outbreak of the American revolution, his father, for the zeal he displayed in his speeches and writings on the royalist side, became obnoxious to the popular party. He was dragged out of his house, and after having narrowly escaped being tarred and feathered, was carried to prison, but was enabled to escape by a heavy bribe to one of the sentinels who guarded him, and getting on board a ship in the Delaware, made his way to Barbadoes, and thence to England. By his loyalty, a very considerable landed estate was lost to his family. He ultimately, however, became a republican and an "Universalist, a sect that believed all mankind, and even the demons, would be eventually saved." After some time practicing as a lawyer in Philadelphia, he "emigrated" to England, and entered the Church, having wedded a lady of Pennsylvania, against the consent of her father, "a stern merchant." "She had Quaker breeding," and although of a proverbially "fierce race"—the Shewells—she was meek, kindly, and Christian, and from her, no doubt, the poet derived much of the gentle urbanity and generous sympathy that were essential features in his character. To her, also, he traces a "constitutional timidity," that "often perplexed him through life;" it is not so much seen in his books as it was in his conversation and conduct. This characteristic was noticed by many, who wondered that so "mild" a person should have embarked on the stormy sea of politics, and have become a fierce partisan of the pen.

Not long after he made his home in England, his father, having taken or-

ders, became tutor to the nephew of the Duke of Chandos, whose name was Leigh, after whom he called his latest born,* who was nine years younger than the youngest of his brothers, of whom there were several. His father had the spiritual cure of Southgate; and there, Leigh Hunt writes, "I first saw the light." Southgate was then "lying out of the way of innovation," with a pure sweet air of antiquity about it, on the border of Enfield Chase, and in the parish of Edmonton. The house is yet standing. The neighborhood retains much of its peculiar character; it has still "an air of antiquity;" of old houses and ancient trees many yet remain; the forest is indeed gone, but modern "improvements" have but little spoiled the locality.

In 1792 he entered Christ's Hospital; for eight years he toiled there, bare-headed all that time, save now and then when "he covered a few inches of pericranium with a cap no bigger than a crumpet." Here, however, he obtained a scholarship, under the iron rule of the hard taskmaster of whom something has been said in the "Memory" of Coleridge. No doubt much of the after-tone of his mind was derived from his long residence in the heart of a great city, and to it may be traced not only his love of streets, but his love of flowers—his luxuries at every period of his life. He was grateful to the Hospital for having "bred him up in old cloisters," for the friendships he formed there, and for the introductions it gave him to Homer and to Ovid. In 1802 his father published a volume of his verses under the title of *Juvenilia*, of which the poet in his maturity grew ashamed. For some time he was "in the law-office of his brother Stephen." Gradually he drew in, and gave out, knowledge. He next obtained a clerkship in the War-office, which he relinquished when he became a political writer—first in a weekly paper called *The News*, and afterward in the *Examiner*. He was, by profession, a man of letters, working with

his pen for his daily bread, and becoming, all at once, a critic of authors, actors, and artists.

In 1808, the two brothers, John and Leigh, "set up" "the *Examiner*, the main objects of which were (as Leigh states in his autobiography) to assist in producing reform in Parliament, liberality of opinion in general, (especially freedom from superstition,) and a fusion of literary taste into all subjects whatsoever."

They soon made it popular, but had to pay a penalty for the freedom of speech that was then, even in its mildest tones, a crime in England. They were tried and sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and a fine of one thousand pounds,* for a libel on the Prince of Wales, and they remained in different prisons until the third of February, 1815, John at Coldbath Fields, and Leigh in Surrey Jail, where, however, he was allowed to have his wife (he had married in 1809) and his children with him, and in various other ways his incarceration was made comparatively light; for here he had many admiring and sympathizing visitors, among them Byron, Moore,† Maria Edgeworth, Haydon, and Wilkie.

* Some influential friends offered to raise a subscription to pay the fine; but that was declined by the brothers. To this and the heavy expenses incurred in subsequent government prosecutions, (some of which failed, however, in obtaining verdicts against them,) may be attributed the pecuniary difficulties which John and Leigh Hunt labored under during the whole of their lives.

† In Moore's *Twopenny Post-bag*, in the midst of political triflings, we come upon these earnest lines on the separation and imprisonment of the two brothers:

"Go to your prisons—though the air of spring
No mountain coolness to your cheeks shall bring;
Though summer flowers shall pass unseen away,
And all your portion of the glorious day
May be some solitary beam that falls,
At morn or eve, upon your dreary walls—
Some beam that enters, trembling as if awed,
To tell how gay the young world laughs abroad!
Yet go—for thoughts, as blessed as the air
Of spring or summer flowers, await you there;
Thoughts, such as He, who feasts his courtly crew
In rich conservatories, *never* knew!
Pure self esteem—the smiles that light within—
The zeal, whose circling charities begin [near,
With the few loved ones Heaven has placed it
Nor cease, till all mankind are in its sphere!—
The pride that suffers without vaunt or plea
And the fresh spirit, that can warble free,
Through prison bars, its hymn of liberty!"

* His names were James Henry Leigh Hunt; so they stand in the baptismal registry, although he is known only as Leigh Hunt.

It has been too generally thought that in the case of this libel, the punishment greatly exceeded the offense. Making due allowance for the difference between "now and then," it would not seem so; for perhaps no libel more bitter was ever printed. If the Prince had been a grazier, he would have obtained the protection he claimed from a jury of his countrymen; and if the author had written of the grazier in terms such as he wrote of the Prince, he must have accepted the issue. Here is the marrow of it—there can be no harm in reprinting, to condemn it, half a century and more since it was written. Hunt was commenting upon an article of gross adulation of the Prince in the *Morning Post*: "Who would have imagined that, this 'Adonis in loveliness' was a corpulent gentleman of fifty; in short, that this delightful, blissful, wise, pleasurable, honorable, virtuous, true, and immortal prince, was a violator of his word, a libertine over head and ears in debt and disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties, the companion of gamblers and demireps, a man who has just closed half a century without one single claim on the gratitude of his country, or the respect of posterity?"*

The visit of Leigh Hunt to Lord Byron, and its result in the publication of *The Liberal: Verse and Prose from the South*, forms part of the literary history of the epoch. In May, 1822, at Byron's request, Hunt left England for Leghorn, where, in July, he found his attached friend Shelley, † a very

few days before the terrible death of that greatly gifted man of genius. The sad event changed the after destiny of Leigh Hunt; Byron seems to have liked him but little; their elements could no more have mingled than fire and oil; their intercourse did not last long; one of the consequences much impaired the reputation of Leigh Hunt—the volume *Byron and his Contemporaries* was a fatal error; Leigh Hunt could no more comprehend Byron than Byron could understand and appreciate Leigh Hunt.*

On his return from the "sunny south," Hunt went to live at Highgate. The sylvan scenery of the London suburb refreshed him; he luxuriated in the natural wealth of the open heath, the adjacent meadows, and the neighboring woods. The walk across the fields from Highgate to Hampstead, with ponds on one side and Caen Wood on the other, used to be "one of the prettiest in England," and he says of the fairest scenes in Italy: "I would quit them all for a walk over the fields from Hampstead." He had, indeed, long loved the locality—before he left England he had dwelt in a pretty cottage at Hampstead; it is still standing, and but little altered—a fit dwelling for a poet, as indeed it still is, for a poet now inhabits the place, which is hallowed to him by a memory of his predecessor. Shelley went often to visit Leigh Hunt there, de-

part, and he had an expression of countenance, when he was talking in his usual earnest fashion, giving you the idea of something 'seraphical.' Hazlitt said 'he looked like a spirit.' In the same letter occurs this sketch of his friend Keats: "Keats was under the middle size, and somewhat large above, in proportion to his lower limbs, which, however, were neatly formed; and he had any thing in his dress and general demeanor but that appearance of levity which has been strangely attributed to him in a late publication. In fact, he had so much of the reverse, though in no unbecoming degree, that he might be supposed to maintain a certain jealous care of the appearance and bearing of a gentleman, in the consciousness of his genius, and perhaps not without some sense of his origin. His face was handsome and sensitive, with a look in the eyes at once earnest and tender; and his hair grew in delicate brown ringlets, of remarkable beauty."

* Southey, writing in November, 1822, says: "He (Byron) and Leigh Hunt, no doubt, will quarrel, and their separation break up the concern"—that is, *The Liberal*.

* It was contained in the *Examiner*, No. 221, published on Sunday, twenty-second of March, 1812. In one of his letters to Mrs. Hall, Leigh Hunt writes: "The libel would not have been so savage had I not been warmed into it by my indignation at the Regent's breaking his promises to the Irish." "It originated in my sympathies with the sufferings of the people of Ireland." When Leigh Hunt met O'Connell some years afterward, the latter told him how much the article delighted him, but that he felt certain of the penalties it would draw down upon its author.

† I find this description of Shelley in one of my letters from Leigh Hunt: "Shelley was tall and slight of figure, with a singular union of general delicacy of organization and muscular strength. His hair was brown, prematurely touched with gray; his complexion fair and glowing; his eyes gray and extremely vivid; his face small and delicately featured, especially about the lower

lighting in the natural broken ground, and in the fresh air of the place, which "used to give him an intoxication of animal spirits." Here he swam his paper boats in the pond, and played with children; and to that house Shelley brought at midnight a poor woman, a forlorn sister, whom he had found in a fit on the heath, and whom he thus saved from death.

Leigh Hunt, when I knew most of him, was living at Edwardes Square, Kensington, in a small house, on restricted means. All his life long his means were limited; it is, indeed, notorious that he was put to many "shifts," to keep the wolf from the door. "His whole life," says his son, "was one of pecuniary difficulty." No doubt he had that lack of prudence which is so often one of the heavy drawbacks of genius—one of the penalties that Nature exacts as a set-off against the largest and holiest of her gifts. It may not, and perhaps ought not, to be admitted as an excuse, in bar of judgment; the world is not bound to make allowances for those struggles of the mind, heart, and soul with poverty, which not unfrequently seem to have discreditable issues, and usually bear dead-sea fruit. There have been many men of genius who would suffer the extreme of penury rather than borrow—such, for example, as I have elsewhere shown, was Thomas Moore, to whom the purses of wealthy and high-born friends were as sacred as the crown jewels; but men of letters are for the most part less scrupulous; to some it seems venial, to others little else than a practical illustration of the text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and a belief that God makes almoners of those he enriches with overabundance. Such ideas, however, are opposed to the views of society; undoubtedly they lower the intellectual standard, and debase the mind; self-respect can rarely exist without independence; yet, to quote the words of a kindred spirit—unhappy Will Kennedy—"if pecuniary embarrassments be a crime, then are the records of genius a Newgate Calendar."*

I do not mean the reader to infer

* I knew intimately, between the years 1826 and 1830, the author I have quoted—William

that either privately or publicly there is aught dishonorable to lay to the charge of Leigh Hunt. "Who art thou that judgest another?" But it is certain that his applications to friends for pecuniary aid were frequent, and may have been wearisome. Of such friends he had many. Among the most generous of them, was that good man, Horace Smith.*

Surely the lines of Cowley apply with emphatic force to Hunt:

"Business—the frivolous pretense
Of human lusts to cast off innocence!
Business—the thing that I of all things hate!
Business—the contradiction of my fate!"

The truth is, that, like many men of his order, he never knew the value of money. He was very generous, and certainly thoughtless, in giving. No reckless extravagance is laid to his charge; his habits were the very opposite to those of a spendthrift; he was utterly indifferent to what are called "the luxuries of life." Simple in his "ways," temperate almost to the extreme; his "feasts" were with the poets, his predecessors, and the table was always well furnished that was covered with books.†

Kennedy. He was undoubtedly a man of genius, but wayward and reckless. I lost sight of him many years before his death—his intellectual death, that is to say; for his latter years were passed in a lunatic asylum, where he died. My introduction to him was singular. I reviewed in the *Eclectic Review*—so far back as 1825—a small book he had published, either in Glasgow or Paisley, and received from him a letter of acknowledgment. It led to my inviting him to London as my guest, and by my influence he obtained a situation as reporter on the *Morning Journal*, a newspaper with which I was myself connected, and of which I was subsequently, for a time, the editor. Kennedy was an Irishman, a native of Belfast. His youth had been "wandering;" previous to his visiting London, he was, I understand, a strolling player in Scotland, where he had probably acquired habits that led to the early close of a life which might have been most honorable and prosperous, for his abilities had attracted attention and he obtained the appointment of Consul (I think) at Venezuela.

* In one of Shelley's letters to Leigh Hunt, in allusion to a sum of money Shelley desired to send to Hunt to defray his journey to Italy, he says: "I suppose that I shall at last make up an impudent face, and ask Horace Smith to add to the many obligations he has conferred on me. I know I need only ask."

† His friend Mr. Reynell tells me, (and he is a

I have treated this subject with some hesitation, and perhaps, should have abstained from it altogether, but that I find the son of the poet writing thus: "The plan of working, the varied and precarious nature of the employments, an inborn dullness of sense as to the lapse of time, conspired to produce a life in which the receipt of handsome earnings alternated with long periods that yielded no income at all. In these intervals, credit went a long way, but not far enough. There were gaps of total destitution in which every available source had been absolutely exhausted." "At this juncture," he continues, "appeals were made for assistance, sometimes with and sometimes without the knowledge of Leigh Hunt, and they were largely successful."*

In 1844, Sir Percy Shelley, the son of the poet, succeeded to the title and estates of his grandfather, and one of his earliest acts (under the suggestion of his mother, Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley) was to settle on Leigh Hunt and on his wife, in the event of her surviving him, an annuity of £120; and in 1847 he was placed on the pension list, and received "in consideration of his distinguished literary talents," a pension of £200 a year. Lord John Russell, in conveying this boon to him, adds:

safe and sure authority,) that in his later days, Mr. Hunt often said to him his great wish was, that when he died he should not owe to any one a halfpenny. He had borrowed from the good Duke of Devonshire a sum of £200, and returned it to him, the duke remarking that it was the only instance, save one, in which money thus lent had been proffered back: he declined to accept it. Hunt was indebted to Mr. Reynell—a debt incurred by Mr. Reynell becoming surety for him in 1832, when the fortunes of the poet were at their lowest ebb. Twenty years afterward he repaid that sum—on receiving the first installment of Shelley's legacy—as he had promised he would do. No doubt other similar cases might be recorded.

* In a letter he addressed to me when, in 1835, I was writing a brief memoir of him for the *Book of Gems*, he says, "You will not hesitate to add what objections you are compelled by impartiality to entertain against me;" and in a subsequent letter he writes: "Had you said that five sixths of my writings were worth nothing, I should have agreed with you, for I think so, and I would use stronger terms, if there might not be vanity itself in so doing. My only excuse is, (and it is, luckily, a good one, so far,) that I have been forced to write for bread, and so put forth a good deal of unwilling nothingness."

"The severe treatment you received in times of unjust persecution of liberal writers, enhances the satisfaction with which I make this announcement." Thus in his old age, the comforter came to his home, and the "pecuniary difficulties" that had haunted his whole life were no longer felt—should not have been so, perhaps I ought to say, for I believe pecuniary difficulties were never entirely removed from him until he was in his shroud.

That there were fine points in the character of Leigh Hunt, all who knew him admitted: foremost among them was his love of truth. In one of his letters to me he writes: "I would rather be considered a hearty loving nature than any thing else in the world, and if I love truth, as I do, it is because I love an apple to be thought an apple, and a hand a hand, and the whole beauty and hopefulness of God's creation a truth instead of a lie." He was justified in saying of himself that he had "two good qualities to set off against many defects," that he was "not vindictive, and spoke the truth," although it may have been with him, as he says it was with his friend Hazlitt, "however genuine was his love of truth, his passions may have sometimes led him to mistake it."

Charles Lamb, who dearly loved him, describes his "mild dogmatism" and his "boyish sportiveness;" and Hazlitt writes of him thus: "In conversation, he is all life and animation, combining the vivacity of the school-boy with the resources of the wit and the taste of the scholar." Of him Haydon, the painter, said this: "You would have been burnt at the stake for a principle, and you would have feared to put your foot in the mud." Even Byron, who "hated him without a cause," and whose hatred seemed the birth of self-reproach, proclaimed him to be "a good man."

But to my thinking, the best testimony to the character of Leigh Hunt is that which was borne to it by Sir Bulwer Lytton, (an author who has, perhaps, had more power to circulate bitter things, and shoot poisoned arrows at his brethren of the pen than most men, yet who, I believe, has said of them more generous and "helping"

things and fewer bitter things than any man living.) This character occurs in a review of Leigh Hunt's poetry in the *New Monthly*, 1833. It is anonymous, but I can do no wrong in stating that Sir Bulwer Lytton was the writer: "None have excelled him in the kindly sympathies with which, in judging of others, he has softened down the asperities and resisted the caprices common to the exercise of power. In him the young poet has ever found a generous encourager no less than a faithful guide. None of the jealousy or the rancor ascribed to literary men, and almost natural to such literary men as the world has wronged, have gained access to his true heart, or embittered his generous sympathies. Struggling against no light misfortunes, and no common foes, he has not helped to retaliate, upon rising authors, the difficulty and the depreciation which have burdened his own career. He has kept undimmed and unbroken, through all reverses, that first requisite of a good critic—a good heart."

I knew but little of Leigh Hunt when he was in his prime. I had met him, however, more than once, soon after his return from Italy, when he recommenced a career of letters which he had been induced to abandon, trusting to visionary hopes in the aid he was to derive from familiar intercourse with Byron. He was tall, but slightly formed, quiet and contemplative in gait and manner, yet apparently affected by momentary impulse; his countenance, brisk and animated, receiving its expression chiefly from dark and brilliant eyes, but supplying unequivocal evidence of that mixed blood which he derived from the parent stock, to which his friend Hazlitt referred when he used to say of him, in allusion to his flow of animal spirits as well as to his descent, that "he had tropical blood in his veins." His son, Thornton, (*Cornhill Magazine*), describes him "as in height about five feet ten inches, remarkably straight and upright in his carriage, with a firm step and a cheerful, almost dashing, approach." He had straight black hair, which he wore parted in the centre, a dark, but not pale complexion; black eyebrows, firmly marking the edge of

a brow over which was a singularly upright, flat, white forehead, and under which beamed a pair of eyes, dark, brilliant, reflecting, gay, and kind, with a certain look of observant humor. "He had a head larger than most men's; Byron, Shelley, and Keats wore hats which he could not put on."

In 1838, I saw him often, and saw enough of him to have earnest respect and sincere regard for the man whom I had long admired as the poet. He gave me many valuable hints for my guidance while I was compiling *The Book of Gems of British Poets and British Artists*. All his "notes" concerning his contemporaries (I have some of them still) were genial, cordial, and laudatory, affording no evidence of envy, no taint of depreciation. His mind was indeed like his poetry, a sort of buoyant outbreak of joyousness, and when a tone of sadness pervades it, it is so gentle, confiding, and hoping as to be far nearer allied to resignation than to repining, although his life was subjected to many heavy trials, and especially had he to complain of the ingratitude of political "friends"—for whom he had fought heartily—when victory was only for the strong, and triumph for the swift. Perhaps there is no poet who so entirely pictures himself in all he writes; yet it is a pure and natural egotism, and contrasts happily with the gloomy and misanthropic moods which some have labored first to acquire and then to portray. "Quick in perception, generous of impulse, he saw little evil destitute of good."

In conversation, Leigh Hunt was always more than pleasing; he was "ever a special lover of books," as well as a devout worshiper of Nature, and his "talk" mingled, often very sweetly, the simplicity of a child with the acquirements of a man of the world—somewhat as we find them mingled in his *Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla*. It did, indeed, according to the laudatory view of one of his poetic school, often "combine the vivacity of the schoolboy with the resources of the wit and the taste of the scholar."

This generosity of thought and heart is conspicuous in all his writings. His

autobiography is full of liberal and generous sentiments—rarely any other—evidence of the charity that “suffereth long and is kind, vaunteth not itself, is not easily puffed up, thinketh no evil.” He who might have said so many bitter things, utters scarcely one; he who might have galled his enemies to the quick, does not stab even in thought.

He has written much prose and many poems, and although marred, perhaps, by frequent affectations, his poetry is of the true metal; tender, graceful, and affectionate, loving nature in all its exterior graces, but more especially in man. It is, and ever will be, popular among those whose warmer and dearer sympathies are with humanity. Charles Lamb, in his memorable defense of Hunt against an insinuation of Southey, that Hunt had no religion, thus writes of him: “He is one of the most cordial-minded men I ever knew—a matchless fireside companion.” Southey regretted, and justly, that Leigh Hunt had “no religion.” He had, indeed, a kind of scholastic theology, that he considered might stand in the stead of it; he himself calls it in a letter to me, “a sort of natural piety,” but in none of his letters—nor in his diary—is there the slightest allusion to its consolations, no evidence of trust in a superintending providence, and but little intimation of belief or hope in the hereafter. Who will not lament this as they read his writings; knowing how closely combined is love of man with love of God; how much stronger is virtue for the general good when it is based on Christianity? His religion (which he styles in the letter to me I have quoted “a sort of luxurious natural piety”) was cheerful, hopeful, sympathizing, universal in its benevolence, and entirely comprehensive in charity, but it was not the religion of the Christian, it was not even that of the Unitarian. He recognized Christ, indeed, but classes Him only among those—not even foremost of *them*—who were lights in dark ages; “great lights,” as he styles them, “of rational piety and benignant intercourse”—Confucius, Socrates, Epictetus, Antoninus. Jesus was their “martyred brother,” nothing more. His publish-

ed book entitled, *The Religion of the Heart*, (1853, John Chapman, Strand,) is but little known; I hope it will never be reprinted. Had Southey read it, he would not have been content with the mild rebuke to Leigh Hunt which excited the ire of one of the gentlest and most loving of the friends of both, Charles Lamb, who in his memorable letter to the Laureate—a letter indignant, irrational, and unjust—bitterly condemned the one for a very mild castigation of the other.* His theory of religion may, perhaps, be indicated by the following lines, which were certainly among his own favorites. I copy them from Mrs Hall’s Album, in which he wrote them:

“Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said:
‘What writest thou?’ The vision raised its
head,
And with a look, made of all sweet accord,
Answered: ‘The names of those who love the
Lord.’
‘And is mine one?’ said Abou. “Nay, not so,”
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said: ‘I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men.’

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great, awakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had
blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.”

Leigh Hunt lived to see political asperities softened down, the distinctions between Whig and Tory gradually di-

* I by no means, however, mean to convey an idea that Leigh Hunt was “irreligious” in the ordinary sense of the term. I am quite sure he was not so. The New Testament was a book of his continual study, but it was read in a spirit that brought none of the light it has, happily, brought to other men. If he was a “free thinker,” he rendered profound respect to the Divine Author of the Christian faith, and therefore never sneered at those who accept it as a means of salvation, and never wrote with any view to sap or to weaken belief. If we may not class him among the advocates of Christianity, it would be injustice to place him among its opponents. Some one who wrote a touching and very eloquent tribute to his memory in the *Examiner* soon after his death, says: “He had a child-like sympathy of his own in the Father to whom he is gone, of which those who diverged from his path can only say that, ignorant of the direct line to the eternal sea, he took the sure and pleasant path beside the river.”

minish, and party bitterness become almost extinguished. He lived, indeed, "through a storm of obloquy, to be honored and loved by men who had been his most vigorous antagonists."* No doubt, as a politician, he "flourished" some years too soon; he was a reformer much too early. Both of his successors, as editors of the *Examiner*, Albany Fonblanque and John Forster, were rewarded in the way that Liberal governments—more wise in their generation than Tory governments—reward their partisans of the press. But Leigh Hunt "guided the pen" at a period when little was to be gained by it, except annoyance and persecution—at least, in advocating "the old cause." "Hazlitt used to say, that after Leigh Hunt and himself and their like had done the rough work of the battle for Liberal opinions, the gentlemen of the Whig party 'put on their kid gloves' to finish the business and carry off the honors."

Leigh Hunt was a journalist (I again quote from the *Examiner*) when courage and independence were the highest and perhaps the rarest qualities a journalist could show." He wrote when party spirit ran high, when language was seldom measured by responsibility, when vituperation was a weapon in common use.

In the year 1857 his wife had died. His sons, such as were left to him, had gone forth to fight the battle of life; his mind and his heart were "shaken." In that year he writes, sadly foreboding, "I am alone in the world;" troubled fancies haunted him. In one of his letters to his attached and faithful friend, John Forster, he murmurs—"I have been long fancying that most people, some old friends included, had begun not to care what I said or thought about them—whether any thing or nothing;" and in another letter he writes: "Strange to say, it was joy at finding the bookseller offer me more money

than I had expected for some copy-rights that was the immediate cause of my illness." He met old age with homage, and death with fortitude. Almost the last sentence in his autobiography is this: "I now seemed—and it has become a consolation to me—to belong as much to the next world as to this; . . . the approach of my night-time is even yet adorned with a break in the clouds, and a parting smile in the sunset."

Alas! He refers not to the hope of the Christian, but to a far dimmer, less rational, and infinitely less consoling faith—"may we all meet in one of Plato's vast cycles of reëxistence."

Just two months before completing his seventy-fifth year, "he quietly sank to rest." The oil was exhausted, the light had burned gradually down.*

When I saw him last, he was yielding to the universal conqueror. His loose and straggling white hair thinly scattered over a brow of manly intelligence; his eyes dimmed somewhat, but retaining that peculiar gentleness yet brilliancy which in his youth were likened to those of a gazelle; his earnest heart and vigorous mind outspoken yet, in sentences eloquent and impressive; his form partially bent, but energetic and self-dependent, although by fits and starts—Leigh Hunt gave me the idea of a sturdy ruin, that "wears the mossy vest of time," but which, in assuming the graces that belong of right to age, was not oblivious of the power, and worth, and triumph enjoyed in manhood and in youth.†

He died at the house of one of the oldest, closest, and most valued of his friends, Mr. C. W. Reynell, in High Street, Putney. The dwelling had a good garden, where the poet loved to ramble to admire the flowers, of which he was "a special lover." Immediately in front is the old gabled, quaint-looking Fairfax House, in which,

* His last work, only a few days before his death, was an article in the *Spectator*, in defense of his beloved friend, Shelley, against the aspersions of Hogg in a then recently published collection of Shelley's Letters.

† "Those who knew him best will picture him to themselves clothed in a dressing-gown, and bending his head over a book or over the desk."
—THORNTON HUNT.

* A notable instance of this was the altered conduct of Professor Wilson toward his old opponent. He not only wrote a very kindly review of his *Legend of Florence* in *Blackwood*, but lamented the bitter things which had been written in its early numbers, and used to send Leigh Hunt the magazine regularly as long as he lived.

it is said, Ireton lived, and where that general and Lambert often met.

It is pleasant to know that the death-bed of the aged man was surrounded by loving friends, and that all which care and skill could do to preserve his life was done.

There was no trouble, nothing of gloom, about him at the last; the full volume of his life was closed; his work on earth was done. Will it seem "far fetched" if we describe him, away from earth, continuing to labor, under the influence of that Redeemer I am sure he has now learned to love, realizing the picture for which in the book I have referred to he drew on his fancy—and finding it fact?

This it is: "Surely there are myriads of beings everywhere inhabiting their respective spheres, both visible and invisible, all, perhaps, inspired with the same task of trying how far they can extend happiness. Some may have realized their heaven, and are resting. Some may be helping ourselves, just as we help the bee or the wounded bird; spirits, perhaps, of dear friends who still pity our tears, who rejoice in our smiles, and whisper in our hearts a belief that they are present."

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."

Leigh Hunt was almost the only one then remaining of that glorious galaxy of genius which, early in the present century, shone upon the intellectual world; he survived them all, and with a memory of each. Some of them were his friends, and most of them his acquaintances. He had seen star after star decline, but might exclaim, and did exclaim, with one of his eloquent cotemporaries,—

"Nor sink those stars in empty night:
They hide themselves in heaven's own light."

He was buried at Kensal Green, but, unhappily, there is, as yet, no monument to record his name and preserve his memory; that is a reproach to all who knew him, and to all who have read, admired, and loved his many works—a generation that reaps the harvest of his labors. His works will, indeed, do both—*they* will be his monu-

ment—more enduring than any of "piled-up stones"—and *they* will preserve his name forever among the foremost men of his age and country. But it is not right that the crowded "graveyard" which contains sculptured tablets of so many illustrious authors, artists, and men of science, should be without one to this great writer, and I appeal to the thousands by whom he is estimated to remove from England the reproach. It will gratify me much if I can obtain contributions for that purpose, in addition to my own. A large sum is by no means requisite. Such a monument as Leigh Hunt would desire should be unassuming and unpretending as was his career in letters; and if I am so happy as to receive responses to this invitation, I will set about the work.

Saturday Review.

LÜBECK.

THERE are moments in the course of intelligent travel that make an impression which lasts forever, which later impressions may easily rival, but which they can never wholly wipe out. In going through a course of remarkable towns, interesting alike for their existing remains and from the associations of past times, each has a fair chance of seeming for the moment the most attractive among its fellows. But there are spots in every journey—in every journey at least planned with historical and political objects—which stand out by themselves, which may be placed side by side with others of equal interest on other grounds, but which we at once feel admit of no competitor of their own kind. Such, in a North-German tour, a journey among Hanseatic cities, is the moment when we first catch sight of the ancient head of the great merchant League, the ancient mistress and civilizer of Northern Europe. Simply as a picturesque combination, the seven spires of Lübeck form a piece of architectural grouping which can hardly be surpassed, though there was a time when they might have been fairly matched in their own line by the six

spires of Coventry. And, as a picturesque combination, a question at once arises between groupings like Lübeck and Coventry, where nearly all the main objects are of the same kind, and groupings like Caen and Oxford, which present a collection of forms of greater variety. But, historically, what is Caen or Coventry compared to Lübeck? Earl Leofric and William the Conqueror have their attractions, but what is any one city of the kingdom of England or of the Duchy of Normandy beside the mighty commonwealth whose fleets once struck terror into all the kingdoms of the North? Hundreds are familiar with the fame of Venice in whose ears the name of Lübeck is hardly an intelligible sound. But the greatness of Venice within her own Mediterranean was not more indisputable than the greatness of Lübeck within that Northern Mediterranean whose shores she so largely helped to people with men of our own race and almost of our own speech. Here, fallen indeed from her ancient greatness, but still free, still prosperous, is the city which once was the mightiest commonwealth of Teutonic Europe. Here is the city which once sat as the chosen chief of eighty free and sisterly republics, the city which checked the advance of Denmark, and which gave kings to Sweden, the city the long arms of whose commerce stretched from Novgorod to London, and whose history is inseparably entwined with that of our own commerce and our own capital. Here are still her splendid churches, the special church of the citizens significantly overtopping the Cathedral of the Prince Bishop; here is her *Rathhaus*, where indeed no longer assemble the deputies of all the commonwealths of Northern Europe, but where Bürgermeisters and Senators and Bürgerschaft still maintain the independence of a republic which, since her own Cæsar has vanished and since her foreign tyrant has passed away, no longer owns a superior upon earth. Many and stirring indeed are the thoughts which press upon the mind as we first set foot in the Teutonic Carthage—the Teutonic Carthage, we say; for the Teutonic Rome we must look else-

where, in the city of nobles which crowns the proud peninsula girded by the Aar.

There are indeed almost as many striking points of analogy between Lübeck and Bern as there are striking points of difference. Both are essentially cities of the middle ages. Unlike the cities of Southern Europe, of Gaul, and of a large part of Germany itself, neither of them has the least root in classical antiquity. Each acknowledges an historical founder in the same comparatively recent age. Lübeck dates from the former, Bern from the latter, half of the twelfth century. What Berchthold of Zähringen is to the southern city, Henry the Lion of Saxony is to the northern. In neither case can any claim to an earlier date be decently put forward; Bern probably already existed as a village, but that is all. A commemorative legend is attached to the birth of either city, but neither had ever the slightest pretense for enveloping itself in the charm of mythical antiquity. The city of merchants and the city of nobles have alike had their day; each in a manner has fallen, and each has in a manner risen again; neither holds the same place in the general balance of things which once it held; but each is still free and prosperous, and doubtless neither would willingly exchange that ancestral freedom for any material advantages which might be gained by incorporation with any self-styled kingdom or self-styled empire of yesterday.

Lübeck is indeed the sort of city which most thoroughly delights the historical inquirer. The past and the present combine in exactly their proper proportions. A city of ruins is a mere matter of antiquarian curiosity; in a city where all is new, the busy present is too apt to exclude the venerable past. As we walk the streets of Lübeck, both extremes seem alike excluded. There was a time, under and immediately after the tyranny of Bonaparte, when Lübeck had positively sunk, and when all prosperity had passed away from her. Since her deliverance, she has found her place in the new state of things—not indeed her old place as queen of Northern

Europe, but a place as a chief centre of the trade of her own seas, a character in which she has steadily advanced, and in which she has little to fear, unless the new masters of Kiel contrive to nurse up their new haven into an artificial prosperity.

Lübeck stands well, on a slightly elevated peninsula, sloping down on both sides to its two rivers, and faced, on the other side of the Trave, by the rising ground formerly occupied by the fortifications of the city, and now laid out in the usual ornamental manner. The position would be striking anywhere; it is especially so in the dull country with which Lübeck, like most other North-German towns, is surrounded. The city consists of two main lines of streets on the ridge of the hill, from which cross streets slope down on both sides. It is therefore a city in which, unlike Cambridge, Brunswick, or Limoges, it is unusually easy to find one's way. In ancient buildings Lübeck is wonderfully rich. Two great and three smaller churches, remains, more or less extensive, of three monasteries, the noble Rathhaus, a hospital, and many picturesque private houses, form a very rich accumulation of architectural wealth. All the buildings are in the local brick style, and are none the worse for it. But, owing to a fire which pretty well destroyed the city in the fourteenth century, there are very small remains of any great antiquity.

Among the particular buildings, we have already implied that the civic church, the *Marienkirche*, distinctly out-tops the *Dom* or Cathedral in the general view of the city. The Cathedral in fact, higher alike in antiquity and in ecclesiastical rank, has the advantage in length, while it yields in height. As an architectural whole, the *Marienkirche* has certainly the advantage; it forms one harmonious design of the fourteenth century, and is not a whit the worse for its material. Without, the two western spires and the grouping of the eastern chapels claim for it, mere parish church as it is, a place among the noblest of ministers; and the interior, with the gigantic height of its columns, the minuter glories of its roodloft, and the exqui-

site beauty of the chapel attached to its southern tower, will more than realize any expectation which may have been formed without. But if the *Marienkirche* is the more satisfactory to the artist, the Cathedral is distinctly the more attractive to the antiquary. Like so many other Lutheran churches, its wealth in the way of ecclesiastical ornament is something amazing. An enormous crucifix, with its attendant figures, of splendid workmanship and altogether untouched, still spans the centre of the church in its old position, and seems to give no offense to the Protestantism of a city which rather piques itself on its piety as compared with its neighbors. A splendid triptych by Memmling in one of the northern chapels is perhaps the generally attractive object in the church, but the whole building is full of remains of one sort and another, ritual and monumental. Conspicuous among the latter is the bronze figure of Bishop Heinrich von Buchholz, a benefactor of the fourteenth century, who lies in the choir which he enlarged to its present extent. As his eyes were made of gems, and as a third gem adorned his pastoral staff, these more precious parts were picked out by the French conquerors of Lübeck. Even the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel, but we may be thankful that the bishop was not melted down whole into a cannon.

Of the three conventual establishments very extensive remains exist, as the domestic buildings seem to have been applied to other purposes, almost without injury. The church of St. Anne, in ruins, is very singular, and that of St. Catharine is both singular and beautiful. Its choir, raised aloft to a height which, even comparatively, utterly distances that of Wimborne, is made into a receptacle for local antiquities, mainly ecclesiastical. It is filled with pictures and images of the most gorgeous kind, showing, with what still remain in the churches, what the wealth of Lübeck once was. The Holy Ghost Hospital has a striking front, with a range of small spires, which seem almost designed for a larger building; probably they were suggested by those of the *Rathhaus*.

The latter groups well with the *Marienkirche*, and, though it is open to the charge of exhibiting several gross architectural shams, yet on the whole it shows what an effect can be produced by brick in secular architecture, as its neighbor does in ecclesiastical. The outside is highly picturesque; within, the great hall of the Hansa has been cut up into various small rooms. As might be expected, it is by far the largest Rathhaus of its own group of cities; and it is not one compact mass, like that of Bremen, but a building covering a great deal of ground and spreading out in more directions than one. As an historical monument, as the very heart and centre of the Hanseatic League, it stands by itself in North-Germany.

The remaining buildings are the gates. The Holstein gate, near the railway, with its two massive round towers and spires, is perhaps the more generally striking; but we are by no means clear that we do not prefer at least the present effect of the *Burg-Thor* at the north end of the town. The Holstein Gate has lost greatly by the destruction of the adjoining buildings, including another gate still larger than itself. It was itself threatened, but the good taste and liberality of some of the citizens procured its preservation and it is now being carefully restored. The *Burg-Thor* has the great advantage of not standing isolated, as the Holstein Gate now does, but of still forming part of a group. Its shape is quite different; not a gate between round towers, but a square tower over a gate, reminding one somewhat of the Norman gate at Bury St. Edmunds.

Among the attractions of Lübeck it would be most unfair not to reckon the Lübeckers. It is pleasant to see a noble city so thoroughly appreciated by its inhabitants as Lübeck certainly is. They are proud of it, and are ready with the heartiest welcome to any one who shows an interest in either its past or its present state. Indeed the traveler who goes with an intelligent object need never fail to be well received in North-Germany. He is in some respects better off than in Switzerland. North-Germany has not

suffered from the plague of tourists. There is not therefore the same presumption in the North-German mind, which there most naturally and pardonably is in the Swiss, that an English traveler is a fool. In North-Germany, therefore, there is not the same need for an elaborate proof that you are something else. It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and the fact that some of the most interesting cities in Europe are set down in one of the ugliest countries in Europe brings this incidental good both to the inhabitants and to their visitors. We recommend a visit to Lübeck to all intelligent travelers, but we trust that mere tourists will keep away.

A NEW NOVELIST.*

ANDRÉ LÉO.

A NEW writer of romances has appeared among us. In a few months he has gained great publicity, and conquered a distinguished place in our literature. The veil of pseudonym has been lifted, and the interest excited by these vigorous and truthful romances is heightened by the knowledge that they are the work of a woman, who, left a widow with two sons, has perhaps owed to imperious necessity the discovery of her fine talent. However, we can hardly believe this. André Léo must be one of those who write because impelled by an inward force, because they can not do otherwise. In whatever position, in whatever circumstances she might have lived, André Léo must have written. But we may perhaps be indebted to circumstances for the firmness and purity of her thoughts, for the first vigorous outburst, unhesitating and unmistakable, of a soul which is wholly dedicated to the good and the true.

The works of our author are four in number: The first, with the unattractive title, *A Scandalous Marriage*, is perhaps the most remarkable; the second may be passed without notice; its chief merits being some charming de-

* Translated for the Eclectic from the *Revue Chrétienne*.

scriptions of the environs of Lausanne, where the scene is in part laid. In the third, *The Two Daughters of M. Plichon*, we find all the qualities of the first, and if the epistolary form, which the author adopts, has its difficulties, which are often signal, it can at least lend itself more than any other to the imagination and allow the author to express herself most fully without detracting from the naturalness of the narrative. The fourth, just published, *Jacques Galéron*, is a short and striking picture of the situation of teachers in the country. The hero, a young man of a noble heart and independent mind, has given himself enthusiastically to his vocation, believing it to be the best means of usefulness to his fellows. What does he not suffer, when he discovers by degrees, that no bondage is heavier than his own; that every thing oppresses, every thing fetters him, and that he must either lose his place, and with it all means of action, or become the instrument of the gross prejudices of ignorance and a sottish religion. The recital of this struggle between a benevolent man of progress and the antiquated wheelwork of our society, which must of necessity crush him, produces an effect perhaps the more striking because the theatre is small, the incidents in themselves insignificant, and related in the most serious manner. It all seems true. Jacques is a superior but simple-hearted young man, with no other ambition than that of reforming education in his own school. The curate, his chief enemy, is a vulgar, conceited man, of obtuse mind and mean character, though certainly not exceptionally wicked.

We might say that this little drama would be really enacted in many of the communes of France, if every commune possessed a teacher who performed his duties in earnest.

What a life, indeed, is that of a teacher such as is here depicted, and such as may often be met! It is little more than a struggle with misery and privations; a man of heart will bear it from personal courage, and love for his work. It would be a small thing to be obliged to conquer the ignorance and prejudices of parents; they would

be subdued by the children themselves, attached to their master, improved by his teachings, and happy in the development of their faculties. But the teacher has too often against him the curate with his abusive authority, the important people of the village, all the idle loungers, all the slanderous tongues, too happy to find an object. He has against him the class-books themselves, inspired most frequently by the spirit of the middle ages, and contrived so as to plant in the minds of the children the foundations of a servile and sombre religion, from which they escape later in life by a gross materialism. Then comes the inspector of the University, who hears nothing, and is urged to administer an official admonition. Then, the last bitterness, the last humiliation, comes the moment of elections, and the poor teacher, who has his own convictions, who has a political belief, who feels within himself the heart of a citizen, must go, as Jaques Galéron expressed it, to perform his duty of a slave, namely, to distribute the ballots of the candidate of the government. Has a teacher any right to have a conscience? He is the weakest of functionaries, that is all. And at night he sheds burning tears when he comes home, harassed, degraded in his own eyes and in the eyes of those who ought to trust their children to him that he may make men of them. No, the struggle of the spirit of freedom and responsibility against the old spirit of authority and oppression, which, partially banished from the sphere of thought, still subsists almost entire, in that of facts, this struggle can be nowhere more violent than in the humble life of a country teacher.

This simple history is told entirely in a letter written to the wife of a rector of the University, by the adopted mother of Susanne, the young wife of Jacques, who wisely rouses the memories of a school-mate, in the hope that her old friend will plead the cause of the oppressed. The reply of the rector's wife is thoroughly worthy of one who, occupying an eminent position, is not disposed to compromise herself in any way. "To attack any thing stronger than one's self," she says, "to

fight alone against all, is to be willing to succumb, and even ingloriously, since the world esteems nothing but success." She closes by promising her assistance in obtaining a change rather than a loss of place, on condition that Jacques and his wife will engage to restrict themselves to the care of their own family, "as all reasonable people do in these days."

Such is the last word of this little drama, or rather of this veritable history. One shuts the book, with a lingering oppression and discouragement. Where is the remedy for so great evils? Whence shall the deliverance come? If even the education of the people solely tends to subject them the more to the yoke of the past, what are we to expect or hope for?

We will not touch at present upon the serious criticism which this little volume demands, and to which we shall return later in speaking of the works as a whole. Indeed, it is painful to recognize defects and faults of an author with whom one so deeply sympathizes. One would wish to pass over them in silence, and illusively believe one's self agreeing with him to the end, and to the full import of his thought. We have the same indignations, the same antipathies, the same compassions. Let us first seek for what unites us, and not for what separates us. Does not the author of these books which we love, which upon more than one point reveal to us our own uncertain thoughts; does she not agree with us perhaps more fully than she thinks? But in order to convince her of this we must first place ourselves at her point of view, and become possessed of her inspiration.

If Jacques Galéron has a moment diverted our attention from the previous works of its author, it is because from its character it occupies a place by itself. It is not a romance, it is a history of our times; it is a pamphlet, it is a plea, but the talent of the romancer has marked with its imprint more than one charming or comic scene, and we find in it the same accurate observation, the same intimate acquaintance with provincial and rustic manners and ideas, with this difference, that the author has not time in so rapid a recital to give to all her personages the

same stamp of reality which, for example, in *A Scandalous Marriage*, makes the last incident live before our eyes in the midst of a large number of actors.

This is one of the criticisms to be made on the last mentioned book. Our attention is required by too great a number of personages, and yet we can not say that it is divided by them. The two principal characters, Michel and Lucia, concentrate it always upon themselves from the first moment of her appearance. One scarcely knows, too, how this fault could have been avoided, since its subject is a scandal, and in order to have a scandal there must be a public. The story contains two marriages. Aurelia Bourdon, the daughter of the richest land-owner in the region, educated to respect all social conventionalities, and in utter ignorance of real life and its duties, marries an unprincipled, heartless man, whose vile conduct, well known to the family of the young girl, should a thousand times have prevented a marriage based upon any thing but calculation and interest. The scene between M. and Madame Bourdon, relating to the subject, is remarkable from its fine and cruel truthfulness of observation.

The mother, a model of maternal tenderness and clever foresight, brings up in favor of the marriage all imaginable reasons except the true one—her petty and odious ambition. She even dares to speak of the happiness of her daughter. The father, who has a warmer heart, if not a sounder conscience than his wife, shows at first a downright indignation, and afterward repugnances and scruples, which soon yield to the superior power of Madame Bourdon, strengthened by his own wrongs toward her.

Lucia, the heroine of the book, the poor cousin of the rich Aurelia, brought up also as a lady, but in the midst of the hardest privations and the most pitiful contrivances to conceal the misery resulting from the vulgar prejudices and negligence of her parents—Lucia thus sees her older sister Clarissa die at the age of seventeen, merely for the lack of a little happiness. Soured and irritated by the emptiness of her heart and the uselessness of her life,

Clarissa, who takes but little part in the action, is still one of the most remarkable characters in the book. A victim to the position of her parents and the false notions which she has imbibed, she suffers from petty miseries; she torments those around her by her imperious demands, and passes from an undignified debasement to a foolish excitement of joy at every distraction, at every occurrence which admits her to the rich and brilliant world of her dreams from which she has been an exile. With this passing before her eyes, Lucia, who at twenty was but a happy and careless child, suddenly awakes to anxious thought of the future. At the moment when the announcement of her cousin Aurelia's marriage has, as it were, cast a sudden light upon her own destiny, and when struggling with the feeling of desolation which has seized her, she strives to recall the memories of her childhood, and thus to regain the carelessness and poetry of the past, she meets one of her old play-mates, Michel, who for several years has been absent from the country. Their conversation is charming, and from the first reveals the contrast and at the same time the similarity of the two characters. But at its conclusion, "It is all very well," said Lucia to herself, softened as she was by these recollections, and the sympathy of the young peasant; "but now we can no longer be friends. He, fortunately, has other pleasures, and as for myself, I have grown up only to expect sorrow and loneliness."

As soon as Michel and Lucia had once met, opportunities for seeing each other were not wanting. The house of the young man's mother joined the garden of M. Bertin. This waste garden, which its owner would have felt himself degraded to cultivate with his own hands, and yet could not find laborers to cultivate it, Michel undertakes to dig and plant in his leisure hours. That is a pretty scene in which Lucia, blushing and embarrassed as if she were doing something wrong, and still too much under the dominion of her prejudices of caste, to be willing to accept an unpaid service from a peasant, asked him how much she owes him for his labor. In all this re-

cital the gradations are admirably observed. Lucia is at first by no means above the habits of thought which surround her; she has to gain a victory over herself before beginning another contest with the little world in which she lives. When, for the first time she has met in the eyes of Michel an expression which no other face has worn for her, she starts with a strange thrill, she says to herself that what she imagined was impossible, and thus reassures herself. This assurance renders her relations to Michel more unembarrassed than they would have been with a young man of her own position. Lucia is not an irreproachable heroine; she commits many imprudences; she tries to be a little coquettish, and then gradually and without much reflection, resigns herself to the sweetness of being loved by a man whom she esteems and admires more and more every day, suffering now and then, however, from returns of her old pride. Events combine to bring them together, uniting and isolating them. The character of Michel grows upon us; the reader submits like Lucia to its charm, and gives all along his cordial approbation to this honest and generous love.

If we were to quote all the charming and powerful scenes, we should quote almost the whole book. What a fresh and strong feeling of nature in certain pages, as at times the story becomes idyllic, not insipid and superanimated, but in harmony with modern sentiment, growing simple and passionate from the joyous expanding of the soul in the midst of nature, which lives under the pen of a writer who knows and loves it far more than he does the plot of his drama.

After the enchanting hours spent in the country, at the farm of the Toublerie's on the Clain, where the little boat rowed by Michel glides among the clusters of water-lilies, with which she fills her hands, in company with her friend Gène, the most charming figure imaginable of a young country girl—after this, when Lucia returns to her sad home, and the struggles and humiliations of a false position, the violence of her father, soured by his own inefficiency, the complaints of her

false-hearted, weak-minded mother, when to crown all she hears the echo of the little world in which she lives, and feels herself to be the object of its ill-natured espionage, the contrast is so great that it is very evident that the prejudices of education can not retain their power over so sincere and truthful a nature. And so the work goes on, though gently, gradually, and in the most natural manner. Things conspire to help on this result.

That is a truly touching scene where Michel, before a whole company, in Lucia's presence, refused to take the hand of M. Gavel, the betrothed husband of Aurelia, who offered it "with a dignity and ease edifying even to himself," in thanking Michel for having saved him from the violence of two young peasants, whose vengeance he had well deserved.

Michel grew pale, knit his brows and kept his hand hanging immovably at his side.

"Michel!" cried M. Bourdon in an angry tone.

"What! you refuse me?" said Gavel, stupefied.

"Yes, Monsieur Gavel," said the young peasant without raising his voice, but so clearly that it was heard by every one present: "I can not give you my hand, because I exchange that courtesy only with honest men."

"The young man is beside himself," cried the engineer, pushing himself anxiously into the group, where every one had his angry or reproachful word.

"Such are the men of this day," said the curate, who was present. "Authority exists no longer."

But Lucia moved away from those who insulted Michel, and approached him, saying: "You are brave indeed. You are better than I."

A little later, when the guests of M. Bourdon, witnesses of the affront given to his future son-in-law, endeavored to forget the vexation in renewed gayety, Lucia, too, remained silent and preoccupied. Her eyes brightened, a sweet smile illumined her face.

"What is it?" asked her mother in a low voice. "One would say that you had heard some good news."

Ah! the maiden has begun a new life. She trusts in Michel with all her

heart, and feels that he is so noble and so strong that she can give herself to him without shame or fear.

Lucia has no more struggles except with others. All is brightness and harmony within. She loves Michel, he is worthy of her love, she will marry him, not dragged along by a thoughtless passion, but with the clear and calm consciousness of what it will cost her, and the firm conviction that his love is worth the sacrifice. "Under the control of a profound conviction, courage is only an instinct, except for cowards; but does a coward believe any thing ardently?"

André Léo is entirely different from the writers who make passion the law of life. We do not find under her pen the realization of the irresistible and divine passion. Lucia revolts only against prejudices; no sacred law forbids her marrying Michel. If it had been so, she would have obeyed it, "for," says the author, "a true sentiment does not oppose itself to the legitimate laws of sentiment."

The struggle with herself being thus ended, that against the wishes and prejudices of her family begins—a strife so terrible that the poor child would have lost courage had she not known that Michel's happiness would be gained at the same time with her own.

The whole book exhibits an exact and keen observation of human nature under the different forms given by the circumstances in which its scenes are passed, and also naturalness and truth in the details. Every episode, every incident concurs to the general impression. Does it not seem when we shut the book, as if we had lived in this little world of Chavagny, as if we had met every one of these sharp, good-natured peasants; as if we had seen the handsome Fernand Gavel, the betrothed of the young lady of the house, pass by with his mettlesome horses, followed by long glances from Lisa, the pretty peasant girl? Have we not seen at a distance Mademoiselle De Parmailan, the young impoverished *châtelaine*, the guardian of old-time traditions, who enters a convent because she can not degrade herself, and passes like a ves-

tige of the middle ages in the midst of this thoroughly modern little world? And M. Bourdon, the rich citizen with his good heart and easy temper, but without morality or principle, and ruled peremptorily by his wife, who, at heart more selfish and corrupt than himself, has always strictly fulfilled her duties; Aurelia, the well-bred young lady, for whom conventionalities take the place of heart, soul, and spirit; all these characters are living, acting, and in perfect keeping to the end. Does it not seem especially as if we had heard the talk of Mademoiselles Boc and Touronne, when they arrived on a warm evening in June? What a fine opening to this conversation, in which the two most malicious tongues in the village taste the delight of an unputting gossip.

"You are alone then at present, Mademoiselle," said the peasant to the old lady, who had just driven away the little servant whom she employed as a spy, and maltreated cruelly.

"Don't talk to me about it. I am tired of opening my mouth about it. That it should end so; a good-for-nothing creature whom I have loaded with benefits!"

"What do you want, Mam'selle? The curate says with good reason that we should do good from love to God."

"What I did, Touronne, was entirely from love to God, for I can tell you that I detest her, this creature."

"You have only the more merit, Mam'selle."

"However, it is all the harder for me just now. In spite of all, it was an occupation. I had, to be sure, to scold her or beat her incessantly, but we are not placed in this world to take our ease; we must work to gain heaven."

Their conversation thus piously entered upon, they passed to their neighbors, and it is easy to guess the rest.

The noble figures of Michel and Lucia rise above all these surroundings, and still we can not consider them too noble for nature. Michel is a true peasant. He has the language and sentiments of a peasant, but is one of those strong and true natures who, in whatever circumstances they may be found, borrow from them only externals, and draw their life only from

themselves. At first his moral elevation alone attracts attention, and when later his thoughts and language become more elevated and pure, it is quite naturally under the influence of a deep affection, and from habitual contact with a mind more cultivated than his own. In marrying him, Lucia does not find a man of her own caste, with the single exception that he wears a blouse instead of a coat; she marries really a peasant, but one who will hardly find his superior and rarely his equal in the other ranks of society. For this reason, this book seems to me to be more truly penetrated with the sentiment of justice and equality than most of those which have treated of the same subject and described the same situations.

The death of Clarissa brings on the issue. Clarissa dies despairing, rebellious, repulsing the priest and his common-place consolations, and confounding those around her by the expression of her passionate regret that she had never lived, had never loved. One of her last expressions, "Mamma, do not let Lucia die like me!" fell upon the heart of her mother. No, Lucia must not have such a destiny, and over the corpse of her who had thus died without consolation or hope, the parents, shattered by this terrible scene, give their younger daughter to Michel.

The ethics of the author are brought out in this death-scene, so powerful in its horror. This young girl who does not wish to give up life before she has known it and tasted its joys, is not in her eyes a rebellious being, she is in the right. We certainly do not consider this terrestrial life solely as a time of probation, a preparation for the future life; we recognize in it a worth of its own, and see in it the living germ of that eternal life whose elements it incloses; but the satisfaction of the legitimate wants of our nature does not seem to us a necessary condition of our existence. In the order which God has established, happiness should be, like beauty and truth, the result of the harmony of beings and things. But in the disorder introduced by sin, a joyless life is not of necessity a wasted life, and is not the promise of the unseen world a line

to draw the soul away from its legitimate despair, a mirage sent to turn our eyes from the barren desert? Faith in God, who is love, is faith in happiness, faith in the plenitude of life for the creature made in his image; but faith in human nature alone, and in its divine instincts, condemns one to suffer too much from the spectacles of real life.

We have delayed a long time at this first work of André Léo, and we leave it with regret. Indeed, few books have the power of so completely taking possession of the reader. You are no longer yourself while reading it, you forget all that is around you, you are only a spectator of the scenes which pass before your eyes, a friend of Michel and Lucia, an amused or indignant judge of the caprices, the follies and the vices which are personified before you. Only one fault strikes you; whatever displeases you, you will wish that you had not noticed it. If, for instance, it occurs to you that Michel perches himself too often upon the window-shutters of the lower floor in order to reach the window of Lucia's chamber, where such pure and charming interviews are held, if some slightly crude expressions offend you, if some traditions of the school protrude above the natural qualities of the simple and vigorous style, you scarcely acknowledge it to yourself, so charming and powerful is the work as a whole, and so much the author's friend have you become while penetrated by his thoughts. Whoever has suffered from the state of our society, whoever is familiar either with great wrongs or those petty wrongs, so slight and imperceptible that they form the air we breathe, and which the consciences of the best of us let slip; whoever has been humiliated by the humiliations of others; whoever detests so much the more the prejudices of which he has not been himself the direct victim, while yet he has allowed his life to be partially conformed to them; whoever has a thousand times rebelled against those miserable shackles with which vain conventionalities and all the lies of social life restrict our liberty as with an impalpable yet impassable hedge; whoever has felt all these, and has not

stified them in sacrificing the best part of himself to the vain and factitious demands of custom; whoever has preserved his inward thirst for justice, ought to love this book and its author. It is impossible not to feel strongly, while reading it, that if there are two opposite, irreconcilable terms, they are a worldly spirit and a truly human spirit.

We will not delay so long at the last romance of André Léo, *The Two Daughters of M. Plichon*, although this is also a beautiful story, which shows us still more of the mind of the author. It is not concerned merely in learning what is the legitimate satisfaction for the cravings of the heart; it carries us farther in portraying a complete life, not only in sentiment, but in thought and action. The plot has more unity than that of *The Scandalous Marriage*, or rather, it is wholly internal and intimate, and has no exterior expression except in the simplest events. The young Count William de Montsalvan, still suffering from a first unhappy love, meets upon the neutral ground of a watering-place, a citizen's family, who make his acquaintance, and he falls in love with the youngest daughter of M. Plichon. In his letters to Gilbert, his companion from childhood, a devoted friend, with, however, a cold heart and calculating soul, who lets himself be deceived like school-boy by a *soi-disant* Russian princess, William recounts the charming phases of this love, rekindled so trusting and fresh in his desolate heart. There is a moral improbability in it even from the first letters, and this increases as the love which was at first a little superficial, born of the eyes, becomes deep and serious, founded on a perfect harmony of minds and characters. Indeed, we can scarcely pardon the author for having made Gilbert the confidant of William. How can a man tell all his thoughts, open all his heart, when he is not sure of being understood? Does not the want of this assurance prevent the outburst of unreserved confidence? Intimacy does not indeed demand similarity of character, but it can not exist even in the greatest social familiarity without sympathy in one's ways of thinking and of regard-

ing life. An occasional want of delicacy which we will not point out, seems in William's letters like so many false notes. Having said this, we will forget that Gilbert is the confident, and will imagine that William writes for the reader alone, and give ourselves up to the pleasure of following him in this fine analysis of a passion which can not last because it can not satisfy his soul, grasping it as if to restore his life. The manner in which he becomes freed from it is admirably studied. The successive revelations of Blanche's vanity, frivolity, and heartlessness, are drawn with infinite skill and delicacy. William's coldness is at first followed by returns of tenderness, but soon his adoration is gone, and he feels only indulgence for the charming child who understands him so little, and whose apparently innocent heart is already rotten with worldliness, loving only his title and his brilliant position. Having been accepted at the time when his happiness seemed wrecked, he believed for a while that he was loved for himself, and tried to develop and teach her, but he found only weariness and indifference, and continually met with some misunderstanding, littleness, or vanity. It is during this long struggle between the disenchantment of his heart and the power which the grace and beauty of Blanche still hold over him, that the noble figure of Edith is gradually presented. Cold and haughty in her moral isolation, she seems at first hard and uninteresting, because wholly self-contained. Disdain and antipathy to those around her seem to have killed the softer sentiments, but they are only suppressed under a coating of ice which a ray of sympathy can melt, and love opens and perfects this beautiful flower. The study of nature first brings Edith and William together, and afterward they meet in the sphere of ideas and sentiments. The author must have delighted in the creation of this noble character. Edith should be André Léo; in the thoughts of Edith she has put her own thoughts. Edith, who refuses to go to church, who shocks all her family by calling an archbishop *Monsieur*, is nevertheless a believer. She believes in the hidden powers of humanity, in an indefinite progress, in

a divine goodness discoverable in the bottom of the laws of life, in the good, in the true, in conscience. And when William one day somewhat ironically criticised her faith, she replied, fixing her deep eyes upon him:

"But, William, you believe in the good and the true, and you ardently long for them?"

"Certainly, but we do not possess them."

"Perhaps it is because we want to receive them rather than acquire them. Man is still subject to the ideas we find in Genesis: he accepts labor as a punishment instead of viewing it as the instrument of his conquests and the condition of his happiness. From this point of view obstacles, however natural, irritate and discourage him."

"Then, according to you, what is the end of our existence?"

"It is to make ourselves like our ideal. Is not the highest idea of life at once to love and to will; to adore and to create; in fine, to act with all the energies of our being? Man has long been tired of facile happiness."

In dreams of truth, Edith and William first met each other, in their realization, they seek the fullness of happiness, the perfection of their life. With the little which remained from the wreck of his fortune, a part of which had been spent in aiding the poor peasants during a needy winter, William bought some wild lands, which he cultivated, at the same time studying agriculture. Afterward, when he has married Edith, and his estate amply supplies his simple wants, they establish a school for poor children—a long-cherished plan of the young woman—to which she has devoted her life. Every thing succeeds well; the wild lands become fertile fields, a lovely child plays with the little peasants, the poorest of whom find food at the model farm, where they all have judicious training and heart-expanding love. This active life, in which happiness instead of being the end of existence, is but the living spring whence they derive strength and consecration, preserves their love from all satiety and weariness. Why is it that on closing the book, while wholly admiring this large and generous comprehension

of life, of happiness, and of marriage, we feel disappointed as if the result were less than we expected? Perhaps it is because every depicting of a definite and complete happiness is cold and unsatisfactory. We may not know what more we could wish, and yet it is not enough. After all, however rich, smiling, and beautiful may be the spot on earth which is showed us, our eyes look farther, and seek for other horizons, and this thirst for the infinite stops only at God.

Yes, God is wanting to these two noble beings, who have learned that it is not enough to live for each other, and that to live together for others, to put forth all the energies of a happy union in some work of consecration, is being truly happy. Making ourselves, as Edith said, like our ideals, will not suffice for us, if it suffices to contemplate our ideal without an effort to realize it. The divine will undoubtedly be realized only in us and by us, and that is what gives worth and beauty to life. But what would become of us, in view of the imperfection of our deeds, and our very thoughts incessantly outrun by an instinct superior to themselves, if we could not elevate ourselves by pouring out our souls even to the absolute good, true, and beautiful?

Truth has two sides; the one, reality, which is wholly terrestrial, is admirably depicted in the books we are noticing. The other is the ideal. The ideal of André Léo is noble and grand, it is more Christian than she thinks, but when she comes to give it reality, she does not take into account the conditions of our existence. If all the sufferings and disorders of life arose from prejudice, ignorance, or error, then intelligent and good persons like Jacques Galéron, William, and Edith, would be able to subdue them in their own vicinity, and human life would gradually be transformed under the influence of powerful and earnest individuals. But under how many forms does not evil show itself! What is to be done with vices which are incurable because they are voluntary? What is to be done with all the failings and basenesses of human nature, even the noblest and best? What is to be done

with death? When, like Edith and William, you shall have realized your idea of goodness and duty in a corner of the earth, and during a limited time, when you can render witness that you have obeyed the laws of your conscience and labored faithfully in the universal work of relief and progress, even then you can not forget all the suffering, the sin, the moral death outside the circle where you have acted. The greater your love, the greater will be your need of feeling that a love more potent, an infinite love, a redeeming love, envelops this poor earth to save and to bless it.

Thus this work of André Léo, this serious and earnest work, contains only one part of truth, and shuts out the other part. Religious truth is wanting in it. We will not say that it is opposed, for the religion which our author detests and scorns is not the religion of Jesus, not that of the Gospel, although, alas! it may be that of many who call themselves Christians. If religious truth is wanting in it, human truth can not be there in its completeness, but still it is there, and like one of the halves of the seal of clay, which the ancients divided, and which must be rejoined, this part of truth calls for the missing part. Was it not Jesus Christ who said, "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness"? 9

Popular Science Review.

ON LAKE BASINS.

BY PROFESSOR D. T. ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S.

THERE is no subject of general interest in geology and physical geography that has more attracted the attention of the scientific world, and been the cause of more lively discussion of late years, than that of the origin of Lake Basins. Some geologists, deeply impressed with the grandeur of ice-action, and the unmistakable marks of force exhibited by it, have assumed that all the deepest gorges and hollows now occupied by water have been scooped out by glaciers. Others, equally affected by the evidence of the erosive power of water in its fluid state, have thought that, either by floods or by the effects

of great rivers, these hollow spaces have been first made and then left full. Geologists having strong faith in crashes and violent upheavals and depressions, are quite willing to accept as sufficient causes for all lake basins the faults, axes, and other disruptions and disturbances of strata effected rapidly and convulsively, as they believe, during the elevations of mountains and the formation of continents. Thus there is ample ground for discussion, and it must be confessed that in some respects the battle is something like that between the Neptunists and Plutonists in the earlier days of geology, when neither party had much opportunity or desire of appealing to nature to decide, but was none the worse combatant because he was more inclined to appeal to arguments than to discover facts.

Under these circumstances, perhaps, a short account of some of the principal lake basins of the world, with a view to show the varieties that exist, the circumstances under which they exist, their peculiarities of form and position, their magnitude and depth, and the form of their bottoms, when known, will form an interesting and useful introduction to a short notice of recent theories on the subject, and the conflicting views of some of our best modern geologists as to their origin.

The great ocean itself, is but a vast lake basin, the whole of whose bed lies below a certain level, or, in other words, at a certain mean distance from the earth's centre. The condition is clearly due to the fact that at the surface of the earth a number of mixtures and combinations of elementary bodies exist in a state of permanent equilibrium, and in the three states of earth, water, and air, these states being themselves due to peculiar distribution and circulation of heat, light, electricity, gravitation, and chemical agency proper to the position of the earth in a state of permanent equilibrium, in that part of the great system of bodies occupying space, in which we find ourselves to be. It is impossible to deny this, and equally impossible not to see that the form of the bottom of this chief of all lake basins is, in the logical sense of the word, an *accident*. Cer-

tainly, the essential fact of water resting on land is not in any way the cause of the form of the ocean floor.

But, besides the general depression which is, under all circumstances, occupied by water, and which may fitly be called the open ocean, there are numerous smaller seas, more or less nearly inclosed, and many depressions of all conceivable forms and dimensions in that part of the solid mass which rises above the mean level of the sea. Many of these communicate by channels with the open ocean, and their level necessarily approximates closely to that of the sea. Of this kind the Mediterranean is a familiar example. The Black Sea, again, opens into the Sea of Marmora, and that into the Mediterranean, and is only dependent on the ocean through two intervening bodies of water. The Sea of Azof opens only into the Black Sea, and is thus dependent on the sea in a very indirect manner. The levels of these seas are different, and the state of saltness of their waters is very different from the ocean; but still they are inland seas, and not lakes of the more distinct and well-marked kind. The Caspian Sea is another step removed from the ocean. It is a vast sheet of salt water; but the proportion of salt it contains is much smaller than in the open sea, whilst its level is more than eighty feet below that of the ocean. This great lake has always received the drainage of two great rivers, (the Volga and the Ural,) but is probably nothing more than a partially dried and separated part of the ocean, which once came in from the north. The Dead Sea is a small but very remarkable sheet of water, whose surface is upward of eighteen hundred feet below the sea. It is, however, apparently the remains of a larger sheet, and was probably at one time a part of the Red Sea. Owing to its peculiarities of position and separation from the Red Sea, and partly also to the enormously greater evaporation than supply from its surface, but partly to the influx of springs connected with volcanic emanations it has attained its present character. I might mention many other instances, but these are sufficient for my purpose. They show the connecting

link between seas and lakes, and remind the reader that some of those lakes that are most different from the sea in the nature of their water contents and their geographical position, and that are at present in the far interior of great continents, are still nothing more than portions of the great ocean accidentally cut off from communication.

I must now request the attention of the reader to the forms of various lake basins. Among them are the Black Sea, the Caspian Sea, and the Dead Sea. Among them also are the Zuider Sea, in Holland; a little salt lake called Tchokrak, in the Crimea; and an inlet on the coast of New-Zealand. All these are more or less exceptions to the common and limited idea of lake basins; and they differ somewhat in form from most of the other lakes, many examples of which are as familiar as they are typical. Whatever may be the cause of the form of the oceanic basins, the same causes may be referred to as sufficient to explain these open lakes communicating, either now or formerly, with the sea. Thus the Mediterranean, the Black Sea, and the Sea of Azof, all now connected by water passages, are yet perfectly distinct as basins. Each has its well-marked limits; each its peculiarities of depth and form of bottom; each its peculiar condition of saltness; each, above all, is distinctly marked by physical features connected with the geological structure of the district around; and in this is the clue that may enable us to solve the problem of the origin of the phenomena, and the link that connects these basins with those of fresh water lakes in other localities. I may add, that in these and many other like cases the smallest geological accident might separate them entirely from the open ocean, and reduce them to the state of lakes.

The reader may find it useful to be reminded of the peculiar features just alluded to. A vast mountain chain exists in the old world, broken in various places by wide gaps, and produced rather by innumerable points and centres of elevation, acting in a linear direction, than by any continuous force. This great chain is double. A north-

ern line ranges from the Pyrenees through the Alps and Carpathians, the mountains of the Crimea and the Caucasus to the Altai group, and the chains that extend eastward to the Pacific. A southern line commences with the Atlas mountains, and ranges eastward to Arabia, and thence by the Himalayan chain to the south of China. It is between these two chains that the great inland seas occur. Many of them have once communicated freely with the ocean, and some are still open; but some also have at certain geological periods been occupied by fresh water almost exclusively. It is clearly impossible to understand their physical geography without studying carefully the geology of their coasts.

Let us pass on now to consider the various kinds of lake basins, or rather the lake basins that appear to exist under different circumstances. The first group, being marine basins, or those that still contain water more or less salt, and whose level is similar to or below that of the sea, must probably have had direct communication with the sea at one time, and were therefore parts of the oceanic basin. Most of these are broad and open, but some, as the Red Sea and the Dead Sea, and some lakes or sea-channels in mountain districts, are elongated, narrow, and tortuous, and often very deep. They are known by various special names—as fjords in Norway, friths in Scotland. These are well worthy of study. They almost always occupy crevices in hard rock, and sometimes, though not always, they certainly appear to be connected with faults or axes of disturbance. Such are some of the phenomena of that class of lake basins whose relation to the general depression of parts of the earth and elevation of other parts is most manifest.

There is another class of lakes and lake basins whose origin is apparently quite different but not less clear. In large open flat spaces on wide plains, and on steppes, we occasionally find pools. These are generally shallow, and owe their water contents to occasional rains that fall in the neighborhood, or to floods that come down periodically. Of this kind, are the great

lakes of Africa, recently discovered and described by Dr. Livingstone, Burton, Speke, Grant, and others. Such is also the Lake Tchad, in Central Africa. Such again is Lake Torrens, in South-Australia, whose waters, according to the earlier describers, were almost illimitable, but which would suddenly shrink almost to nothing. In Europe, the Lakes Ladoga and Onega, between Finland and Russia, are remarkable examples, and the innumerable lakes of South-Sweden, and the interior of Finland, are of the same nature. The Platten See in Austria, and some of the lakes in Ireland, (as Lough Neagh,) partake of this character. In all, there is a total absence of any other physical peculiarity in the district around, than the existence of wide flat plains, or low undulating ground. They occupy depressions in the plains, and the nature of the rock is of small importance. Almost all rocks, in fact, have surfaces more or less irregular, when they have been worn by exposure to similar causes, and it is very easy to understand that such depressions are occupied by the excess of rain-water or river-water that remains on the surface after the ordinary drainage has carried off all that it is capable of doing. These lakes or pools are larger or smaller according to the rate of evaporation, and they occasionally disappear altogether, leaving no mark. We may then see the bottom of the basin—the bed of the pool, and the depression in which the water was contained is often quite undistinguishable by the eye. Sometimes, indeed, as in limestone countries, the water sinks into the earth by crevices in the rock, and only exists as a lake when these are choked. Such a condition often results in malaria, owing to rapid evaporation through decayed vegetable matter.

A third class of lakes is illustrated by the Lago di Bolsena, in Tuscany, and the Laacher See near Bonn on the Rhine. These are round dark deep pools of clear and cold water, and are quite removed from the marine basins on the one hand, and from ordinary ponds or lakes on the other. If the water were emptied they would be like cups. They are the craters of old

volcanoes. Bolsena is upwards of twenty-six miles in circumference, and is as remarkable for the volcanic rocks that surround it, as for the terrible malaria that rises from its banks. The Laacher See is much smaller, but apparently of the same nature. Of such lakes, there are also many, but they are confined to those districts where volcanic eruptions and disturbances have been observed in recent times, or where the rocks are such as to make it certain that they have been active at no distant period.

It is evident, then, that a large number of the lakes of the world offer nothing in their form or structure, or the circumstances of their existence, to justify a doubt as to their origin. They are the result of natural inequalities of the surface, inevitable when we consider how all land surfaces have been formed and modified. They represent such of these inequalities as have received and retained water.

But a large class remains. Mountain countries and parts of the world where there are or have been in recent geological times considerable changes of level caused by forces acting from below, present irregularities far more abrupt and irregular than the plains. One may travel from the Arctic circle to the shores of the Black Sea, without seeing any ridge or any tract of land rising a few hundred feet above the general level. In this wide area, which ranges from the Atlantic to the Pacific for a distance of at least fifteen hundred miles of latitude, there are no high lands. Here and there, indeed—frequently in the north, more rarely in the south, there are depressions of a few hundred feet or less below the general surface. Some of these are full of water; some contain a little water at the bottom; and some are dry, but water may generally be got by wells sunk a few yards into the rock at the bottom. Beyond these vast plains to the south, we come to another kind of country. Lofty mountain chains rise abruptly and grandly from the plains. Deep ravines and long lines of valley run up far into the mountain sides, narrow grooves conduct the traveler between elevated peaks, and a region is entered where there is only a partial,

broken, and elevated plain or plateau, whose surface is irregular, but in a very different sense from that of the low plains to the north. This mountain country is altogether distinct in its character. Its depressions are different in form; its features are picturesque; its drainage is distinct; the rain-fall upon it is generally greater, and owing to the form of the ground, the rain runs off from it rapidly. Such are the conditions of the country in which the lake basins occur whose history is one of the chief objects of discussion at the present time among geologists.

It must not be supposed that such lakes are confined to the great central east and west elevation, of which the Alps is a leading feature. The old mountain chain ranging north and south from Scandinavia, through the western countries of Europe, incloses a country in which mountain lakes also occur. Such are some of those of Norway and the deep fjords or inlets of its western coast. Such are the lakes and friths of Scotland and England. All exhibit the same general character; all exist in a country where the surface has been exposed not only to the running of water, but where the passage of ice either as a glacier or iceberg has been traced by independent evidence, and within a very late geological period.

In North-America again there is a vast tract of comparatively low land east of the Rocky Mountains, and north of the fortieth parallel of latitude, which resembles geographically the great plains of Europe, but is so different in climate as to offer few points of physical resemblance. Here the lakes that occupy the depressions are enormously larger, equally numerous, and more characteristic. Here are the vast waters of the Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie, and Ontario all communicating with one another, and all ultimately communicating with the sea by the St. Lawrence. But these are true lakes. The plain is to a great extent a plateau or lofty plain, and the form of the lakes approximates them to that of the European lakes. New-Zealand again repeats their forms among groups of mountains very clear-

ly marked and containing abundant ice, and among the loftiest of the Andes is a lake at an elevation of nearly thirteen thousand feet, whose magnitude in that position renders it almost an anomaly among the lakes of the world.

It might be thought from these accounts that lakes were universal phenomena, so numerous and varied are the localities I have had occasion to refer to. A little consideration will remind the reader that this is by no means the case. There are other districts equally extensive in which no sheet of fresh water worthy of the name is to be found. Thus throughout the greater part of South-America the rivers carry off the waters that fall on the land without expanding into large sheets. In Australia there are hardly any lakes of importance, except those pools that dry up in the summer. There are few also in Northern Asia. Mountain lakes, or lakes such as we are now considering, are in fact very limited in range. They are numerous on the slopes of the Alps, and they abound, though on a far smaller scale, in the northern part of the British Islands. They are well marked in New-Zealand, and there are good grounds for believing that many of the North-American groups belong to the same series. But these occupy in all an exceedingly small area of the total amount of land. In the northern hemisphere the area is limited to small parts of the two great mountain systems, the old or north and south range affecting the western lands only, and the modern or east and west range affecting the whole mass of European, Asiatic, and North-African land. The lakes connected with the elevation of the Andes are extremely few, though so remarkable for their elevation.

The great discussion concerning lake basins has been raised by some of our geologists familiar with a few small districts, but having only partial or hearsay knowledge of many important groups. All, probably, among the English geologists, are tolerably well acquainted with the British lakes, and many of them have seen something of the typical Swiss and North-Italian lakes. The general forms of these are instructive. The actual detailed conditions of the basins, and the nature of

evidence that each affords in favor of any particular theory, are matters that require prolonged and careful study on the spot. At the same time there is much to be done by rapid travel in these countries, for a mere glance by those familiar with the results of aqueous, atmospheric, ice action elsewhere is highly suggestive, and sound observations may be made by those well accustomed to observe and compare.

The lake basins of the mountains about which discussion has chiefly been taken, are those of Geneva, in Switzerland, of Como, Lugano, and Maggiore in North-Italy, of Scotland and the north-west of England, and of North-America. Some of these are moderately deep, others rather shallow, some of gigantic dimensions, others only occupying a few square miles. The causes assigned for their origin are: (1) Denudation acting slowly in the ordinary way; (2) Glaciers pushed forward by a great body of ice from behind, and ploughing out large shallow hollows in soft rocks; (3) Natural valleys choked at some point either by detritus brought by water or ice, or by geological disturbances; (4) Natural hollows caused by faults, dislocations, and other results of elevation of the mass. It will not be denied that in a certain sense and to a certain extent each of these may be regarded as a *vera causa*. The question is, how far in a particular case any one of these agencies, as, for instance, denudation or ice, has been engaged in completing or doing the essential part of the work. Professor Ramsay, following in the steps of some ingenious Swiss geologists, has gone so far as to teach that lake basins generally are due to the erosive power of ice, and to that power only. He is supported in some measure by Sir W. Logan, who believes that the great American lake basins are results of denudation, not of geological disturbance. That they and the rest of the great plains, as well as the mountains and hills of the Alps and of Northern America, besides those of Northern Europe, have been affected by denudation and by ice, may be said to be certain. That there has been enormous elevation to produce the mountains and remove the vast mass of material once accumulat-

ed on rocks now forming the topmost peaks, is as certain as that the peaks are there; and that there have been in the valleys huge glaciers, compared with which existing glaciers of the Alps are as nothing, is not less true. But neither is it less true that there has been great elevation; that great elevation, no matter how long it has taken to complete it, must have resulted from and taken place in obedience to mechanical laws, and that the production of fissures, of faults, of axes, and of occasional wide interspaces or valleys between rocks, is inevitable.

Now, if we look at any of those lakes that have been formed in mountain districts, we shall find that they occupy valleys or portions of valleys, having a distinct relation to the great mountain systems adjacent. The Alps on both sides abound in such valleys, and very marvelous they are, exhibiting marks that can not be mistaken of disruption and of erosion; disruption originally producing crevices, and erosion tearing away, enlarging, and widening these natural clefts to such an extent that their original character is lost and obliterated.

The Lake of Como is long, straggling, and forked; the sister lakes have the same general features. They have numerous feeders, and several of them are connected by narrow clefts occupied by streams. The Lago Maggiore is twenty-six hundred feet deep. All come down from the north, being nearly at right angles to the general east and west direction of the great mountain chain. All are narrow compared to their length, but their width is enormously too great to be due to mere mechanical disruption. The Lake of Geneva, on the other hand, ranges east and west, on a parallel to the mountain chain. It is a lake within the great area of elevation, on the north side of the high Alpine chain, and within the plateau of Switzerland. A score of lakes of the same general character are scooped out of the soft tertiary sandstones of the valley of Switzerland. But all who are familiar with Switzerland will remember the lofty mountain wall of hard rock to the south of the Lake of Geneva, the corresponding wall of the Jura, inclosing

the Lake of Neuchâtel, the peculiar and well-marked vertical rocks that shut in many parts of the Lake of the Four Cantons, and the mountain sides that shut in the little Lake of Thun. I speak from recollection, and the memories of Alpine travelers will supply a score of similar illustrations. There is equal evidence of original disruption and subsequent degradation and erosion, both on a grand scale, neither of them sufficient alone to produce the results observable, but both combining. Thus the disruption has been followed by longcontinued and even violent erosion, partly by water, and afterward by ice. The result is seen in the mixed disturbance by mechanical violence and denudation, by the paring away of vast quantities of material once accumulated over the rocks at present forming the mountain tops. The Lago Maggiore is not very much above the level of the sea, and its depth is great enough to justify the assumption that some cause in addition to erosion has acted. The Lake of Geneva is scarcely excavated to the sea-level. But there must have been some depression in all these and similar cases in addition to the vast elevation, which has not only lifted up the sea-bottom to the height of fifteen thousand feet in the Alps, eighteen thousand in the Caucasus, and twenty-eight thousand in the Himalayas. Probably the difference of height between the Alps and the Himalayas—equivalent to a thickness of thirteen thousand feet of strata—may have been removed by this water action. But this has not been done rapidly, and it has not been done equally over the whole area. Parts that were soft have been pared only from the surface. Similar soft rocks beneath the surface have been undermined. Hard parts have been occasionally left. Some of the fragments of hard rock have helped to destroy long ledges of strata.

Thus it is that the history of lake basins is not quite so simple as may at first appear. There are many that, having been formed and filled during the action of some erosive force, partly water, perhaps, and partly ice, may seem due to the action of ice alone. It would not be safe to assert that ice may not in some cases have been the chief

agent. But there are very many of similar form, and having identical physical characteristics, concerning which it may be said that their position on the earth's surface excludes this hypothesis. There are many districts where lakes abound, but where there is no proof, and indeed no probability, that ice has ever been present in large quantity. There are also lacustrine deposits among rocks where there is no evidence whatever of glacial action. The geologist and the physical geographer must carefully observe where observation is possible, and infer where there is ground for inference. Thus, when we find that some of the principal lake basins of America are scooped out of horizontal strata, on low anticlinal and synclinal axes, it is clear that so far as the hollows have been cut they may be due to denudation and erosion either by water or ice. When in the Alps we find lake basins in valleys parallel or transverse to the main directions of elevation, or along lines of fault, it is difficult to refuse belief that systematic fissures due to elevation have not had something to do with the phenomenon. Mountains are not indeed, in the sense and to the extent of the earlier geologists, the backbone of the earth, or the eternal and permanent framework upon and amongst which aqueous deposits have grown and attached themselves, like the flesh of an animal on its skeleton. There is no real or useful analogy of this kind. The rocks that form the nuclei of the great mountains are neither the oldest nor the most systematic; they are often, no doubt, the hardest, and in that case they owe their position to their greater resisting power, when all around them was carried away, slowly and gradually, by weather and water. But it is just because this is the case, because the present form and outline is the result of a long past history, including periods of movement and periods of rest, but a never-ceasing wear and grind, that we find phenomena so varied in some respects, so distinct in others, but all due to the same group of causes acting continuously and only modified by local circumstances.

The geologist and physical geographer must then accept, and have faith

in, all natural causes, and he must not allow himself to attribute to any one an exclusive jurisdiction. He must admit and study the value of water and ice as real causes, but he must not deny that structure has in many, perhaps in all, cases, guided and governed the direction of the movement. He must be satisfied that lake basins, like other phenomena, are not to be accounted for by the assumption of one cause, but that they belong to the physical history of the globe, and result from those combinations that have also produced mountains, valleys, and plains.

London Society.

WITTY WOMEN AND PRETTY WOMEN OF THE TIME OF HORACE WALPOLE.

OF the brilliant author from whose descriptions of the "witty and pretty women," of his day these notes are taken, it has been truly said, that "his epistolary talents have shown our language to be capable of all the charms of the French of Madame de Sevigné;" and it is from the portraits that he has handed down to us, that we have selected those of the beauties and wits of the courts of the two first Georges, for the contemplation of our readers.

"Mr. Walpole is spirits of harts-horn," said Lady Townshend, when some one compared him with melancholy Gray, who was once his friend, but with whom he afterward quarrelled. It is, indeed, to his "perpetual youthfulness of disposition," and volatile buoyancy of spirits, that we are indebted for the halo of interest which shines around his characters (especially his female ones) to this day.

Their charms and accomplishments, either in public life, or in the sweeter, calmer hours of domestic retirement, are set and sealed forever in the golden framework of this patrician author's pen. "Nothing that transpired in the great world," says his biographer, "escaped his knowledge, nor the trenchant sallies of his wit, rendered the more cutting by his unrivaled talent as a raconteur."

What a magazine writer he would have been in these days! and how eagerly the numbers of the favored periodical would have been bought up, containing *Horace Walpole's last article!*

For the amusement of his two fair friends, "the lovely Berrys," as he was wont to call them, he wrote his "reminiscences" of the courts of the two first Georges; and from these and from his letters we shall borrow largely in our description of female celebrities of that era—reminding our readers that in doing so we do not profess more than to offer them a peep into his raree show; and that we do not hesitate, upon this understanding, to adopt the views, the idiosyncrasies, and prejudices (of which he had not a few) of the veteran showman himself.

To those not in the possession of the originals from the master hand, a few fair copies of the vanished forms and faces of the noble and beautiful women, who, in his glowing pages, make a dazzling and irresistible group, may prove not unacceptable.

Would there were such chroniclers now to set the seal of immortality on the wits and beauties of the reign of Queen Victoria! Were such the case, it would not be necessary to resuscitate these fair shades of a bygone day: it is not the material that is lacking, but the "touch of a vanished hand," to give an adequate and living picture of the lovely matrons and maidens with which England is still as rich as in the era which the "gay, gouty, old bachelor" has brought back as to-day to our mind's eyes.

Without professing to observe any sort of order with regard to the arrangement of our portraits, precedence must be given to royalty, as a matter of course; and first in consideration of her regal claim, the "Garter King at Arms" proclaims "Caroline Queen of England," and consort of his Majesty George the Second.

As we pay the homage due to this fair and queenly lady, we have a good opportunity afforded us for observing the suavity of demeanor and genial condescension to all around her, which she so well knew how to assume, and which became her so admirably. Her

beauty, which had been great at the time of her marriage, had fallen a victim to the fatal ravages of the terrible distemper which was then so little understood and so unscientifically treated, that it is a matter for wonder that any survived to bear upon their countenances for life the disfiguring sign and seal, with which "small-pox" marked the victims who had escaped her clutches alive.

The beaming eyes of the Queen, indeed, were as expressive as ever, and could kindle with interest, melt in sympathy, or burn with indignation and affronted majesty, from under the royal brow. Another great beauty which the Queen could boast was the marvelous symmetry of her "small, plump, and graceful hands," a charm by no means to be despised, and one far less common than that of a pretty face or a bright, rosy complexion. Her personal attributes, indeed, were so far from contemptible that the King himself, although a tyrannical and unfaithful husband, frequently declared in public that he had never yet seen a woman whose charms equaled those of the Queen; and when he described his own idea of beauty, he always literally described that of his own wife. Upon more than one occasion, indeed, he subjected the "good Howard" herself to exquisite mortification on the Queen's account; for coming into the room as that lady was manipulating the royal head, (a menial occupation to which the wife had the power of submitting the mistress,) he snatched off the handkerchief which concealed the fair and beautifully modeled throat of the former, saying angrily to Mrs. Howard, as he did so: "Because you have an ugly neck yourself, you hide the Queen's!"

The beaming eyes of royalty, of which favorable mention has been made, must have kindled with latent triumph at the rough speech directed at the fair hair-dresser, the Queen's most powerful rival; who on her part we can imagine to have continued her task with little good-will, under the angry surveillance of the "gruff gentleman," her royal but uncourteous adorer.

But majesty also has its moments

of self-imposed humiliation; and at such times we hear of the Queen herself rising meekly and offering to retire, when the King and his prime minister, Sir Robert Walpole, for whom she had a great personal regard, consulted upon business of the state—"matters which," says Horace Walpole, "she and my father had previously settled between them." She was fond of laying out and improving her garden at Richmond; and she managed (being a clever woman) to hoodwink the King into believing that the expenses of these improvements were defrayed out of her privy purse, while she was, in fact, supplied with the necessary funds by the aid and connivance of the first minister of state.

She understood perfectly the art of managing a coarse and tyrannical husband, by an assumed appearance of the most profound submission and respect. She died, indeed, a martyr to this principle of implicit and unquestioning obedience to the arbitrary rule of her exacting spouse; for rather than oppose any wish or command of his, she underwent hours of fierce torture, and kept secret within her own breast the progress of the malady which was soon to terminate in death.

When suffering from the gout in her leg, she did not hesitate to plunge the limb so affected into cold water, that she might be enabled to attend the King in his morning walk.

Oh! what hours of agony was she doomed to spend in the garden at Richmond, which had once been her proudest delight!

Large and lame, and suffering from intolerable anguish, with the faithful service of a dog rather than with the loving affection of a wife, she attended her gruff lord in his daily walks, until the hand of death interfered, and put an end to her sufferings.

One of these walks proved fatal to the overtaxed strength of the Queen. She died—recommending the King to his minister instead of the minister to his king. Truth was stronger than sycophancy in the hour of death, and the master said to the servant on a subsequent occasion: "You know that she recommended *me to you*."

Second only to royalty in rank,

and second to none in the imperious haughtiness of her language and bearing, see "Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough," sweep upon the stage.

"Old Marlborough," she was in Horace Walpole's time, but he loving her little as he did, yet lingers a little over the description of her charms, which had once made her the "great captain's captain," and raised her to the highest pitch of power to which a subject can attain. "One of her principal charms," he tells us, "was her fine fair hair."

This, we confess to us, savors, somewhat of an anomaly in nature's handiwork. Surely tresses black as the raven's wing, and eyes flashing like stars from the inky caverns of night, should have crowned the majestic beauty of Sarah of Marlborough. These fair, showering golden locks were themselves doomed to be sacrificed to the passionate temper of their mistress; for "one day at her toilette, in anger to her husband she cut off all these commanding tresses, and flung them at his face." This curious outburst of conjugal malice was practiced in later years by a celebrated beauty, whose husband, like the great duke, took a pride in his wife's magnificent hair. She cut it off in anger, on purpose to vex him, and was stung to the heart, at his death, to find the fading relics of that beauty, which with women is power, carefully cherished in his most private and sacred depository.

The temper of this celebrated duchess was that of an unmitigated vixen—passionate, violent, and malicious. She feared her superiors, and trampled her inferiors and her children under her feet. With her eldest daughter (who succeeded her, by act of Parliament, as Duchess of Marlborough) she was at open war. With her youngest, the Duchess of Montague, she agreed no better.

"I wonder," said the Duke her husband, with less knowledge, it appears to us, of human nature than of the art of war, "that you two can not agree, you are so much alike." They agreed as fuel agrees with fire, each affording food and excitement to the vindictive temper of the other.

Two characteristic anecdotes of the proud Duchess we will give in Horace Walpole's own words, before she does what she never did in her lifetime, namely, yield her place to another, and that other her most formidable rival on the great stage of London society.

One of old Marlborough's capital mortifications, he tells us, sprang from her grand-daughter. The most beautiful of her four charming daughters, Lady Sunderland, left two sons, the second Duke of Marlborough, and John Spencer, who became his heir; and Anne Lady Bateman, and Lady Diana Spencer, who became Duchess of Bedford. The Duke and his brother, to humor their grandmother, were in opposition; though the oldest she never loved. He had good sense, infinite generosity, and no more economy than was to be expected of a young man of warm passions, and such vast expectations. He was modest and diffident, but could not digest total dependence upon a capricious and avaricious grandmother. His sister, Lady Bateman, had the intriguing spirit of her father and grandfather, Earls of Sunderland. She was connected with Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland, and both had great influence over the Duke of Marlborough. What an object it would be to Fox to convert to the court so great a subject as the Duke! Nor was it much less important to his sister to give him a wife, who, with no reasons for expectation of such shining fortunes, should owe the obligation to her. Lady Bateman struck the first stroke, and persuaded her brother to marry a handsome young lady, who unluckily was the daughter of Lord Trevor, who had been a bitter enemy of his grandfather, the victorious Duke. The grand-dam's rage exceeded all bounds. Having a portrait of Lady Bateman, she blackened her face, and wrote on it: "*Now her outside is as black as her inside.*"

If some such illustrative remarks were appended to the photographic fac-similes of some of the "dear friends," who have chanced to offend us, since the complimentary exchange of likenesses took place, the inspec-

tion of one of the "fat books," lying on every drawing-room table might be attended with more amusement and insight into human nature than otherwise attend it. "My bosom friend of the year 1862, now a relentless and implacable enemy, *decidedly flattered* in this portrait." "The elderly aunt, from whom I had expectations, who died last year intestate, kept as a specimen of the genus *Gorgon*, and as a token of the illusory nature of human hopes." Such explanatory notes appended to each miniature full-length, would add greatly to the interest of one of the bulky volumes, containing the portraits of the "Uncle Johns," and the "Aunt Tabithas," the "Sister Emilys," and the "Cousin Toms," which now present nothing more to the most glowing imagination than a depressing consciousness of boredom, and the fact that through the interesting family represented, runs the likeness, produced by the same stare and simper, pleasingly varied by a stare without a simper, or a simper without a stare. Old Marlborough's "photographic album," illustrated by notes from her own spirited pen, would have formed a valuable addition to the memoirs, which Horace Walpole scoffingly describes as "nothing but remnants of old women's frippery." This is the last we hear of her from his graphic pen, excepting a few lines announcing her death, which took place soon after. "Old Marlborough is dying—but who can tell? last year she had lain ill a great while without speaking; her physicians said: 'She must be blistered or she will die.' She called out: 'I won't be blistered and I won't die.'"

She had been an enemy of his father, Sir Robert Walpole, which Horace never forgave. One of her celebrated letters concluded with the sentence: "But as to the public, I do believe never was any man so great a villain as Sir Robert."

Next in the succession of courtly celebrities comes Catherine, Duchess Dowager of Buckingham, who was a natural daughter of James the Second. She was remarkable principally for her overweening pride, and for her affectation of regal privileges and

prestige. Of her Horace Walpole relates: "The Duchess of Buckingham, who is more mad with pride than any mercer's wife in Bedlam, came last night to the Opera, *en princesse*, literally in robes, red velvet, and ermine." It was she who made the famous reply to Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough upon the latter's refusing to lend the funeral car which had conveyed the great duke to the grave. "Tell her," replied Catherine of Buckingham, transported with rage, "that my upholsterer tells me I can have a better one for twenty pounds." Of her own death-bed, Mr. Walpole gives this curious account.

"Princess Buckingham is dead or dying: she has sent for Mr. Anstis, and settled the ceremonial of her burial. On Saturday she was so ill, that she feared dying, before all the pomp: she said: 'Why won't they send the canopy for me to see? Let them send it though all the tassels are not finished.' But yesterday was the greatest stroke of all: she made her ladies vow to her, that if she should lie senseless they would not sit down in the room before she was dead."

From this proud woman, we turn to one who occupied a position in the court, about the Queen's person, but who was also publicly recognized as the favorite mistress of the King. Henrietta Hobart was the daughter of Sir Henry, and the sister of Sir John Hobart, Knight of the Bath, afterward by her interest made a baron, and since created Earl of Buckinghamshire. She married early, Mr. Howard, a brother of the Earl of Suffolk, and prepared with him to face the bitter brunt of poverty, in a position of life which was far superior to the circumstances which must support it. They saw before them but one chance for promotion, and that was in attaching themselves to the court at Hanover, where the future sovereign of England awaited the demise of the reigning queen, (Anne.) As a way of eking out the "ways and means" of their small *ménage*, as great a bugbear to fashionable young married couples then as now, we find an amusing anecdote of her cutting off her beautiful abundant tresses (commanding a high

price from the peruke-makers in those days of flowing flaxen wigs) to furnish forth a banquet for her husband's guests. Wigs were sold in that time for twenty and thirty guineas a piece; and as each fair tress fell into the trembling balances, we might suppose it to have been in every sense of the words "worth its weight in gold." Did such articles command an equal sum now, coiffures *à la crop* would shortly become fashionable amongst the poorer aristocracy; for with an upholsterer and milliner pressing hard for payment, how many a fair maiden and frisky matron would not feel inclined, like Absalom, to poll her head, and turn literally as well as poetically, each "shining tress to gold." There is no market, we fear, now for these lovely appendages, such as that which turned the fair Howard into a merchant in hair; but it must have been a struggle with her between vanity and ambition before with shaven crown she could look on and smile, as the hungry German court fell upon the proceeds of her wifely sacrifice, and devoured them at one fell swoop. They grew again, however, and with it the favor of the court: and on the accession of his father to the throne of England, the electoral prince (afterward George the Second) caused Mrs. Howard to be appointed woman of the bedchamber to the young Princess of Wales.

Her apartments speedily became the rendezvous of all that was brilliant and distinguished in the society of the court. Amongst the men were Lord Chesterfield, then Lord Stanhope, and cultivating, we presume, the code of manners and morals which he afterward recommended to the hopeless cub his son; Lord Scarborough, Lord Hervey, and General (at that time only Colonel) Lord Churchill: amongst the women we find the names which fame has made so familiar to our ears, those of Lepell, and Bellenden, and Hervey, and Walpole, and Selwyn, and Howard—a lovely group from which death, the rude destroyer, can not snatch the fragrance while they live in the pages of their brilliant biographer. To these apartments came frequently the electoral prince, not attracted at that time

by the mild beauties of their fair mistress, but by the lovely, lively, laughing Mary Bellenden, described by every one of her cotemporaries as the most perfect creature they ever knew. The fat, phlegmatic heart of her royal adorer beat strange music within the princely breast, when the sound of her footsteps fell upon his ear. Gay, almost to *étourderie*, the fair maid of honor was by no means equally smitten, neither was she likely to be won by his coarse, heavy gallantry, and his attentions, more persistent than acceptable. One of his amusements consisted in counting and recounting his money, a proceeding which greatly irritated the nervous system of the saucy Bellenden. "Sir!" she cried out to him one day, "I can not bear it: if you count your money any more I will go out of the room." The chink of his gold was as disagreeable to her as his unwelcome presence, and the heart of the giddy Bellenden was safe from the spells of either. That was already in the proud possession of Colonel Campbell, one of the grooms of the bedchamber, and who afterward succeeded to the title of Argyl at the death of Duke Archibald. She had promised her would-be royal lover never to marry without his privity; and having broken her word in this particular, the generous prince neither forgot nor forgave; and he never missed an opportunity of whispering some harsh reproach in her ear, when, as Mrs. Campbell, she appeared at the drawing-rooms held by the Princess of Wales.

Mrs. Howard succeeded to her friend in the post of favorite; and she had neither the wish nor the spirit to repel the attentions of her royal admirer, as Miss Bellenden had done before her. Horace Walpole tells us that she preferred the "solid advantages," to the ostentatious *éclat* of her position; and we have seen her exposed to defeat and humiliation by an outburst of uxoriousness on the part of the fickle lord of her affections himself. The Queen had the real power, the mistress possessed but the shadow of it; but of a meek and spaniel temperament, the "good Howard" swallowed the gilded pills offered for

her occasional acceptance without a grimace.

We can fancy her like the portrait given of her in these words: "Lady Suffolk was of a just height, well made, extremely fair, with the finest light brown hair, was remarkably genteel, and always well dressed with taste and simplicity. Her face was regular and agreeable, rather than beautiful, and those charms she retained with little diminution to her death at the age of seventy-nine." She left the court in 1735, and spent her summers at her residence of Marble Hill, Twickenham, where she became a neighbor and intimate friend of Horace Walpole's, whom she entertained with "old court stories and anecdotes," of which, in his reminiscences of the courts of George the First and George the Second, he made great use.

She died at Marble Hill, on the twenty-fourth of July, 1767, and her last words are thus described by him, in a letter to the Earl of Strafford: "I am very sorry that I must speak of a loss that will give you and Lady Strafford concern; an essential loss to me, who am deprived of a most agreeable friend, with whom I passed here many hours. I need not say I mean poor Lady Suffolk. I was with her two hours on Saturday night, and indeed found her much changed, though I did not apprehend her in danger. I was going to say she complained—but you know she never did complain—of the gout and rheumatism all over her, particularly in her face. It was a cold night, and she sat below stairs when she should have been in bed: and I doubt this want of care was prejudicial. I sent next morning. She had had a bad night; but grew much better in the evening. Lady Dalkeith came to her, and, when she was gone, Lady Suffolk said to Lord Chetwynd she would eat her supper in her bed-chamber. He went up with her, and thought the appearances promised a good night: but she was scarce sat down in her chair, when she pressed her hand to her side, and died in half an hour." She was extremely deaf, and Pope alludes to this infirmity in the lines he wrote upon her under the title of "A certain Lady at Court:"

"I know a thing that's most uncommon:
(Envy, be silent and attend!)
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.
Not warped by passion, awed by rumor;
Not grave through pride, or vain through
folly—
An equal mixture of good-humor
And sensible soft melancholy.
'Has she no faults then,' (Envy says,) 'sir?'
Yes, she has one, I must aver;
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear."

The lovely Duchess, her wild Grace of Queensberry, is scarcely so often mentioned as we could wish in Mr. Walpole's letters; but here and there his pen lights upon some trait of her, in its own pointed, vivid way, and places her before us in a few sketches, given in his best style.

Catherine Hyde was the daughter of the Earl of Clarendon, and afterward became the wife of Charles Douglass, Duke of Queensberry. She was celebrated for her beauty, and for the daring with which she defied the court party, by promoting subscriptions to the second part of the *Beggars' Opera*, when it had been prohibited from being acted. For this offense she was forbidden the court. Pope, Swift, and Prior have immortalized her in letters and in verse; the latter in the poem entitled, "The Female Phaëton, which, as a description of a fast young lady of those days, is worthy of insertion here:

"Thus Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untamed,
Bespoke the fair from which she sprung,
With little rage inflamed;
"Inflamed with rage at sad restraint
Which wise mamma ordained;
And sorely vexed to play the saint,
Whilst wit and beauty reigned.
"Must Lady Jenny frisk about,
And visit with her cousins;
At balls must she make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens!
"What has she better, pray, than I,
What hidden charms to boast,
That all mankind for her should die,
While I am scarce a toast?
"Dearest mamma, for once let me,
Unchained, my fortune try:
I'll have my carl as well as she,
Or know the reason why.
"I'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,
Make all her lovers fall;
They'll grieve I was not loosed before:
She, I was loosed at all.

"Fondness prevailed, mamma gave way;
Kitty, at heart's desire,
Obtained the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire."

The lovely Duchess does not appear to have been in the good graces of Mr. Walpole, who records some of her wild pranks with a gusto which ill-nature not unfrequently gave to his pen. He thus describes a quarrel between her and the Duchess of Richmond, whose daughter, Lady Caroline, had recently eloped, (as the daughters of other great houses have often done in our own day,) leaving their ambitious mothers open to the taunts which were winged so merrily by the lively Kitty, at the bosom of her sister duchess. "There is a very good quarrel on foot," he writes to Sir Horace Mann, "between two duchesses. She of Queensberry sent to invite Lady Emily Lennox to a ball; her Grace of Richmond, who is wonderfully cautious since Lady Caroline's elopement, sent word, '*she could not determine.*' The other sent again the same night; the same answer. The Queensberry then sent word that she had made up her company, and desired to be excused from having Lady Emily's, but at the bottom of the card wrote, '*too great a trust.*' You know how mad she is, and how capable of such a stroke." The next we hear of her is regaining a footing at court, a point for which she had intrigued two years unsuccessfully, and which she achieved on the occasion of her son's being obliged to the king for a regiment in the Dutch service. She would not let him go to kiss hands until they sent for her too. Then, again we find her at Richmond, at a fire-work *fête*, amongst the "whole court of St. Germain's and all the Fitzes upon earth," in "a forlorn trim, in white apron and hood," which it was her whim to assume on that occasion, making "the duke swallow all her undress." "To other day," Mr. Walpole goes on to inform his correspondent, in this instance George Montagu, Esq., to whom many of his most amusing and gossiping letters were addressed, "she drove post to Lady Sophia Thomas, of Parson's Green, and told her that she was come to tell her something of importance. 'What is it?' 'Why, take a couple

of beefsteaks, clap them together as if they were for a dumpling, and eat them with pepper and salt; it's the best thing you ever tasted; I could not help coming to tell you this;' and away she drove back to town. Don't a course of folly for forty years," he adds, with some justice, "make one very sick?"

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was one of the learned luminaries of Horace Walpole's day, and comes decidedly under the head of the witty if not of the pretty women of her time. The picture given of her at Florence, where she formed the centre of a literary coterie, and was herself a laughing-stock to the fashionable triflers who outwardly courted her, is far from a pleasing one; and no fair *savante* perhaps ever aroused more bitterness of feeling amongst the literary men of her day than did Lady Mary Wortley Montagu by the wanton shafts of her coarse and relentless tongue. One of her few admirers, Spence, indeed, said of her: "She is one of the most shining characters in the world, but shines like a comet; she is all irregularity, and always wandering; the most wise, most imprudent; *loveliest*, most disagreeable; best-natured, cruelest woman in the world; all things by turn and nothing long."

Walpole's picture of her is a less pleasing one, but he entertained a strong prejudice against her, and writes as follows to Mr. H. S. Conway, from Florence, where he diverted himself, in September, 1740, with operas, concerts, balls, and a continual round of pleasures, which he did not forget to describe, although he pronounces himself unfitted to carry on a correspondence with any body in England, owing to his being so utterly a stranger to every thing going on there, and to the *on dits* and *bon mots* then current on the surface of London society. "Did I tell you," he says, "that Lady Mary Wortley is here? She laughs at my Lady Walpole, scolds at my Lady Pomfret, and is laughed at by the whole town. Her dress, her avarice, and her impudence must amaze any one that never heard her name. She wears a foul mob, that does not cover her greasy black locks, that hang loose,

never combed or curled; an old mazarine-blue wrapper, that gapes open and discovers a canvas petticoat. Her face swelled violently on one side, and partly covered with white paint which, for cheapness, she has bought so coarse, that you would not use it to wash a chimney." Not a tempting picture of the *bas bleu* of the period, and a warning to those fair ones, ambitious of the bays of literature, not to despise the most powerful gift which nature ever bestows upon them, and while they cultivate the graces of the mind to bestow as well their best attention upon those of the person.

Lady Mary, by birth a Pierrepont, was the eldest daughter of Evelyn, Earl of Kingston, by his wife the Lady Mary Feilding, daughter of William, Earl of Denbigh, and she was born at Thoresby, in Nottinghamshire, in the year of our Lord 1690, so that she must have been fifty years old when Horace Walpole penned this satirical sketch in 1740. No traces left, according to him, of the great personal attractions, which, in addition to unusual sprightliness of mind, distinguished her more youthful days. She was a voluminous and satirical writer, but the coarseness of her style renders her works unreadable in this more discriminating age; and the most notable incident in her life is her mysterious quarrel with Pope, the virus of whose crippled nature he turned upon one, whom in the days of their friendship he had thus flatteringly described:

"The playful smiles around the dimpled mouth,
That happy air of majesty and truth,
So would I draw; but, oh! 'tis vain to try,
My narrow genius does the power deny;
The equal lustre of her heavenly mind,
Where every grace and every virtue's joined:
Learning not vain, and wisdom not severe,
With greatness easy, and with wit sincere;
With just description show the soul divine,
And the whole princess in my work should shine."

Alas! for the constancy of poets and men, the adulation of these lines is swept away from the mind in the tornado of brutal sarcasm, in which Pope afterward vilifies the name of his former mistress, in his Imitation of the First Satire of the Second Book of Horace. They were both of them good haters, and proficient in the art of abuse. But if Pope's nature had

not been as deformed as his person, he could not have thus defamed the woman who had once reigned paramount in his heart.

How different an account does Mr. Walpole give of his fair French friend, Madame du Deffand, of whose sentiment for himself, however, he became eventually rather ashamed. She had been a celebrated leader of French society, but Walpole did not become acquainted with her until she was far advanced in life, and was quite blind. His biographer, Lord Dover, says: "Her devotion for him appears to have been very great, and is sometimes expressed in her letters with a warmth and a tenderness which Walpole, who was most sensitive of ridicule," (what satirist is not so?) "thought so absurd, in a person of her years and infirmities, that he frequently reproves her very harshly for it; so much so, as to give him an appearance of a want of kindly feeling toward her, which his general conduct to her, and the regrets he expressed on her death, do not warrant us in accusing him of."

His description of her in Paris, in 1760, is amusing, and does not evince the sensitive shrinking from undue demonstration on the part of his elderly love, which, at other times, his vanity caused. "My dear old woman is in better health than I left her, and her spirits so increased, that I tell her she will go mad with age. When they ask her how old she is, she answers, 'J'ai soixante et mille ans.'" She and I went to the Boulevard last night after supper, and drove about there till two in the morning. We are going to sup in the country this evening, and are to go to-morrow night at eleven to the puppet-show. Feeling in herself no difference between the spirits of twenty-three and seventy-three, she thinks there is no impediment to doing whatever one will, but the want of eyesight. If she had that, I am persuaded no consideration would prevent her making me a visit at Strawberry Hill." Upon this fact there can be but little doubt, but that the wily old bachelor secretly congratulated himself. "She makes songs, sings them, remembers all that ever were made; and having lived from the most agreeable to

the most reasoning age, has all that was amiable in the last, and all that is sensible in this, without the vanity of the former, or the pedant impertinence of the latter. I have heard her dispute with all sorts of people on all sorts of subjects, and never knew her in the wrong. She humbles the learned, sets right her disciples, and finds conversation for every body. Affectionate as Madame de Sevigné, she has none of her prejudices, but a more universal taste; and with the most delicate frame, her spirits hurry her through a life of fatigue, that would kill me if I was to continue here. If we return by one in the morning, from suppers in the country, she proposes driving to the Boulevard or to the Loire St. Bride, because it is too early to go to bed. I had great difficulty last night to persuade her, though she was not well, not to sit up till between two and three for the comet; for which purpose she had appointed an astronomer to bring his telescopes to the President Henault's, as she thought it would amuse me."

To us individually, this picture of Horace Walpole's "dear old woman" is a ghastly one. This singing, gadding, disputing, driving, star-gazing, blind old French woman, is to us the picture of an elderly *enfant terrible*, whom we would rather meet with in description than in real life.

The antics of the kitten suit ill, it appears to us, with the infirmities of age; and had Madame du Deffand been less infatuated upon Horace Walpole himself, we can imagine that the most trenchant sallies of his bitter wit would have been directed at her senile *étourderies*. We read of her four years later flying to his side the moment he arrived, and remaining with him while he made his toilette, remarking, with truly French modesty, that her want of sight made such a defiance of the usual conventional observances proper for her. He amusingly relates, on the occasion of this visit, the *démêlés* he had to *raccomode*, and the *mémoires* to present against Touton, Madame du Deffand's favorite dog: "As I am the only person," he says, "who dare correct him, I have already insisted on his being confined in the Bastille every

day after five o'clock. T'other night he flew at Lady Barrymore's face, and I thought would have torn her eye out; but it ended in biting her finger. She was terrified; she fell into tears. Madame du Deffand, who has too much parts not to see every thing in its true light, perceiving that she had not beaten Touton half enough, immediately told us a story of a lady, whose dog having bitten a piece out of a gentleman's leg, the tender dame, in a great fright, cried out: 'Won't it make my dog sick?'"

Five years after this visit of Mr. Walpole's to Paris, on September twenty-seventh, 1780, we find the chronicle of this frisky old lady's demise: "I have lost my dear old friend Madame du Deffand. She was indeed near eighty-four, but retained all her faculties. Two days ago the letters from Paris forbade all hopes. So I reckon myself as dead to France, where I have kept up no other connection."

"Touton," the spoilt little favorite, was sent to Strawberry, a legacy to Mr. Walpole, whose promise Madame du Deffand had obtained to take care of the dog should it survive its doatingly attached mistress. In answer to a letter from the former, to the Rev. Mr. Cole, the worthy antiquary remarks: "I congratulate the little Parisian dog that he has fallen into the hands of so humane a master. I have a little diminutive dog, Busy, full as great a favorite, and never out of my lap: I have already, in case of an accident, insured it a refuge from starvation and ill-usage. It is the least we can do for poor, harmless, shiftless, pampered animals that have amused us, and we have spoilt." Touton fully justified the character formerly given of him by his behavior upon his arrival at the Gothic villa of his new master. "He began by exiling my beautiful little cat," he writes, "upon which, however, we shall not quite agree. He then flew at one of my dogs, who returned it by biting his foot till it bled, but was severely beaten for it. I immediately rang for Margaret to dress his foot; but in the midst of my tribulation, could not keep my countenance, for she cried: 'Poor little thing, he does not under-

stand my language!" I hope she will not recollect, too, that he is a Papist."

We will conclude this paper with the sketch of another famous foreigner, the Countess of Albany, the wife of Charles Edward the Pretender, but more celebrated for the attachment which existed between her and Alfieri, to whom some allege that she was privately married.

"The Countess of Albany is not only in England, in London, but at this very moment, I believe, in the palace of St. James's—not restored by as rapid a revolution as the French, but, as was observed last night at supper at Lady Mount-Edgumbe's, by that topsyturvy-hood that characterizes the present age. Within these two months, the Pope has been burnt at Paris; Madame du Barry, mistress of Louis Quinze, has dined with the Lord Mayor of London, and the Pretender's widow is presented to the Queen of Great Britain. Well! I have had an exact account of the interview of the two queens from one who stood close to them. The dowager was introduced as Princess of Stolberg. She was well dressed and not at all embarrassed. The king talked to her a good deal; but about her passage, the sea, and general topics; the queen in the same way, but less. Then she stood between the Dukes of Gloucester and Clarence, and had a good deal of conversation with the former, who perhaps may have met her in Italy. Not a word between her and the princesses, nor did I hear of the prince; but he was there, and probably spoke to her. The queen looked at her earnestly. To add to the singularity of the day, it is the queen's birthday. Another odd accident: At the Opera at the Pantheon, Madame D'Albany was carried into the queen's box and sat there. It is not of a piece with her going to court that she seals with the royal arms." He thus describes her personal appearance, rather disappointing to those who have thought of her as the idol of one of Italy's most inspired poets, and illustrating the fact that intellect as well as beauty, is a power even when bestowed upon the weaker sex. "I have seen Madame D'Albany, who has not a ray of royalty about her. She has

good eyes and teeth, but I think can have had no more beauty than remains, except youth. She is civil and easy, but German and ordinary."

"Enough of foreigners!" the reader will exclaim; we would fain return to the bright bevy of English maids and matrons, who cluster like blush and damask roses in the pages from which we borrow the glow. With the permission of the courteous editor of these pages, this gallery of the portraits of wits and beauties of a by-gone day will be reopened by the same showman on the first of the ensuing month, and the description resumed of the famous women who spring into life, recreated by the pencil, unrivaled in its powers of truthful and brilliant portraiture.

Dublin University Magazine.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE:

ITS EARLY HISTORY AND LITERARY CHARACTERISTICS.

It has been wisely said, "Beware of the man of one book," that is, of the man who has devoted his whole attention to the critical study of any one book. Such an individual proves a very dangerous antagonist in the intellectual arena, and is apt to make sad havoc amongst good people who read every thing but acquire nothing—a vice rather prevalent amongst us just now. The most ready man in an extensive circle of men of letters was one who had diligently and devotedly studied Homer—so diligently and so devotedly that upon any line being given him he was in most cases able to repeat the next; it was his passion, his one book, and there was not a difficulty in the idiom, an obscurity in the allusion, a labyrinth in the construction, or a subtle beauty in the poetry, with which he was not thoroughly familiar and could agreeably explain. By the intensity of that study he had not only so developed his reasoning powers as to become a most clear and ready debater, but he had also acquired a completeness of execution which he carried into every pursuit, and more than that, his intellect had gained a

weight and power which were felt by all who knew him. The diligent study of any great book would confer similar advantages upon any one possessed of sufficient strength of character to pursue it. Just as in physics, it is only what is assimilated that nourishes, all the rest injures; and it is this useless wear and tear to which the brain of most men is subjected by the continual and rapid transition of a chaotic mass of ideas of all descriptions—vague, confused, like the broken images of a sick man's dream—which is the prime cause of that dearth of great works, that rapid mediocrity and intellectual imbecility which prevail amongst us—the disease of rapid, desultory reading, fatal, fell disease, fostered by a press more cheap than conscientious. The intellectual history of all nations shows us how they have instinctively striven toward this concentration of power—toward this production of one great masterpiece which should be synonymous with the name of the country, and become as it were, the outspoken voice of that country. Thus the outspoken voice of England is Shakespeare, who will hand the name of England down to the remotest ages, even if she herself should be virtually extinct; that of Germany is Schiller; that of Italy, Dante, the mighty dreamer. Russia is dumb, powerful with her sword, impotent with her pen; so with Austria, and so also with every nation where the rulers are tyrants and the people serfs—where the stability of the throne rests not upon the unshaken loyalty of free hearts, but upon the rotten basis of intellectual suppression. So that there is a tendency in intellect to concentrate itself in great efforts, and whenever we find works of that nature we may safely assume that those works are worthy of careful investigation, and will amply repay assiduous study. But in addition to Shakespeare, who is the intellectual representative of England, there is one book—the Book of all books—divine in its origin, the property of the whole world, but yet in the light we shall presently examine it, emphatically peculiar to England—familiar to every man, woman, and child throughout the dominions—from the infant who lisps

its first lesson from its pages at a mother's knee to the gray old man taking his last lingering look at this busy life—from the peasant toiling amid the calm solitudes of nature to the educated prince who passes his existence in the distraction of a great city, surrounded by the elegancies of refined life—one mighty book, whose thoughts have insinuated themselves into the very idiom of the language, and interlaced themselves with the every-day speech of the whole people. That book is the English Bible, which we propose to examine, as a great power, not in its sacred character as a guide to eternal life, but as a great moral and intellectual power—as a book whose very history embraces one of the most interesting crises in that of the country, and as a book, which, during the two or three centuries of its active circulation, has done more toward stimulating the activity, enriching the literature, embellishing the arts, consolidating the institutions, and influencing the intellectual and social life of the nation whose treasure it is, than any other social or political revolution which the history of that nation has recorded. We proceed then, to the investigation of the early history of the English Bible. Searching amidst the ruins of the sixteenth century treasured up in the State Paper Office, amongst that dusty chaos of proclamations, acts of parliament, orders in council, tattered letters, and half obliterated parchments, the explorer comes across two simple letters written truly by the two greatest men of the times—uninteresting in themselves, perhaps, but strangely preserved and amusingly illustrative of the relations existing between these men and of the mode of life of the period. The first is from Henry the Eighth, through his secretary, to Wolsey, dated ninth July, 1527, just after the latter had started for Dover on his way to France, to convene the cardinals to discuss the state of the Church. We extract a passage:

“And forasmuch as in your journey ye shall not by chance have always venison after your appetite, His Highness hath sent to your Grace at this time a red deer by a servant of his own, and that, not because it is a deer excellent, but forasmuch as it is at this time

novelty and dainty, and moreover slain of his own hand."

Wolsey replies on the tenth July to Henry himself, thus:

"Soon after my coming to Dover arrived there your trusty servant with a great, goodly, and fat hart, sent me by your Highness; and how greatly the same hath been to my consolation and rejoicement I can not by these letters express, not only for the goodness of the said venison, and that the same was of your most gracious killing, but also that thereby I do perceive to my inward comfort that your Highness hath your most humble chaplain in your blessed remembrance."

These letters illustrate the relationship in which two of the greatest men of the day stood with regard to each other. Henry knew that his trusty friend was going over to France, that land of unsubstantial living, to fight his battles, and, like a wise man, he felt that his business would be carried on all the more vigorously if the Englishman, Thomas Wolsey, were well fortified; so he sent after him a "great, goodly fat hart," of his "most gracious killing," for his worthy chaplain's "consolation and rejoicement." We get a glimpse from this of the plentiful, free-handed life of the time. There was none of that wretched silver-gilt magnificence of the present day, but a solid, substantial, healthy life; no starved bodies found in the streets to scandalize the blessing of the newborn day—the hungry man of any degree had only to knock at the next house on his way, and he was given beef, bread, and beer, with shelter for the night, and bidden "God's speed" in the morning—a life rugged and unconventional it may be said, but it was real and substantial.

As regards Henry the Eighth, under whose auspices the Bible first crept into England, men are at length becoming aware that posterity has never yet done full justice to his character. Out of all the thirty or forty kings who have sat upon the English throne, he is the only one who, in common parlance, ever "earned his living." We owe a great deal of the comfort of the present day to that man's labors. It was he, and such as he, who made the art of sitting in easy chairs such a safe and general accomplishment

for us moderns; he was just the man for the emergency of his time; and it is doubtful if we could honestly name any of his successors who would have brought the country so successfully through such an ordeal: neither of the Jameses nor the Charleses would have done it; Cromwell might, but through much bloodshed and hypocrisy; and it would be difficult to fix upon any one of the Georges who would have made a great religious reformer. Let us be just. Henry was no saint, but he was a wise and powerful king—a king in something more than his crown and sceptre—endowed with all the qualities of dauntless courage and immovable determination necessary for his work; a thorough Englishman, devoted to his country, who in turn was proud of him, and supported him unanimously in those very acts for which he has been so relentlessly maligned: this is a most significant fact. Their support was not the support of slaves through fear, as it is often represented, for they had twice revolted against him, and wrung from him concessions; but it was the support of men conscious of the necessity of what was done, from reasons which perhaps we are unable to appreciate; and if ever a man ended his career by pursuing from honest conviction what he had begun from motives of policy, we may safely conclude that man was Henry the Eighth. The domestic difficulty of his seven wives may be objected; but there is a great deal to be said yet upon that subject, and a great deal will be said when future historians shall use the materials which have been lately thrown open to them. We should however remember this in our estimate of a great man, that his greatness will extend to all his actions; he will be great in his virtues and great in his vices. If you magnify a body, you will magnify its deformities as well as its beauties; and we must never estimate the failings of a great man by our own limited capacities. This is not the popular view of Henry's character, but it is possible that at some future day the recorded verdict of bygone generations will be reversed, or at least modified. The voluminous state papers of his reign, which have only recently

been gathered together, have a tendency to effect this change. There is no prejudice so dear as an historic prejudice; we love our favorite villains, and will not allow their characters to be taken from them, therefore it is probable that to the end of all time the theories that Henry the Eighth was a rascal, Macchiavelli a rogue, and Cromwell a saint, will find devoted disciples amongst those who read history without thinking.

The great religious insurrection which had been raging on the Continent so long, extended its influence to England just at that moment when Henry the Eighth was at issue with Rome upon the subject of his unreasonable divorce, the first crime of his life. The state of the Church at this time in England was worse than at any period of its history—it was full of corruption and rottenness—the people were tired of hearing Christianity preached by lips fresh from the embraces of the harlot, of listening to mercy from those who practiced the most cruel extortions, and of receiving religious instruction at the hands of men who made all the sacred ordinances of religion a means of enriching their coffers and concealing their vices, and they rebelled, as human nature will always rebel against a lie. Things were ripening for action, and Henry, driven to desperation by Rome, secretly disgusted with the state of things, availed himself of the spirit of the people, threw off the Papal yoke—still a Roman Catholic, be it remembered, and still maintaining the Roman Catholic faith, but firmly resolved on being king in his own country, and purifier of his own Church. In this he was aided by Wolsey, who had long watched the coming storm, and would have crushed the rebellion by yielding to the demands of the age, granting concessions, and reforming the Church; but a higher power was at work, and Wolsey was removed from the scene. Had he been spared, he would have delayed the Reformation in England for a century, if not entirely prevented it, by anticipating its demands, and yet preserving the ritual. But now Henry had renounced the Pope's authority, and though still a professed Roman

Catholic, was fast drifting over to the side of the Reformers. Between this period and the time when he took up the Reformation from conviction, a power, mightier than all men, was brought to bear upon the question by the advent of the English Bible.

The earliest attempt to translate the Scriptures into the vernacular was made by the Venerable Bede, who died dictating the last verse of the twentieth chapter of John. Alfred the Great translated some portions, and was engaged on one of the Psalms at his death; then came Wickliffe, who completed the whole. But only a few versions could be circulated, as it was obliged to be copied by hand; still even these were sufficient to shake the religious world to its foundations. But now the time had arrived, the printing-press was ready, and Providence sent the instrument in the person of William Tyndale, whose name should be reverently cherished by every man who enters a church or sets any value upon an English Bible; he it was who gave his whole existence to the work, braved the fury of his enemies, and sealed his mission with his martyrdom.

This extraordinary man, and of magnitude and importance of labor be estimated, this greatest and noblest Englishman, was born on the borders of Wales, where the doctrines of Wickliffe had taken a firm hold on people's minds. In early life he became imbued with these doctrines, and we find that as soon as he made his appearance at Magdalen College, Oxford, he manifested a leaning toward the opinions of Luther, then regarded in England with great jealousy. He was in the habit also of reading theological discourses privately to his fellow-students. In fact, from his earliest youth, this William Tyndale was a dangerous character; one of those troublesome fellows who will not let things alone, but delight in raising questions, offering objections, one of those misguided individuals who work for posterity. Consequently he made himself very disagreeable at Oxford, and Oxford turned him out, advised him with that blending of classical allusion and parental solicitude which she sometimes bestows on her wayward sons, to go

into the country, (*rusticare*.) Poor Master Tyndale bowed and went into the country, found his way to Cambridge, who, to her eternal honor be it said, gave him his degree, and sent him out into the world. We can imagine the consternation of the Oxford authorities when they heard that that terrible fellow, Tyndale, had taken his degree, and was admitted into the Church—nay, more, was performing his duties as chaplain in the family of one Sir John Welsh, somewhere in the west of England, who, it was said, entertained a great regard for him. Things went on very well for a time, and Tyndale, during the long winter evenings, amused himself by translating the “*Enchiridion Militis Christiani*” of Erasmus, and was rapidly growing in favor; but, blind to his own interests, he soon fell into disgrace again. The Oxford rustication had not cured him. He would talk about these new doctrines, ventured to discuss them with the great ecclesiastical personages who visited Sir John, and used to put such very awkward questions about the duties of priests, and say such very disagreeable things about the behavior of priests, that these exalted personages were offended, and told Sir John “they did not relish Master Tyndale’s sour sauce,” but to no purpose. Whenever they came to enjoy the good cheer of Sir John’s hospitality, there was Master Tyndale ready for them; and there can be no doubt that many a debate arose amongst them as to whether they should forego a substantial supper at Sir John’s board, or face out that terrible Master Tyndale. If such were the case, the supper generally gained the victory, for we find that fierce battles were fought, during one of which Master Tyndale fairly lost his temper, got into a passion, and declared that the day was coming when every plowboy in Gloucestershire should read the Bible in his own language, and *he would do it*. At the time they only laughed at the poor man, but still it was very disagreeable; and as there was no knowing what mischief he might do, they induced the chancellor of the diocese to impeach him as a heretic; but he defended himself so

ably, that they were compelled to release him. After which they followed up their persecution so mercilessly, that Tyndale, who by this time had other plans in his head, resolved on leaving, with much natural regret, his friend and patron, Sir John Welsh. We next hear of him in London, startling ecclesiastical propriety with the announcement that the day was approaching when the rudest peasant, with the Bible in his hand, would be superior to the best of the priests in the knowledge which leads to everlasting life. At this moment he resolved on translating the New Testament, and began the work—began it under the most inauspicious circumstances—an outcast amongst his own countrymen—hated by his enemies, and dreaded even by his friends.

As he was unable to procure employment in London, he retired again into private life for six months, during which time, by the most untiring industry, uncheered by a single word of sympathy, unaided, unknown, toiling at his lonely lamp, under the very shadow of death, he achieved the complete translation of the New Testament. The next difficulty was the publishing. As might be supposed, no one would venture on such a perilous undertaking; but Tyndale, nothing daunted, resolved upon seeking a refuge amongst the Reformers of the Continent, and trying the publishers there. A worthy citizen, Henry Monmouth, lent him some money, and with that he left his country, never more to behold it. On the Continent he made the acquaintance of Luther, and in Antwerp found a publisher willing to print his New Testament in English; fifteen hundred copies were issued, brought to England, and privately circulated. This was the first blow at the stronghold of superstition. Instinctively dreading the result of the circulation of that Book which taught purity of life and simplicity of manners, the clergy eagerly sought out the copies, and destroyed them—a step which only tended to excite men’s curiosity.

Meantime Tyndale set to work, and translated the Pentateuch. By stealth, and as it were insidiously, the Gospel was spread about; strange, ragged

figures were seen at sunset to wander out from the alleys and lanes of London, with bundles of these books under their arms. Mysteriously and unexpectedly men found themselves possessed of them—wives read them in secret trepidation, and told their husbands of its marvelous beauty—friend whispered to friend the obscure spot where the truth was to be found—men were surprised in the act of devouring its pages, when they thrust it in their bosoms, as though it were a guilty thing. Still the books crept about; the agitation of men's minds was too great to pass unnoticed, when Tunstal, Bishop of London, at length resolved on taking a decisive step. He crossed over to Antwerp himself, and privately negotiated with an English merchant for the purchase of every copy of Tyndale's Testament he could procure. A bright idea occurred to the mind of Master Tyndale. The Dutch booksellers, no better than some of their modern brethren, had been issuing spurious editions of the work, without the translator's sanction, and pocketing the profits. Tyndale was perfectly aware of this; so, when he heard of the emissary being sent over to buy up his Testaments, he speedily collected every copy he could find of the spurious issue, made a very profitable bargain with Bishop Tunstal, who returned to London in triumph, and caused the ominous Testaments to be burnt in Cheapside, by the common hangman; whilst Tyndale, with the money he had received, brought out a new, revised, and more numerous edition. About this time a terrible disaster befell him. As he was removing to Hamburgh by sea, he was shipwrecked, lost all his books, the translation of the Pentateuch, and his little store of money. At Hamburgh, penniless and broken-hearted, he fell in with Miles Coverdale, struck up a partnership with him, and the two set to work and soon completed the portion that had been lost. Tyndale then continued the work, and by dint of unwearying industry reached as far as Nehemiah, when a diabolical plot was laid for his destruction. Having returned to Antwerp, he made the acquaintance of one Phillips, who had been sent over by the English bishops

to lure him to his fate. This wretch, after many months of friendship, fortified with the Emperor's sanction and assistance, one day invited Tyndale to dinner; and as the unconscious victim crossed the threshold, Phillips, Judas-like, made a sign to the officers, who immediately seized him and dragged him away. Six weary months of imprisonment passed, during which time he made converts of his jailer and family, and then came his trial at Augsburgh, when he was condemned to be strangled and his body burnt, which sentence was carried out at Vilvorden in the year 1536.

His last words at the stake were, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes!" with which prayer on his lips that poor persecuted faithful servant passed away to his rest. As it were in immediate response to that martyr-prayer the King of England's eyes were opened, effectually and emphatically opened, for in less than two years after the death of Tyndale we find that Henry himself had not only sanctioned the circulation of the Bible, but had sent Coverdale over to Paris to superintend the production of an English version under his own authority—the French printing being better and cheaper than the English. To do this he had also obtained the especial permission of Francis the First, which brought the inquisitors about them, as we shall presently see. So that not only were Henry's eyes opened, but he was himself actively and enthusiastically engaged in procuring for his subjects an English edition of those very books which a few years before he had ordered to be publicly burnt, and for the translation of which Tyndale had been hounded from his country to meet a martyr's death abroad. This was a great change, and such as would never have been effected so thoroughly or so speedily upon any other mind than one of Henry's calibre and temperament. He hated from his very soul, he abhorred with a brave man's loathing all deception and hypocrisy; the procrastinations, the double dealings, the treachery of the ecclesiastical courts had exhausted his patience, and he renounced their authority, defied them, and all Europe with them; then driven

in as it were upon himself and his own resources, he soon found out in what an atmosphere of hypocrisy and deception he too was living, and this guilty apprehension with which the priests regarded the circulation of the Bible, the relentless cruelty with which they persecuted those who were discovered to be in the possession of or to be engaged in circulating the Bible, their avarice toward his subjects, their time-serving conduct toward himself, all tended to open his eyes to the plain truth, and he resolved with that unbending will of his, that, in spite of pope, cardinal, prelate, or priest, his English subjects should have an English Bible, and from his own hand. He had proposed the thing to the bishops, who promised but performed nothing. Some one or two did honestly set to work at their portions, men who, like the king, had been convinced of the truth, and were destined in a later reign to attest their convictions with their blood. There is a letter preserved from Gardiner to Cromwell, Henry's secretary, in which he says: "I have as much cause as any man to desire rest and quiet for the health of my body, whereunto I thought to have intended and to abstain from books and writing, having finished the translation of St. Luke and St. John, wherein I have spent a great labor." There is also another long letter from Cranmer to Cromwell, praying him to induce the king to adopt an edition of Tyndale's Bible, which had been printed in France, with some emendations, "until," he says, "such time that we the bishops shall set forth a better translation, which, I think, will not be till a day after doomsday." The advice was accepted; the bishops prevailed and procrastinated until Henry again took the matter into his own hands, and sent Coverdale to France to superintend its execution. Coverdale was the fellow-laborer of Tyndale, and he judiciously preserved the martyr's work, only altering a word here and there, and in some cases not for the best. But after a time the Inquisition pounced upon them, seized their presses, and ordered the Bibles to be burned; twenty-five hundred copies were committed to the flames, and the whole impression would have

been lost had not Providence interposed, and by one of those inscrutable measures with which history is dotted in various places, employed the very rapacity and evil passions of men to frustrate their own purposes and work out the will of Heaven. It appears that one of the officers of the Inquisition, whose avarice was stronger than his zeal, sold a few chests of Bibles to a haberdasher for waste paper. After the alarm had subsided, the English proprietors went back to Paris, fell in with these rescued copies, bought them, brought them to England, reprinted them, and from that wreck was issued, in 1539, Cranmer's, or the Great Bible, the first ever brought out under royal authority, and the identical version from which the Psalms, such as we read in our prayer-books to this day, were taken. At last, then, it was done, and the people of England, including the plowboys of Gloucestershire, as Tyndale had predicted, were in possession of an English version of the Scriptures, and could read it without fear of the stake. The consequence was soon apparent; the whole nation experienced a revulsion of feeling against those men who had so eagerly kept the truth from them, and Henry was enabled to weather the storm which burst over his head safe in the grateful support of his subjects. Rome endeavored to league every Catholic power in Europe into a holy war against England, and Henry would never have escaped had he not secured the hearts of his people by giving them the Bible and causing it to be read in English in every church throughout the kingdom, so that their eyes were opened as his had been, and they all hastened with him to shake off the yoke which had crippled the country, and to hail the dawn of a brighter faith. Rapidly and thoroughly that book did its work, and when the stormy days of Mary came, and the last struggle had to be made with the old enemy, the truth had taken so fierce a hold upon men's minds that not all the terrible persecutions of that reign of terror could shake it: it was the fiery baptism of the Reformed Faith, the sealing with blood; and those men who had condemned others to be burnt for reading

the Bible now went joyfully to the stake with that very Bible in their hands.

The persecution of Mary was the consummation of its success, and from that time it became, as it is to this day, the bulwark of the religious liberty of the country. Then followed the version under James, the one now in use. Again, the groundwork of Tyndale's translation was preserved, only a few phrases being altered here and there, and in many cases, like those of Coverdale, not for the best. But that grand old Saxon quaintness which so distinguishes the Bible from every other book in the language is the genius of the one man, William Tyndale; and at this point it may not be inappropriate to mention two instances of the superiority of Tyndale's version. Take the nineteenth Psalm, second verse, in our edition we have, "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge," a vague and general assertion, not sufficiently connected with the foregoing, to imply that the subject of that speech and knowledge was the glory of God. Compare Tyndale's version, and we shall see how plainly the whole meaning comes out. He renders it, "One day telleth another and one night certifieth another," a rather freer translation of the Hebrew, but much more idiomatic and forcible. Then take the twenty-third Psalm, fourth verse. In our version it is: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." In Tyndale's version: "Though I should walk now through the valley of the shadow of death, yet I fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy staff and thy *sheephook* comfort me." How much better that preserves the pastoral idea, the chief beauty of the whole psalm, the trepidation of the sheep scattered about in the valley, and their reassurance on getting a glimpse of the shepherd with his sheephook in the distance. Besides, it is a more accurate translation of the word "mishabteka," which means literally a crook carried by shepherds. Many instances might be adduced, but it is not our object now to institute a com-

parison between the two versions here—the great fact is,—that it is to the uncheered yet unwearied labor of William Tyndale we owe the English Bible—it was he who first ventured openly to proclaim the necessity for promulgating that book—it was he who in solitude, in poverty, and in peril, set about translating it—who braved the fury of the enemies of the Bible and defied them—who went into voluntary exile, and sought in a foreign land that shelter which his country refused him; spurned by her, he was yet faithful to her interests; banished from her shores, he conferred on her the choicest gift she possesses; persecuted yet undaunted; reviled yet laboring on; robbed but not discouraged; in sickness, in want, in shipwreck, in prison, with all faith, love, and meekness, did this man work out his title to a place in the calendar of the world's worthies; and when the one labor of his life was finished, he laid down that life at the stake, with a prayer upon his lips for God's blessing upon that country for whom he had labored, and who had cruelly betrayed him into the hands of his merciless foes. Such is an outline of the early history of the English Bible, and we proceed now to examine it as a literary work. This aspect of the Bible is sadly neglected amongst us, more especially by those who have charge of the instruction of youth. It has been objected by very good people upon motives whose sanctity shield them from ridicule, that the Bible ought not to be regarded in the same light as Homer or Shakespeare; but we should recollect that the Author of that book would never have embellished it with so many beauties had he not intended that men should admire them. The two great embodiments of divine power, nature and revelation, are charged with beauties, and the reverential admiration of those beauties, whether in the variegated aspect of natural scenery or the brilliant page of biblical poetry, is a worship in itself. We should also remember that some of the brightest intellects the world has ever possessed have studied its excellences and drawn inspiration from its genius—Milton, Bunyan, Dante, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Handel; and

let us never forget this, that the study of the Bible as a work of taste, whilst it will elevate and purify the mind, may do something more, and that from reading it with a critic's eye and a scholar's pencil the student may come to read it for a higher and holier purpose. But at the outset we are met by that anomalous morbid aversion which unfortunately exists to reading the Bible at all. Beyond that narrow circle of readers who have made it their life-guide, how few ever read it save from a feeling of duty or on formal occasions; how fewer still ever think of using it as a recreation of the intellect! Men feel sometimes that mental hunger which attacks most people occasionally; they go home resolved on having a quiet evening's study, and look around to fix upon a subject. If inclined for poetry, they take down their favorite copies of Homer, Virgil, or Milton, as the case may be, probably charged with gems thrown up by their own minds when under the stimulating influence of those mighty intellects; if for philosophy, there is Plato, well fingered in portly quarto, which opens fondly to the touch as with a galvanic reciprocation—Paley or Butler; if for history, the hand wanders to the blending of profound thought and pathetic satire in the broken pages of Tacitus, the comprehensive Gibbon, or the brilliant Macaulay; but to whom did it ever occur on any one of these occasions to take down the Bible, to revel in the gorgeous imagery of the prophets, the lyric poetry of David—to study philosophy from that digest of human wisdom the Proverbs, or the writings of the great Apostle—to follow out the close consecutive argument with which he enforces the great truths of Christianity, precise and emphatic, like the reasonings of an ancient dialectician—to admire the gentleness of John, the keen satire of James, or the rugged but sterling piety of Galilean Peter—in fine, to attempt to read the Bible as an intellectual treat? The author of this essay was once a witness of that strange apathy, positively amounting to an antipathy, to the reading of the Bible, which may perhaps serve as an illustration of what has been advanced. He was sitting in

the waiting-room of a country railway station when a gentleman sauntered in who seemed much annoyed at the information that he would have to wait one hour for his train. On the table there were a Bradshaw, a map of the line, and a Bible. After making a few casual remarks, he first of all looked over those multitudinous advertisements with which the walls were covered—that queer species of modern tapestry; then he sat down, and perceiving the books on the table, took up first the map, traced the course of the line for a few moments; tired of that, he opened the mystic and somewhat confusing pages of Bradshaw; the hotel advertisements engaged his attention for a time, and even something on the cover; at last he threw it from him, and then opened the Bible, which in less than two minutes he closed impatiently, went out, and spent the rest of the time on the platform. The Bible was the last thing tried, and the soonest abandoned.

The first thing that strikes our attention when we begin to review the Bible as a literary work, is a fact which those who sneer at its divine inspiration would do well to regard, that is—its marvelous unity and completeness as a composition; it is not, as some are apt to imagine, an irregular assemblage of philosophy, poetry, drama, and declamation, but one consecutive work; and then, when we reflect that it was written by different men, at vast intervals of space and time, this marvelous continuity would prove, if we had never been told so, that a power higher than man had watched over the work, directed it, arranged it, assigned the different periods of its production, and chosen its agents. None other than a supernatural power could have preserved such a unity in a work so compiled. Written at different times, in different countries, and by different persons, yet, after all, it had but one author, and those men who are termed the sacred penmen were but the amanuenses of the Eternal, who chose to write his book as the world required it, and with whom a thousand years are but as one day. There is a consecutiveness running through all its parts as complete as in an epic poem. In

fact, if the Bible could be classed under any one description of human compositions, it would be most appropriately called an epic poem—not capable of being scanned like the hexameters of Homer, but a prose epic, in the same way as we regard the *Télémaque* of Fénelon, as a prose epic. Let us for a moment review the Bible in this light.

It opens with the creation of its subjects; a voice is heard in the darkness, and at its bidding the dawn of the first day breaks, disclosing the dark masses of chaos which, at another word from the Unseen, roll back and resolve themselves into order; the waters divide and the earth appears, man's beautiful home, the scene of the coming drama; a firmament spans the whole like a majestic canopy; the brilliant orb of day moves grandly on, followed in turn by a procession of minor glories; the moon appears, stars glitter into being, and the gorgeous panorama of night is disclosed like a spangled curtain drawn over the canopy of heaven; then, when the earth is decked out in its verdant carpet, when the mighty waters lash in vain against the limits assigned to them by Omnipotence, animal life crowds into being in all its variety. After these comes man, the hero of the poem, for whom all things are made, and to whom all things are placed in subjection. Creation is complete, and the action of the poem commences—the first terrible incident of the fall from happiness grandly depicted; the deluge of God's wrath followed by the covenant of his mercy spanning the heavens; a people groaning in bondage; their release; a great march through a wilderness, with its varied incidents, its wanderings and returns, its rebellions and submissions; a triumphant entrance into the promised land. Then follows a moving panorama of events, during which we hear the music of festivity, the tramp of soldiery broken in upon and subdued by the sweet singer of Israel—a splendid episode of poetry, which for gorgeous imagery and sublime conceptions has never been equaled by the productions of any language. Next to the poet comes the kingly sage, with his digest of human experience and wisdom; then follows a band of noble

seers, who, with eyes uplifted to heaven, pour out in a flood of eloquence pathos and poetry, their predictions of the tragedy which is to succeed. In the fullness of time the climax of the poem is reached in the advent of the long-predicted Messiah, announced by a commission of heavenly angels; four books describe his career, and we have four descriptions of that most awful scene ever witnessed upon earth, which, in calm beauty, graphic delineation, and soul-melting pathos, have never been excelled. To these succeeds the recital of the Acts of those disciples who were so grandly dismissed into the world by their great Master; their teachings conveyed in language simple—in thought terse, dignified, and energetic; the Epistles of the great Paul, noblest of mortals, and the whole closed by a revelation of the invisible world in a shower of brilliant metaphors. The vail is lifted, for an instant, we gaze entranced, enraptured on the dazzling glories, and it drops forever. Where can we find such another poem?

To read the Bible æsthetically, or as a work of taste, we have only to treat it as we should any other great masterpiece of genius. It would be useful, perhaps, if we were to suggest a few rules which will apply to any reading. Let the student in the first perusal go carefully through, marking off such passages as strike the attention or fancy, so that he may have them distinguished for easy reference, and he will insensibly come to value a book over which he has spent such labor; then he should review these passages, read them, and re-read them, until he feels their beauty and appreciates their genius. This appreciation is only to be obtained by constant repetition. If a man were to read through cursorily a play of Shakespeare, or a speech of Demosthenes, he would, doubtless, overlook a great deal; the reading must be repeated, and with every repetition new beauties will be discovered—subtle, hidden beauties, and gradually the full splendor of genius will dawn upon the soul; the contemplator is caught up as it were by the spirit of the enchanter, and hurried along by the electric power of his genius. This gradual beaming of intellectual beauty

upon the soul as the result of patient labor is one of those pure and elevated feelings, nay, the purest and most elevated which reward the toil and sweeten the life of the faithful student; it is the whole secret of true appreciation, and the grand difference between the desultory reader who turns his brain into a vast highway of ideas, where many travel but none remain, and the thorough reader who eliminates the nutritive matter of a book, and by assimilating it with his own mental constitution, makes it irrevocably his own. The truth of this may be proved by experiment. Let any one take, for instance, the *Dream of Clarence*, from Shakespeare, read it over, and try to realize the grandeur of the ideas, not to scan the words merely, but to think the thoughts, and gradually the splendor of the poetry will dawn upon him; or, to come to the matter in hand, let him take that marvelous monody in Job, "Man that is born of a woman," etc., and endeavor to realize the vivid thought and the beautiful poetry, the coming forth as a flower, the fleeing as a shadow, the revivifying of the dead tree, and the melancholy pathos of the whole; or again, take that appallingly sublime passage from the fourteenth Isaiah, where he predicts the death of the King of Babylon, paints the terrible scene of the reception of his soul in hell, and the uprising of the spirits of all the dead kings to reproach him:

"Hell from beneath is moved for thee
To meet thee at thy coming;
It stirreth up the dead for thee,
Even all the chief ones of the earth;
It hath raised up from their thrones
All the kings of the nations.
All they shall speak and say unto thee,
Art thou also become weak as we?
Art thou become like unto us?
Thy pomp is brought down to the grave,
And the noise of thy viols:
The worm is spread under thee, and the worms
cover thee.
How art thou fallen from heaven,
O Lucifer, son of the morning!
How art thou cut down to the ground
Which didst weaken the nations!
For thou hast said in thine heart:
I will ascend into heaven;
I will exalt my throne above the stars of God;
I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation
in the sides of the north;
I will ascend above the heights of the clouds;
I will be like the Most High!
Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell,

To the sides of the pit.
They that see thee shall look narrowly upon
thee, and consider thee, saying,
Is this the man that made the earth to tremble,
That did shake kingdoms,
That made the world as a wilderness,
And destroyed the cities thereof,
That opened not the house of his prisoners?
All the kings of the nations, even all of them,
Lie in glory, every one in his own house.
But thou art cast out of thy grave
Like an abominable branch,
And as the raiment of those that are slain thrust
through with a sword,
That go down to the stones of the pit
As a carcase trodden under feet."

It would be difficult to find a passage in any literature, ancient or modern, more terribly grand than the whole of that chapter. The other suggestion we would make is this, that the true appreciation of any thing beautiful is wonderfully facilitated by a knowledge of collateral circumstances. The scene must be realized by remembering the incidents which surrounded it. Let us take as an example, the twenty-fourth Psalm—a very beautiful burst of exultation even at the first glance, but much heightened when we recollect the circumstances for which it was written. Let us imagine for a moment a grand procession of priests and people going up to the Temple, the priests bearing the Ark, and the vast multitude following. As they approach the spot the voice of one of the priests is heard, beginning thus:

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein;
For he hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods."

To this another rejoins:

"Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
Or who shall stand in his holy place?"

Then the reply:

"He that hath clean hands and a pure heart,
Who hath not lifted up his soul to vanity, nor
sworn deceitfully,
He shall receive the blessing from the Lord,
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.
This is the generation of them that seek him,
That seek thy face, O Jacob!"

The voice of the first priest is heard again:

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates!
And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors,
And the King of glory shall come in."

Another voice cries :

"Who is this King of glory?"

And then, with a mighty shout, the vast concourse of people stretching far away behind, burst into that grand chorus :

"The Lord, strong and mighty—
The Lord, mighty in battle.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates!
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors!
And the King of glory shall come in."

And so repeated over and over again, until they reach the Temple. The student who reads the Bible thus, æsthetically, with a watchful eye for its excellences, insensibly acquires not only a large knowledge of its contents, but a growing taste for its many beauties. Of those many beauties, in the limited space of an essay, we can only speak generally; gladly would we have analyzed a few specimens, but that must be reserved for another opportunity. There is scarcely any class of composition of which a model and a masterpiece can not be found in the Bible, and of the sublime and the pathetic, there are more instances than in any other book known. In the opening chapters of Genesis there is the sublimity of simplicity; in the prophecies there is the sublimity of passion; the speech of the Almighty, in Job, is a higher kind of sublimity still—the change of style assumed when God is made to address Job, is noteworthy—the passion increases, the conceptions are grander, and illustrated by gigantic imagery, drawn from the realms of antediluvian life; the Psalms abound with sublime conceptions, and not only so, but contain in themselves the expression of all the joys and sorrows, the smiles and tears, the thanksgivings and the lamentations, the backslidings and the repentance, the lights and shadows of a whole human existence. Then there is a sublimity of idiom peculiar to the Hebrew language—the feet of the messengers of glad tidings are described as being "beautiful upon the mountains"—the pastoral idea of wandering sheep "gone astray," as applied to humanity with its wayward errors—the cup running over as an idiom of plenty. Again, there is a daring in biblical sublimity which we

never find attempted in the highest flights of Grecian imagery. Nothing can be found in the bold sublimity of Æschylus equal to "holding the seas in the hollow of his hand," "measuring out the heavens with a span," "weighing the hills in a balance," "his voice shaking the wilderness," "the earth being removed, and the mountains carried into the midst of the sea," "deep calleth unto deep." Or, to take a passage or two from the one hundred and fourth Psalm, where David, addressing the Lord, says :

"Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment;

Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain;
Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters;

Who maketh the clouds his chariot;
Who walketh upon the wings of the wind;
Who maketh his angels spirits,
His ministers a flaming fire."

Then, in the latter end of the same Psalm, speaking of the utter dependence of nature upon the bounty of Providence, he says :

"Thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good;

Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled;
Thou takest away their breath, they die and return to their dust;

Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created;
And thou renewest the face of the earth."

The fifty-first Psalm, written under the influence of the denunciation of Nathan, in the prostration of abject penitence, concludes with the perfect finish of a classic ode :

"Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion;

Build thou the walls of Jerusalem;
Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness,

With burnt offering, and with whole-burnt offering;

Then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar."

The description given in the eleventh chapter of Isaiah of the wondrous change which was to come over the world at the advent of the Messiah, where the most antagonistic elements of nature are reconciled, is a fine specimen of the sublime. It has often been a matter of speculation amongst scholars whether this chapter did not fall by some accident into the hands of Virgil, and suggest to him the subject of his beautiful eclogue to Pollio. In fact, the prediction of Isaiah and the

eclogue of Virgil should be read side by side. The general subject-matter is precisely the same—the train of thought is similar; there is the same prediction of a new messenger from heaven—of his great wisdom and equity—of the marvelous peace which should come upon the world—the same illustration used of the harmony between the most opposite elements of nature; and reappearing in the world, as it did from the pen of Virgil only a few years before its actual fulfillment, it seems as though heathendom itself were made the blind instrument for the fetteration of divine prophecy. A few points of similarity may be mentioned :

"Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto."
 "And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse,
 And a branch shall grow out of his roots."

The general peace and improvement of the world, as a result of his coming, is described by the heathen :

"Tu modo nascenti puero, quo ferrea primum
 Desinet, ac toto surget gens aurea mundo.

To duce si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri
 Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras.
 Ille Deum vitam accipiet, Divisque videbit
 Permixtos heroas, et ipse videbitur illis,
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem."

And by the Prophet, thus :

"And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him,
 The spirit of wisdom and understanding,
 The spirit of counsel and might,
 The spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord,
 And shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord.

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain,
 For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord

As the waters cover the sea.
 And in that day there shall be a root of Jesse
 Which shall stand for an ensign of the people;
 To it shall the Gentiles seek,
 And his rest shall be glorious."

The general plenty, and the harmony of the discordant and antagonistic elements of nature are strikingly similar, even to the mention of the same animals. In Virgil we read :

"Ipse lacte domum referent distenta capellæ
 Ubera : nec magnos metuent armenta leones.
 Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.
 Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni
 Occidet."

In Isaiah :

"The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb,
 And the leopard shall lie down with the kid ;
 And the calf and the young lion and the fatling
 together ;
 And a little child shall lead them.
 And the cow and the bear shall feed ;
 Their young ones shall lie down together ;
 And the lion shall eat straw like the ox,
 And the suckling child shall play on the hole of
 the asp,
 And the weaned child shall put his hand on the
 cockatrice den."

Perhaps the highest pitch of the sublime is to be found in the description of God's wrath, in the eighteenth Psalm :

"The sorrows of hell compassed me about :
 The snares of death prevented me.
 In my distress I called upon the Lord and cried
 unto my God ;
 He heard my voice out of his temple
 And my cry came before him even unto his ears.
 Then the earth shook and trembled ;
 The foundations also of the hills moved and
 were shaken
 Because he was wroth.
 There went up a smoke out of his nostrils
 And fire out of his mouth devoured :
 Coals were kindled by it.
 He bowed the heavens also and came down,
 And darkness was under his feet.
 And he rode upon a cherub and did fly,
 Yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind.
 He made darkness his secret place ;
 His pavilion round about him
 Were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies.
 At the brightness that was before him his thick
 clouds passed.
 Hailstones and coals of fire.
 The Lord also thundered in the heavens,
 And the Highest gave his voice ;
 Hailstones and coals of fire.
 Yea, he sent out his arrows and scattered them,
 And he shot out lightnings and discomfited
 them.
 Then the channels of waters were seen,
 And the foundations of the world were discovered
 At thy rebuke, O Lord !
 At the blast of the breath of thy nostrils."

As regards the pathos of the Bible, there are, perhaps, more passages of this description than of the sublime, because the whole spirit of the Bible is pathetic ; it is full of appeal, persuasion, pity, entreaty, gentleness, and forgiveness ; but we must be content with calling attention to the most striking. Take the interview between Joseph and his brethren in Egypt, where Joseph, no longer able to restrain his feelings, burst into tears, told them who he was, and forgave them.

The simplicity of the language is remarkable; but utmost simplicity is one of the absolute conditions of pathos. "And he fell upon his brother Benjamin's neck and wept, and Benjamin wept upon his neck. Moreover, he kissed all his brethren and wept upon them, and after that his brethren talked with him." Another instance is the transgression of David with Bathsheba, his deep repentance, and its expression in that fifty-first Psalm, which should always be connected with its cause; the episode of Ruth; the invitations and appeals in Isaiah; the lamentations of Jeremiah. Then, in the New Testament, among innumerable instances of the pathetic, there is the lament of Christ over Jerusalem; the cruel martyrdom of Stephen, with Saul standing by, unconscious that in the distant future he too was to die a martyr to the faith he then despised; the semi-conversion of King Agrippa; the complete conversion of Sergius Paulus; the sermon on the mount, with all its elevated morality, its love, its gentle forgiveness, and its persuasive entreaty, that beautiful miniature of Christianity before which even the hardened infidel bends the head and turns away. But, above all, there is the description of the last hours in the life of Christ; the last supper; his parting injunctions; his final struggle in the garden; the triple apostasy of Peter, his bitter weeping, a stain wiped out years after in his cruel martyrdom; the crucifixion and its incidents; the penitent and impenitent thief; and the forgiveness accorded to the sorrowing one, as though God would have it that the two types of all humanity should be exhibited there, and that in that spectacle, which all flesh should hereafter contemplate, prominent before the eyes, as it were of all generations, present and to come, the great lesson of mercy should be taught, and an imperishable proof given that God's almighty pardon should be ever sent to the cry of the dying penitent; the tearful presence of the women who had followed him from Galilee; the three Marys weeping, hard by the cross; His loving tenderness even in his last agony for his lonely mother, and his consignment of her as a pre-

cious legacy to the "beloved disciple;" then the closing of the ghastly tragedy with that pang which throbbled through nature, and the consternation which fell upon the hearts of his terrified persecutors. Independent of the absorbing interest that scene possesses for all humanity, it would be impossible to find in the whole realm of literature pathos more perfect. There remain yet the graphic descriptions of the historical books, the terse, concentrated style of the Proverbs, that digest of human wit and wisdom which contains an aphorism for every condition or state of man, from the monarch on the throne, who is told that his "heart is in the hand of the Lord; as the rivers of water, he turneth it whithersoever he will;" to the troublesome immovable visitor, who is advised to "withdraw thy foot from thy neighbor's house, lest he be weary of thee and so hate thee;" the allegory of Job, that beautiful picture of patriarchal life, perhaps the oldest poem in the world; the close dialectic reasoning and fervid eloquence of Paul; the imagery of St. John, the divine. But we must be content with merely drawing attention to these things, and pass on to notice briefly the influence which the Bible has exerted upon literature and art. It has contributed the choicest gems to every department of both; it has been the fount of inspiration for the poet, the painter, the sculptor, and the musician. Genius has come out from the sacred presence, and shone with a lustre not its own. A Milton, a Raphael, a Michael Angelo, and a Handel have studied the sacred oracles, and endeavored to reinterpret them, each after his own fashion; drinking at the fount of inspiration, they have become inspired; the light which they reflect is a divine light.

It is that divine light which shines out from the canvas of the old masters, which glows on the rich painting of Murillo, and casts a sad, mournful halo around Rubens' Descent from the Cross; it is to be seen in those marvelous cartoons of Raphael; in the majestic face of Christ; the rugged admiration and devotion of his humble disciples; the half-credulous astonishment of the multitudes; the bold pre-

sence of Paul preaching at Athens, and the gradations of belief sketched on the faces of the listeners, decreasing as they recede from the speaker from the seriousness of complete conviction down through the successive grades of thoughtfulness, surprise, awakened attention, to the clenched fists and gnashing teeth of the hardened unbeliever; it is visible too in the bewilderment of Sergius Paulus, who was converted by Paul; it is that divine light also which deepens the sorrow and suffering depicted on the features of Francia's Dead Christ, and intensifies the agony on the face of Ary Schœffer's Mary Magdalene weeping at the cross; it is to be traced in the Miltonic conceptions of a Martin, whose creations, universally admired abroad, are treated with contempt at home by a school of art*—unfortunately, more given to accurate copying than original conceptions, to the depicting with painful accuracy the minute and myriad fibres of a leaf, than to the development of any elaborate mental creations. It is that divine afflatus which has inspired the grand poetry of Milton—the weird dream of Dante, the counterpart of whose genius lives in every old Gothic cathedral, in the grotesque decorations of medieval pillars, and in the calm beauty of medieval painting; it has inspired the noble paraphrase of Klopstock, and the lyric finish of Bishop Heber; finally, it is that divine melody—that music of the spheres—which has been listened to by Haydn, Handel, Mendelssohn, and Mozart, and faintly reëchoed in their immortal melodies;—and it comes to this, that all those treasures, which poetry, painting, mu-

sic, and sculpture boast of as most valuable, are inspired by fire Promethean-like stolen from off the altar of Sacred Writ. How wonderfully in all this artistic excellence and universal admiration is that declaration of Christ fulfilled: "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." No matter what the peculiar mode or manner of "lifting up" may be, so that it be true and earnest, to that have men flocked in all ages of the world, and to that will they ever flock. A man appears on the crowded stage of this busy life who preaches Christ with a power and in a manner to which the world has not been accustomed, and though he has no new tale, but one which has formed the subject of all dissertations for centuries, yet agitated crowds flock around the feet of that man, follow him as they did his great Master, drink in his words, drag their fellows with them to hear the tidings, and hardened though they be, listen in tears and sobs under the magic influence of that "lifting up." Then comes another, who, with the god-like power of song, embodies the old tale in glowing numbers, and men seize upon it, read it, learn it, sing it, and it lives, and runs from lip to lip till that "lifting up" of the poet becomes buried in the memory and the thoughts of men. By and by another follows, who paints on canvas the very features and scenes of the Gospel history, who sketches His career, with its wanderings and its dangers and its sorrowful end, and men crowd around the charmed frame, the "lifting up" of the painter, and gaze upon it, and copy it, and cherish it in their houses. After him comes the votary of the magic art of music, who embodies the same ideas in his wondrous craft, and thousands of all generations flock eagerly to listen to the sphere-like strains of a "Messiah," with its rolling choruses and weeping melodies. What is all this, whether in oratory, poetry, painting, or music, but the "lifting up" of Him who said, that whenever or wherever that should be done, he would draw all men unto him? Surely there must be something more than human in a Book which, to say nothing about the consolation it brings to the suffering, has stimulated

* It is but fair to add that the English public testified a generous and hearty appreciation of Martin's paintings, inasmuch as it may be very safely affirmed that no pictures exhibited in modern times ever attracted such crowds of all classes as did his. There can be no greater or truer test of artistic excellence than that of eliciting almost universal admiration in spite of adverse criticism. They were said to be "sensational." In the sense of moving the hearts of the spectators, and the best feelings of those hearts, they were. And so are Milton's poetry, Haydn's music, and the Bible itself—but, unfortunately, so is not much of the painting, poetry, and music of the present day.

human genius to its highest and noblest efforts; which has made itself heard and felt and admired in every department of literature and art, in all ages, in all countries, and in spite of all obstacles; which has defied not only the listlessness of indifference, but the hatred of jealousy; which has lived through the darkness of ignorance and the wantonness of knowledge, survived both the plot of the apostate and the sneer of the infidel; which has outlived men and things, and, coming down to us on the drift of time safe out of the wreck of mighty nations and extinct peoples, still offers itself to mankind in all its integrity, lays bare its treasures to every son of genius, draws after it a long train of gifted devotees, confers upon every department of literature and art its choicest treasures and its noblest gems; and in doing this, not only proclaims to the world that it comes from the hand of Him who is the source of all inspiration, but is in itself a living proof both of its divine origin and of that immortality conferred upon it by its Author, and testified by Him who said: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away."

Perhaps an essay like the present, having for its subject the history and beauties of an ancient familiar national Book, whose charm and whose hold on the national mind depend materially upon the quaint peculiarities of its diction, may not be inappropriately terminated by a few observations concerning a desire which has sprung up amongst some classes to revise this old Saxon version of the Bible, whose phraseology has not only interlaced itself with the familiar idiom of the people ever since its circulation, but has permeated and still runs through the whole literature of the country. It is a strange but pitiless truth, that in the present day there is a tendency among men to revise every thing but manners. Revelation is to be posted up to meet the views of an advancing science, the Bible is to be re-cast to suit the fastidious tastes of modern scholarship; politics, the church, all are to undergo revision and correction; but amidst this universal regeneration of principles we exhibit a lamentable de-

generacy of practice. The last few years have been marked by crimes of deep atrocity, by the increase also of one more fearful than all, now fast becoming the marked peculiarity of this country, the terrible crime of infanticide;* and the present year especially has been distinguished by events which show that this mighty civilization of ours, with its immense wealth and food at famine prices, its advanced notions and moral retrogression, is at the core vitally diseased. The evidence runs in a continuous chain from the fall of the great upholder of the laws and keeper of the Queen's conscience, through the various grades of respectable forger, genteel poisoner, professional slayer of infants, down to the last wretch only recently apprehended for committing five murders in three days. From out of the midst of this corruption and moral delinquency there comes a cry for the verbal correction of the Scriptures; and this serious step is advocated by those who have always sneered at what is generally understood by orthodoxy, and is advocated in a manner consistent with that feeling. But, however, apart from parties and sects, it will soon become the duty of every man to think whether the advantages to be gained by a verbal revision of the Scriptures are sufficient to compensate for the tide of controversy which will most inevitably ensue, for the waking up of old theological contentions now slumbering peaceably in the dust of antiquarian libraries, for the peril of still more effectually dividing a Church already not sufficiently united; and above all, for changing the spirit of that old Book which is so familiar to every man, woman, and child in the dominions. Every one who has studied the Scriptures critically, knows that there are hundreds of passages which might be translated more forcibly or less forcibly, as the case may be, shades of tense-meanings which might be more accurately expressed: but no man will be so bold as to say that any thing can be

* In the district of Central Middlesex alone Dr. Lankester says there are seventy-four cases of infanticide per annum. Though the population has increased only one fifth in ten years, yet this crime has nearly doubled itself.

fairly revised which would vitally affect the truth. Why, then, for the sake of a few scholarly corrections, inappreciable to the great mass of readers, should we disturb the general character of our English Bible? Those who have labored in that field of learning know how utterly impossible it is to translate an oriental language into our Saxon idiom without losing much of the accurate meaning of the original, and that this is more particularly the case with Hebrew, where the verb has an interminable number of forms in its conjugations—active, passive, reflective, intensive, and causative—active, causative-passive, each expressing in its various tense-changes, delicate shades of meaning, for which it is utterly impossible to find English equivalents, and which can only be rendered approximately to the sense by means of paraphrase and ellipsis. So that any number of versions or revised versions will always be open to debate on the ground of verbal accuracy: and the same is true also, though to a less degree, of the Hellenistic Greek of the New Testament. Hundreds of instances have been collected from the Old and New Testament of tenses which have been changed in translations—of two words different in the original, rendered by one in English, such as *ἀλλή* and *ποιμνῇ*, in John 10: 16, “fold and flock,” rendered by the one word fold, in our version;* and it is justly a matter of regret that it should be so: but inasmuch as none of these discrepancies affect the vitality of the truth in any way, the real friends of that book, in spite of the sneer of scholarship, will do well to oppose any attempt to revise or alter the accepted version, especially when it is evident

* It is, perhaps, worth noticing, that one of the most prominent mistranslations in the New Testament, is that of the phrase “*διαμερίζουσαι γλῶσσαι*,” in Acts 2: 8, rendered in our version by “cloven tongues,” which is simply no sense at all, because a cloven tongue would be useless, the true meaning being “tongues allotted” amongst them, *διαμερίζω* being simply to divide amongst or allot out any thing. It is not, perhaps, generally known that this old error of “cloven tongues” is perpetuated in every bishop’s mitre of the present day, which is intended to represent, metaphorically as it does actually, by its shape, a “cloven tongue.”

that such version and alteration would not absolutely do away with the difficulties. Let us hope that the day will come when men will take that Book as it is, and follow after its spirit rather than fight over its text. In concluding this investigation, we would urge upon the attention of the followers of that new school of skepticism which has sprung up amongst us lately, whose votaries profess to hold fast on Christianity, whilst they question its oracles—many of whom, strange to say, are interpreters of those oracles to the people—the fact that we can assert of this Book what can not be asserted of any other institution or system, that it has survived all vicissitudes and changes; and we shall find that the faith of which it is the exponent, has never been allowed by its Almighty Founder to be without a witness in the world. In the earliest ages of history there were the patriarchs, and the patriarchs were followed by the prophets, and the prophets by the philosophers, who were succeeded by Christ himself, who was followed by the disciples, and the disciples were followed by the Church, which, in so many diversities of form, exists amongst us to this day. But the skeptic will say, pointing to the Church with its cold formalities, its false priests, and its degenerate people, how can that be a witness to a faith of such pretensions? To this we reply, that it is an unalterable law that wherever humanity exists there must also be the accompaniment of human weakness. The patriarchal life was sometimes disturbed by violence and sin; the prophets had amongst their number one who was disobedient; the philosophers were degraded by the sophists; and that human nature which Jesus took upon him and which makes his person and work so dear to every soul anxious for its salvation, assailed him in his final struggle in the garden; the disciples fled from him at the last moment, and amongst their number was a Judas, who betrayed him. No wonder, then, if patriarchs and prophets, philosophers and apostles, have had amongst them the elements of human frailty, that in this multiform Church of our day, with its endless varieties, there should be found sacri-

fices without sincerity, priests with no vocation, and professors void of truth.

Let us never be led into the idea that we can ever over-estimate our debt to the Bible individually as men, or collectively as a nation. No man who has followed it as a guide through life ever came to much harm. He may not have had wealth, but he had contentment, which is better; he may not have had power, but he had security, which is superior; he may not have gained fame, but he acquired hope, which is more lasting; he may not have had luxury, but he had peace; he did not subdue the earth, but he was indifferent to it, and therefore raised above it; he did not gain the whole world, but he saved his own soul; and what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? What shall it profit a man? If he have wealth, the want of contentment poisons its enjoyment; if he have power, the want of security paralyzes its use; if he have fame, the loss of hope dims its glory; if he have luxury, the want of peace dashes the cup from his lips; if he gain the whole world, and fail in these things, in spite of his wealth, in spite of his power, his fame, his luxury, he loses his soul, and, rich in the fading possessions of time, goes out of the world in the nakedness of ruin—bankrupt into eternity.

We can never over-estimate the value of the Bible collectively: it is the keystone of all national greatness and true civilization. Wherever that book has been suppressed, religion has degenerated into priestcraft, superstition has been rife, and under its blighting influence the intellectual and moral life of that nation has withered; but, on the other hand, wherever that book has been cherished, wherever it has been freely circulated, it has made its own way, and accomplished its own work, as its Divine Author said it should, in the elevation of the people, the prosperity of the nation, the purity of the priesthood, the stability of the Church, and in every thing that goes to make a country great and free. It is the world's best gage against all evils; tyranny can not stand beside it,

and superstition cowers before it. It was the influence of that Bible which supported the country through the fierce persecutions of her Reformed Church, and the bloodless Revolution of 1688; it is the influence of that Bible which has raised her to the position she now occupies, and will yet save her, if any thing can, from her predicted downfall; therefore we should cherish that Bible, and teach our children to cherish it. The great question of the stability or decline of the country will rest with the coming generation, who will have enough to do in their day; for if ever the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, the sins of this reckless, money-making, skeptical generation, will be visited upon its descendants. To any one who has studied history carefully, and noticed the operation of those general laws by which great commotions are worked up silently, secretly, but surely in the long course of years, just as the convulsion is worked up in the volcano, it must be patent, on looking abroad upon the present state of things, that there are abundant evidences of the approach of a great social convulsion, and more especially of a great religious struggle, which will come about, not perhaps in our time, but in the course of the next generation, and in the lifetime of the rising youth of this; therefore, for their sakes, and that they may be fitted to meet it, we should cherish the old reverence for the Bible—the ægis of religious freedom, the bulwark of the country's peace, and the foundation of the Church's prosperity. If we keep that, enemies may assail us, but we shall stand firm, for we shall possess a guide to which we can appeal in doubt, and a light to illuminate the darkness of our calamity; but if we lose that, we shall lose the only talisman we have against every evil—our beacon, our hope, our consolation. If we lose the Bible, we shall soon sink into that most lamentable of all conditions—a community without a Church, a people without a God, a nation without a soul.

Chambers's Journal

PHILOSOPHICAL PUZZLES.

THERE is a science, or rather a family of sciences, which can boast a greater antiquity than almost any other. Its great age does not in the least entail decrepitude; for it, in fact, gives this ancient father of knowledge a patriarchal authority over all the younger sciences, without at all making him suffer any of those infirmities of age which his twenty-five centuries of life might be expected to confer. This ancient learning is called Logic, a name of great power, and, alas! often taken in vain. In fact, its fame is so extensive, that persons whose knowledge is limited to the name only, are constantly invoking it with an almost superstitious feeling. The blacksmith whose political convictions are strong, (not to say wordy,) when debating in the senate of a tap-room, uses the name of logic with much effect either for the conclusive settlement of the question in the manner he upholds, or to the destruction of the notions of his opponent. And many a parliamentary debater, or newspaper writer, calls aloud on the same name for a similar purpose, and it is indeed even just possible, with the same simple veneration for what he knows not.

But, great as is the antiquity and vast as are the dominions of this science, the general popular interest in and recognition of its principles are small; and this is the case because it has one great fault, which is sometimes the fault of age—it is not amusing. It is a very dignified science. Logic does not deal either in pleasing experiments or interesting discoveries. All the other sciences, with the exception, perhaps, of pure mathematics, have some amusing side in their character, or are capable of having amusement extracted from them by appropriate literary means. Thus, chemistry (properly seasoned) furnishes quite lively subjects of interest, as does geology also. So do astronomy, optics, and many other onomies and ies, which, accordingly, deservedly occupy their permanent though humble positions among the subjects of general literature. But from the

syllogism in comprehension, or from the integral calculus, it is not easy to obtain interesting matter for light reading; and little more amusement can be furnished by taking the opposite tack, and poking fun at such respectable branches of knowledge.

There was a day, however, when philosophy was a young science, and it in that far time had, to a slight extent, the playful habits of youth, when it would in rare moments forget its usual occupation of arranging and fathoming the universe, and with ponderous humor, by the mouth of a disciple, give forth some puzzle of a more amusing character than the great problems of existence and knowledge, the discovery of whose solution formed its principal business, and to which desirable end it is still busily engaged.

Thus, the celebrated and well-known puzzle of Achilles and the tortoise was invented by Zeno of Elea some centuries before Christ, and furnishes a good example of this philosophical play. This problem is as follows: If Achilles and a tortoise were to run a race, and Achilles were to run ten times as fast as the tortoise, if the latter had the start, Achilles would never overtake the tortoise, as can be thus shown: Suppose them, at the starting of Achilles, to be separated by a space of a thousand feet, when Achilles has run this thousand, the tortoise would have run a hundred, and when Achilles had run this hundred, the tortoise would have run ten, and so on for ever. This sophism has even been considered insoluble by many philosophers, and among others by Dr. Thomas Brown, since it actually leads to an absurd conclusion by a sound argument. The fallacy lies in the concealed assumption that what is infinitely divisible is also infinite.

Amongst other famous ancient dialectic problems are the following dilemmas, which are framed with wonderful ingenuity, the acuteness displayed in their construction being probably unsurpassed. The first is called *Syllogismus Crocodilus*, and may be thus stated: An infant, while playing on the bank of a river, was seized by a crocodile. The mother, hearing its cries, rushed to its assist-

ance, and by her tearful entreaties obtained a promise from the crocodile (who was obviously of the highest intelligence) that he would give it her back if she would tell him truly what would happen to it. On this, the mother (perhaps rashly) asserted: "*You will not give it back.*" The crocodile answers to this: "If you have spoken truly, I can not give back the child without destroying the truth of your assertion; if you have spoken falsely, I can not give back the child, because you have not fulfilled the agreement; therefore, I can not give it back whether you have spoken truly or falsely." The mother retorted: "If I have spoken truly, you must give back the child, by virtue of your agreement; if I have spoken falsely, that can only be when you have given back the child; so that, whether I have spoken truly or falsely, the child must be given back." History is silent as to the issue of this remarkable dispute.

Of a similar nature is the other example above mentioned, which is even more acutely stated. A young man named Euathlus received lessons in rhetoric from Protagoras, it being agreed that a certain fee should be paid if the pupil were successful in the first cause he pleaded. Euathlus, however, neglected to undertake any cause, and Protagoras, in order to obtain his fee, was compelled to sue him. Euathlus defended himself in the court, and it was consequently the young man's first suit. The master argued thus: "If I be successful in this cause, O Euathlus, you will be compelled to pay by virtue of the sentence of these righteous judges; and should I even be unsuccessful, you will then have to pay me in fulfillment of your original contract." To this the apt pupil replied: "If I be successful, O master! I shall be free by the sentence of these righteous judges; and even if I be unsuccessful, I shall be free by virtue of the contract." The story states that such convincing arguments thus diametrically opposed completely staggered the judges, who, being quite unable to decide, postponed the judgment *sine die*.*

* The famous legal case of the Bridge, which

We, being guided by other lights, and looking on things with juster notions than in the early days of knowledge, can smile at the seemingly trifling schemes of philosophy, which were serious enough when first propounded. Just as, in laughing at the stiff expression and angular contortions of the pre-Raphaelite paintings, we forget that they represent what was believed to be the truth in art of those days, and see only the incongruity of the odd caricatures of humanity which they form. At a time when methods of observation and experiment were nearly unknown, or held in serene contempt, it is not strange that the early notions of the nature of things should be somewhat queer, and in this sense they certainly have a ludicrous side. Thus, Thales of Miletus, who lived about 640 B.C., from reasons only known to himself, taught and believed that the earth was a living being, and that all things were formed from water. This latter notion was contradicted by another famous philosopher and successor, Anaximenes, also of Miletus, who taught that all things were formed from air, which was the primal and universal element. Another celebrated philosopher, Heraclitus of Ephesus, in delightful unanimity with the preceding, believed that fire was the life of all things. This last furthermore taught that the sun was a mere meteor, not exceeding twelve feet in size, and was of necessity extinguished and rekindled afresh each day. Zeno of Elea, above referred to, was, as may be imagined from the example of his powers which has been given, a most acute and bold reasoner, which talents, however, were employed on somewhat destructive principles. His argument for the non-existence of space affords an example. He asks: Wherein is space? For if all that exists must be in space, then must that space itself be in some other space; and so on *ad infin.*; but this is absurd: therefore space itself can not exist, as it can not be in some other space. In a dispute

was decided by His Excellency Sancho Panza, Governor of the island of Barataria, might be cited as companion-example to the above; but it is not written in the books of the *Adventures of Don Quixote de la Mancha*?

with Protagoras, Zeno inquired whether a grain of corn, or the ten thousandth part of a grain, falling to the ground, would make any sound, and was told it would not. He then inquired whether a measure of corn would, and was told it would. He then retorted, that since a measure was composed of a certain definite number of grains, it followed, that either a grain produces a noise in falling, or the measure does not.

It is a sad fact, that impatient spirits, after a long course of serious teaching or exercise, are apt to find an improper pleasure in modified profanity, especially as the latter has, to a great extent, the dangerous quality of being at first sight rather entertaining.

A celebrated instance of ingenious fallacy is that propounded as a just argument by Diodorus Chronos, who, by this fallacy, claimed to prove the impossibility of motion. He argues thus: All that a body does, must be done either in the place where it is, or else in the place where it is not. Now, it can not move in the place where it is, and much less can it move in the place where it is not. Consequently, it can not move at all, and therefore motion is impossible. It is related that the inventor of this sophism on one occasion dislocated his shoulder, and was compelled to send for a surgeon to set it. The leech assured the philosopher that the shoulder could not possibly be put out at all, since it could not be put out in the place in which it was, nor either in the place in which it was not.

The inverting argument of the lying Cretans is well known; but the reader will excuse its quotation for the sake of illustration, and for the chance of its being new to some out of the many. St. Paul says (Titus 1: 12, 13): "One of themselves, even a prophet of their own, said: The Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies. This witness is true.' The Cretans being always liars; the prophet was a Cretan, therefore he was a liar, and lied when he said they were always liars. Consequently, the Cretans are not always liars. Again, since he was a Cretan, he was not always a liar. Therefore, the Cretans are always liars, and so on *ad infinitum*.

Another good instance is that quoted by a recent American writer, who shows, by a perfectly just argument, that the much-used maxim, 'All rules have their exceptions,' is really self-contradictory. If all rules have exceptions, this maxim is itself a rule, and therefore must also have its exceptions. Consequently, the proverb at the same time affirms that all rules have their exceptions, and that some rules do not, which is an obvious case of proverbial suicide.

With regard to more trivial instances of logical profanity, I must quote one which is frequently employed in private life with much exasperating effect, and is also found by cross-examining counsel a serviceable mode of confounding a witness, and simultaneously throwing dust in the eyes of a jury. This process has, moreover, the pleasant, compact, logical name of *fallacia heterozeteos*. It consists in desiring to have either a direct negative or affirmative answer to a question, which, being done, a question respecting any desired improbability can then be asked, as, for instance: "Have you cut off your tail yet?" If the answer be yes, it is of course an admission that the examinee once had a tail; while, if the reply be no, it is assumed to be an admission that he still possesses that unusual personal ornament. A somewhat similar process is involved in the inquiry of a man: "How long he has left off beating his father?" It will be seen what a wide field of vexation a skillful use of this process can command. As an example, in strong contrast to the foregoing, the following problem may be cited as an interesting but somewhat hopeless subject of inquiry—namely, What is the effect of an irresistible force striking an immovable sphere?

It may be observed with regard to the foregoing illustrations, that they start from the borders of serious argument, and descending by degrees, they travel first through ingenious, and then trivial quibbles. Continuing the descent, we should finally arrive in the extensive region of jokes, (but before arriving at that stage of debasement, it is better to quit the subject.) In fact, it has been justly observed, that

jests generally are merely examples of faulty reasoning, and consequently have their place in the classification of logical fallacies. They preserve just so much of the appearance of just argument as to please by appealing to the mind, while the absurdity or incongruity of the conclusion produces a ludicrous effect, which the implied irreverence may have its share in intensifying. Thus, puns can generally be identified with the fallacy which logicians call ambiguous middle; while that conversational luxury which the outer world call "chaff" can be named by the more dignified terms of *ignotatio elenchi* and illicit processes.

The many and various kinds of popular and feminine arguments, which are frequently found so mystifying and unanswerable, from the amount of dust which they throw into the eyes of their less ready victims, might be probably dissected and classified with unspeakable advantage to the latter. But it is to be feared that in the domestic regions where they prevail, such formal warfare would be contemptuously scouted; and abject submission is probably a safer mode of meeting their attacks.

Fraser's Magazine.

THE ORGAN IN SCOTLAND.

THIS is a rainy day. In the morning, at eight o'clock, if you had walked down from this house through a green shady lane, with rich hedges and great trees on either hand, you would, at a distance of half a mile, have suddenly come upon the sea, looking leaden and sullen. Entering the sea, you would have found it very cold. There was no rain then; but in an hour the clouds gathered, the wind moaned in a wintry way, and the drenching showers fell, wafted in from the Atlantic by the rainy south-west. Now the trees are green, the hedges are green, the ripening corn-field hard by is beginning to grow yellow, the roads that pass near are deep with mud. The sea, a green expanse, is three hundred feet below; the ground slopes steeply down to it. Above,

there are moorlands, now looking quite black. On the whole, it is a day on which to record certain facts which have lately come within the scope of the writer's observation.

Here is a little staircase. It is steep and dark: the steps are of wood. Let us ascend it. Now where are we; and what do our eyes behold?

We are in a gallery in a church. It is a cruciform church, with short transepts. It is a Gothic edifice. The open roof is supported by beams of dark oak; the plaster between the beams is painted blue. We may discover three windows filled with stained glass; one is a rose window, two are fanlets. This gallery, situated at the extremity of the longest limb of the cross, is filled by a large and handsome organ. A small boy is blowing, solemnly working a long handle up and down. Some one is playing at the instrument; there are the magnificent tones, so rich, sweet, soft, majestic. I reflect how my slight acquaintance, Dr. Bumptious, in tones that set one's teeth on edge, has often declared in my unwilling ears that the human voice is far finer than any instrument. Just listen to his human voice, (in so far as his voice can be called human,) and you will be well assured of that.

But surely there is nothing particular or remarkable in a Gothic church, nor yet in an organ-gallery. Yes, my reader; but there is something very remarkable in finding an organ here. Look from this gallery toward the other end of the church, in the subdued light of stained glass and dark oak. What do you see there? No altar, no reading-desk, no creed nor commandments, nor Lord's prayer emblazoned: none of the things to which you are accustomed. There is just a pulpit and nothing else. You know what that means. This is a Scotch parish church. The Church of Scotland has no bishops and no liturgy. This is a Presbyterian place of worship. And let me tell you, it is a great sign of the times to see this organ here.

This is a week-day. There is no service. It is a day of practicing. Let me relate some facts as to the Sunday services of this church.

Last Sunday was the first of our

holiday-time: our first Sunday here. And in a somewhat rainy and stormy morning, several figures might have been discerned leaving this dwelling about half-past ten A.M. Having walked a mile and a half along a breezy way, parallel with the sea and far above it, they might have been seen descending a path which leads to the church already mentioned. As you draw near the place, the tinkling of a somewhat feeble bell falls upon the ear. It is not the sort of bell which has summoned the writer to church. He remembers a day on which, at the appointed hour of worship, a man appeared at the church door and violently rang a dinner-bell of small dimensions. Entering the church, among many more, you discover that the building, which holds five hundred and fifty or so, is well filled; indeed, almost crowded. As the bell ceased, the pealing organ began, and played a pretty voluntary. Though the organ has been here for no more than five or six Sundays, and though a good many of the congregation probably never heard an organ in church in their lives till this organ came here, the people took it all as a matter of course. They have got quite accustomed to it. I am not going to give you a description of the service of the Scotch Church, though the most eloquent of living historians, after being present at a Scotch service for the first time, told the writer that the thing which mainly impressed him was, what an odd service it was. Only let it be said, that public worship begins with the singing of a psalm. And here, leaving the moral atmosphere, and understanding what prejudices and prepossessions must have been got over before such a thing could be, it was very strange to hear the organ play all the tune first, and then to see the congregation rise to their feet, with one consent, and sing the psalm with a somewhat too powerful accompaniment. For the mode, hallowed to many Scotch hearts by old associations, is to sit still while you sing: thus indeed diminishing the power of your lungs to half; but still bearing abundant compensation in the thought that thus you are finding tes-

timony against the corrupt mode of the unreformed church on the southern side of the Tweed. But how fine and cheering was that great volume of sound, that Sunday morning when the writer first heard an organ in a Scotch church! Every one sung out with heart and voice: the choir, placed in the organ-gallery, was quite drowned by the congregation; walls and roof seemed as vibrating; and the whole thing quickened devotion, and prepared one for the following prayers! Just one thought did intrude into the mind, that should have been wholly filled with God's praise: under the circumstances an excusable thought. The thought was this. Now I have heard some men, whom no one proposed to shut up in a lunatic asylum, say that this is wrong!

Of course the great principle on which all objections to the use of the organ in public worship go, is this: *The uglier and more disagreeable any thing is, the likelier it is to be the right thing.*

But no more now about that service: which was the very first Sunday's service at which this writer ever heard an organ in a Scotch church.

A little more than nine years ago, an article written by this hand appeared in this Magazine; an article entitled *The Organ Question*. About that time people in Scotland were beginning to think, that considering the atrocious badness of church music generally in this country, it might be desirable to do something toward improving it. Let it be said with thankfulness, that in the last nine years, a good deal has been done, both in town and country, to that end. Ladies and gentlemen have, in many cases, come to believe that there is nothing degrading in becoming members of amateur choirs; and the consequence is, that in many churches you have voices of such refinement and cultivation to lead the praise, as could not be got previously except at very great expense. You have the words sung, properly pronounced. And instead of the abominable tunes, full of flourishes and repetitions, which ambitious Scotch precentors were fond of singing, you have ecclesiastical music, sim-

ple, grave, easily joined in by all with ear and voice. Bran-new tunes, by pushing music-masters, have been in great measure forbidden; and music centuries old, as much better than those as Canterbury Cathedral is better than Salem Chapel, has come into use. Of course, early in the progress of the movement, voices here and there asked whether the organ might not be had. But so keen was the prejudice against that noble instrument in the minds of many who had broken away from the belief in the infallibility of a Pope or a Church, only to substitute for that the belief in the infallibility, even in matters æsthetical, of John Knox and a few more, that though the writer felt that the general use of the organ in Scotland was a thing quite as sure to come in time as the flowing of the tide, he said, at that time, that the existing generation of Scotchmen would not live to see it. But though some good people who are entitled to credit for entire sincerity, and whose dread of removing the old landmarks was not wholly unreasonable, did as it were go down to the sea-shore and order the tide to cease flowing, stating that if it continued to flow it would be guilty of perjury, blasphemy, ingratitude, and even of bad taste, yet the tide quietly and surely progressed. And now, it is matter for wonder, where you find an educated Scotchman or Scotchwoman, under fifty years old, who is not clearly in favor of the organ: in favor, that is, of allowing congregations who want an organ to get one, and congregations who don't want an organ to do without it. Things have advanced much more rapidly than any one would have believed possible ten years since. In Edinburgh, there is but one organ in use in a parish church; but in Glasgow, which is assuredly the capital of the wealth and enterprise of Scotland, there already are in use, or will be in use within a few weeks, no fewer than seven or eight. The Town Church, whose walls used to reëcho the eloquence of Chalmers, has for many months had instrumental music: and I can testify from experience, that the praise there is almost overwhelming, for its vast volume and heartiness. The congregation

is for the most part of a humble class; just of that class where one might have expected lingering prejudice against the "Kist fu' o' whistles;" but the large church is densely crowded, and every soul sings with might and main. The sound is as of thunder. Country churches progress more slowly: I believe this church by the seaside is almost the first which has started the true organ: not the harmonium, which is but a poor substitute. But without any gift of prophecy, one may safely predict that in a few years the organ will excite no more surprise in a Scotch church than now it does in an English one; and that every congregation will have an organ, which wants one, and can afford it.

Now, does any reader of this page desire to know how the phenomenon of the organ-gallery and the organ appeared in this church? How is it that on any Sunday you may find the congregation here devoutly worshipping with the aid of that grand instrument which some years ago appeared to many in Scotland as a thing to be longed for but not to be had?

Well, things have gone on rapidly within the last three or four years. I remember, as yesterday, the day when one of the magistrates of the northern metropolis told me that the previous Sunday he and his fellows had paid an official visit to a certain church; and that the music was aided by an harmonium for the first time. One clergyman, greatly daring, and having ascertained that his flock would like it, made that beginning. The question of instrumental music, thus raised, came before the Supreme Court of the Scotch Church at its meeting in May, 1864, and a decision was come to, which many regarded as tacitly sanctioning the organ, and which some regarded as doing something else. That uncertain sound would not do, and the General Assembly, in May last, having the organ-question again brought up, decided that the power of permitting or refusing the use of an organ by any congregation, lies with the Presbytery of the bounds; and recommended that when any congregation did, with something like unanimity, express to the Presbytery its

wish for an organ, the Presbytery should give that wish the most favorable consideration. This judgment of the Supreme Court was carried by a majority against another which had been proposed, whose gist was, that each congregation should be free to have an organ if it liked, without asking leave of the Presbytery at all.

So you see what a Scotch minister has to do, if his congregation comes in a unanimous way, and says it wants an organ. Go to the Presbytery at its next meeting, produce satisfactory evidence of the congregation's wish, and the permission of the Presbytery has followed of course in all such cases hitherto. Of course, if a considerable portion of the congregation desires to go on in the old way, it is all quite fair that their bias or prejudice should be considered. The burden of proof must rest on those who want a change. And a usage hitherto maintained under an understood common law, ought not to be altered unless people are nearly unanimous in wishing that it should be altered. If your congregation esteems an organ as an emblem of Baal, you would be very foolish if you try to thrust an organ upon it. But if your congregation unanimously desires to have an organ, you will be equally silly if you make any opposition to that desire. The fact is, a clergyman of the Scotch Church who likes the organ, is in precisely the same position as a clergymen of the Anglican Church who would like to put his choir in surplices. It is a pure matter of æsthetics: there is no principle involved. And if worthy people have a keen prejudice against the thing, esteeming it as a rag of Popery, and as the thin end of the wedge whose thick end is Father Newman or else Bishop Colenso; why, you will (if you have good sense and good feeling) yield meanwhile to that prejudice, and try gradually to educate people out of it. "I have no objection to the organ," said a worthy mechanic to a Scotch clergyman, within the last few weeks; "but I understand that whenever the organ is brought in, there's to be an attack made on the doctrine of the atonement." A choral service is a fine thing; but the Anglican rector who

tries to establish it in a church where all the people abominate it, is a great fool. So an organ is a fine thing; but no man of sense will thrust it upon people who revolt at it.

The following temperate and judicious remarks are from a sermon published by Dr. Robertson, minister of Glasgow Cathedral; *late* minister, alas! that it must be said. He had not a superior among the Scotch clergy: for manly grasp of mind, for pith and point in treating his subject, he had hardly an equal. Let it be added, that a more genial, kindly, liberal-minded, and honest man, never walked this earth. Here are his views about instrumental music in church:

"With regard to church music, every one knows that the question is coming to be more and more understood every day, whether it would not be an experiment to make use of the help of instruments.

"There seems to be no good reason why this should not be done. Under the ancient Jewish dispensation the harp, the timbrel, and other instruments of music, were used in the service of God; and there seems to be nothing in the New Testament principles to forbid our making use, in like manner, of such instrumental aid to the voice as may be suitable to the habits and associations of the present day. There are many instruments, certainly, which one would hardly like to hear in church service: our associations being such, that the use of them is not in the mean time, and is not likely ever to become, appropriately suggestive of reverent ideas. There is one instrument however, against which this objection does not lie—I mean the organ. And I do not hesitate to say in public, what I have often said, and heard many of my brethren say, in private, that there appears to be no reason why such congregations as may wish it, should not be permitted to employ this help to the voice. The matter is not so important as to be worth division in congregations: but should any congregation desire it, with a near approach to unanimity, it seems only consistent with a reasonable liberty that they should be allowed to gratify their wish."

Plain good sense, I know that my readers will say : who could doubt all that ? But let me tell you that there are worthy folk in Scotland still, who would accuse the man who should say all that, of no one knows what fearful heresy. Happily, they can not burn him. And I am not entirely sure that they would, even if they could.

Tact is needed to put the use of the organ before prejudiced minds in the way least likely to awake prejudice. An esteemed friend of the writer, some time ago, had an organ erected in his church. A voluntary was played before and after service. Some honest people complained of this. They said that this sound was not worship. "I don't say it is," replied their ingenious pastor ; "but neither is the shuffling of feet and slamming of pew-doors as people are coming in and going out : and don't you think the organ, which drowns these noises, is the pleasantest sound of the two ?" There was no resisting that way of putting the case. And yet that way was perfectly true. Would that every good cause, which needs to be judiciously put, had as able an advocate !

Of course, all this movement has been accompanied by some ill-humor on both sides. Excellent men, ultra-conservative in all things, have been known to accuse the advocates of the organ of various forms of heterodoxy : of Socinianism, Atheism, and even of Bourignianism. On the other hand, the advocates of the organ, impatient of an opposition which they esteemed as the result of stupid prejudice, have in many cases been known to describe their opponents as pig-headed block-heads. Excellent men, doubtless, on either side : but controversy tends to wax keen. For we are a perfervid race ; and sometimes fail to do each other justice.

A. K. H. B.

THE FALL OF CLARENDON.

THERE are very few men who, in so large a manner as Lord Clarendon, have both lived history and written history. To a great degree, our knowledge of the times during which he lived is derived from his own immortal writings.

During those times there are few names which emerge more frequently, or with broader influence, than his own. In the momentous period of the Long Parliament his influence is first seen on the side of the people, and then on the side of the Crown. He was the leader of his party in the House of Commons ; he was Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords ; for many years he was Prime Minister of England ; he became the grandfather of two English sovereigns. There has been no other English subject on whom such an accumulation of honors has thus rested. For many years his career was singularly checkered, exhibiting various errors and faults, but at the same time great endurance and great virtue ; and through good report and evil report, through good estate and evil estate, he clung close to the faith and hope of a Christian man. At last came his extraordinary elevation, and, from that giddy eminence, as extraordinary a fall. In exile, in poverty, in obloquy, closed that long and eventful career, so imperishably bound up with English history and English literature. His last days, though his saddest, were his happiest and his best ; his fall proved to be a rising again, and he learned to look upon it as a season of rest, as a quiet pause, as a solemn audit of the past, before his active, crowded career came to an end on earth.

It would be foreign to our purpose to enter into any details of this period's political events. We take up the personal history of Lord Clarendon at the time when he became a conspicuous actor in the stirring events of his times. Under the guidance of Sir Nicolas Hyde, who rose to be Chief-Justice, he had devoted himself to the law, and possessed a large practice at the bar. When the civil troubles began, Edward Hyde thought it his duty to abandon his lucrative practice until quieter times should arrive, and in the mean time to devote his whole energies to his public duties in Parliament. He had been known as a great lawyer ; he now appeared in the character of a great statesman. Whenever a liberty was to be asserted, a wrong to be redressed, an inquiry to be instituted, a tyrannical institution

to be abolished, a grievous criminal to be exposed, Edward Hyde was among the first and foremost on the popular side. But after a time, rightly or wrongly, he became firmly convinced that this side was pushing things too far, and to an extent of which neither his conscience nor reason approved. He threw the whole weight of his influence into the declining side of the Royalists, and withdrew to York to be in attendance on the King. He does not appear to have been very popular among the party whom he thus joined. Though he went over to the court, he carried thither the stern, rigid virtues of a republican, which rarely, indeed, find much favor among courtiers; an intrepidity in speaking unwelcome truth, a strict justice and moderation, a high-minded, incorruptible spirit. He was of great use to his party in the paper war that preceded actual hostilities; but when the military operations commenced, Hyde ceased for a time to appear in a prominent position. The King determined to intrust him with the charge of the Prince of Wales in the west of England. This was partly done because Hyde was an eminently fit man for the post, but partly also, it has been suggested, because his plain-speaking was disagreeable to the King and the cavaliers. Hyde unwillingly complied with the request, and took charge of the Prince first in Cornwall, then in the isle of Scilly, and afterward in the isle of Jersey. Queen Henrietta then directed that her son should be sent to Paris. This was eventually done; but Hyde, believing that he could be of no use to his royal master in France, resolved to continue in Jersey.

Perceiving that the times in which he lived were perhaps the most memorable in the whole course of English history, he had commenced, while yet in Scilly, the *History of the Great Rebellion*, a work disfigured, indeed, by inaccuracies, by personal feelings, and political partisanship, but of commanding merits which have made it classic. He continued it in Jersey. He was in the island for about two years, "and enjoyed," as he was wont to say, "the greatest tranquillity of mind imaginable." At first two of his friends,

Lord Hopton and Lord Capel, were with him, and the three kept house together at St. Hilary. Their day was thus spent: The two noblemen would read or ride or walk, while Hyde would sit in his chamber, working at his history till eleven o'clock. At that hour they attended daily prayer at the church; after morning prayer they dined. They kept a common table at Lord Hopton's lodgings, because his lodgings were the best. In the evening they met upon the sands for a walk. They often went to the castle to see the governor, "who treated them with extraordinary kindness and civility;" and, in truth, "the whole island showed great affection to them." After a time, first one of his friends was obliged to leave him, and then the other. Sir George Carteret then received him into Elizabeth Castle. Here he built himself a lodging of two or three rooms, and over the door of his lodging he set up his arms with a Latin inscription — "Bene vixit qui latuit," (He has lived well who has escaped notice.) "And he always took pleasure in relating with what great tranquillity of spirit he spent his time here, amongst his books, which he got from Paris, and his papers, between which he seldom spent less than ten hours in the day." King Charles himself sent him a variety of materials for his work.

When the Prince of Wales left France, Hyde received directions from King and Queen to be in attendance upon them. The happy seclusion of Jersey was at once abandoned for a life of wandering and privation. The ship in which he sailed to Holland was seized by a privateer, and he was robbed of a sum of money which he could ill afford to lose. By and by Charles the Second sent him on an unsatisfactory embassy to Madrid. Here Hyde, who always writes of himself as "the Chancellor"—for he had received the empty office of Chancellor of the Exchequer at the mimic court of Charles—studied the country and language, and commenced his *Devotions on the Psalms*. On his return he took up his abode at Antwerp as ambassador. Charles, after the battle of Worcester, having escaped to Paris, required his

services there; and he resided at Paris and elsewhere, in close attendance on his wandering and unfortunate sovereign. From the Clarendon papers we can see the straits to which he was reduced, and the manner in which he bore them. "I do not know that any man is yet dead for want of bread, which really I wonder at. Five or six of us eat together one meal a day for a pistole a week; but all of us owe for God knows how many weeks to the poor woman that feeds us." "At this time I have neither clothes nor fire to preserve me from the sharpness of the season." "I am so cold that I am scarce able to hold my pen, and have not three sous in the world to buy a fagot." "I have not been master of a crown these many months, am cold for want of clothes and fire, and owe for all the meat I have eaten these three months, and to a poor woman who is no longer able to trust; and my poor family at Antwerp (which breaks my heart) is in as sad a state as I am." "Keep up your spirits, and take heed of sinking under that burden you never kneeled to take up. Our innocence begets our cheerfulness; and that again will be a means to secure the other. Whoever grows too weary and impatient of the condition he is in, will too impatiently project to get out of it; and that, by degrees, will shake or baffle or delude his innocence. We have no reason to blush for the poverty which is not brought upon us by our own faults. As long as it pleases God to give us health, (which, I thank him, I have in a great measure,) I shall think he intends me to outlive all these sufferings; and when he sends sickness, I shall (I hope with the same submission) believe that he intends to remove me from greater calamities." "I have no other counsel to give you than, by the grace of God, I mean to follow myself, which is to submit to God's pleasure and judgment upon me, and to starve, really and literally, with the comfort of having endeavored to avoid it by all honest means, and rather to bear it than do any thing contrary to my duty."

The evil days seemed over at last; in 1660 was the Restoration. Three years before, on the death of Sir Ed-

ward Herbert, the King had nominated him Lord High Chancellor of England. Hitherto the title had only been an empty mockery; it now became a splendid reality. And yet this period of grandeur and greatness to which we now approach in Hyde's career is the least pleasing in the retrospect. He had nobly withstood the effects of adversity; he by no means endured with equal success the influence of prosperity. The prosperity was as magnificent as his adversity had been protracted and deep. The King heaped upon him lands, lordships, and wealth. He became Earl of Clarendon; he became virtual Prime Minister. His daughter married the King's brother and heir, the Duke of York, and became the mother of two English sovereigns, Mary and Anne. And now painful blots upon his character began to appear, which had hitherto escaped the notice of others, and perhaps his own, and which, perhaps, required the fierce heat of prosperity for their manifestation. He appears to have been greedy of power and grasping of gain. The sumptuous pile of Clarendon House, which he was raising for himself, betrayed an ostentatious magnificence. Sometimes he appears to have erred in departing from strict veracity. More than ever he must have forfeited his own dignity and self-respect. He himself, in the long days of banishment and old age, confessed to himself how much he had erred and how greatly he had forgotten higher things in this season of brilliant sunshine. He confessed that those prosperous days contrasted ill with the calmness and happiness of his days of loneliness and want. If he had been content to take a full share in the wickedness of those wicked times, his lofty position might have been safe. Thank God he was preserved from *that*! In a great measure he still retained his integrity. So early as July, 1661, we find Pepys writing: "I spoke with Mr. George Montagu. He told me in his discourse that my Lord Chancellor is much envied, and that many great men do endeavor to undermine him, and that he believes it will not be done; for the King, though he loves him not in the way of a companion, yet can not

be without him, for his policy and service." Clarendon himself predicted to his friends that one day there would be "such a storm of envy and malice against him that he should not be able to stand the shock."

Various events were long at work which contributed to his fall. The nation engaged in a war with Holland. Among all the wicked wars upon record this was one of the most wicked. England, that was then becoming increasingly a commercial country, was jealous and envious of the commercial prosperity of the Dutch. Being the stronger power, she determined to crush her rival by brute force. Clarendon was steadily opposed to the idea; but the King was willing, the Duke of York most urgent, the country desirous; and, the war once undertaken, Clarendon, as first minister, was looked upon as responsible for the event. The issue was in part disastrous. The Dutch sailed up the Thames, and the roar of their guns was audible at London Bridge. With these misfortunes came the Great Plague and the Great Fire. Clarendon lost favor, not only with the people, but with his royal master. He boldly denounced the guilt and vice in the midst of which Charles habitually lived. The King became visibly chagrined and mortified by the boldness of his old and faithful counselor. The infamous man whose ministry succeeded that of Clarendon, and is known as the Cabal, was incessantly scheming and plotting against him. What chiefly aroused envy and enmity was the prodigal expense of the palace he was raising, of which Pepys, who used to visit it, speaks with wondering admiration. He fully saw his error when it was too late. He used to say that "he could not reflect upon any one thing he had done (amongst many which, he doubted not, were justly liable to the reproach of weakness and vanity) of which he was so much ashamed as he was of the vast expense he had made in the building of his house, which had more contributed to that gust of envy that had so violently shaken him than any misdemeanor that he was thought to have been guilty of; and this he took all occa-

sions to confess, and to reproach himself with the folly of it."

Old Pepys has, in his *Diary*, two or three passages that mark the decline and fall of Clarendon. He speaks of the venal courtiers who had now become royal favorites, "who, amongst them, have cast my Lord Chancellor on his back past ever getting up again, there being now little for him to do; and he waits at court, attending to speak to the King, as others do. The King do mind nothing but pleasure." "Some rude people have been at my Lord Chancellor's, where they have cut down the trees before his house and broke his windows; and a gibbet either set up before or painted upon his gate, and these three words writ: 'Three sights to be seen, Dunkerque, Tangier, and a barren Queene.'" Pepys has also given the graphic account of the circumstances of Clarendon's departure from his final interview with the King, on which the celebrated painting the "Fall of Clarendon" is founded. The courtiers, when they saw him, used to tell the King that his "school-master" was coming. They used to mimic the Chancellor for the royal amusement. We are told that the infamous Duke of Buckingham was peculiarly successful in imitating "the stately walk of that solemn personage." The King at first feebly reproved and then delighted at this buffoonery at the expense of his old and faithful servant. Clarendon now seriously crossed the royal path. Charles more and more leaned toward the Roman Catholics, and was anxious to alter the laws so as to favor and indulge them; but this course of conduct his minister evermore faithfully opposed. He also directly interfered with the King's licentious course of life. The courtiers told Charles, "that if he was not a fool, he would not suffer his business to be carried on by fools." At last he sent the Earl a message recommending him immediately to resign the Great Seal. In reply the falling minister requested an audience. The King could not with any decency refuse this, and appointed him to come on a certain day after breakfast.

The day of the appointed interview

was known to all the courtiers. The event, of course, excited the highest interest. A private conversation of two hours ensued. At first things went on very well. By and by Clarendon spoke very plainly and boldly to his master on matters connected with his bad way of living. At this the King became visibly angry and impatient. At last his majesty terminated the conversation without stating any conclusion at which he might have arrived. As they came forth from the conference, the courtiers eagerly watched the expression of both their countenances. They thought that both faces "looked very thoughtful." Pepys says that the King's infamous paramour "ran out into her aviary, and stood blessing herself at the old man's going away: and several of the gallants of Whitehall (of which there were many staying to see the Chancellor's return) did talk to her in her bird-cage." Clarendon, in his *Life*, has an allusion to the dissolute crew who were waiting about eagerly hoping for his disgrace. For some days the King took no further steps. The courtiers were greatly alarmed at this. With ceaseless importunities they taunted him on his subserviency to "a cunning old lawyer, and nearly lectured him out of his wits." Then the King yielded, and sent a Secretary-of-State with a warrant under the sign-manual to demand the Great Seal. When the secretary returned with this coveted ensign of office, a base courtier clasped his majesty's knees, exclaiming: "Sir, you are now a king."

Assuredly there was a great fall here; but still Clarendon's enemies were not satisfied. Perhaps they dreaded his future return to power. They determined to prevent this; they thirsted for his blood; they brought against him an impeachment for high treason. The late Lord Chancellor Campbell has characterized the articles of the impeachment as "preposterously vague and absurd." There seemed little chance of a conviction against him. The King was anxious that he should leave the country: this would be enough to satisfy his enemies. The royal word was pledged that, if he would withdraw, no further step would be taken against

him while he was in exile. Very unwillingly, but in obedience to the King's wish, which he had always treated with almost absolute submission, Clarendon withdrew beyond seas. His enemies seized upon this as an occasion against him. They passed a bill through Parliament banishing him forever, and making his return an act of high treason. We now come to days which are generally looked upon as the most sombre in Clarendon's career; but those who take a more solemn view of life, and chiefly regard a man's highest interests, will turn away with relief from the thronged galleries of Whitehall and the rising glories of Clarendon House to Montpellier, to Moulins, and to Rouen.

With a well-nigh broken heart and enfeebled form he betook himself to France. The French government treated him alternately with harshness and consideration, according to the variations of their political relations with the English government. After many checkered days he settled himself for a time at Montpellier. Here he finished his little work on the Psalms. He has prefaced this by a letter to his children, from which we make some quotations, as giving in the best form the shape of mind to which his fall had brought him:

"My children, you have undergone so great a share with me in all the inconveniences and afflictions of my banishment, that it is but justice to assign you a share likewise of whatsoever I have gotten by them; and I do confess to you I found so great a serenity and tranquillity of mind in composing these considerations and reflections upon the Psalms of David, that I am willing to believe that the reading them may administer some kind of relief and ease to you in any trouble or adversity to which you may be exposed. In all times somewhat extraordinary hath been thought to be contained therein for the instruction, encouragement, and reformation of mankind, and for the rendering our lives more acceptable to God Almighty. . . . I began to exercise myself in these meditations in the time of a former banishment, when, to the public calamities with which the King and the kingdom were afflicted, and to my own particular, my forced absence for so many years from your dear mother and from you, the nature of that employment I had from the King, and the scene upon which that employment was to be acted, added very much

to the melancholique of the condition I was in. . . . I proposed to make some reflection upon every psalm, in order from the subject-matter, (I do not say from the occasion of writing the psalm, which I doubt is not well known to many who have taken upon them to determine it,) or rather from some expressions in it, to the drawing some consolation to myself, by raising hopes which might seem to be supported by so strong a foundation; and I was not disappointed; but, proceeding in the same method at some house dedicated to that purpose, I went through about half the psalms whilst I continued in that employment, and found my mind so well composed that, I thank God, I never entertained any temptation, nor ever felt an inclination in myself to get out of the miserable condition in which I became honestly involved, and in which I underwent as many pressures and hardships as can be imagined—literal want of bread excepted, and very narrowly avoided.

"It pleased God, by a chain of miracles, at last to bring that to pass which all the world thought impossible to be done. . . . And in this miraculous restoration and prosperity I had my full share, which I enjoyed many years, in an envious proportion of the King's favor and good opinion, which I had endeavored to preserve by all the industry and fidelity a servant so obliged ought to perform; having (God knows) never any thing before my eyes or in my purposes but the King's honor and happiness. . . . I have too much cause to believe and confess that, though, to the utmost of my power, and according to the understanding God hath given me, which, no doubt, hath many defects, I have not failed in the performance of my duty to the King and to the country, I have abundantly failed in my duty to my God, and not enough remembered his particular saving blessings and deliverances of myself and family in the time of my adversity and banishment, nor the vows and promises I then made to him; and for that reason he hath exposed me to new troubles and reproaches for crimes I am in no degree guilty of, and condemned me to a new banishment in my age, when I am not able to struggle with those difficulties that encompass me. I am sure I discontinued this heavenly exercise upon the Psalms themselves and the whole body of the Scriptures; and God, in his great mercy, awakened me out of the lethargy I was in, by reproaches I least apprehended, and a judgment I least expected or suspected, and drove me out of that sunshine that dazzled me, withdrew the King's favor from me, out of that crowd of business that stifled all other thoughts, and condemned me to such a solitariness and desertion as must reduce my giddy and wandering soul to some recollection and steadiness. . . . I thank God from the time that I resumed this exercise I found my mind every day more agreeable to my fortune; and

I never omitted the prosecution of it, on those days which I had assigned to it, unless want of breath or intolerable pain constrained me."

The love of literature was an immense relief to Clarendon. His old age exhibited a ceaseless literary activity. Besides his historical and autobiographical works, he wrote, among others: *A View and Survey of Hobbes's Leviathan*; *Animadversions on a Controversy respecting the Catholic Church*. *An Historical Discourse upon the Jurisdiction assumed by the Pope*. To his great grief, his daughter, the Duchess of York, went over to the Church of Rome. He wrote a most elaborate letter to dissuade her. In it we find expressions of Christian charity and toleration which we may suppose his own sufferings had taught; happy, indeed, for his fame and usefulness if he had only learned the lesson earlier. "There are many churches in which salvation may be obtained, as well as in any one of them, and were many even in the apostolic time. There is, indeed, but one faith in which we can be saved—the steadfast belief of the birth, passion, and resurrection of our Saviour; and every church that receives and embraces that faith is in a state of salvation." The death of the Duchess occurred not long after; and, a change being necessary for his broken health and spirits, he removed to Moulins.

Yet he learned to recognize the blessings that had accompanied his fall. He learned to speak of his banishment as "his third and most blessed recess, in which God vouchsafed to exercise many of his mercies toward him." Three such "recesses or acquiesces" he used to reckon up in his life. The first of these was when he was living in Jersey; the second when he was ambassador at Madrid; the third was his final banishment. He used to say that, of the infinite blessings which God had vouchsafed to bestow upon him from his cradle, he used to esteem himself so happy in none as in these: "In every one of which God had given him grace and opportunity to make full reflections upon his actions and his observations, upon what he had done himself and

what he had seen others do and suffer; to repair the breaches in his own mind, and to fortify himself with new resolutions against future encounters in an entire resignation of all his thoughts and purposes into the disposal of God Almighty, and in a firm confidence of His protection and deliverance in all the difficulties he should be obliged to contend with; toward the obtaining whereof he resumed those vows, and promises of integrity, and hearty endeavors, which are the only means to procure the continuance of that protection and deliverance."

Yet, as the years rolled on, the old man earnestly desired once more to see his native country "before he went hence to be no more seen." To the last the fond hope was always before him that he might yet be restored to something of his old position. He removed to Rouen, that he might at least have the melancholy satisfaction of being so much nearer to English soil. He sent a petition to the unfeeling king that he might be allowed to die among his children. "Seven years," he pleaded, "was a time prescribed and limited by God himself for the expiations of some of his greatest judgments; and it is full that time since I have, with all possible humility, sustained the insupportable weight of the king's displeasure. Since it will not be in any one's power long to prevent me from dying, methinks the desiring a place to die in should not be thought a great presumption."

It was not so to be. The worthless monarch did not even vouchsafe a word of answer to this pathetic appeal. Rouen was to prove the last scene of his wanderings. He died there one winter day, in the cold, friendless winter of his life, at the age of sixty-five.

The moral of the fall of Clarendon is this—the moral to how many a sad narrative of broken hopes and broken hearts!—

"It is better to trust in the Lord than to put any confidence in man."

"It is better to trust in the Lord than to put any confidence in princes."

London Society.

FAITHFUL AND TRUE.

A TALE IN THREE PARTS.

PART III.

By no possible mercantile transaction short of selling the Hall "and entering the lodge at the gates," as Mrs. St. John used to add spitefully, could the Fenton family see how the debts were to be met; or rather, how Mr. Hunter's loan was to be repaid; for nothing else was pressing, though much was owing. The estate was heavily mortgaged already, and would do little more than cover its own shame even if sold; unless it was sold at a fancy price. Mr. St. John had been unfortunate in some mining transactions; he called it being badly hit; and his private means, which had once been very fair, had gone to mere rags and tatters. Mr. Fenton himself had never been careful about money; but had always spent a penny more than his shilling, using his fortune a little too royally, if pleasantly, both for pride and sense; so that things did really look very awkward for them, unless Mr. Hunter could be brought to relent, or Georgie be made to concede—neither of which two contingencies seemed likely to happen. And in the mean time, Mr. Pike wrote letters of accumulative harshness, and the split between the two houses was widening into a gulf which soon, not even Georgie, as the Curtius, would be able to fill up. In the midst of which discomfort of circumstance and feeling Mr. Hunter gave a grand ball to all the gentry round, and to some that were not gentry; but not, of course, including the Fentons; his quarrel with whom had been the standard subject of gossip for the whole dreary winter month during which it had lasted.

Yet a Brough Bridge ball without pretty Georgie Fenton was Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out—the summer without flowers—the winter without Christmas. It was not like a Brough Bridge party at all, said many of the young men, stalking through the rooms discontentedly, and feeling personally ill-used by her omission.

But if the entertainment fell flat and dead in the minds of many, it was brisk enough to slender Miss Annie Turnbull, who, now that "the Fenton girl" as she styled Georgie, was definitively shelved, seemed to think her chance of the Hunterian greenhouses and vineries not so bad after all. Both she and Miss Le Jeune knew by heart that often-neglected truth, that the best moment to strike is during a rebound, and that a man's heart is never so easy to win as when he has just been rejected by another. And they put in practice what they knew. By the end of the evening they had advanced their chance many stages on the way to certainty; and they saw that, with a few more strokes, the iron which had been so long impervious to their blows would take just the shape they wished. Others thought so too; for Mr. Hunter made himself quite conspicuous by his attention to Miss Annie, he being one of those crafty pachyderms who, even when they are wounded, never turn their soft side to the world, but present only impenetrable hides and jointed plates of armor which not the sharpest eyes can pierce through—a man to stare down eagles in his quiet stolid way, and to let foxes eat into his vitals without a cry.

And when the Fentons heard all about the ball, which they did from half a dozen good-natured friends, and were told how Mr. Hunter had opened it with Miss Turnbull, and had danced with her every other dance—such a marked thing you know, and really quite insulting to the other ladies! only that he dancing so badly no one cared, except for the mere look of the thing; and how he had taken her down to supper before all the dowagers, old Lady Scratchley and all, saying quite loud, that beauty was before age in his eyes—and had toasted her as the beauty of Brough Bridge and the belle of the ball, when he and the other gentlemen had made havoc with the remnants; and when the same good-natured friends, seeing from which quarter the wind was setting, were unanimous in their praises of Miss Annie's beauty and Miss Annie's grace, and Miss Annie's lady-like manners, and her dignity and aristocratic

appearance, and all the rest of it—then Mrs. St. John felt that the Fenton family vessel was really sinking, and that nothing short of a miracle could save it.

The shipwreck seemed none the less imminent, when, about a week after the party, Miss Le Jeune and her niece called at the Hall with that unmistakable air and manner of success which tell of a woman's triumph.

"We were sorry you were not at Mr. Hunter's the other night," began Miss Annie with the most affable manner and in her sweetest voice: she had a great many manners and voices too.

"I hear it was a pleasant evening," answered Mrs. St. John curtly.

"Oh! delightful—he most delightful evening I have ever had!" cried Miss Annie enthusiastically. "I had no idea that Mr. Hunter's house had such capabilities of beauty."

"It is a capital house," said Georgie, when her sister, disdaining a reply, took to knitting her zebra sofa-cover, with portentous energy, "and has plenty of room for all kinds of beautifying."

She meant simply what she said, that the space was so large you could do what you liked in it; but Miss Annie told Mr. Hunter, in good faith too that she was repeating the sentiment if a little confusing the words, that Miss Fenton had said, when she, Miss Annie, had praised his house, that "there was plenty of room for improvement, though it was a large place." And as Mr. Hunter was proud of his house, and, like many men who calculate the artistic value of a purchase by its money cost, exceedingly proud of his taste which he believed to be superior to most men's, poor little Georgie's reported sarcasm did not help to make things sweeter between them.

"You should have been there, Miss Fenton," continued Miss Annie; "why were you not? I was looking for you all the evening, and made so sure you would come!"

"We were not asked," said Georgie smiling: she smiled at Miss Annie's transparent falsehood.

"Not asked! Why not? Why you"—emphasized a little satirically—

"were always such a very great favorite of Mr. Hunter's! What have you been doing to get out of favor?"

Miss Annie's eyes were called gray; but they were of the kind which becomes sea-green under the influence of certain emotions; and they were green now.

"There have been some painful matters between Mr. Fenton and us," said little Georgie; "and as he is angry with us, it is scarcely likely he would ask us. I thought every one in the place knew that he had cut us," she added, in her turn looking straight into Miss Turnbull's face.

"And we always thought you were to be mistress of The Oaks," said that lady, maliciously. "How strangely things turn out in this life!"

"Yes," said Georgie; "but it would have been more strange if I had ever been mistress of Mr. Hunter's house."

Miss Annie gave a little laugh. She thought so too, now. "There might be worse fates," she said, smoothing the back of her glove, and looking down demurely.

"A great many," said Georgie frankly; "to be mistress of such a place as that would be a most enviable position to most women."

"Oh! then, it is the man you dislike!" cried Miss Annie, looking up, her eyes very green indeed, and her face in a manner radiant with malice.

"I did not say so," answered little Georgie firmly: "I never said I disliked Mr. Hunter, because I do not; but we may like a friend most sincerely and yet not wish to marry him. People never seem to think that possible," she continued warmly. "You are accused of personal dislike so soon as you will not marry any one, no matter what your reason: as if one could marry all the people one likes as friends and acquaintances!" she added, arching her eyebrows as was her pretty trick when excited.

"Well, Miss Fenton, don't be angry," answered Miss Annie just a trifle insolently. "I am sure I had no intention of exciting or displeasing you. You are always so excitable—it is such a pity!"

Georgie laughed. She was too good-tempered to take offense; besides, she

was not really excitable. She had only a vehement manner sometimes—not often.

"Good-by, then," said the ladies, aunt and niece, rising to take leave. "Good-morning, Mrs. St. John," continued Miss Le Jeune, "and do not be very much surprised if you should hear something more particular some day soon," with an arch glance to where Miss Annie stood twisting her muff.

"O aunt!" said Miss Annie; but she did not blush, though she simpered.

"I'm sure I don't know about hearing any thing particular," returned Mrs. St. John tartly. "I hope it won't be any thing disgraceful if we do—that's all!"

"I know what you mean, Miss Le Jeune," said Georgie good-naturedly, "and when we are told officially that we may, I am sure we will all congratulate you most heartily!" and she looked the heartiness she spoke of.

"What a fool you are, Georgina!" said her sister, when they were alone.

"Aunt, I can not make that girl out! Is she a simpleton?" said Miss Annie, when they also were alone.

"I can, my dear; she is in love with some one else," answered Miss Le Jeune.

"But who can it be, aunt? There is no one in the place to fall in love with—except Mr. Hunter," said Miss Annie. But the saving clause a little dragged, as if it had been forced out by reflection.

"Perhaps it is with Mr. Dunn, or Adolphus Globb," Miss Le Jeune answered. "But whoever it is, she is in love with some one, you may be sure."

Fortunately for Georgie, neither of them remembered the ex-secretary, or connected that drive in the dog-cart with the present rejection of the iron-merchant's hand, and the ruin of the Fenton family.

Ruin, indeed! for now there was no reprieve possible. Mr. Hunter had been struck, and well struck too—struck home, while the iron was fiery hot with indignation—and he had yielded to the blows and been hammered into the shape desired. Suddenly he awoke to the consciousness of Miss Turnbull's manifold perfec-

tions; he became quite a convert to the doctrine of blood as exemplified in her birth and condition—he, the son of a day-laborer in the mines, whose highest post had been captain of the mine!—he, the despiser of all the my-lords that ever lived, in favor of the self-made men shaping the coarse clay of their own fortunes by their own hands! Also at the same time he found out that auburn hair and green-gray eyes were far more beautiful than chestnut hair and dark-blue eyes; that Miss Le Jeune was worth a dozen Mrs. St. Johns; that Miss Annie Turnbull put Miss Fenton in the shade in every thing—mind, manners, appearance, and character; in a word, he formally recanted his professions of faith to little Georgie by making an offer of marriage to Miss Annie, which was accepted without even the pretense of blushing.

Accepted and rendered irrevocable by the grand ceremony which took place in the parish church not two months after that tremendous snow-storm when Charley Dunn and Louisa Globb had called at the Hall, and Mr. Hunter had staid to dine and make love to Georgie after. The whole thing was rather too hurried, perhaps, for true aristocratic dignity; and in its very haste expressed both Mr. Hunter's feverish dissatisfaction with himself and his dread of reflection; and Miss Le Jeune's dread, on her side, lest some untoward accident should occur even at the eleventh hour to prevent penniless niece Annie from becoming Mrs. Samuel Harmer Hunter and the mistress of The Oaks after all.

And now what could the Fenton family do but bow their heads to the inexorable decree of fate and marriage, and die decently at the foot of the great statue of debt as social somebodies henceforth reduced to mere ghosts? Their funeral hymn was sung in noisy fashion enough—set to the jarring chords of the auctioneer's hammer when he put up the old Hall for sale, and Mr. Hunter became its purchaser for a sum not quite two thirds its real value; when all the neighborhood swept through the desecrated rooms, and chaffered for precious relics.

Fortunately, they saved enough out of the wreck to give them a small means of living; "better than the work-house, but only just better," said Mrs. St. John; and indeed two hundred a year to the past owner of the Hall with its park and pleasant crofts, its conservatory and pretty model cottages, its gardens, seductive shrubberies, gay glass-houses, and all the other charms of an English country estate, was little short of beggary—a pittance barely lifting them above actual starvation, as it seemed to them. So this was where Georgie's motto had landed her; and out of "faithful and true" was spelled the fall of one of the most ancient houses in or about Brough Bridge. But though grieved and cast down, and sometimes a little bewildered, Georgie had never wavered, and never felt the sacrifice ill-bestowed. "He will surely come back to me," she used to say to herself. "God will preserve his life for me, and I know that he will keep his faith untouched!"

This change of fortune brought with it other changes in the family; for Mr. and Mrs. St. John, no longer finding their account in home housekeeping, went off into the world to try what fortune would come to them through a woman's shrewishness and a man's supineness; and Georgie and her old father were left alone. Which was just the best thing that could have happened to them; it brought them nearer together when love was their only consolation; and, strange as it seemed, the old man was happier now than he had ever been in his life before. For Georgie, doing what she could to repair the mischief she had caused, devoted herself to him with all the intensity of her nature, careful only that his last days should be calm and blessed, and full of the truest dignity and sweetest solace.

The Brough Bridge people stood bravely by their deposed princes. True, they were toadies, as all are who are poor and worldly both; but they were also aristocratic, and loyal to their leaders even when in exile. Like devotees to whom the mutilated torso is still the god, they recognized the glory of the Fenton past in the respect which they paid to the Fenton present.

The carriages that used to come sweeping up that bold curve before the Hall windows now drew meekly by the little gate which led into the small cottage-garden; and it became a point of honor with them all to include "little Georgie" in every matter of gayety set on foot. The same people looked smilingly on Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, of course; no one thought of making the Fenton fall a party question—not even Charley Dunn, who had felt it as keenly as if it had happened to his own sister; but though they looked smilingly, and calculated the dances and the suppers and the good dinners and the archery-meetings, and all the other pleasures emanating from the new inmates of the Hall as worth the sacrifice of a little puritanical sincerity, yet the retired iron-merchant lost more real popularity by his conduct to the Fentons than he would ever regain if he staid for generations at Brough Bridge. And he knew this, too; and so did Miss Le Jeune and Mrs. Hunter. A country place is one huge Dionysius' ear, and even whispers are carried on the heads of the waving corn, or on the breath of the evening wind; and that Midas has ass's ears is known to all the gossips for miles round—and to Midas himself—if told only to the eglantine in the hedges, or to the clouds in the sky. For which reason he hated (or thought he hated, which answered the same purpose) little Georgie and her father with increased intensity, and never let slip an opportunity when he might hurt her, and so turn the arrow in his own wound dexterously. But she, comforted by her patient duties, secure in her love, and not ill at ease in her conscience, bore every thing with unruffled equanimity, and did not envy Annie Turnbull either her husband or her grand home, knowing so surely what greater grace would be hers in the days to come—knowing the reward of constancy and the triumph of faith that would justify her to the world, as she had been already justified to her own soul.

Months passed. The seasons blossomed, and ripened, and waned; winter came again, and after winter the spring, and then the blooming summer, and then autumn time, and winter once

more. Little Georgie's girlhood, like the springtime, came up to its loveliest culmination and then passed into the summer of mature womanhood; but still no lover came back from over the seas to make her his wife, and still her life was fed on hope alone. People said she would be an old maid—oh! she was certain to be one, unless she would marry Charley Dunn at last, as a reward for his many years of devotion; but as for any one else—then there was an expressive shrug—poor Georgie Fenton! her day was gone by, and such a sweet pretty creature as she was once, too! Charley Dunn, however, "didn't do," somehow; and Georgie remained single at the little cottage, devoted to her father, and wearing always that same sweet look of inward content which had become habitual to her since their fall. Strange, was it not, that she should be so happy under ruin?

The old father at last began to droop, and Georgie was soon to be alone. It was in the autumn time, when the days are short and gloomy, and the nights are long and dull, and when loneliness is as bad as actual suffering. Yet this trial, too, Georgie had to undergo. Her father died just as the winter set in; and henceforth her hearth was unshared and her house was empty. She suffered, too, in income; for the old man, true to his habitual indolence made no will—would make none—and the two sisters shared the property between them, each having about a hundred a year, the one for her private pocket-money, the other for her maintenance. And then it was that Georgie had her second "eligible" offer in the person of the newly-appointed vicar of the parish, a young and very estimable man, whom also she refused for the sake of that shadowy love of hers over the seas among the barbarians, whose faith she believed in as in the sunshine of to-morrow, and whose love was dearer to her than her life. "Faithful and True;" no! she would never forget Roger Lewin's motto!

Georgie's hundred a year was, of course, at her own absolute disposal. It was little enough to live on, but with care and good management it did

pretty well; better in the country where she was known, than in a town among strangers, where she would be judged according to her means only. The capital was in the funds, yielding the standard three and a half per cent; and more than one adviser counseled her to sell out, and invest in something more lucrative; and not a few counseled her to speculate boldly—not wildly, but with judgment and insight; advising her as if she had been a stock-broker herself, and knew all the mysteries of settling-day, and time-bargains, and bills of exchange, and Capel Court stags, and all the rest of it, instead of being a little ignorant country goose, who never could be made to comprehend even the art and science of banking. For a long time she turned a deaf ear to every thing proposed; but, not being obstinate save on one point, she finally yielded, and gave a power of attorney to Mr. St. John for the sale of her three thousand pounds, he having promised her in a memorable letter always rising up in judgment against him, that it should be invested in a mortgage he had handy, giving her, at five per cent, one hundred and fifty pounds a year, instead of only a hundred and five. Georgie thought the odd forty-five would be very welcome; and she knew that mortgages were as safe as consols; so she thanked her brother-in-law for his kindness, sold out her store, and sat down to her lonely dinner, quite rich in anticipation.

Mr. St. John took her money; and did *not* invest it in the mortgage. With the best intentions in the world, he bought some shares in a foreign mine which was to make every one's fortune, really thinking that he had thereby secured Georgie a handsome independence for life. Stephen St. John was one of those feather-headed men who never learn wisdom from experience, and who are forever twisting Atlantic cables out of sea-sand.

The consequences so fatally sure to ensue to all women who speculate at first hand or second, came to Georgie. The foreign mines, after raising an enormous sum from English speculators, suddenly collapsed; and Georgie, and Mr. St. John himself, and all others who had trusted in them, woke up

one morning to irreparable disaster. It was as if the dykes had broken loose in the night; or Solway Moss had again suddenly marched forth, pouring stones and mud and ruin over their whole estates. So now surely the cup was full, and "Faithful and True" was the asp round its edge—a mere will-o'-the-wisp, leading her by false likeness of warmth and light through nothing but swamps and quagmires!

She was ruined; more hopelessly than even when Mr. Hunter sent off his angry letter of instructions to Mr. Pike—than even when the old Hall was put up for sale to the highest bidder, and knocked down to her rejected lover at two thirds its real value. For a moment she felt stunned, a little sick, when she read Mr. St. John's letter. The world looked so large, and blank, and dark to her! and yet she had to go out into it, and make her way through its desolation as she best could. Earnestly she desired to remain at Brough Bridge; but by what magic process to get her living out of the inhabitants of this poorly-dowried place? The attempt seemed very hopeless; and yet it must be made; for she must live by work if she would not starve in idleness. She had but one resource; few women have more, or other—she could teach. At least, she ought to be able to do so, for she had been well taught herself; and there were a few young creatures about, whose minds wanted training such as she perhaps could supply as well as another; and specially there were Mr. Hunter's two children at the Hall; the one a girl of seven, and the other a boy of five, who would come under her hand very well. So Georgie had some circulars printed, in which it was set forth that Miss Fenton would engage herself as instructress in all manner of arts and sciences to all requiring her services, at so much a week; by no means too high terms, poor Georgie! These circulars she sent to all the people round about; and, among others, to "Mrs. Samuel Harmer Hunter," (the lady liked all her names to be used,) 'The Hall.'

"I heard she was ruined," said Mr. Hunter morosely. He was seldom any

thing but morose, especially to his wife.

"And I suppose that is why you have been in such a dreadful temper these last few days," retorted his wife, whose soul had never shaken off its jealousy, nor her eyes cleared themselves of their sea-green.

"I did not know that I had been particularly disagreeable," said Mr. Hunter with a sneer. "I know too well by this time that I am always disagreeable to you, Mrs. Hunter, whatever mood I may be in."

"Upon my word, you are not a bad guesser," said Mrs. Hunter with an unpleasant laugh. "You are becoming quite brilliant in your old age!"

Then she went to her "davenport," and without more words, or any thing like consultation with her husband, wrote off to Miss Fenton a cold offer of an engagement for three days in the week only, to teach her two children all they ought to know.

Georgie quivered a little when she received this note. She had never been on visiting terms with the Hunters since their marriage; and of late, scarcely on bowing terms. As time wore on, Mr. Hunter had become more and more severe against her; her every trial seeming not to soften, but to anger and inflame him; thinking, with as much bitterness as wounded self-love, of the fine position she had thrown away for a disgraceful fancy, and of the insult she had offered him in her rejection and most shameful preference. Which showed that at least the hurt of love remained, if of a soured and heated kind, not even skinned over with pity or forgiveness. But painful as it was to her to go to the Hall under any circumstances—doubly painful under the present—it would not do to let sentiment and feeling interfere with her life, thought Georgie; so she buckled on her armor, and answered Mrs. Hunter in her own form, accepting the engagement proffered, and proposing to begin next Monday; it was now Friday.

"I have engaged that Miss Fenton to teach the children," said Mrs. Hunter contemptuously tossing Georgie's note to her husband. He took it with almost a start; but so easily suppressed that Mrs. Hunter saw only a certain

quickness of movement, which might have been mere rudeness or *gaucherie* of manner—"snatching like a monkey," as she phrased it; "I suppose she is capable of teaching them the rudiments," she added, even more offensively.

"I should say better than their mother," retorted Mr. Hunter, who had passed into the phase of utter disbelief in any virtue, quality, or acquirement whatever of his wife's.

"Of course *you* think so!" said Mrs. Hunter with her unpleasant laugh. "What a pity it was she did not reciprocate your high esteem!"

And then they betook themselves to their daily occupation of jangling, which they followed with as much zeal as if their bread depended on its continuance for a given time unchecked.

The day of trial came; and Georgie went to the Hall, for the first time since she left it with her old father, a ruined man through her. There was the old place; the conservatory, where she and Roger had so often had their brief stolen meetings; the large bay-windows where he used to snatch a few precious moments more, when lynx-eyed sister Carry was out of sight and hearing; the shrubbery where she played as a child; the fields behind the house, where the red cow once ran at her, (she could just see the green through the trees, and the old thorn standing in the midst;) the way to the back-door; and the very kitchen-window all askew, where old Jane, the cook, had so often given her "sugar-bread" through the bars; all the old memories of the past coming on her in a flood as she went slowly up the walk, counting the flowers, and recognizing every bush and plot, till she stood on the broad low step, and knocked at the door.

In the hall stood Mr. Hunter, cold, stony, and insolent with that insolence of despair which knows there is nothing to be had from love. But Georgie had nerved herself, so did not shrink. She went to her work with something of the desperate courage of a man going up to the cannon's mouth, and resolved to undergo whatever might be appointed. She bowed to the master as he passed; and he coldly to her;

yet the sight of her face in her own hall moved him, and he thought of the time when he saw her last there, she in all the bloom of girlhood, and he in the flush and confidence of love. She was but just twenty then; now she was eight and twenty, and her youth had gone, and years of care and sorrow had dimmed her beauty, and traced on her face the tracks and courses of the future deepened lines—not so far off now! But still the countenance was sweet and tranquil if sorrowful, and pure and loving as always. And when he thought of what love it was that shone upon it, and of his own humiliation, his heart turned into stone again, and he drew back the hand he had more than half extended to welcome her.

And so she passed him without a word of greeting, and followed the servant into the drawing-room, where sat Miss Annie Turnbull translated, in her usual aristocracy and transcendent insolence.

Mrs. Hunter bowed as her guest entered; but she did not rise from her place, and she did not offer her hand. "I presume, Miss Fenton, you are capable of the charge you assume, and of the trust reposed in you?" she said at once, without further preamble, tranquilly continuing her bead-work.

"Your children are not very far advanced, I suppose?" answered Georgie quietly. "I do not feel afraid to undertake their education. Would you like to put me through a preliminary examination?"

Mrs. Hunter looked up sharply. Was Georgie Fenton really a fool, as she had so often called her, or was there a subtle secret sarcasm in this, almost beyond her own powers of penetration? She read nothing in the quiet face looking full into hers, but she got uncomfortable herself, and with her discomfort somewhat more insolent.

"I scarcely think there is any necessity for that," she said, as if half-doubtful on the point. "You were educated as a gentlewoman, and I have no doubt have retained sufficient traces and reminiscences of that time to be an efficient trainer of a lady's nursery. But, of course, both Mr. Hunter and

myself are particular—very particular, indeed—as to the person we place about the children, and you must forgive me for being explicit."

"You are quite right to be particular, and explicit too," answered Georgie; "and I will give you all the information respecting myself that you like to ask. Would you like to know the school I went to when I was young? and about poor dear mamma's family?"

Again Mrs. Hunter was startled; but not liking to undertake a duel where her adversary kept her weapon masked, she prudently retreated. "What nonsense you are talking, Miss Fenton!" she said tartly; "as if I did not know all about you well enough by this time!"

"Then I do not see the good of prolonging this conversation," said Georgie rising. She had gained her point. "You know all about me, you say, and have agreed to my terms: had I not then better begin at once with the children, instead of taking up your valuable time longer? If you agree to my teaching them at all," she continued a little hastily, "it is really a waste of time to enter into the question of my capacity, or whether I am fitted by education and habits to become the governess of two little children of five and seven!"

"You have not conquered your old excitability, I see," said Mrs. Hunter coldly, ringing the bell. "Show Miss Fenton into the school-room," she said, as the servant entered. "Good morning, Miss Fenton; I hope I shall have reason to be satisfied with you in every respect," she added, as Georgie, bowing to her more haughtily than becomed a poor governess quitting the presence of her patroness, walked away to enter on her first day's duties as governess to the Harmer Hunter children at the old Hall.

When she went home that night, she cried herself to sleep like a baby. But she did not give in: the path appointed for her walking was rough, and lonely, and stony enough, and her heart failed her for fear of its terrible ways and the pitfalls besetting it; but she knew that she ought to go through with it to the end, letting

neither temper nor sentiment move her: and she did so.

This was the beginning of Georgie Fenton's teaching the undeveloped young at Brough Bridge; and soon she had quite a sufficient *clientèle* to make her easy about the butcher and baker, and such grim ogres of destiny waiting at the back of all unprotected females, self-helping, whose own hands are their only safeguards against destruction. She gained, too, in respect, if that were possible; for the Brough Bridge people liked her stanch adhesion to them, and loved to contrast it with the flighty restlessness of the present day, when "girls are never satisfied unless they are sprawling all over the world," as the old Admiral said, puckering up his little shriveled monkey face curiously. Even old Lady Scratchley, who had never been a profound admirer of the Fentons in their palmy days, offered Miss Georgie free bed and board, and twenty pounds a year "compliment," (she was a euphemistic old lady, that!) if she chose to go to Laburnam Cottage as nominal guest, but in reality as companion. Which was a great deal to emanate from beneath that wonderful beflowered wig; seeing that, as it was, the old lady could scarcely get both tattered ends to meet, and calculated mouths and loaves as if she was calculating diamonds and their settings. But Georgie preferred the cold independence of her governessing; and now that the first shock was over, and she had settled into her new niche in the Hall—where, to do them justice, the Hunters never disturbed her—liked better to teach the little ones their two and two make four than to read Balzac and the *Times* alternately to my lady, varied with episodes of scandal such as only aristocratic old ladies, despising the commoner sort, can indulge in. In which she was wise; the iciest and hardest independence being better than fetters worn under eider-down and pranked round with silk velvet, let them be never so slight and never so richly covered.

How every body was getting married at Brough Bridge! every body but Georgie Fenton, who "hung on hand" in a manner marvelous to all

men. Even Charley Dunn, forsaking the colors he had worn on his sleeve for more than twelve years now, took upon himself to reward Miss Louisa's rollicking constancy, and to put their two nothings a year into one common purse, with the rather wild design of making something out of the conglomerate. Maggie Wood and the old Admiral were married last spring; and pretty Mary Dowthwaite had hooked and landed young Mr. Whiting Fox, the diplomatist from London; Miss Moss had found her official assignee the year of the Fentons' downfall and Miss Annie's elevation; and one of the Miss Hawtreys had perched on a twig of foreign growth, and sang her little French romances and Italian canzonettas under a roof-tree of her own. But none of the Miss Globbs had gone off yet, though Louisa had long been talked about with Charley Dunn, and half Brough Bridge said they had been engaged this dozen years or more; which was premature and an extension of the fact; they only "made it up last week," said Charley, "and you are the first we have told it to after mamma and the girls, Miss Georgie."

"And I am sure I am very glad!" said little Georgie cordially. "You are quite formed for each other, and I do not think you could have made a better choice, either of you."

Charley winked his eyes; a habit of his when he was rather at a loss what to say; and Miss Louisa laughed one of her loud explosive laughs, like a hilarious ten-pounder going off.

"Only one!" she said, or rather shouted. "Charley would have had no objection to another choice, if she would have had him, Miss Fenton!"

And then they all laughed, and Georgie blushed for a variation. "You were always a mad-cap," she said to Louisa, "and will never be better."

"Never above confessing the truth and sticking to it," said Miss Louisa.

"Well, never mind, this is the truth now!" cried Charley giving her a great hug as they turned homeward through the lane.

"Oh! the saints be praised, I'm not jealous, Miss Georgie!" called out Louisa at the top of her voice. And

at that moment the Hunters' carriage, with Mr. and Mrs. Hunter in state together, dashed past Georgie standing by her little garden-gate, and heard what Miss Louisa said, which made them wince, though from different causes.

Georgie Fenton, though of a pure constitution, was not strong; and the incessant exposure to all weathers tried her, especially in the winter. She struggled manfully against the feeling of weakness and weariness creeping over her, but she could not overcome it; and it was often almost more than she could do to walk the mile and a half which lay between her cottage and the Hall. Then she caught cold, and had a hollow cough, and a pain in her side, which she in her innocence and bravery called a "stitch;" and so began to be seriously ill, as every one who looked at her could see. Even Mrs. Hunter who first called it affectation and nonsense and sundry other things of the same moral standard, even she was forced to allow of the excuse which came one day, "too ill to leave my bed, but hope to be better soon:" while Mr. Hunter almost groaned, as he said between his teeth, "I wish she would die, it would be the best thing that could happen to her!"

And so poor Georgie broke down at last, and the wolf that had been so long kept away from the frail door now put his black paws into the gap which her failing health had made; and soon it seemed that not only his paws but his whole gaunt body would come through. The people were very kind—very kind indeed, at first. They sent her wine and jelly, and good things which she could not eat: and on some days she was overloaded, and on others almost starving: but, however kind people may be, this desultory manner of nursing an invalid is not very satisfactory; besides, even the most generous get tired of doing kindnesses to the same person after a time—unless, indeed, they can establish a sort of individual right of patronage, and then they will go on swimmingly for as long as the world knows—and all more or less believe in fairy godmothers, who supply good

gifts unseen in the gracious secrecy of the night. All these, and more phases than these, the Brough Bridge people went through during little Georgie's illness; but she bore up through it all with her own sweet patience, and never once felt that "Faithful and True," which had brought her to this was aught but a talisman and a blessing.

"And even if he is dead," said Georgie weeping, "I would rather live as I do now, true to his memory and to be his wife in heaven, than have any amount of riches from any other man." At which Charley Dunn, to whom he said this, wept too, and, taking her hand, kissed it as if he had been a Catholic kissing a relic, saying earnestly: "God bless you! you are the best and dearest little woman in this world!"

Before the spring came round again, Georgie Fenton was justified in her faith. In the cold winter night came a hurried knock at her little door, and a stranger, snow-clad, and with the frost-rime hanging round his beard and hair, entered her small room where she lay on a couch beside the fire, as white as the snow-drifts outside. She started and cried out as the tall, rough-looking stranger dashed aside the little servant at the door and strode in as one with authority; but she cried out no more when he took her up in his arms from off the couch, and held her to his heart, whispering her name. It was Roger—now her Roger, her own, for life and death, for time and eternity—come back as he had promised, and as she had believed and lived for. "Faithful and True" both of them had been; and now their day of recompense had come: such as ever comes to truth and fidelity, to courage and to constancy, to honor and to love!

Fraser's Magazine.

WRITINGS OF BOLINGBROKE

THE precise rank in English literature to which Lord Bolingbroke is entitled, is one of those literary questions on which no final judgment has yet been delivered. It seems, at first sight, to possess none of those attractions

which in the case of other eighteenth century authors have secured the settlement of their claims. Some have been gifted with humor, of which no lapse of years can destroy the flavor. Some have written great standard works, the admitted representatives of English genius in the literature of the world. Others, again, have been famous wits and talkers, or identified with some special principles dear to the heart of the English nation. But Bolingbroke, unluckily for himself, possessed none of these recommendations. Though a charming conversationalist, he was no professed wit. His works are fragments; and his principles either forgotten or suspected. He was unsuccessful as a statesman; and in seeking to make literature retrieve his lost position in politics, he only fettered his pen without advancing very far toward the recovery of his power. Between these two stools, indeed, he fell to the ground in more senses than one. His political engagements prevented him from giving that complete devotion to any kind of literary work which is necessary to the highest success in it, while his philosophical writings, immature and discursive on this very account, have created in turn an ineradicable prejudice against his politics. Churchmen hate him for a skeptic, and skeptics hate him for a Tory. The fashionable school of criticism affects to look down upon his style, and modern science pronounces his philosophy superficial.

But for all this there certainly are reasons which make the nature of his works a subject of real interest to the student, be he a literary or a political, a philosophic or a social student. Bolingbroke stands out clearly enough among the men of the last century, if not exactly as the founder of a school of thought which Voltaire fancied he beheld in him, as the founder at least of what we now understand by the term political literature. And even in philosophy, though he was only one among others in this country, it appears that he gave a great impulse to the progress of skepticism in France, if one may not go so far as to call him the actual tutor of Voltaire. The Frenchman, we know, received a very

deep impression from his intercourse with Bolingbroke; and returned to France as the apostle, in his own eyes, of that new creed of which he thought England was the mother. As a writer of English, who has exercised a great influence upon style, Bolingbroke deserves more attention from the class of professional critics than he has hitherto received. And as a social figure in our past annals, of what a circle is he not the centre, whether in London or in Paris, on his farm at Dawley or in his old Manor-house at Battersea!

In saying that Bolingbroke may fairly be called the founder of modern political literature, we are not overlooking all the mass of pamphlets and newspapers which had been published for political purposes long before the time of St. John. But these could scarcely be called literature. Dryden's poems of *The Hind and Panther*, and *Absalom and Achitophel*, more nearly answer to the standard; while, of course, the *Guardian*, the *Spectator*, and the *Tattler* bore every now and then a tinge of political color. But earlier in the *Examiner*, and later in the *Craftsman*, Bolingbroke was the first man who made "journalism" a power in the state. The contributors to the *Postboys*, and the *Courants*, and the *Flying Posts*, and the shoal of papers which swarmed under such names in the reigns of William and Anne, were, as a rule, men of no mark or education: the Grub-street gang, indeed, who, though they might sometimes sting, were never strong enough to crush; who, though they might vex individuals, would never agitate ministries. But when Bolingbroke came into the arena, the conflict at once assumed a new shape, which it has borne, with certain intervals, ever since. In conjunction with Swift and Arbuthnot, whose articles he inspired, he raised the *Examiner* to the rank of a great party organ exercising a direct influence upon public affairs. The Whig *Examiner* was immediately brought out by Addison to counteract the effects of the Tory one. Neither of them were long lived; yet both lived long enough to afford encouragement to future efforts; and after his return from France in 1723, it was a very

little while before Bolingbroke resumed the post, which he had dropped in 1711, of a periodical political essayist.

The *Craftsman*, which was commenced in the month of December, 1726, was a weekly paper edited by Nicholas Amherst, under the *nomme de plume* of Caleb Danvers. The chief contributors, besides Amherst himself, were Lord Bolingbroke and Pulteney; and as it was undertaken on a larger scale, and with more serious and extensive designs than any former paper of the class, so was its success, or at least its circulation, the greatest which had yet been known—greater even than the *Spectator's*. The *Examiner* had been, as it were, a trial, a mere prelude on an organ whose powers, then but little understood, were destined to so vast a development. But the *Craftsman* was a far more vigorous, well-considered, and well-sustained effort, which brought journalism of that peculiar class from infancy to adolescence at a bound. And whereas Bolingbroke himself wrote but few papers in the *Examiner*, though he doubtless suggested the majority, he was, from its commencement, the leading contributor of the *Craftsman*, and the author of all its popularity. From that time to this there has been a constant succession of journals, conducted on the same principle, with different degrees of ability. When the *Craftsman* ceased, Lord Chesterfield contributed to the *World* a series of political essays of which Bolingbroke, whom he greatly admired, had obviously supplied the model. Smollett and Junius caught up the mantle in turn. It was passed on to the daily papers which, about the time that Junius ceased writing, first began to acquire their modern shape, weight, and respectability. It inspired more especially the *Anti-Jacobin*, the *Examiner*, and the *John Bull*; and in quite our own day was revived again in the existing *Press*.

All members of the profession of journalism, therefore, as well as all believers in the usefulness of the press, are bound to respect Lord Bolingbroke, however much they dissent from his opinions, as the first man who brought to the practice of it the prestige of a noble name, a great position, and a

great genius; who showed how well it could be conducted by statesmen, gentlemen, and scholars; who made it, in two words, what it has never since ceased to be, a part of politics and a part of literature.

The immediate object which this celebrated journal proposed to itself was not directly attained. That was neither more nor less than to write down Sir Robert Walpole. For ten years Bolingbroke and his colleagues labored incessantly at the task; but at the expiration of that time so slight an impression had been made on the Parliamentary strength of ministers that Bolingbroke retired from the field. At the general election of 1735, though Walpole's majority was reduced, it was still powerful enough to bear him up for another seven years. Accordingly, in the following year, the *Craftsman* was discontinued, and Bolingbroke returned to France, having lost all hope of effecting for the present that coalition against Walpole which at one time seemed within his reach; and feeling it perhaps unsafe, as well as useless, to continue to provoke the minister, who was now emboldened to retaliate by a renewed lease of power. But although the fire of the *Craftsman* had failed to bring down Walpole's colors, it is impossible to doubt that it left him in a sinking state. The effect of such a series of essays, so full of knowledge, so full of epigram, so loftily sarcastic, and so bitterly ironical; written with that nameless air of superiority which denotes the man of rank and fashion and practical acquaintance with the great world in all its aspects, of which humbler men only dream, must have been enormous. It shook even, though it could not at once throw down, the solid walls of Whiggery, held together, as they were, by golden mortar. But outside of that narrow fortress, in and among the rising generation as yet unlimed by the fowler, it is hardly going too far to say that it created a great party. The men who had reached middle age when George the Third ascended the throne must have been at the most impressionable period of life when the *Craftsman* was in vogue. Four fifths of them were Tories. Johnson, Gibbon, Hume, Gold-

smith, Smollett, were all Tories. Of the leading men of letters of that generation Fielding was almost the only Whig. It seems mere perverseness to doubt that much of the result was due to that powerful writer who picked up the rival creed from the dust in which it lay during the first years of the reign of George the First, sedulously filtered it of all its Jacobite elements, gave it once more numbers, an idea, and a purpose, and identified it with the union of two principles, which seemed to comprise all which Englishmen cared about—liberty and loyalty.

That the political theories embodied in the *Dissertation upon Parties*, and others of Bolingbroke's writings published either in the *Craftsman* or separately, will not always bear the test of scientific examination is quite true. His conception of a remedy for the evils of Walpole's administration was perhaps as hollow as the evils themselves were real. But all men could see the reality of the one, while all, especially young men, could not see the hollowness of the other. Immense influence has been exercised ere now by works of which the authors themselves would have been puzzled to explain exactly what they meant. If Bolingbroke had been put to the question, he would have found it very difficult to explain how his ideal constitution was to work. But held up merely as a contrast by the side of the prevailing system, it brought out into bold relief the particular evils of the latter, while the weakness of the plan by which they were to be avoided in future was concealed under glowing generalities. These, however, were quite sufficient to impose on the imagination when the reason had been already silenced by an appeal to actual facts. Walpole's government was bad. Men could not shut their eyes to that. Bolingbroke's theory was a grand one; they were proportionately impressed with it. Whether it would work or not was a question they were not called upon to solve, and which it did not perhaps occur to them to ask. Their common-sense was satisfied by the negative side of the argument, their imagination by the positive; the strength of the one helped out the

weakness of the other; and as we reflect on them we shall cease to feel the least surprise at the immense reputation which Bolingbroke enjoyed in his lifetime, or to doubt the preponderating influence which he exerted over the renaissance of Toryism in the middle of the eighteenth century.

The only pieces composed by Bolingbroke prior to the commencement of the *Craftsman* are the letter to Sir William Wyndham, which we have described in a previous article, and the reflections upon exile, of which it is enough to say that it is merely a paraphrase of Seneca, which Bolingbroke wrote to amuse himself while in exile, about the year 1717: we may therefore pass on at once to an examination of that series of political and historical writings which, commencing in 1726, continued with brief interruptions down to 1749. One considerable drawback upon the pleasure of reading these earlier contributions of Bolingbroke to the columns of the *Craftsman* is the unimportant and, at the same time, very complicated nature of the transactions to which they refer. From the Peace of Utrecht to the war of the Austrian succession—that is, a period of nearly thirty years—the succession of petty intrigues, petty wars, petty treaties, and petty conferences, in which Great Britain was mixed up, is perfectly bewildering. Neither Spain nor Austria was satisfied with the Treaty of Utrecht. Spain had lost Gibraltar and her Italian provinces, which, though they had never belonged to Philip the Fifth, were still considered national losses, and her bitterness of feeling toward England on these accounts was doubtless one of the causes of those perpetual collisions between the Spaniards and the English in the West-Indies, which for twenty years was a salient topic in British politics, and a fertile source of embroilments. Austria was, of course, not satisfied with having lost the whole Spanish inheritance, and she was intent, at the same time, upon some commercial schemes which were thought likely to be injurious to England. George the First was uneasy about Hanover, and was besides extremely anxious concerning a couple

ties. Our readers would not thank us for disinterring these tedious and now forgotten controversies. It is sufficient to say that the style in which Bolingbroke handles them belongs to the highest order of periodical literature, and might be studied with advantage by the journalists of modern times. Three papers which he wrote in the *Craftsman*, about 1730, on the "Policy of the Athenians," may still be read with great pleasure: for although the great attraction for his cotemporaries, in this as in many of his other historical pieces, must have consisted in the skill with which he adapted the circumstances of ancient times to his own age, and so produced under the names of bygone characters the living persons whom he hated; still, there is in these particular papers so much of freshness and originality, both of thought and language, that no man of taste could read them without real pleasure, though the political allusions were a sealed book to him. Athens is England. The Chevalier is represented under the character of Hippias, the Jacobites as the friends of the banished Pisistratidæ. Persia, with her dream of universal empire and her exertions in behalf of the banished family, aptly represented France. The treatment experienced by Athens at the hands of other members of the confederacy, during the war with Xerxes, is the treatment experienced by Great Britain at the hands of Austria and Holland in the war with Louis. Pericles curiously enough is twisted into a prototype of Sir Robert Walpole. And the policy of Athens generally, from the close of the Persian to the beginning of the Peloponnesian war, is made with marvelous ingenuity to illustrate step by step the policy of England after the Treaty of Utrecht. The new foreign policy which came into England with the Guelphs, and which partly in the interest of George the First's German territories, but partly no doubt for the sake of amusing the English nation, and diverting their attention from phenomena which it was not well for them to contemplate, consisted in making ourselves a party to every squabble that broke out upon the Continent,

from the Danube to the Elbe, is most happily satirized in these papers by a picture of the new Athenian policy after the battle of Plataea. It was then that Athens first aspired to hold the balance of power in Greece, and sought to fortify her position by an extended system of foreign alliances and foreign dependencies, secured very often only by a lavish outlay of Athenian gold. There can be no doubt at the present day that this part of the price which England paid for the new dynasty was not condemned without reason by the parliamentary opposition of the period. It is quite true that neither George the First nor George the Second would have consented to remain in England upon any other terms. But this resolution did not tend to make them more popular with the English people: and, without indorsing the round assertion of Johnson, so late even as 1777, that "if England were fairly polled, the present King would be sent away to-night, and his adherents hanged to-morrow," it is matter of notoriety that the systematic sacrifice of English interests and English money to propitiate a German dynasty and support a Whig ministry in power, was a grievance implicitly believed in by three fourths of the British nation between the years 1720 and 1760. This conviction it was to which the birth of a new Tory party in the country was mainly owing. And it was to a very great extent by the writings of Bolingbroke that this conviction was created.

The truth is, as we have stated on a previous occasion, there were certain damning facts against the administration of Walpole which no act could disguise or palliate. Ministers had on their side the able assistance of Bishop Hoadley, who edited the *London Journal*, and to whom, under his title of Publicola, Bolingbroke more than once addressed himself. But government had a case which could not be defended by any arguments of detail. Their defense really rested on the broad ground that the Hanoverian dynasty represented parliamentary government, to which the Stuart dynasty was hostile: that there was no alter-

native between keeping that dynasty on the throne by humoring the King's partialities, and handing back the English crown to the claimant by divine right: that in consequence the means were justified by the end; and though the price exacted was a large one, the result so obtained was fully worth it. But arguments of this kind have in a contest of journalism no chance whatever alongside of the practical arguments which it was in Bolingbroke's power to adduce. They are arguments rather for posterity than for contemporaries. And there is, therefore, nothing surprising in the fact that as far as the paper warfare was concerned, Bolingbroke's victory was complete.

The miscellaneous papers which at this period of his life Bolingbroke either published in the *Craftsman*, or printed for private circulation, are collected together in one volume under the title of *Bolingbroke's Tracts*. Some of his best performances are included in them. But of all that we have mentioned none exceed the "Case of Dunkirk Considered," in which he examines the various excuses and subterfuges to which the French had had recourse to evade compliance with the provisions of the Treaty of Utrecht, the fulfillment of which, however, had been rigidly enforced upon them, first by the ministry of Oxford, and afterward by the ministry of Sunderland. He then proceeds to trace the various steps by which, from small beginnings, the French had contrived to reconstruct the demolished works, and make both the town and harbor as formidable as ever. This process was not commenced till the year 1725, the year of the Treaty of Hanover, in which an intimate alliance was effected between France and England, with no object upon England's part but to secure the German interests of George the First against the ill-will of Austria. In that year the English Commissioner at Dunkirk, Colonel Lascelles, who had been appointed to see that the works were thoroughly destroyed, was recalled. And immediately the French set to work with activity to replace the whole seaport in its original condition of defense. The English government was com-

pelled, by the attitude of the House of Commons, to take some notice of the flagrant violation of the Treaty. Some formal remonstrances were addressed to the Court of Versailles. The French answered that the reopening of the harbor, of which the British government complained, had been effected by a miraculous tide which the inhabitants of the place regarded as an interposition of Providence in their favor, but that his Majesty's protest should be attended to—with more, to the same effect. The reply, of course, was just as much a mere form as the remonstrance: and the restoration went merrily on. Here Bolingbroke had a topic exactly suitable to his powers. He is never so great as in unraveling a tissue of intricate facts and *ex parte* statements; which he presently arrays before the reader's eye in their due connection and subordination, leading up to the conclusion which they carry by the most luminous process of logic. We can scarcely conceive a more damaging assault on any government than the "Case of Dunkirk Considered."

In the mean time, however, Bolingbroke had by no means confined his pen to single articles of this description. In the month of September, 1730, he commenced in the *Craftsman* a series of essays upon English history from the Conquest to the Civil Wars. To these articles he appended the signature of Humphrey Oldcastle, which thenceforth became known as *Oldcastle's Remarks*. Although these essays contain many striking and original reflections upon the events of each successive epoch, which make them literature for all time, yet no doubt their principal charm, in the eyes at least of politicians, is, as in the case of the *Policy of the Athenians*, the series of parallels which he discovers in our early history to both the men and the measures of his own age. Devoting but a brief space to the early Norman kings, in whose reigns we are to presume he found little to suit his purpose, he first begins to reveal the pith of it when he comes down to the Edwards. By the reign of Edward the Second, he is led to reflect on the perpetual resistance which has been sustained by the people of this country

to both the Crown, the Barons, and the Church. In the reign of Edward the Third, he notes the readiness with which the people supported him because his ends were national. If he taxed them heavily, they at least saw that their money was spent on great and national objects. "A prince who adds to the national stock has a right to share the advantage he procures, and may demand supplies from his people without blushing. But a prince who lives a rent-charge on the nation he governs; who sits on his throne like a monstrous drone in the middle of a hive, draining all the combs of their honey, and neither making nor assisting the industrious to make any; such a prince, I say, ought to blush at every grant he receives from a people who never received any benefit from him." An unmistakable satire upon George the Second, whose government was weak enough to recognize it by arresting Franklin the printer, though proceedings against him were afterwards abandoned.

His character of Richard the Second is another distinguished parallel between him and George the Second; sharpened, moreover, by something which looks very like a threat. He speaks of his "packed Parliament managed by Court favorites." "When the Parliament," says he, "took the part of the people, the people followed the motions of Parliament. When they had no hope from Parliament, they followed the first standard set up against the King. It is very remarkable that these extremities fell upon Richard the Second, at a time when every thing seemed to contribute to his support in the exercise of that arbitrary power which he had assumed. Those whom he had most reason to fear were removed, either by violent death or by banishment; and others were secured in his interest by places and favors at court. The great offices of the crown and the magistracy of the whole kingdom were put into such hands as were fit for his designs; besides which he had a Parliament entirely at his devotion; but all these advantageous circumstances served only to prove that a prince can have no real security against the

just resentments of an injured and exasperated nation."

The reign of Henry the Fourth naturally suggests to Mr. Oldcastle the subject of parliamentary title to the crown, and the resemblance to be seen between the relations of the new dynasty to the Yorkists, and the relations of the Guelphs to the Jacobites.

"The party of Richard the Second, even after the death of that unhappy prince, broke out into open rebellion against Henry the Fourth, but their efforts were vain. He held the crown fast which the Parliament had given him, and the chief of his opposers perished in their attempts. Happy had it been if they alone had suffered; but here we must observe a necessary and cruel consequence of faction. As it oppresses the whole community, if it succeeds, so it often draws oppression, not on itself alone, but on the whole community, when it fails. The attempts to dethrone Henry the Fourth justified him, no doubt, in supporting himself by a military force.

"They excused him, likewise, very probably, in the minds of many, for governing with a severe hand; for doing several illegal and tyrannical actions; for invading the privileges of Parliament, at least on the point of elections; and for obtaining by these means frequent and heavy taxes on the people. For as this might appear the harder, because it happened in the reign of a king who had no title to his crown but the good will of the people, and the free gift of Parliament; so it might appear, on the other hand, the less grievous, because some part of it was rendered necessary by the opposition which a faction made to a parliamentary establishment, and because the rest of it was represented, perhaps, under that umbrage, to be so, likewise, by the court logic of that age.

"A people may be persuaded to bear patiently a great deal of oppression, as long as they can be persuaded that they bear it only to defend their own choice, and to maintain their own acts; but if they discover this to be nothing more than a pretense, by which such powers are kept up as are unnecessary to their security and dangerous to their liberty, by which the wealth of the whole nation is drained into the coffers of a few, and by which, in one word, they become exposed to ruin by the very means which they take to avoid it, it can not be expected that they will be patient very long."

The relation of Henry the Seventh to the same party supplies another parallel, from which a different moral is deduced. "He behaved toward the Yorkists, not as a just king but

as the head of a party." The nation, however, was tired of faction, and would not join in the insurrections against him, however much he might deserve it; on the contrary, they intrusted him with further power for the suppression of them. "Because he had governed ill, it was put into his power to govern worse; and liberty was undermined for fear it should be overthrown." A more complete expression of what must have seemed the character of the early Georgian era to the Tories can not easily be imagined.

To the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Bolingbroke devotes the whole of two long essays. It is throughout a continuous satire upon the reign of George the Second. No doubt, in the government of that queen, Bolingbroke saw his ideal of a patriot king as nearly realized as possible. The more we reflect on this ideal itself, as well as on all that Bolingbroke says of the power of the barons and the clergy, and the rise of the power of the Commons, the clearer it is that he was unconsciously advocating that kind of democratic monarchy which it has been reserved for our own times to realize under somewhat different conditions. He lays down, for instance, as a reason why the sovereign should protect the rights of the House of Commons in particular, that the power of the people is more favorable than the power of the aristocracy to the independence of the crown. Of Queen Elizabeth he says: "Nothing she asked was ever refused by Parliament, because she asked nothing which would have been refused by the people. She threw herself so entirely on the affections of her subjects, that she seemed to decline all other tenure of the crown." We shall examine the tendency of this principle, if carried to its legitimate results, when we sum up the general character of Bolingbroke's creed. At present we must hasten to conclude our sketch of Oldcastle's remarks.

In his observations on the reigns of the Stuarts, Bolingbroke pursues the question of hereditary right, as, indeed, it is one chief object of the whole of this series to demonstrate that no such right was acknowledged

by the British Constitution. That Bolingbroke did not distinguish with sufficient clearness between hereditary right and indefeasible right must be clear, we think, to all readers of his works. For it does not follow that because a right is hereditary, it can not be forfeited. But to waive this point, we find throughout these latter essays the same attempt to find parallels for the King and his ministers as we see in the former ones. Several features in the position of Buckingham at the courts of James and Charles the First are carefully shaped into a resemblance of the position of Walpole. It was to save this bad minister from popular indignation that Charles the First incurred the distrust and indignation of his subjects. "Other circumstances which often happen, happened likewise in this case. The minister was universally hated, the King was not. . . . The interests of the crown were sacrificed to those of the minister." In this way he perpetually suggests Walpole without naming either him or his age. Nor does he quit this subject without pointing out that beyond the depth into which good government had sunk, during the reigns of the two first Stuarts, there was a lower depth still; and this is his description of it:

"This situation would have been bad enough, God knows, yet not so bad as the other; for, in the second place, if the Parliament had been made dependent on the crown, (no matter by what kind of influence; whether by the distribution of honors, the translation of bishops, the corrupting the electors and the elected, or the other methods King James took,) the mouth of the people had not been stopped, indeed; but it had been formed to speak another language than that of the heart. The people must have suffered, and the Parliament must have rejoiced. If they had felt an increasing load of debt, the Parliament must have testified great satisfaction at the diminution of it. If they had felt the decay of trade, and the growth of national poverty, the Parliament must have boasted of the wealth and flourishing state of the kingdom. If they had seen the interest and honor of the nation, as they saw it too often, neglected or sacrificed, the Parliament must have exulted in the triumph of both. In short, such a depending Parliament must not only have connived at the grievances of their country, but have sanctified them too. They

must not only have borne the rod, but have kissed it; not only the rod of their prince, but the rod of some upstart minister, who owed his elevation to his dishonor, and his favor to his shame."

Oldcastles' Remarks, which began upon the fifth of September, 1730, terminated on the twenty-second of May, 1731. They had raised the sale of the *Craftsman* to a prodigious height; and Bolingbroke, resolving to strike again while the iron was hot, soon after commenced a fresh series of letters, entitled a *Dissertation upon Parties*, which were collected together and dedicated to Sir Robert Walpole in 1735. While these letters were appearing in the *Craftsman*, its sale was twelve thousand weekly. The *Dissertation upon Parties* has the fault of being too long, and of being interrupted by digressions, whose bearing upon the subject of the treatise it is not always easy to perceive. But the point which Bolingbroke here sets himself to prove is simple enough. Parties in this country had always arisen out of some antagonism between the crown and the nation. Before the Revolution that antagonism took the form of an assertion of, and protest against, prerogative; and the parties to the dispute were respectively termed Whigs and Tories. With the establishment of the House of Hanover on the throne, that dispute was, as Bolingbroke professed to think, set at rest forever. The names of Whig and Tory, therefore, had no longer any real meaning. But, unfortunately for the nation, the Whigs, or rather a section of the Whigs, by betraying the ancient cause of liberty, had revived the old antagonism in a new form, and were supporting, through the instrumentality of corruption, the very same arbitrary power which they have denounced under the guise of prerogative. To conceal this truth, this new and inverted state of parties, from the public eye, the government affected to believe that the old distinction of parties was still in force; and that the opposition to ministers was founded on the same principles which had inspired the party of prerogative in the days of the Stuarts. This delusion, which minis-

ters were so much interested in propagating, Bolingbroke set himself to expose; and the exposure of it, in one sense, was a work of little difficulty. It was easy to show that the principles which the Tory party then professed were *in theory* adverse to arbitrary government by whatever means attained; what they might turn out to be in practice remained to be seen. The reply which ministers had it in their power to make, they, perhaps, did not fully comprehend, even had they chosen to make it. Admitting the corruption which Bolingbroke laid to their charge, they might have shown him, conclusively, that between the danger to the Constitution by ruling through a venal Parliament, and the danger of ruling by prerogative, there was a deep generic difference which robbed his argument of one half its value. Ministers bought the votes of electors and the votes of members. Very good. But they had to buy them; and it might so happen that the sellers should refuse the price. Bribery was at all events a perpetual acknowledgment of a power external to the crown, which had to be conciliated by some means. But prerogative was an express denial of that power. Once habituate the people to that, and all power of controlling the action of government was taken out of their hands. A mercenary soldier may sell his sword to the highest bidder; but while he keeps his sword, he can not easily be enslaved. But deprive him of his arms, either by force or by his own consent and indifference, and though he can no longer be venal, he no longer has it in his own power to be free.

In spite of his denouncements of prerogative, the great Tory party which Bolingbroke called into existence was obliged to fall back upon some more practical positive idea than is to be found in any of his writings, when they came themselves to be in office. That idea was the restoration of the royal prerogative to what they considered to be its due weight in the Constitution; and the redress of the balance which fifty years of Whig government had gradually deranged. But no such idea as this is to be found

among the works of Bolingbroke; and the consequence is, that his authority, as a political writer, began to decline, exactly as the party which he had formed and animated began to act as well as talk. At the same time it is, perhaps, only fair to observe that George the Third did to some extent carry out the idea of the Patriot King. He "threw himself on the affections of his subjects." And by neither going beyond nor lagging behind the public opinion of his own day, contrived to identify himself with his people and to defeat, with their aid, every aristocratical combination that was formed against him. We know that George the Third had been nurtured upon Bolingbroke's writings: and if, therefore, we suppose what is not an extravagant hypothesis, that these political works were the foundation of a system of government which prevailed for nearly seventy years, the rank to which they are entitled, and the interest which they ought to inspire, becomes more exalted than ever.

When, after the general election of 1735, Walpole, as we have seen, was secured in the possession of power for another seven years, Bolingbroke returned to France, where he staid, with one or two intervals, till 1742. It was during this period that he wrote his *Letters upon History*, *The Patriot King*, *The Spirit of Patriotism*, and *The State of Parties at the Accession of George the First*. These were all addressed to Lord Cornbury, a young and promising member of the new Tories, whose headquarters were at Leicester House. Of the theories contained in the three last of these productions we need say no more than we have said already of his *Tracts* and his *Dissertation upon Parties*. The most significant feature about them is the attack upon his own party, which Bolingbroke introduces into the *Spirit of Patriotism*, for having first put their hands to the plow, and then looked back, as they began to do before Bolingbroke left England. As these passages contain some very pointed allusions to Pulteney and other leaders of the party, we can understand why Bolingbroke did not de-

sire them to be published. Of the style we shall say a few words presently. The *Letters upon History* are of a very desultory character. In these Bolingbroke passes in review the histories of Greece and Rome, the sacred history, and various modern writers with whom he compares them. In the course of this disquisition he broaches for the first time those skeptical views about the Scriptures which have made him notorious; but he does not seem to have formed to himself any very clear ideas of what he believed or disbelieved. He quotes with apparent approbation the theory, which is now so familiar to us, of the partial as opposed to the plenary inspiration of the Bible; yet elsewhere he writes as if he thought even that was conceding too much. He maintains, certainly, that the whole credibility of the Old Testament depends upon the New; and seems to think he has made a good point when he contends that Judaism was never believed by mankind before Christianity. Of course if it had been, it would have ceased to be Judaism. Among the Jewish and the Greek historians he can find no one to his mind. Herodotus is a loquacious fabulist; Thucydides and Xenophon are statesmen and philosophers; but then they are exceptions, and they treated only of small fragments of history. Of Polybius and Dionysius of Halicarnassus he has a low opinion. He thinks very highly of Livy, Tacitus, and Sallust; and evidently had a little suspicion of the errors which lie imbedded in Livy, as of the truths which lie imbedded in Herodotus. Guicciardini he preferred to Thucydides, and Davila he preferred even to Livy. It is not easy, however, to collect all the premises from which he draws these conclusions. But one general principle, we think, we can discover in these pages: Bolingbroke seems to have thought that short periods of history, treated by themselves, must inevitably be deficient in the qualities which alone made history valuable. It is the business of history, in his eyes, to supplement the shortcomings of experience: to show us, "complete examples" of events analogous to those which are

passing before our own eyes, but of which one man can seldom or never see the entire process, the cause, the effects, and the various connecting links. The thirst for minute and original information, which has grown up in the present century, throws a difficulty in the way of writing history upon the scale of Hume and Gibbon; and we may almost say that, accepting the definition of history as philosophy teaching by example, we have arrived at that stage in the composition of it when a division of labor has become necessary, and when we must look to one class of writers to give us the examples, and another to find us the philosophy. But a hundred and twenty years ago, when historians were less solicitous than at present to make sure of every inch of their ground, the opinion of Bolingbroke was natural; and no doubt the *principle* itself is true. The longer the period over which a history extends, the more complete will be the chains of causation which it unwinds before us, and the more effective in consequence the political lessons which it teaches. But a history of England at once comprehensive as the old-fashioned histories, and as accurate and conscientious as the new, is a literary work which still remains to be achieved.

Bolingbroke divides modern history roughly into three periods. From the years 1500 to 1600—from 1600 to the Peace of the Pyrenees in 1658—and from the Peace of the Pyrenees to his own time; and in the two last letters he takes up the third of these periods, and illustrates, by his style of treating it, his general idea of the way in which histories should be written. His statement, though somewhat "sketchy," shows, nevertheless, the hand of a master. He thoroughly understood foreign affairs, and had studied with great industry the various wars, treaties, and alliances, which occupy the history of Europe in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. On this ground he was thoroughly at home; and if he is sometimes a special pleader, he always understands his case. In the concluding letter of all is to be found the completest of all the vindications

which Bolingbroke put forth at different times of the Treaty of Utrecht.

In 1749, when Bolingbroke was seventy-one years of age, he wrote his last work. The ruling passion was strong in him to the last. It was entitled *Some Reflections on the Present State of the Nation*, and bore for its motto the appropriate words of Cicero: *Mihi autem non minoris curæ est qualis Respublica post mortem meam futura sit, quam qualis hodie sit.* The gist of this essay is the paramount necessity of reducing the national debt; and of course it contains a variety of severe reflections upon money-jobbers, fundholders, contractors, *et hoc genus omne*, who thrive and fattened, according to Bolingbroke's ideas, upon the public distress. We must add, however, that, though he is unjust to the commercial interest, he gives some very good advice to the country gentlemen, whom he exhorts to submit to the increased land-tax for a few years longer, in order that the whole national burden may be permanently reduced thereafter, reminding them, at the same time, that the interest of one part of the community is the interest of all, and warning them strongly against the evils of class legislation.

We have now concluded our review of the political and historical writings of this celebrated man. Our general verdict is, that, as a political polemic, he stands without an equal; that his historical essays, when devoted to periods and events which he understood well, are among the finest in the language; but that his original speculations, whether historical or political, are often visionary, sometimes crude, and now and then even superficial. The most powerful and stinging of journalists, a most accomplished practical statesman, a diplomatist with few equals, neither nature nor study had fitted him for a philosopher; and no matter what the subject which he endeavored to handle in this spirit, his inaptitude would always show itself.

It is not our intention to review at any length his posthumous philosophical productions. The *serius studiorum* is visible throughout them all; and there is something almost offensive in a man affecting to take up metaphysics

as a diversion, and then to prove that all philosophers had been mad upon the subject till he arose to set it right. These ideas seem first to have germinated in his mind during his first residence in France. * At that time he became an honorary member of a French literary club, called the Entresol, where he read a paper upon Locke, and where, in 1718, he held a disputation with an atheist in favor of the thesis that God exists, and that the world had a beginning, but refuting at the same time the authority of Scripture. He himself informs us that he became a philosopher at forty, a statement which exactly corresponds with our hypothesis. Finding this kind of philosophy fashionable in France, where politics, in the English sense, had no place, it is clear to us that Bolingbroke applied himself to the study of it rather as the recognized path to a reputation for *esprit* than for any more substantial reason. A man of his extraordinary mental powers of course made a great deal more of the subject, coming to it even in this way, than ordinary men would have done. He read extensively, and generalized with great plausibility; but we no more believe he really understood what he read, the Platonic, the Aristotelian, the Cartesian systems, than we believe that Lord Palmerston is accurately acquainted with the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, or that Mr. Bright is an accomplished classical scholar. In fact it was not to be expected. Few men, even who had received in their youth a careful training in the science of logic and metaphysics, would, after twenty years of public life, still retain both the power and the habit of abstract thought which is essential to such studies as Bolingbroke's. Those who have had such a training will know directly what we mean. But for a man whose mind has not been so disciplined, who did not acquire the power of abstraction while his intellectual faculties were young and flexible—to make any thing of metaphysics in after life, we hold to be impossible. And this we have every reason to suppose was Bolingbroke's case. The more purely historical portion of his philosophical writings is not, of course, open to the

same criticism. The germs of these, however, are all to be seen in the first two *Letters upon History*; and the opinions which they express, which were not novel in England, even in George the Second's reign, are still less novel at the present day, when recent controversies have brought them again before the public.

To what extent Bolingbroke was indebted for any of his ideas, whether political or philosophical, to French literature is uncertain. He associated a good deal with Voltaire, both during his first residence in Paris, 1716–1723, and during Voltaire's visit to England, 1727–1730. On the first occasion, indeed, he knew the Frenchman only as a poet; on the second, Voltaire was writing his *Letters on the English*; and though these were not published till some years afterward, we can readily understand that Bolingbroke might have heard from Voltaire most of the ideas which they enunciate. It is, however, the opinion of M. Remusat, whose authority is entitled to all weight, that Bolingbroke was the tutor of Voltaire, not Voltaire of Bolingbroke. He thinks that the great position of Bolingbroke, as a noble, a statesman, and an orator, overawed and imposed upon Voltaire, who drank in his opinions greedily, and hastened to translate them to his countrymen. He can find, he says, no traces in English literature up to that time of any influence exercised by Voltaire in England; he says the same of Montesquieu, who came here in 1729. The only French writer that we know of who may perhaps have given a turn to Bolingbroke's thoughts is Fenelon, who, curiously enough, in his *Essay upon Civil Government*, published in 1722, travels over precisely the same periods of English history as Bolingbroke did afterward in *Oldcastle's Remarks*, deducing therefrom conclusions exactly the contrary of Bolingbroke's.

Bolingbroke's philosophy, though it rested on a very slender foundation of deep and accurate knowledge, and though it was taken up by him more as a *πάρεργον* than as the work of his life, was thoroughly congenial to his temper. It may seem a strange thing to say of one who has been esteemed

a consummate intriguer, but we are nevertheless convinced of the fact, that the key to Bolingbroke's character was a hatred of mystery and pretense. He had such boundless confidence in himself that he scorned not only dissimulation, but sometimes even ordinary prudence. He was a very free talker, and rarely kept a secret. He followed his private vices before the eyes of the whole town. What are all these conventions, he seems to have said to himself, by which society is bound? What *is* religion? What *is* the Bible? What *are* respectability and virtue? What *are* all these grave and pompous men who pretend to know so much more than I do? What is it that they do know? Do they understand themselves what it is? He fretted and fumed at the wires which were always bringing him up short, and kicked at the men who laid them down. This is the general explanation of his skepticism; it arose not from conviction, but from feeling; not from research, but from impatience; to which causes we may add likewise his particular quarrel with the English clergy, of whom the Jacobite majority regarded him as a traitor to his principles, while the Whig dignitaries cursed him, of course altogether, as the foe alike of God and King. He is never so happy as when he gets a chance at a bishop, and chuckles greatly over Butler's *Analogy*, of which the "Right Reverend author concludes that it is not so clear a case, after all, that there is nothing in revealed religion."

Of Bolingbroke's style, conflicting opinions have been held; but those who know his works best have generally admired it the most; those who form their judgment of it from his one or two most popular works may not perhaps have read his finest writings. It is eminently the style of an English gentleman; a style of careless correctness and plain elegance. In these respects Bolingbroke resembles Swift; but he has more variety of cadence and more rapidity of movement than the author of *Gulliver*. He writes with all the fire and impetuosity of an orator too excited to choose his words and too full of ideas to pack them into neat short sentences. If he spoke, as we

must naturally suppose he did, in the style of his writings, his speeches, we should fancy, must have been more in the manner of Lord Derby than of any other living orator. But his composition, though always easy, and often diffuse, is at the same time studded with epigram and antithesis. His style exhibits English prose making the first step in advance from the simplicity of Swift and Addison to the rhetoric of Burke and Johnson. Burke's style, indeed, is manifestly indebted to Bolingbroke, for though he began by a caricature he ended with a serious imitation. Of all the writers, however, of this latter epoch, Gibbon is the one who reminds us most frequently of Bolingbroke. Not that there is much resemblance between the stately and unfaltering tread of the *Decline and Fall* and the fierce vivacity of the *Tracts* or the *Remarks*; but continually, in the turn of a phrase, in the curl of the lip visible as though one saw the writer, in a certain peculiar elevation, we detect the close study of Lord Bolingbroke. Both, indeed, are masters of irony finer and sharper than Burke's, scarcely inferior to Swift, and on the whole perhaps above Lord Chesterfield, in whom again we trace the handiwork of St. John; and this common gift may make them seem liker than they are. But there is one instrument of language with which Bolingbroke surpassed them all. Of invective, at once passionate and dignified, furious yet not extravagant, we shall search English literature in vain for specimens equal to Lord Bolingbroke's. Neither writer nor speaker of his own age could bend that silver bow or launch those deadly arrows. Pope and Junius are the nearest to him; but the first at a perceptible, the second at a very long interval. Lord Macaulay sometimes approaches him, and it is possible that Burke and Sheridan, or Fox and O'Connell, in some of their most famous speeches, might be thought to press him very closely, but none of them are truly his equals. The reader, however, shall judge for himself; the following is from the dedication of the *Essay on Parties*, to Sir Robert Walpole:

"Believe me, sir, a reverence for the Con-

stitution, and a conscientious regard to the preservation of it, are in the political, like charity in the religious system, a cloak to hide a multitude of sins; and as the performance of all other religious duties will not avail in the sight of God without charity, so neither will the discharge of all other ministerial duties avail in the sight of men, without a faithful discharge of this principal duty.

"Should a minister govern in various instances of domestic and foreign management ignorantly, weakly, or even wickedly, and yet pay this reverence and bear this regard to the Constitution, he would deserve certainly much better quarter, and would meet with it, too, from every man of sense and honor, than a minister who should conduct the administration with great ability and success, and should at the same time procure and abet, or even connive at such indirect violations of the rules of the Constitution as tend to the destruction of it, or even at such evasions as tend to render it useless. A minister who had the ill qualities of both these, and the good ones of neither; who made his administration hateful in some respects, and despicable in others; who sought that security by ruining the Constitution, which he had forfeited by dishonoring the government; who encouraged the profligate and seduced the unwary to concur with him in his design by affecting to explode all public spirit, and to ridicule every form of our Constitution; such a minister would be looked upon most justly as the shame and scourge of his country; sooner or later he would fall without pity, and it is hard to say what punishment would be proportionable to his crimes. To conclude this head, therefore, since the obligation of interest and duty on every man, especially on every minister, and more especially on a prime or sole minister, to reverence the Constitution, to conform his conduct to it, and neither to invade nor suffer it to be invaded by others, are so undeniable and so strong, and since the means which the minister's power gives him to preserve it in purity and vigor, to corrupt and weaken it, are so many, nothing could be more proper than a dedication to one in your exalted station, of papers that are written to explain this interest, and to enforce this duty, and to press them on the understanding and conscience of every man in Britain, but of him most who is most concerned."

The following is the opening paragraph of a tract on "Good and Bad Ministers," at a time when it was thought probable that Walpole might be turned out:

"Whilst a wicked and corrupt minister is weighing out panegyrics and dedications against just satires and invectives; or, perhaps, is numbering his creatures and teaching

them their implicit monosyllables; whilst he is drawing out his screen, and providing for a safe and decent elopement; or, it may be, comforts himself with the hopes that the public joy at his removal will drown all future inquiries; or that he shall keep sweet a good while longer, till the worm seizes his carcass, and posterity preys upon his memory; it may not be improper to turn your thoughts upon the reverse of his character, and to inquire by what marks a good minister may be found out and distinguished; or, since he is only a creature, by what arts, and in what method, he may be formed and brought into being. A pebble who are running the hazard of a death-bed repentance want nothing so much as a good minister; and a bad one dreads nothing more than an honest successor, who comes after him without treading in his steps; takes his place without giving into his secrets; and will not be won by a share of his rapine to partake, at the same time, of his crimes and corruptions."

The next extract is the conclusion of a reply which Bolingbroke wrote to a pamphlet in which Walpole had attacked him, either personally or through one of his writers. The "noble pair" are Walpole and his brother Horace:

"But there are men in the world who know that there is something in life better than power and riches; and such men may prefer the low condition, as it is called by the remarker, of one man, to the high condition of another. There are men who see that dignity may be disgraced, and who feel that disgrace may be dignified.

"Of this number is the gentleman whom I have undertaken to defend; who possesses his soul without hopes or fears, and enjoys his retreat without any desires beyond it. In that retreat he is obedient to the laws, dutiful to his prince, and true to his oaths. If he fails in these respects, let him be publicly attacked; let public vengeance pursue and overtake him; let the noble pair indulge for once their passions in a just cause. If they have no complaints of this nature to make against him, from whence does this particular animosity proceed? Have they complaints of any other kind to make, and of a private nature? If they have, why is the public troubled on this account? I hope the remarker's mask is now taken off; that the true drift of this personal railing is enough exposed; and that the attention of mankind will be brought back to those more important subjects which have been already started, and to those which every day may furnish."

The following specimen of irony is from the first number of the *Occasional Writer*, in which Bolingbroke, in the

guise of Grubstreet, offers his services to Walpole:

"I am not ignorant that when Carneades offered to argue for virtue, and then against it, Cato proposed to drive that great philosopher and orator out of Rome.

"But Cato was a man of narrow principles, and of too confined an understanding. He considered virtue abstractedly, without any regard to time, to place, and to that vast variety of conjunctures which happen in the course of human affairs. In common life, morality is no doubt necessary, and therefore legislators have been careful to enforce the practice of it; but whenever morality clashes with the interest of the state, it must be, and it always has been, laid aside. These are my opinions; and it is a great comfort to my conscience to find them confirmed by the practice of some reverend persons whose examples ought to be of greater weight with me than that of a wretched pagan; I shall therefore show myself neither squeamish nor whimsical in pursuing the enterprise to which I offer my services, but shall remain firmly persuaded that all the moral vices I may be occasionally guilty of in so good a course, will be exalted into political virtues.

"After this plain and honest account which I have given of myself, it may be allowed me to say that you can not find a person better qualified for your service, or more worthy to be lifted among those who draw their pens in your cause; and of whom I am willing to hope that you have a greater and abler body in reserve than you have hitherto judged proper to bring into the field.

"It is evident that a minister, in every circumstance of life, stands in as much need of us public writers as we of him; in his prosperity he can no more subsist without daily praise than we without daily bread; and the farther he extends his views, the more necessary are we to his support. Let him speak as contemptuously of us as he pleases, for that is frequently the manner of those who employ us most and pay us best; yet will it fare with his ambition as with a lofty tree, which can not shoot its branches into the clouds unless its roots work into the dirt, from which it rose, on which it stands, and by which it is nourished."

These examples of Bolingbroke's style will, we think, bear out our encomiums, and explain at once the great reputation which he enjoyed, and the rigor with which he was proscribed. The career of the *Craftsman* has been sometimes spoken of as if Walpole treated it with contempt. He did no such thing. He employed journalists, in one case a bishop, to reply to it, and wrote, we believe, more than one

retort with his own hand. But what is more, there can be little doubt that after the elections of 1735 he drove Bolingbroke from England by threats of a fresh proscription. • Sir Robert could endure no longer the indefatigable persecution which had pursued him nearly eight years. And that he did at length turn round upon his adversary, and use the powers which he wielded to silence him, is the best proof we can have that the joints of his armor had been pierced.

No notice of Bolingbroke's position in literature would be complete without some mention of his relations with its then chief. As is well known, he supplied Pope with the philosophy for his *Essay on Man*, and suggested to him likewise a far more charming work, namely, the *Imitations of Horace*. Nor, indeed, is it improbable that many of the particular parallels were likewise conceived by Bolingbroke, who, as we have seen, had a special turn for them. The first published communication to Pope bearing directly on the subject of the *Essay on Man* is the "Letter to Mr. Pope," written apparently about the year 1730, and afterward prefixed as an introduction to the philosophical works. In this letter we see the raw material, sometimes the actual expressions of that poem. The gist of it all is the question asked by Pope at the beginning of his first epistle:

"Say, first, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?"

And no man, we think, can read this letter with attention, and then, after reflecting on the constant personal intercourse which existed between the two, doubt that Pope's part in the essay was that merely of the versifier. A story, indeed, was set afloat which went so far as to represent that Pope did not understand what he wrote; that Bolingbroke had boasted he would make him a heretic without his finding it out; and that he was immensely dismayed when Warburton pointed out to him the real tendency of these doctrines. We do not think, however, that all the circumstances of the case warrant this assumption; and we are rather disposed to believe that Pope's

dismay, if he showed any, arose from this, that he had desired to have the credit of a freethinker among his own set, without his opinion being suspected by the world at large. It is far more like Pope to have been governed by such feelings as these than to have been so dull as not to understand his tutor. We must quote one passage from the introduction, in illustration of the tone and temper with which Bolingbroke wrote of the clergy, and also as a good example of his best style.

"The authority of the schools lasted till the resurrection of letters, but as soon as real knowledge was enlarged, and the conduct of the understanding better understood, it fell into contempt. The advocates of artificial theology* have had since that time a very hard task. They have been obliged to defend in the light what was composed in the dark, and to acquire knowledge in order to justify ignorance. They were drawn to it with reluctance; but learning that grew up among the laity and controversies with one another, made that unavoidable which was not eligible on the principles of ecclesiastical policy. They have done with these new arms all that great parts, great pains, and great zeal could do under such disadvantages. But this Troy can not be defended; irreparable breaches have been made in it. They have improved in learning and knowledge, but this improvement is as remarkable at least among the laity as among the clergy; besides which it must be owned that the former have had in this respect a sort of indirect obligation to the latter; for, whilst these men (the clergy) have searched into antiquity, have improved criticism, and almost exhausted subtlety, they have furnished so many arms the more to such of the others as do not submit implicitly to them, but examine and judge for themselves. By refuting one another when they differ, they have made it no hard matter to refute them all when they agree; and, I believe, there are few books written to propagate or defend the received notions of artificial theology which may not be refuted by the books themselves."

Whatever we may think of these sentiments, it is impossible to refuse the highest praise to the clearness, vigor, and point with which they are expressed.

The last circumstance connected with the literary life of Bolingbroke, is the publication of the *Patriot King*. It is a curious illustration of the state both

of literature and politics at that period, that many of Bolingbroke's writings were printed only for private circulation, and some not printed at all when they were first written. It was enough for fame, and enough for power, if they circulated among a chosen few. Thus the *Patriot King*, written as a textbook for young Toryism, and a manual for the Prince of Wales, was not, in the first instance, intended for publication. Pope, however, was one of the select circle; and a few copies were given him, of course with an express understanding that he was to comply with the author's wishes. Instead of this he had fifteen hundred copies printed. Bolingbroke discovered this after Pope was dead, bought them all up, and burned them. Unluckily, however, they had not passed through the printer's hands without toll being taken of them. After the incrimination aforesaid, fragments began to appear in the columns of a monthly magazine; and then it was that Bolingbroke resolved to publish a complete edition, to which he prefixed an advertisement, reflecting very severely on Pope, whom, however, he did not mention by name. For this action Bolingbroke has been a good deal blamed. But, we must say, we think without reason. Pope's conduct was unjustifiable. The *Spirit of Patriotism* and the *Patriot King* contained allusions to living characters which the author, greatly to his credit, had never meant to make public, while the garbled versions which were now being given to the world compelled him, however much against his will, to produce the original. That Bolingbroke was justly irritated at this circumstance we shall continue to believe; as likewise that no word contained in the advertisement is harsher than the offense merited.

It has been our object in this article to illustrate the literary powers of Lord Bolingbroke rather from those works which are less known to the public than from those which are more commonly associated with the name. This, if the reader should be surprised, is the reason why we have made no extracts from the *Patriot King* or the *Dissertation upon Parties*. These are, doubtless, very brilliant performances;

* As opposed to natural.

but the world knows more of them than it does of his other writings, while, at the same time, they serve less to illustrate the peculiar powers of the author.

IN TRUST.

BY ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

ONLY a faded portrait,
Wrought with exquisite art,
That I hide from the garish daylight,
And keep in trust on my heart;
Only a shadowy image
Of one so true and dear,
That a halo of love surrounds it,
And makes its features clear.

I can not pierce the care-steeped past,
When tear-mists blind my eyes,
For mournful hues of the gloaming
Float on my thoughts that rise.
In a lonely mound, 'neath the careless grass,
They buried his sacred dust,
In the depths of my heart, far from human gaze,
I hoarded his truth and trust.

Can the callous world, with its Gorgon leer,
Deadens the beautiful glow
That blooms from the withered skies of the past,
Once lit with an iris-bow?
There are ghostly tracks of death in the years,
That have heedless, onward sped,
Unmindful of all they shattered in gloom
In their cruel, remorseless tread.

The bright of joy, and the dark of grief,
No eyes can truly see;
For none may read the scroll of the heart.
With love's own sympathy.
Can I paint the charm of that spell-wrought hour,
When he cast his love at my feet,
And I wept with bliss in my thanks to God
For a happiness so complete?

'Twas a summer's day, and the joyful winds
Were loaded with honeyed breath,
And the heart of the air, with its pulses of life,
Could not harbor a thought of death;
For the fragrance of hope was scattered abroad,
And its light was spread above,
And over all was the summer calm,
As sweet as our pledge of love!

For oft, in the stealth of a chosen hour,
I wound, with a woman's art,
Remembrance of looks, and tones, and speech,
In a woof within my heart;
Until his words, like flashes of light
Revealing a hidden flower,
Laid bare the unseen bud of love
With the truth that forms its dower.

I wrote the book of our future life
With the sun-flecks of each hope,
And never a thought that was edged with gloom
O'ershadowed its horoscope;

With stolen tints from flower and sky,
Love's magic pencil wrought
Fair visions that were photographed
Through the lens of each cherished thought.

But a breeze, surcharged with venom of death,
Wrenched the book from my hold,
And blotted and wasted the hues of my dreams,
Infused with affection's gold;
Till my life seemed bare as a soddened tree,
Scathed by the wind and rain,
With no vernal sap within it,
To make it bloom again.

Till the tempest of grief had spent its force,
And I bore to the patient years
The trust of his worth and fealty,
To banish vain, futile tears;
Till my barren life was hallowed and blest
With faith's undying hues,
And my heart took strength from sorrow's mists,
As a flower is fed with dew.

Only a faded portrait,
Wrought with a marvelous art,
That the sacred past has bequeathed to me,
To place in trust on my heart,
Till the kindly years, in their gentle march,
To his soul may bring me nigh,
And restore in heaven the love and truth
That were never meant to die!

—Bentley's Miscellany.

Macmillan's Magazine.

REMINISCENCES OF HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

In the summer of 183—, it was the fortune of the writer, between leaving school and residing at the University, to join an Oxford reading-party in the beautiful valley of Grasmere. Grasmere was then a much more sequestered spot than it has since become; there were none of the villas which have since been built; and, except two or three farm-houses on the borders of the lake, and a shepherd's hut here and there upon the mountains, the neighborhood of the little village was the very ideal of repose and solitude. Not that this most peaceful of valleys has lost its peculiar tranquillity even now, when its charms have attracted a greater number of inhabitants. It combines, indeed, so many elements of quiet beauty that its character can not easily be changed. Not so small as to give the sense of compression and confinement to the view, it is yet so bounded by surrounding hills that it has a unity and distinctness of its own. The eye

takes in its main expression at a glance; but it needs time to become acquainted with the particular features of the scene, especially to appreciate the extreme gracefulness of the contour of the mountains, among which the lake lies in still beauty, reflecting as in a mirror the trees which grow down to the water's edge, and the island in the centre.

In the south-west corner of the churchyard there is a spot which resembles in its sacredness, though so strangely contrasted in its surrounding features, the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey. Here are two gravestones, inscribed respectively with the names of William Wordsworth and Hartley Coleridge. At the time alluded to, both were living—Wordsworth in his house near Rydal; Hartley Coleridge in a cottage just outside the village of Grasmere, on the road that leads to Rydal. The latter was a frequent guest of our party, and companion of our walks. He was then in appearance about fifty years of age, of unusually short, even diminutive, stature; his hair beginning to be gray, his brow broad and intellectual. His gestures and movements were peculiar; he had a habit, even in company, of rising from his seat, and laying his hand upon his head, with open fingers, as if measuring its shape and size; and, when he thought that no one observed him, as he walked among the quiet roads, or on the hills, he would wave his arms as if reciting poetry or conversing with the mountains, his companions. His eyes, if memory serves right, were dark gray, and the expression of his face thoughtful and benevolent, with a touch of sadness. He was a frequent attendant at the church on Sundays; but even there his poetic fancies often seemed to follow him, and it was difficult not to watch his features with wonder and amusement, while he stood up in his pew and looked round on the kneeling congregation, a strange but kindly smile playing on his face, as of one looking down with benevolent interest on children engaged in their devotions. Not that he himself was wanting in decorous attention to the service, for his mind was in its very structure devotional, as his writings

testify; and his conversation, though tinged occasionally with satirical or humorous allusions to religious parties, never breathed irreverence or doubt with regard to Christian truth.

Of the impression produced by his conversation it is difficult to give an adequate conception. Young men, it is true, are more susceptible of pleasure from intercourse with a really original thinker than those whose admiration is held in check by larger experience and perhaps distrust. And it may be partly due to this intense appreciation of what is far-reaching and beautiful in thought and imagery, which is the gift of youth, that the conversation of Hartley Coleridge seems in retrospect so marvelous. For the minds of the young in the four or five years preceding and following manhood are receptive of ideas to a degree that is never the case in after-life. Practical experience, in the vast majority of cases, sets a bar to the imagination, and limits intellectual interests. Even where the latter are still retained, the vivid delight in new thoughts and ideas gives place to a critical habit; we no longer climb the mountains merely for the sake of the unknown views beyond, but choose safe paths that will bring us with the least trouble to our journey's end. The *abandon* with which we threw ourselves upon the untried regions of thought is gone, never to return. Nor can the mind, that retains to the end most of its first freshness, recover the keen delight and the eager admiration with which, in the opening of its powers, it welcomed the utterances of gifted men, and drank in their teaching.

Even older men, however, have borne testimony to the remarkable brilliance of Hartley Coleridge's conversation. It was not that it was sprightly, clever, and witty; such conversation is sometimes most fatiguing. It was not, as his father's is described, an eloquent, rapt monologue; there was nothing in it obscure and misty, no oracular pretension, no dark profundities. Yet few ever exemplified more strongly the in-born difference between genius and talent. Beautiful ideas seemed to be breathed into his mind perpetually, as if they came to him from the mountain breezes, or welled up in his heart and

mind from an inexhaustible reservoir within. There was nothing like effort, nothing like that straining after brilliance which wearies while it amuses; all was simple, unaffected, spontaneous. Perhaps the fact that his companions were younger than himself, and glad to listen to the poet's words, encouraged the unrestrained flow of his thought. Among equals there is apt to be rivalry, or at least reserve; appreciation and sympathy from younger men often unlock stores of thought, and draw out its treasures. And in Hartley Coleridge these were vast and varied—to his younger hearers apparently inexhaustible. A wide and diversified range of reading, especially in poetry, philosophy, and biography, had supplied him with abundant material, which his original and ever-active mind was continually shaping. Nor, although evidently pleased to pour out his reflections, did he monopolize the conversation, as some great talkers are wont to do. A question or remark from any of his younger hearers would engage him in a new train of thought, and he would listen to their arguments with perfect courtesy and patience, and without any of that self-conscious superiority which sometimes makes the conversation of clever men so oppressive.

It must not be supposed that the only topics that interested him were poetry and literature. His remarks on politics, and church questions, or other subjects of the day, were keen and original, often humorous or satirical. There lay in his mind, as in that of men of imaginative genius there always is, a fund of humor, breaking out now in sparks of wit, now in somewhat broad and boyish jests. "What is the charge for asses?" he would suddenly say to the astonished turnpike-keeper on the Thirlmere road, putting his hand in his pocket, and turning to count his companions as they passed the toll-bar. Occasionally, but not frequently, a tinge of bitterness would dash the current of his talk; more often, in a few words of powerful irony he would denounce some popular untruth, and expose its fallacy. Such passages are to be found here and there in his writings, although their prevailing tone is grace and tenderness. His mind,

indeed, had a strong element of stern and masculine feeling, which did not often rise to the surface, but which, if he had given it scope, would have made him eloquent and powerful as a moral teacher or a satirist.

And yet, notwithstanding the varied play of his intellect, and a certain child-like enjoyment of his gifts, the whole impression left on the mind by intercourse with him was one of sadness and pity, mingled with admiration. There was cause enough for this, unhappily, in his life, in facts which this is not the place to dwell on—which, indeed, it is no concern of ours to dwell on at all. Inheriting in a high degree his father's genius, he inherited something of his defect of will. One unhappy weakness marred, without staining, a character which was in its substance singularly innocent, benevolent, pure, and child-like. Few men could have done less harm; few men of such diversified genius have written so much of unmixed good. But the consciousness of great power combined with any degree of moral weakness, of lofty and immortal gifts, lifting their possessor above common men, while in strength of will and self-control he feels himself unequal to them, must create a sadness, deep and bitter, in proportion to the intrinsic worth and purity of the heart. This sadness was a prevailing feature in Hartley Coleridge's mind; it was expressed in his features, it underlay his conversation, it is the key-note to much of his poetry. That it never issued in defiance, or in unjust anger, or irreverence; that it never tempted him, as it has tempted so many others, to call good evil, and evil good; that it is always humble, self-accusing; still more, that in its deepest and most regretful moments it is always hopeful: this marks his character, in our judgment, as one worthy of all sympathy and love.

Few poets have left a more distinct impress of their mind and heart upon their works than Hartley Coleridge. Much of them belongs to that kind of poetry which is wrung by sorrow from the soul of genius. Nothing can exceed the melancholy of some of his sonnets; as of that deeply touching one:

"Once I was young, and fancy was my all,
My love, my joy, my grief, my hope, my fear,
And ever ready as an infant's tear,
Whate'er in Fancy's kingdom might befall;
Some quaint device had Fancy still at call,
With seemly verse to greet the coming cheer;
Such grief to soothe, such airy hope to rear,
To sing the birth-song, or the funeral,
Of such light love, it was a pleasant task;
But ill accord the quirks of wayward glee,
That wears affliction for a wanton mask,
With woes that bear not Fancy's livery;
With Hope that scorns of Fate its fate to ask,
But is itself its own sure destiny."

Or the following :

"Youth, thou art fled—but where are all the
charms
Which, though with thee they came, and passed
with thee,
Should leave a perfume and sweet memory
Of what time have been?—All thy boons and
harms
Have perished quite. Thy oft renewed alarms
Forsake the flutt'ring echo.—Smiles and tears
Die on my cheek, or, petrified with years,
Show the dull woe which no compassion warms,
The mirth none shares. Yet could a wish, a
thought,
Unravel all the complex web of age—
Could all the characters that time hath wrought
Be clean effaced from my memorial page
By one short word, the word I would not say;
I thank my God because my hairs are gray."

In mere music and rhythm, his sonnets often come nearer to Shakespeare's than those of any modern poet, not excepting Wordsworth. The English language contains few more exquisite ones than that on the lack of great poets in this age :

"Whither is gone the wisdom and the power
That ancient sages scattered with the notes
Of thought-suggesting lyres? The music floats
In the void air; even at this breathing hour
In every cell and every blooming bower
The sweetness of old lays is hov'ring still;
But the strong soul, the self-sustaining will,
The rugged root that bare the winsome flower,
Is weak and withered. Were we like the fays
That sweetly nestle in the foxglove bells,
Or lurk and murmur in the rose-lipped shells
That Neptune to the earth as quit-rent pays,
Then might our pretty modern Philomels
Sustain our spirits with their roundelays."

That again to Homer is scarcely inferior, especially in the concluding lines, describing the varied music of the old poet's verse :

"How strong,
How fortified with all the num'rous train
Of human truths, great poet of thy kind,
Wert thou, whose verse, capacious as the sea,

And various as the voices of the wind,
Swelled with the gladness of the battle's glee,
And yet could glorify infirmity
When Priam wept, or shamestruck Helen pined."

The peculiarity of the sonnet, its ending as it were without an end, was adapted perhaps to a certain incompleteness, not of thought, nor of expression, which are often highly finished, but (if the expression may be used) of *character*, in the poet's mind. The sonnet finishes, yet does not finish the subject; it contains a complete thought, but suggests that there is more behind. In the use of the double syllable at the line—

"Could any sin survive and be forgiven,
One sinful wish would make a hell of heaven,"

giving a quiet ring to the verse, and varying its monotony, as well as in the happy introduction of the tribrach, or the anapæst :

"To greet the pressure of immaculate feet,"

Hartley Coleridge is a consummate artist. But the characteristic of his poetry, throughout, is its unaffectedness. There is no straining after effect, no staring, startling epithets, no elaborate and artificial simplicity. All is graceful, tender, beautiful—the growth of a mind in which grace and beauty were native elements.

Whether his genius was capable of a sustained flight it is hard to say. The longest poem in his first volume (that published in his lifetime) is not the most striking; but that called the "Prometheus" (in the posthumous volume) though a fragment, is in itself a gem of exquisite beauty. It is an adaptation of some of the many mysterious ideas which cluster round the story of the benevolent, suffering, unbending Titan. In no modern poet can we point to a more beautiful passage than that in which the sylphs describe the infancy of Jupiter, at whose enforced desertion his mother Rhœa

"would have given her godhead for a heart
That might have broken;"

then his growing boyhood, while his future greatness dawned upon him gradually, and he longed for the day :

"When the glad sons of the delivered earth
Should yearly raise the multitudinous voice

Hymning great Jove, the God of Liberty!
 Then he grew proud, yet gentle in his pride,
 And full of tears, which well became his youth
 As showers do spring. For he was quickly
 moved
 And joyed to hear sad stories that we told
 Of what we saw on earth—of death, and woe,
 And all the waste of time."

There is throughout this beautiful poem a classic grace embodying deeper than classical thoughts, a music as of the songs of sylphs, and occasionally a grandeur not unlike that of Keats. We do not fear that the reader will regret the perusal of these "reminiscences," if they only introduce him to this single fragment.

Perhaps the writings of Hartley Coleridge are hardly known as much as they deserve to be. The blaze of glory around Tennyson dims for the present the lustre of cotemporary poets. But as long as grace, pathos, and tenderness have charms when clothed in an expression of simple but finished beauty; as long as there is interest in the sorrows, and struggles, and hopes of a highly-gifted and good, though imperfect man; as long as there is sympathy for purity and tenderness of feeling, and delight in the melody of exquisite verse: so long will his works deserve a place among the genuine productions of high poetic genius.

Fraser's Magazine.

LORD PALMERSTON.

THE public career and character of Lord Palmerston have been so fully detailed and discussed by our morning and weekly cotemporaries, that our tribute to his memory will be best paid in the shape of a few strictly personal recollections and impressions.

His first acceptance of high office was related by himself the year before last, *apropos* of a bet said to have been made and won by the late Mr. Milnes, the father of Lord Houghton, a man of remarkable abilities and acquirements, although somewhat of an idler in his youth. He was lounging in a club when he overheard a college friend saying that something was as unlikely as "Bob Milnes becoming Chancellor of the Exchequer."

"And why should I not become Chancellor of the Exchequer?"

"Simply because the odds are a thousand to one against you."

"Will you lay a thousand to one?"

"Yes, in tens."

"Done!"

The bet was regularly booked—ten thousand pounds to ten. When Perceval wrote to Mr. Milnes to offer him the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, he inclosed the offer, with a ten pound note, to his friend.

Such was the anecdote, which was disputed on the ground that Mr. Milnes never had such an offer, although mentioned in the correspondence and memoirs of the period.

Lord Palmerston was referred to, and he immediately related how he had been mixed up in the matter. Perceval sent for him, and said he had a curious proposal to make. He had offered the Chancellorship of the Exchequer to Milnes, who would probably refuse it: if he did, would Lord Palmerston take it? Lord Palmerston said he must consult his friends, especially Lord Malmesbury, (the diplomatist,) who advised him to refuse, on the ground that finance was not in his line, and that his future prospects might be compromised by failure. He refused accordingly. Thereupon Perceval said: "I have since offered the office of Secretary at War to Milnes. If he refuses, will you take that?" He did take it; and his long and prosperous career began. This version differs from that of Mr. Plummer Ward, who states in his diary, as the result of a conversation with Lord Palmerston, that three things were offered, namely, "a seat at the Treasury by way of introduction to the Seals," in addition to the other two.

Every one has heard the story of Sheridan's dinner-party, at which the sheriff's officers acted as waiters. On its being mentioned as apocryphal at Brockett, "Not at all," exclaimed Lord Palmerston, "I was at it. Sheridan, Canning, Frere, and some others, including myself, had agreed to form a society (projected, you may remember, by Swift) for the improvement of the English language. We were to give dinners in turn; Sheridan gave

the first; and my attention was attracted to the peculiarity of the attendance by the frequent appeals on the part of the improvised servants to 'Mr. Sheridan.'

"And did you improve the language?"

"Not certainly at the dinner; for Sheridan got drunk, and a good many words of doubtful propriety were employed."

He was a purist in language, grammar, and orthography, and some curious illustrations of his zeal for their reformation are preserved in the Foreign Office. He had a confirmed dislike to "that that" and "had had," as in a sentence thus constructed: "It was said that that general had had a check."

In the last Speech from the Throne her Majesty is made to say that she had great satisfaction in *recurring again* to her Parliament. Some of the literary men objected, and their objection was stated to Lord Palmerston one evening, (February tenth,) when he had been unexpectedly detained in the House of Commons, and had only just risen from an eleven o'clock dinner. He defended the expression, and maintained the argument with unabated spirit till the subject was dropped. The next morning, before ten, the objector received the following memorandum, written in the Premier's clear, bold, well-known hand:

JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY.

"In this Life the Thoughts of God and a future State often offer themselves to us. They often spring up in our Minds, and when expelled *recur again*." *Calamy.*

One meaning of "Recur," is "to have Recourse to," and it is perfectly good English to say "I have recourse to you again."

Etymologically, "to recur" is "to run back," and one may with Propriety say I run back, or come back, to you again.

The Queen recurs or comes back to her Parliament at the end of every Recess, and she does *again* that which she has done often *before*.

P. 10/2—65.

His acute sense of the value of words made him fidgety under mis-

quotation. When Pope's line on Peterborough was repeated thus—

"Here he whose lightning *broke* the Iberian lines,"

"*Pierced*," was his quiet correction.

It having been remarked how many popular quotations are incorrect, he immediately supplied several additional instances; amongst others—

"He who's *convinced* against his will;"

Nil actum reputans dum quid superesset agendum.

He was as much at home in Italian as in English; and some amusement was caused in the House of Commons by his correction of his accomplished friend, Mr. Monckton Milnes, (Lord Houghton,) who unluckily said Cagliari instead of Cagliari.

Of late years Lord Palmerston had so much writing to get through that he had neither time nor eyesight to spare for books. Even his newspaper reading was limited. The stores of information he accumulated and opportunely applied were mostly derived from oral sources: from an admiral, general, or governor, just returned from a foreign station; from a diplomatist on his transit from one capital to another; from an intelligent traveler, or a well-informed-foreigner. The facts he got from them were carefully packed away in a corner of his mind till wanted, and always came out wonderfully well-sorted and fresh. In the autumn of 1863, he was riding into Southampton with Mr. Cowper, when he heard that an Austrian of distinction was there on a sort of free-trade mission, and was about to explain his views at a public dinner. Lord Palmerston attended the dinner, and made a speech, in which he astonished every body by his familiarity with the subject and with the position of the Austrian government in relation to it; that familiarity being exclusively based on the report of a conversation with Count de Rechberg repeated to him a few days before.

Literature was the fashion of his early days, when (as Sydney Smith remarked) a false quantity in a man was pretty nearly the same thing as a

faux pas in a woman. He was tolerably well up in the chief Latin and English classics; but he entertained one of the most extraordinary paradoxes touching the greatest of them that was ever broached by a man of his intellectual calibre. He maintained that the plays of Shakespeare were really written by Bacon, who passed them off under the name of an actor for fear of compromising his professional prospects and philosophic gravity. Only last year, when this subject was discussed at Broadlands, Lord Palmerston suddenly left the room, and speedily returned with a small volume of dramatic criticisms, in which the same theory (originally started by an American lady) was supported by supposed analogies of thought and expression. "There," he said, "read that, and you will come over to my opinion." When the positive testimony of Ben Jonson, in the verses prefixed to the edition of 1623, was adduced, he remarked: "Oh! these fellows always stand up for one another, or he may have been deceived like the rest." The argument had struck Lord Palmerston by its ingenuity, and he wanted leisure for a searching exposure of its groundlessness.

The most wonderful thing about him, it has been truly observed, was the manner in which his faculties went on ripening to the last. On his first becoming Premier, his conduct of affairs in the House of Commons was condemned for levity of tone and misplaced jocularity. "Let him remain Premier for a year or two," observed a member of the highest literary and political distinction, "and our standard will be lowered till we prefer this laughing devil-may-care method of getting through business to the wit of Canning and the gravity of Peel." But Lord Palmerston (whose levity was on the surface, and useful as well as justifiable against established bores) rose with each succeeding session, and on great occasions was rarely found wanting in moral influence, or in the dignity befitting his position. He did more than conciliate good-will by his suavity of demeanor and tact: he commanded respect by his grasp of mind, his readiness of resource, his compre-

hensiveness of view, his knowledge of his country and his countrymen, his vast experience, his known patriotism, his expansive liberality, and by all that combination of qualities, acquired or innate, which make up what the French emphatically term *caractère*. His alleged carelessness was the ease of a consummate master of the craft. He wielded his weapon

"With hand whose almost careless coolness spoke
Its grasp well used to deal the sabre stroke."

He was the most earnest of statesmen, despite his levity: just as, despite of that touch of Hibernicism in gait or bearing which the Brummel school disapproved, he was one of the most perfect gentlemen that ever lived. This was pointed out with intuitive sagacity and felicity of touch by Mr. Kinglake in accounting for the prolonged misappreciation of Lord Palmerston in England:

"His partly Celtic blood, and perhaps too in early life his boyish consciousness of power, had given him a certain elation of manner and bearing which kept him for a long time out of the good graces of the more fastidious part of the English world. The defect was toned down by age, for it lay upon the surface only, and in his inner nature there was nothing vulgar nor unduly pretending. Still the defect made people slow—made them take forty years—to recognize the full measure of his intellectual strength." During nearly half that number of years before he became Premier, his name was associated with the liberal policy of England all the world over—to such an extent, indeed, that it was positively personified in him. Instead of *ce perfide Albion*, it was *ce diable de Palmerston*, that was denounced by every absolute court in Europe, and it was on him that the hopes of every oppressed and struggling nationality were fixed. The title of "great" can not be denied to a statesman who has thus stamped his impress on his age.

It is a mistake, however, to suppose that Lord Palmerston did every thing off his own bat after 1834. Referring no later than June last, to the Eastern complication of 1840-1841, he

related that, on M. Thiers (October, 1840) announcing an intention to call out an extraordinary conscription of one hundred and fifty thousand men, Lord Melbourne wrote to the King of the Belgians, to this effect: "Thiers's announcement is a threat. By G—d, I won't stand it! If this goes on, I will immediately call Parliament together, and see what they think of it." This letter was forwarded to the King of the French, and the Thiers ministry came to a speedy termination.

Lord Palmerston was by no means a rash foreign minister, and cautiously avoided involving the country in serious warfare. In his diplomatic contest with M. Thiers, he had Austria, Prussia, and Russia upon his side. His Spanish operations were in support of the lawfully-constituted sovereign and authorities. When Austria and Prussia quarreled over Hesse-Cassel, and were about to come to blows, he had only to hold up his hand, and Prussia would have crossed the Rubicon. General Radowitz was overruled, and compelled to give way, because even the moral support of England was refused.

Lord Palmerston's approval of the *coup d'état* was certainly incautious and premature. We suspect that he was hurried into it by the hope of seeing an Orleanist or Legitimist Restoration indefinitely postponed. The visit to Compiègne also laid him open to much gratuitous misrepresentation. It was there that Louis Napoleon expressed to him a regret that the imperial *régime* was inevitably unfitting the French for self-government. He joined the *chasse* glittering with green and gold à la *Louis Quinze*, in a plain red hunting coat which had evidently seen service on more business-like occasions. His predilection for the Emperor did not outlast the appropriation of Nice and Savoy; and he thoroughly enjoyed the joke (Lord Houghton's we believe) at Cambridge House, on a French Secretary's saying, on his way to the refreshment room—"Je vais prendre quelque chose." "Vous avez raison: c'est l'habitude de votre pays."

Lord Palmerston's steady support of Turkey against the Christian pro-

vinces (like Servia) nominally subject to her sovereignty, ill accords with the policy which encouraged Lombardy to rise; but his conviction was that what Turkey lost would be so much gained by Russia or Austria; and that the disruption of the Ottoman Empire might lead to the establishment of an unfriendly power across our overland road to India.

Another ingrained opinion of his was that the treaties for the abolition of the slave-trade should be stringently enforced.

We are now one and all rapidly becoming non-interventionists. Lord Palmerston's doctrine, right or wrong, was, that Great Britain should never miss an opportunity of transplanting or promoting free institutions, nor ever stand by and see a weak nation oppressed by a stronger one. If he was wrong, we were wrong in going to war for Turkey and loudly sympathizing with Italy. If he was right, we ought to have joined France in preventing Austria and Prussia from plundering Denmark; and it was a deep mortification to him that we did not. If he had been twenty years younger, he would have done one of two things: have resigned at once on finding the majority of his colleagues against him, or have reconstructed his Cabinet and declared war. The nation, sensibly alive to the wound on the national honor, would probably have gone along with him.

This opens the wide question—too wide to be discussed now—what amount or class of principle an English minister may honorably concede to expediency? Ought Lord Aberdeen (who disapproved the war with Russia) to have resigned in 1853, or Lord Palmerston in 1864, at the risk of throwing the whole country into confusion? All our public men—without an exception that we know of—seem to have arrived at the convenient conviction that, when in office, they have nothing to do but to carry out the policy best adapted to keep them there: namely, that which is in accordance with enlightened public opinion, as represented by Parliament and the press. Lord Palmerston adopted the conventional creed in this matter. But

so far as predilections and opinions were concerned, he swerved very slightly, if at all, from the programme with which he started. He was a thorough-going Canningite at heart; liberal as regards foreign policy and religious toleration, but with an ingrained dislike to parliamentary reform and dissent. He thought the Dissenters unreasonable in claiming to be exempt from church-rates, and he had statistics to prove that the effect of the six-pound occupation clause would be little short of revolutionary. The conservative instinct at the late general election was right: he was the only genuine conservative left amongst our prominent party leaders; and the so-called conservatives who officiously volunteered a reform bill to catch radical votes, justly forfeited all right or title to the name.

The Liberal party were far from pleased at the large infusion of the Peelite or liberal-conservative element in his last government at its formation. But he had thoughts of going further, and of applying to Mr. Spencer Walpole.

There is, there can be, no difference of opinion about Lord Palmerston in private life, as a host, a guest, a companion, or a friend; although it is the fashion to say that he never had a friend, because he was not exclusive in his intimacies. He was so uniformly considerate and unselfish; so kind, tolerant, and indulgent in word and deed, his geniality, frankness, and simplicity at once put every body at ease. That charm of manner could not be feigned, acquired, or studied; it was the obvious emanation of a warm, cordial, generous nature, which it would be difficult to distinguish or separate from heart. The capacity for warm affection must be implied from the happy art of inspiring it: and who won the hearts of a large and singularly-gifted family circle like him? Who inspired such implicit reliance on his support in all who had ever acted under him or ever linked their political fortunes with his? With all his self-command, he was liable to be overcome by strong emotion. His severest illness for many years was brought on by the death of

the Prince-Consort and his fear of its effect on the Queen.

His company hours were materially curtailed by business, but, from the moment he joined the circle till he left it, he was always ready to amuse and be amused; he was never out of temper or out of spirits, never inattentive, absent, or preoccupied—the distinctive good-breeding of working statesmen, as punctuality is the good-breeding of kings. He listened as well as he talked; he thoroughly enjoyed good conversation; and he liked it the better for being enlivened with fancy and fun. He told a story capitally, frequently with an *apropos* which brought its application within Barrow's somewhat large and elastic description of wit.

"If (says Sydney Smith) I say a good thing to-day and repeat it again to-morrow in another company, the flash of to-day is as much the flash of to-morrow as the flash of one musket is the flash of another: but if I tell a humorous story, there are a thousand little diversities in my voice, manner, language, and gestures, which indicate rather a different thing from what it was before, and infuse a tinge of novelty into the repeated narrative." Thus was it with Lord Palmerston, and his best anecdotes, when he could be coaxed into repeating them, had always a fresh zest. His play of mind was equally effective in catching and improving any passing drollery or humorous thought.

When Lord Derby's translation of the *Iliad* was first announced, a guest at Broadlands told him he must keep pace with his great rival by translating the *Aeneid*. "Stop till I am out of office, and the parallel will be complete."

He laughingly quoted the authority of an eminent physician, that continuance in office, with the resulting employment, was good for the health.

"Would not active opposition do as well?"

"No, no; that stirs up the bile and creates acidity. Ask Disraeli if it does not."

Nothing, by the way, created acidity in him; he never said, or sanctioned,

an ill-natured remark on any body. On being told that a clever assailant regretted a personal attack, he said: "Tell him I am not the least offended—the more particularly because I think I had the best of it."

It was mentioned to him that his Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir George Lewis, had been writing letters to *Notes and Queries* on "The Wakefulness of Geese." "The wakefulness of geese! Why, the Opposition will think he means them; and (what is worse) they may say they are the geese that saved the Capitol."

A couple were censured for going to country houses without an invitation. "Don't be hard on them," was his suggestion, "for if they waited to be invited they might go nowhere."

On its being stated as a good sign that Lady — was only attended by a popular physician, who shall be nameless, he said: "Ah! very true, when you trust yourself to Dr. — you should have a superfluous stock of health for him to work upon."

When at Broadlands, he was a regular attendant at Romsey church, but was occasionally late. Once, when he did not appear till toward the end of the second lesson, the sermon was more than ordinarily long, which a guest attributed to the complacent consideration of the clergyman, who was determined that his lordship should gain in one way what he lost in another. "I never saw it in that light before. I will take good care not to tax his kindness again."

He passed some hours of every day on horseback, except on Sundays, when he walked. On a cold Sunday in the November of last year, after luncheon, he proposed a walk, and led the way to the paddocks, which he opened one after the other with an enormous key produced from his coat-pocket, pointing out and speculating on the qualities of the colts. "That filly," he said, "will run for the Derby the year after next." He then took the party over the river by the ferry-boat, which he tugged backward and forward by a hard rope over a stiff pulley, taking an obvious pleasure in the exertion, and declining help. Returning home, after nearly two hours' brisk exercise, in the

dusk across the park, his foot struck against a hidden stump, and he fell flat, but was up again in a moment, saying: "There is no damage, except to the knees of my trowsers." The party looked anxiously at one another, remembering the regretted death of Lord Lansdowne, and were not quite at ease till the next morning, when he joined the breakfast-table with unshaken spirits and his wonted buoyancy of step.

He was a generous landlord, and so indulgent to the tenants on his estate in Sligo that he got little income out of it. He said one day that he had a thousand tenants who paid under five pounds a year each. "But do they pay?" "Not always: they pay when they can; when they sell the pig."

He was fond of billiards, and when at Brockett or Broadlands, played three games (neither more nor less) before retiring for the night. He was about on the level of those who play a good deal without taking rank as players. His best strokes were the winning hazards, and fortune favored him as much in this as in the political game. After three or four *flukes* he would say: "I think I had better not name my stroke." He was never the least put out by losing, although he enjoyed winning, especially if Lady Palmerston was looking on.

The personal traits and characteristic sayings of celebrated men form an indispensable part of their biography; and fortunately all that can be authentically related of Lord Palmerston will confirm and augment the admiring attachment of the British people to his memory.

Temple Bar.

ROYAL FAVORITES.

THE once celebrated Mr. Astley, of the Royal Amphitheatre, was one of the most acute men of business of his time. He could not write himself, and he had no excessive measure of respect for the gentlemen who *could*. Mr. Astley, however, was an excellent judge of the written dramas which their authors submitted to him for

representation. The writers would, with respectful confidence, assert the merits of their respective pieces; and Mr. Astley would thereupon clap a very strong word before their "merits," and would say: "Sir, has the piece a name that will look well upon a wall?"

And there is something in a name, after all, despite any and every great authority to the contrary. The perfume of the rose would remain the same, however ugly the appellation a botanist might attach to the flower; but the lack of sweetness in the designation might lead one who saw a rose for the first time, to pass it by without stooping to inhale the odor. The friends of that most exquisite of royal favorites, Rosamond, called her, "Rosa munda;" her enemies branded her with the epithet of "Rosa mundi." There is all the difference in the world between the sound, as between the sense of the two epithets; and this sort of difference is thoroughly understood by the "young ladies" of the thrilling melodramatic theatres. The susceptible lads who admire and applaud Miss Fitz-Norman, would keep their hearts sound if they were aware that she was really a Mrs. Crippler, who between the agonies of her scenes calmly knitted socks in the greenroom for her six-months old twin girls.

Yet there are things in nature for which an attractive name may do good service, but which require something more to render them permanently successful. *Royal Favorites* is a capital name connected with an admirable subject. It is the title of a work in two volumes, of which Mr. Sutherland Menzies is the author. As the eye glances at the title and falls on the mere outward aspect of these brilliant-looking volumes, the mind is attracted by their promise and excited by pleasant expectation. Let us add, what might be the sum of all our criticism, that when the reader has gone through the glittering series, from the favorites of Edward of Caernarvon to the round dozen of her who had insatiate appetite for favorites, Catherine the Second of Russia, he will acknowledge that Mr. Menzies is one who does not tire of his work, and whose industry and

persistence are, in these easy-going days, something remarkable.

We do not know on what authority the first Bonaparte founded his statistics; but he was fond of asserting to his own familiar friends that out of a hundred favorites of kings, ninety-five had been hanged, ("*Sur cent favoris des rois quatre-vingt-quinze ont été pendus.*") Nations, the same imperial authority once remarked, have always been badly administered when the government has been in the hands of favorites. This maxim, however, is far from being indisputable. Many sovereigns might be named who governed wisely only through favorites of higher intellect and honester purpose than their patrons, and who ceased to govern well as soon as they lost the support and guidance on which they used to rely. Even some of those *belles pécheresses*, the mistresses of the kings of France, were so much superior to their royal lovers as to keep them in the path of every duty, save one, from which those kings were too much given to stray. Even that unclean Gascon, Piers de Gaveston, was neither vulgar in manner, nor in spirit a coward, nor in mind a fool. Mr. Menzies, who has no love for his hero, says that much for him with undoubted truth. And equally truly is it asserted of Agnes Sorel, that "faulty," as Mr. Menzies, with much liberality, designates her character to have been, the lady of beauty worked as wonderful a metamorphosis in the indolent character of Charles the Seventh as the Maid of Orleans did in the fortunes of France. Voltaire has misrepresented both of these remarkable women. France is just now engaged in collecting means wherewith to raise a magnificent and permanent testimonial to the valor, the virtues, and the patriotic services of Joan of Arc. To Agnes Sorel there can be, of course, no such record of her deeds. But her portrait may be fittingly found in the edifice inscribed, "*A toutes les gloires de la France;*" for she exercised an influence—not so "mysterious," perhaps, as Mr. Menzies describes it—for good, over a king who could not have been otherwise influenced. We quite agree with the author that Agnes Sorel was

"emphatically a woman fitted to grace the best days of chivalry, and to shine in that precise period of the middle ages when respect and love for the sex were mingled with other noble, gentle, and generous sentiments;" but when Mr. Menzies adds that these sentiments were "altogether unknown in Greece among its fascinating hetæræ, as shown toward the austere, high-minded, but in latter times degenerate, matrons of Rome," we take some exception to the statement. Pericles loved Aspasia sufficiently well to make her his wife; and the intellect rather than the beauty of the lady enabled her to form the most brilliant orators of Greece. The generosity, at least, of sentiment which carried admirers to the feet of Lais, and which was so lavish as to have given rise to the proverb, "*Non cuivis contingit adire Corinthum*," is not to be disputed. When Phryne, accused of impiety, unveiled her bosom to her judges, their reverence for so much beauty led them at once to the gallant injustice of acquitting her. Lamia and the upper hussydom of Greece astound us by the extravagance of their vices; but there were virtues too among many of them, and the memory of her who bit off her tongue, rather than betray her country by a word, was nobly and generously immortalized by the erection of a commemorative statue of a tongueless lion.

In the treatment of so wide a subject as "royal favorites" something like an arbitrary arrangement is to be expected. Such is the case in the thousand pages of these two volumes. Their contents, however, will be sufficiently, if summarily, indicated by the statement that, as regards England, we have chapters on the favorites of Edward of Caernarvon and his Queen; on those of Queen Elizabeth, James the First and his consort; and finally on George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who occupies a full half of the second volume. Of French subjects, we have Agnes Sorel, Diana of Poitiers, the minions of Henri of Valois, Chastelar, the fair Gabrielle, the favorites of Louis the Thirteenth and Fourteenth, and Marie de Rohan. Spain yields Maria de Padilla; Italy, the Italian favorites in France of Maria

de' Medici; and Russia contributes in a single chapter notices of the twelve favorites, or, as it may be more correctly put, twelve of the favorites, of the second Catherine. This list might be, of course, indefinitely extended, but Mr. Menzies has been sufficiently liberal. His fifteen chapters contain abundant illustration of the lives of the individuals who come under the head of "royal favorites;" and the work would have been more than overdone if a single addition had been made to the measure already heaped and running over.

We must further remark that in a work of such variety and extent some inaccuracies must inevitably occur. These will be found rather in the English than the foreign subjects. The former will bear some revision preparatory to a second edition; and meanwhile intelligent readers will easily rectify such errors as they may detect. It must be remembered that the subject belongs to the romance of history, and is mostly so treated by the author. Livy is an accepted historian, although we may not place implicit credit in the long dialogues in which some of his characters indulge. In a like way, we are not called upon to believe that all the ladies and gentlemen in these volumes addressed each other in the *ipsissima verba* here set down to their account. Such speeches, however, are founded on actions; and they illustrate, according to the writer's view of the subject, the manners, customs, deeds, and morals of the periods in which the respective scenes are laid. It must be understood that we do not indorse all the opinions of the author which are suggested in these speeches, nor all the conclusions at which he arrives in judging his heroes and heroines. On the other hand, his zeal and industry have been so indefatigable, that in consideration of what is so rare, a generous criticism will overlook some shortcomings.

Mr. Menzies remarks of the creation of Gaveston by Edward the Second as Earl of Cornwall, that such a creation was "an honor then, as now, usually reserved for the royal family." This is not quite correct; and the subject is of sufficient interest, historically, to

be worth while pausing upon for an instant. Gaveston was the sixth earl, and two of his predecessors were of illegitimate birth. The third earl, Reginald, was a natural son of Henry the First, and the fifth was the illegitimate child of Reginald. It was within the prerogative of the crown, however unwisely exercised in this case, not only to make Gaveston Earl of Cornwall, but to endow him with all the possessions of Edmund, the last previous Earl, who had died in the convent founded by him at Ashridge, leaving no heirs. Edmund's property, like his title, lapsed to the crown. When Edward the Third, in 1337, created his first-born son Duke of Cornwall, he limited that title, henceforth and forever, to the eldest male heir to the throne. Again, Mr. Menzies very truly shows with what fatal facility Gaveston made enemies by wounding their vanity and self-esteem. The arrogant Gascon probably never had a more bitter enemy than Thomas of Lancaster. Capgrave, in his Chronicle, informs us wherefore: "1307," which was the year before Gaveston was named Earl of Cornwall, "the same Peter made a great tournament fast by Wallingford, where he had gathered many jousters, aliens, and others; and they bore down in jousts many Englishmen; that is to say, Thomas Earl of Lancaster, Humfrey of Herforth, Eymmer of Pembroke, John Warenne, and many others, for which he had great indignation." Mr. Menzies has not omitted to notice this tournament, nor some of those whom the foreigners overcame there; but by a little slip of the pen he has forgotten to name that redoubtable Thomas whose tilt out of his saddle into the dust was one of the chief causes of the action which led to Gaveston's death.

It is a singular fact that Thomas of Lancaster (and, we may add, of Leicester and of Lincoln) was as ready to fling contemptuous phrases at others as he was indignant at having them flung at him by Gaveston. He was a popular man because he hated foreigners and opposed the court. But his opposition to the court was made in no better spirit than that of the royal

favorite to the peers who were his enemies. Thus, when Edward the Second summoned a parliament to York, Thomas stationed himself at Pomfret, and barricaded the road so that the barons could not proceed northward. When the King himself came thither, on his way southward, Thomas and his men issued from the castle, and hailed the sovereign with every ridiculous, vile, and contemptuous epithet they could find in the vituperative vocabulary. Lancaster himself had chafed at Gaveston having spoken of him as a vain stage-player; but at Pomfret the King's kinsman pelted his superior with vulgar names. We will not omit to notice further, as an illustration of the morals of a prince who was not much more estimable than the haughty favorite whom he hunted to a cruel death, (such a death as he himself was doomed to suffer, the first so inflicted on an English prince of the blood-royal,) that the Earl de Warenne, who shared with Thomas the humiliation of being overthrown at the tournament at Wallingford, was the paramour of Lancaster's wife Alicia de Lacy; and that the husband received that too celebrated lady home again when she chose to abandon her lover! The gentle Alicia is suspected of having attempted to poison Lancaster; and of her three subsequent husbands she is known to have so disposed of the second, for the sake of marrying with the third, a young fellow who survived her. There was no lady who so contributed to the gossip of the fourteenth century as this lively Alice, "Countess of Lancaster, Leicester, Lincoln, and Salisbury."

As we continue to peruse the lessons inculcated in these annals of royal favoritism, the one that leaves the most impression is that such favor was always fatal to him who enjoyed the privilege. The fact, however, is, that in those olden days men fought fiercely for a position and for influence, and violent death was generally the penalty paid by the losers. A German proverb says that it is dangerous for ordinary men to eat cherries at the tables of princes; but most men consider that it is more unpleasant

still to be uninvited to the table, and unable to reach the fruit. Favoritism, no doubt, had its peculiar perils; but so had every condition of life. The third Hugh Despencer was hanged and outrageously mutilated; but the first and second came to as violent end; for the second was hanged too, and the first was among the slain at the battle of Evesham. As for Queen Isabella and Mortimer, their tale has been told by their enemies; and we suspect that we are far away from the exact truth of the story of that royal favorite and his well-abused mistress. All the known and scattered details have been carefully put together by the author; but there is left on the mind of the impartial reader, a feeling that what we possess is chiefly *ex-parte* testimony, and that neither Isabella nor Mortimer has had hitherto a fair trial before posterity.

Leicester and Hatton, Raleigh, Essex, and Blount, are the "favorites" whom Mr. Menzies classes under the reign of Elizabeth. We must say that we do not share his ill opinion of the first, nor his good opinion of the last; but this may not be the case with the majority of his readers. Probably the only wise, or at least the wisest, man of the five, was Sir Christopher Hatton, who, as the author remarks, made more friends and fewer enemies, than perhaps any royal favorite that ever existed. The secret of that success lay in the fact that Hatton was neither too presuming on one side nor too arrogant on the other. It was different with the other favorites of Elizabeth; none of whom came to grief, however, through their position as favorites. Leicester kept in favor to the end of his life; and Elizabeth's indorsement of a note written to her by the earl on his dying-bed—"His last letter"—we take to be conclusive of the fact that, however speedily the Queen found consolation, she had then a tender and mournful regard for that wayward Robin who had so often pleased and as often perplexed that rather capricious mistress. Raleigh's many errors have been forgotten in the memory of his undeserved fate, in the reign of James. Essex perhaps stood nearer to the pure kins-

womanly favor of the Queen than any other man could have done; but Elizabeth's regard for him was of a totally different character from that she experienced for Leicester. Essex was a relative whom she would have guided; Leicester was a man whom perhaps she loved. As for Blount, he was one of those men who love their neighbors' wives better than they do their own. Our contempt for him is as great as it is for any of the favorites of James and his consort, Anne of Denmark—Moray and Ruthven, Ramsay, Herbert, Hay, and Carr; there is an odor of blood or uncleanness about the very best or the least wicked of them. There is great interest as well as great scandal—that is, great offense—in their several histories; and it is singular that Mr. Menzies, after detailing the history of some of the king's favorites, should remark that "it is rather curious that James, the most slovenly of men in his own person, should have been as fastidious even as Elizabeth touching the looks and dress of those who were about him." The "fastidiousness" of James arose from a motive which did not influence the Queen. Those Stuart favorites came to various evil ends. Moray and Ruthven were murdered; Ramsay left no heir to his proud title of Earl of Holderness; Philip Herbert, horsewhipped in his lifetime, left behind him the memory of his popular name—"the memorable simpleton;" Hay founded no line, as he had hoped, of Earls of Carlisle; and Carr Earl of Somerset is "carrion" that, Mr. Carlyle says, in his peremptory way, "had better be buried." Implicated in the murder of Overbury, and under the pressure of charges of even a worse nature, Carr stinks in the nostrils of fame. Yet he was not abject by nature; and one historian—desirous of saying a good word for a man against whom every one flings a stone—Mr. Dixon—remarks: "More than one popular poet found in Carr a patron and a friend. He was kind to Jonson—more than kind to Donne. For years he maintained the closest intimacy with Overbury—a connection not to have been kept with that sensitive and haughty man of genius had

Carr been the fool in feathers and rosettes he is commonly made."

We have already stated that the lion's share of this book is given to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. As illustrations of royal favorites, however, Mr. Menzies might almost have been justified in giving a history of all the Buckingham peers, from Walter Giffard the first Earl, created just eight hundred years ago, to the last duke, whose memoirs and correspondence can hardly be said to have highly edified the public. It is most singular that long as this particular peerage has existed, it has never yet been borne by more than three members of the same family. The second Giffard died childless; the only De Clare left no male issue; the second Plantagenet left no issue at all, and so ended the earls in 1399.

In the year 1444, Humphrey Stafford, son of Anne Plantagenet, Countess of Stafford, sister of the last Earl of Buckingham, was created Duke. This favorite had special precedence granted him over all other dukes not of the blood-royal; but there was another favorite, Henry de Beauchamp, Duke of Warwick, who disputed this right of precedence. So difficult was it to adjust the balance of this dispute by the merits of the respective claimants, that parliament, in despair, at last decreed by an especial act, that supreme precedence should be enjoyed by each duke in alternate years. Only three Staffords held this poor privilege. The first was slain in battle; the other two were beheaded; and under consequent attainder, the honors of the house became forfeited. Some eighty years later, the last male representative of the great Duke of Buckingham, the first Humphrey Stafford, claimed the inheritance of his family honors and titles; but he was refused on the ground of his poverty; and he died in obscurity, under the pseudonym of Fludd.

The earldom was revived and the marquise created in 1618, in the person of the royal favorite George Villiers, who occupies so important a space in these volumes, and who was raised to the dukedom in 1623. Reresby described him as the finest gentle-

man, both for person and wit, he had ever seen. This proud and mischievous peer ended his career by assassination; and in the person of his worthless son—a royal favorite too—the line of Villiers became extinct in 1632. From 1703 to 1735 the title was held by the two Sheffields. To them have followed the Grenvilles, the first of whom was the king's favorite, who assisted George the Third to overthrow the coalition, and yet of whom the King said in his illness that he (George the Third) hated nobody but the Marquis of Buckingham. The dukedom was revived in 1822, the present possessor being the third of his house who has held the title.

Of few peerages can such a history as this be written. Of the duke to whom Mr. Menzies has devoted the greater portion of his pages, the author says that he "had lofty aspirations, a spirit which was fitted to lead others by its own invincibility, and a mind of quick conceptions. . . . The genius of the man was daring and magnificent; and his elocution was graceful as his manners. But these were natural talents; he possessed no acquired ones." It seems to us that in this case historical fact is at variance with the author's judgment. Indeed this sketch of Buckingham is the least satisfactory of the author's performances. The domestic series of state papers will enable him to correct the inaccuracies of some portions of this life; and the last published history of Bacon, or the article which appeared thereon in the first number of this magazine, will, if consulted, help him to a more correct appreciation of the great Chancellor than he has come to in his own pages.

Probably to most readers the chapters which treat of Mary Stuart and Chastelar the poet will offer the greatest attraction. They are amplified from Mignet, and narrate one of the most romantic of stories. Mr. Menzies belongs to that numerous class who as implicitly believe in Mary's innocence as they have faith in her beauty. "All about her," we are told, "yielded to the resistless" (*sic*) "charm of that beauteous face and form, which only to look on was to

love. Cotemporary poets might aptly say that *the loveliest rose of Scotia bloomed on the topmost branch*. Ronsard and De Bellay called her the *tenth Muse*." Speaking again of the ill-fated Queen's beauty and its evil consequences, Mr. Menzies remarks that, "of all the eminently beautiful women the world has ever seen, Mary Stuart wrought the most of wreck and utter ruin with the kindest disposition and best intentions." Chastelar belonged to that school of poets which was founded by De Bellay and established by Ronsard. The former contended that except in clear imitations of the Greek and Latin classics, there was no chance of salvation for French literature. Ronsard, the great favorite of his period, the spoiled child, as he has been called, of princes and people, is justly charged with having abused the privilege of imitating the classic authors to such a degree as to render the French language unrecognizable in his verses. But he was not thus unwise in *all* his works, some of which are thoroughly French and very musical. Around Ronsard clustered the poets known by the name of the *Pleiad*, from their numbers; and beyond that circle shone a bright company of cotemporary poets, including Regnier, of the masterly *Satires*, and Agrippa d'Aubigné, whose *Tragiques* continue to enjoy a well-merited reputation.

This was exactly the school that Mary Stuart most loved and imitated; and Chastelar, the first of her favorites, came to her additionally recommended by his affiliation to the school of poesy in which she herself had studied, and whose songs she had sung to that precious harp which is still preserved in the family of Stewart of Dalguise. This Chastelar was a Dauphiny gentleman of the fearless and reproachless blood of Bayard, whom, according to Brantôme, the poet very closely resembled. Of Chastelar's power as a poet Brantôme quaintly says: "He wrote even verses of the very best, and as good as any gentleman of France could write, making use of soft and gentle poesy like a true cavalier." He had been a page in the house, and a soldier in the tents of Montmorency.

He had glittered in the old Louvre and in the new Tuileries, and had crossed swords with men whom he stretched dead on the grass of the *Pré aux Clercs*. He was without doubt a most accomplished gentleman, and was shaped to win admiration, if Mr. Menzies's picture of him be really to the life, in which counterfeit presentment we see his "long dark curls and bright eyes," to look on which "was to behold the poet-type in its most attractive form; and when to beauty of feature and culture of mind were added a graceful figure, skill in horsemanship as in all knightly exercises, great kindness of disposition and gentle mirth, what wonder that with the ladies of Mary's court to be in love with Chastelar was as indispensable a fashion as to wear a pointed stomacher or a delicate lace-edging to the ruff?" Subsequently, the reader's attention is directed to the shadows as well as the lights in this portrait, and we find that Chastelar possessed "the defects as well as the good qualities of the men of the day," and that he was "indifferent as to religious matters." He seems to us, moreover, to have been influenced by that common vanity which makes fools believe themselves irresistible in the eyes of women. His extraordinary story is somewhat marred by this folly; nevertheless, there is so much of the purely romantic in the details of his life, there was such daring in his love, such calm and touching heroism in his death, as to set him in estimation far above the second favorite of Mary, the luckless Rizzio.

There was something highly dramatic in the way in which Chastelar first entered the court of Mary Stuart. He came in the suite of M. de Damville, who formed part of the Queen's escort when she left the *beau pays de France* for Scotland. Damville was deeply in love with Mary, who was unconscious of the homage; and he engaged Chastelar to accompany him and to reside at the Scottish court, after he had himself left, in order that the gifted young gentleman from Dauphiny might transmit to him information of interest touching the Queen; but Damville was not at all aware that Chastelar was as passionately enamored of the Queen as

he himself was. Chastelar had frequently been near her person at the French court, and one of the first objects of his life was to obtain a footing at the court of Scotland. Neither gentleman knew that the other was his rival, and Mary Stuart was equally ignorant of their eagerness to find favor in her eyes. Had she been as indifferent to admiration as she had previously been unconscious of their devotion to her, this little drama would not have terminated in disgrace and death.

Whatever were the means by which Chastelar recommended himself to Mary, they were completely successful. He went on missions for his mistress between Scotland and France; but we know nothing of their nature, save as regards the less important of them—as, for instance, when Chastelar carried from Mary to Ronsard the famous guerdon of chased silver which she bestowed on the minstrel for the sweet homage of his flattering song. In a passage curiously identical with one in Mignet, Mr. Menzies says that “on Chastelar’s return to France, at the time of the first civil war, he had felt no disposition to march with Damville against his co-religionists the Huguenots, or join the Huguenots against his liege lord, Damville.” Of course, the “liege lord” of Chastelar was the King of France, and not Damville; but his heart acknowledged a liege lady too; and to her service he returned, eager to show the depth, breadth, and intensity of his allegiance.

From the period of his being finally attached to Mary’s household, that course commenced for which it is hardly possible to say who is the more worthy of blame. The more the story is ventilated, the less do we like the Queen’s share in it. What greater presumption could there be than that of the Frenchman who wrote love-verses which he presented to the Queen? What greater indiscretion than that of Mary, who penned replies to these amorous odes, and made the young poet madly ecstatic, not only by such indecorous condescension, but by her familiarity with him, the long conversations they had together, and the access to her which was allowed in Chastelar’s favor, when it was denied to

nobler, graver, and wiser men? It may have been all mere coquetry or thoughtlessness on Mary’s part; but she had been brought up in a profligate court, and had learnt there a defiance of public opinion, which is, nevertheless, always fatal to the reputation of a woman. Mignet records that “during all the winter of 1563 Chastelar was allowed more frequent access to her private cabinet than any one of her nobility.” Brantome—who, as Sir James Mackintosh remarks, “fortunately for posterity,” attended Mary from Calais to Edinburgh, and furnished historians with materials for history—Brantome says, that she “made good cheer for Chastelar, and frequently entertained him.” Knox gives, with similar testimony, much that is more damaging still. He not only denounces the immodest dancing of the Queen and Chastelar, as partners, and their scandalous intimacy, but adds that the Queen would sometimes lie on Chastelar’s shoulder, “and sometimes would privately steal a kiss of his neck. And all this was honest enough,” says Knox, in his angry sarcastic manner, “for it was the gentle entreatment of a stranger.”

Of the trifling quality of some of the familiarity with which Mary treated the French poet Mr. Menzies gives one instance; for which, however, he does not cite his authority. Such authority would have been worth naming, as it would have enabled us to fix the original proprietorship of a joke which has been claimed alike for Joseph Miller and Peter Pindar. The Queen had commended a new copy of amatory verses by Chastelar as “a very happy piece.” “How could it be otherwise, madam,” replied Chastelar, bowing low, “with such a subject!” “Nay, nay,” said Mary, laughing and blushing at the same time; “I am no subject, Chastelar, but an anointed queen. Thou canst not make a subject of me.” Chastelar blushed in turn, as Mr. Menzies tells us, with his characteristic fondness for rather superfluous detail, and said, smiling, “Your wit, madam, has thrown me out,” etc. To those who are curious in the chronology of jokes, some information as to the authority on which this passage is

founded would have been very acceptable. Mr. Menzies could not have found any difficulty in satisfying our natural curiosity on this point. That his means of obtaining exclusive information are greater than those at the disposal of ordinary writers is made evident by a passage in which he tells us of what the Earl of Moray once said to himself when he was alone! Commonly a person, when alone, does not fall into talking with himself; a man in such a position may think, but he will not speak. Novelists even rarely make a character thus solely colloquial, and soliloquies on the stage are simply the methods by which the audience gets at the designs of him who is made by the author to speak aloud. To return, however, to Mary and the first of her luckless favorites.

It is evident that the madness of arrogance into which the young poet fell was lit up in him by a species of encouragement of his adoration on the part of the Queen, which seemed at least to say to him: "Who asketh faintly teacheth to deny." It was only when he construed that encouragement in a too fervent sense that the Queen's action might have been read by him as meaning: "He comes too near who comes to be denied." Similar encouragement, and similar misapprehension of what seemed encouragement, had previously exposed Mary Stuart to some very brutal wooing. One Captain Hepburn had addressed his homage to her with such unsentimental rudeness, that it is difficult to understand how the Tarquinian captain escaped the gallows. Of Chastelar's first act of felonious presumption there are two accounts. Mr. Menzies adopts that in which Chastelar, "proceeding from one impropriety to another," at length secreted himself in a closet in the Queen's bed-chamber, in which he was discovered by the indignant Mary herself. The second account saves her from this humiliation; without screening the crime of the offender. It is therein said that some of the Queen's female attendants found the poet concealed under the royal bed, and that they ejected him from the chamber before the Queen appeared. Either way, as we have said, the offense was equally

great; but it was not visited with the rigor which certainly should have fallen upon the offender, who, if the details here given are to be credited, was simply banished the court and kingdom, in a note addressed to him by the Queen's own hand. We are further told that the female attendants were bound to secrecy, and that Mary was satisfied with thus saving, as she supposed, Chastelar's life and her own reputation.

Chastelar, however, does not appear to have believed that the Queen's indignation was serious. He was so irreclaimably mad as to have some right to the pity which Mary felt. Nothing but madness, or a belief, which may be taken for a part of madness, that the Queen looked upon him with something of more tender quality than compassion, could have induced this man to commit the same offense twice. Yet, two nights after this scene in Edinburgh, the Queen, on her way to St. Andrew's, entered her sleeping-apartment at Burntisland, and as she did so, Chastelar issued from behind some hangings, and flung himself at her feet. That he could have got access to such a chamber bespeaks much negligence on the part of the attendants, or such custom on their side to see Chastelar wend whither he would, that they never thought of prohibiting him. Be this as it may, at this fresh offense Mary lost both patience and pity. At her screams, Moray, her half-brother, and a host of followers, rushed into the room, and the Queen's first eager cry was for Moray to stab him. On the other hand, Chastelar lost something of his dignity if he replied, as is here stated, to the questioning of Moray, that he had come into the Queen's room "to take leave of her majesty before returning to France, for which I set out to-morrow." At the best, this must have been mere subterfuge, and it served no purpose. Moray, who cared little for Chastelar's life or his sister's reputation—willing rather to destroy both—ordered the poet to prison, and would not listen to any extenuating circumstances suggested on his behalf by Mary herself! The whole party, offender and offended, passed onward to St. Andrew's,

where within three days the too presuming poet was put upon his trial, by way of preparation for his execution. During this investigation, "the Earl of Moray made repeated indirect attempts to lead him to make statements prejudicial to the Queen, urging him, with a show of candor and pretended regard for justice, to inform the court of any thing and every thing which he thought might be available in his defense, without regard to the rank and condition of those whom such statements might implicate. This language was too plain to be misunderstood. Every one present perceived that it contained a pointed allusion to the Queen. Chastelar, amongst the rest, felt that it did so;" and he first laid all the scandal to his own folly, and then ascribed it to the intensity of his love "for the noblest and loveliest of created beings."

This plea was not calculated to benefit the prisoner, who was forthwith condemned to be beheaded, and small time left him for shrift. Some of that time he passed, however, in taking leave of the Queen in mournfully tender verse. For this poetry Mary had no appetite; she had lost her old feeling of pity, and was as little inclined that Chastelar's life should be saved as Moray was. She withdrew to Holyrood before the execution, rejected an application for mercy, "and commanded the following couplet, inscribed by an unknown hand on the wall of her chamber, to be effaced:

'Sur front de roy
Que pardon soit!'

But there is a tradition that Mary connived at an attempt to effect Chastelar's escape.

Some accounts make this Dauphiny poet die with levity. It is evident that Chastelar encountered death in the spirit of a man who was without fear but not without feeling. He walked to the scaffold repeating the "Hymn to Death," by his friend Ronsard, in which are sung the pain and vanity of human desire, and the superior calm and content of death. This was something pagan, and Brantome records that Chastelar "employed no other spiritual book, nor minister,

nor confessor;" that is to say, neither Presbyterian nor Roman Catholic. But Knox, who detested him with all heartiness, says, "At the place of execution, when he saw that there was no remedy but death, he made a godly confession;" and Randolph asserts that he died with repentance: that he died with something too of the old troubador spirit, can not be denied. When he had concluded reciting the Hymn to Death, he turned, according to Brantome, in the direction of the place where he supposed the Queen to be, and exclaimed aloud: "Farewell, most beautiful and most cruel princess in the world!" And then, fearlessly offering his neck to the executioner, he allowed himself to be disposed of without difficulty.

Thus ended one of the most curious episodes in the history of those times. We have dealt with it at some length, because, though it be but an episode, it led to matters of greater historical importance. It excited a general desire that the Queen should place her honor under the safeguard of a second husband; and it led to that fatal marriage with Darnley—a weak, vain, diseased lad—which again was followed by the murder of a royal favorite, the cruel assassination of Mary's husband, and her re-marriage with the murderer, hot and bloody with his evil work. Other consequences ensued, which it is beyond our limits to narrate; but war, the sword, or the executioner is to be found in each succeeding episode of that miserable queen's most miserable life. As the question of Mary's immediate marriage would not have been so pertinaciously urged but for the scandal raised by Chastelar, we may at once see what misery arose out of the indiscretion of the Queen, who caused, if she did not encourage, the presumption of the poet. But we need not speculate on what might have been, but for this early fault in Mary's checkered career. The story, as it can be told from such authorities as exist, is not narrated perhaps in all the fullness that the truth would bear. All that we are likely to obtain from state papers that may yet be discovered may not add much to help conclusions at which we have already arrived, con-

tingently and conjecturally. We may guess that which may be hereafter proved; meanwhile, we are thankful for what we can get, and are especially thankful to all chroniclers who have power to condense their materials, who do not employ their imaginations in the elaboration of facts, who eschew affectation, who refrain from misappropriation of the labors of others, who have patience to weigh authorities, and sense and fairness in determining between conflicting evidence.

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS FAMILY.

A SKETCH BY THE EDITOR.

WE offer to our readers, at the head of this number of *THE ECLECTIC*, a rare and beautiful engraving, representing a family scene of great interest and attraction. The principal personage is a prince among all the poets of the world. His name, his writings, his works and his fame will live as long as great thoughts, beautiful language and cardinal principles shall find a dwelling-place in the admiration of mankind. He opened the great gold mines and the silver mines of ideas, and brought out their priceless treasures, and coined them into a literary currency for all coming ages. The genius, the wisdom, the talents and the productions of Shakespeare have never perhaps been equaled by any man not divinely inspired. Foremost in the grand literary phalanx, the banner of Shakespeare waves on high above all his compeers, while around his standard he rallies all the champions in the field of intellect and mental progress. But giant pens in past ages have written his eulogy, and it is akin to presumption to attempt to say more. Our readers will pardon us thus far. Our object is simply to introduce them or present them to Shakespeare and his family at their home at Stratford-upon-Avon. We suppose it was on some evening about 1600. Shakespeare had been engaged for some time in writing the tragedy of Hamlet. He had perhaps completed it. Desiring to please and gratify his wife and children, he had proposed to

read it to them. The allotted evening had come. The family are together. The reading has been begun and progressed at some length. His wife and children are apparently much interested in the tragic story. They are all in a listening posture. The wife is looking up from her needle-work in fond admiration. Shakespeare seems to be repeating the language of the tragedy from memory, holding the manuscript in his hand while his eyes are turned, not upon the faces of his family, but upon some object in the room, perhaps to aid his memory in repeating what he had written. Without any positive knowledge on the subject, we may believe the truth of the representation in the engraving. It is, moreover, quite possible that had some visible or invisible photographer been present to take an impression of the scene, this may have been the truthful one.

Our object is simply to explain the engraving, and impart, as far possible, a sort of life-like impression to the mind of the reader. A brief biographical sketch of the family personages seems necessary—not so much of the father, whose history is well known, as concerning his wife, and especially their son and two daughters—for the purpose of adding interest to the engraving.

William Shakespeare, the national dramatist of England, was the son of John Shakespeare and Mary Arden, and was born at Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, on April twenty-third, 1564, as averred by tradition—being St. George's day, the anniversary of the patron saint of England. His baptism is recorded three days afterward in the parish register, preserved in the Stratford church, where it may still be seen by the traveler. The house and the chamber in which the great bard was born, are objects of intense interest. On the window in the room may be seen scratched Sir Walter Scott's well-known signature and the famous name of William M. Thackeray. In regard to the accuracy of Shakespeare's portrait as seen in the engraving, we can only say it corresponds in a great degree to the bust of the poet at Stratford, and with all the best portraits we have seen. We pass over the child-

hood and youth of Shakespeare as not needful to our explanation of the engraving. At the age of eighteen, he was a handsome, well-made young man, hazel-eyed and auburn-haired, with all his natural gifts superadded to his wonted elasticity of spirits and frankness of youth. He was an object of interest and attraction to the fair maidens of Stratford. But not there did he find a wife. In the little hamlet of Shottery, about a mile to the west of Stratford, dwelt Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a substantial yeoman. Her, Shakespeare wooed and won when in his nineteenth year, while Anne had reached the maturer age of twenty-seven. They were married at Worcester, the seat of the diocese in which Stratford is situated. The eldest child was a daughter, who was named Susanna, who afterward became the wife of Dr. Hall, of Stratford. She appears in the engraving leaning on her father's shoulder, with elbows resting on the table. Her baptism is recorded in the parish register on May twenty-sixth, 1783. This would make her age to be about seventeen, by supposition, at the scene in the engraving. The only other issue of the marriage were twins, a boy and a girl. Their names were Hamnet and Judith, who were baptized February second, 1585. Hamnet, the son, must have died soon after the time of the scene in the engraving, where he appears about fifteen years of age, a lad of a fine countenance. Judith, his twin sister, lived to be the wife of Thomas Quincy, of Stratford, a wine-merchant. In the engraving, Hamnet appears standing and listening, while Judith is sitting on a low seat, leaning on her father's knee, gazing up into his face.

The cottage in which Anne Hathaway resided, still exists at Shottery, and presents, at the present day, nearly the same appearance that it did in the time of Shakespeare. There is the neat

NEW SERIES—VOL. III. No. 1

and pretty garden and the little orchard near by. A vine climbs up the wall of the house to which Shakespeare used to come love-making to Miss Anne. The reader can examine her portrait in the engraving and decide for himself the quality of her beauty and intellect as best he may. The scene in the engraving may be considered historic. It is a subject for careful study. Shakespeare died on his fifty-second birthday, of a fever. Anne survived her husband seven years, and was buried in the same church at Stratford. Susanna, the wife of Dr. Hall, a principal physician at Stratford, died July eleventh, 1649, aged sixty-six. Judith, the other daughter, died in 1662, at the age of seventy-seven. She left three sons, who all died without issue. Thus, in fifty-four years, the lineal descendants of Shakespeare became extinct.

We close this brief explanation sketch with a pleasant incident in the life of the great bard, which illustrates his adroitness and courtly tact.

Shakespeare was personating on one occasion the character of a king in the presence of Queen Elizabeth, who, in walking across the stage, the honored place in those days for the higher classes of the audience, dropped her glove as she passed close to the poet. No notice was taken by him of the incident; and the Queen, desirous of knowing whether this procedure was the result of mere inadvertence, or a determination to preserve the consistency of his part, moved again toward him, and again let her glove fall. Shakespeare stooped down to pick it up, saying, in the character of the monarch whom he was personating:

"And though now bent on this high embassy,
Yet stoop we to take up our cousin's glove."

He then retired from the stage and presented the glove to the Queen, who is reported to have been highly pleased.

P O E T R Y .

TWO LOVES AND A LIFE.

(FOUNDED ON THE DRAMA OF THAT NAME BY MESSRS. TOM
TAYLOR AND CHARLES READE.)

To the scaffold's foot she came :
Leaped her black eyes into flame,
Rose and fell her panting breast—
There a pardon closely pressed.

She had heard her lover's doom,
Traitor death and shameful tomb—
Heard the price upon his head :
"I will save him!" she had said.

"Blue-eyed Annie loves him too :
She will weep, but Ruth will do.
Who should save him, sore distressed,
Who but she who loves him best?"

To the scaffold now she come,
On her lips there rose his name,
Rose, and yet in silence died—
Annie nestled by his side!

Over Annie's face he bent,
Round her waist his fingers went;
"Wife!" he called her—called *her* "Wife!"
Simple word to cost a life!

In Ruth's breast the pardon lay;
But she coldly turned away :
"He has sealed his traitor fate—
I can love, and I can hate."

"Annie is his wife," they said;
"Be it wife, then, to the dead;
Since the dying she will mate:
I can love, and I can hate!"

"What their sin? They do but love;
Let this thought thy bosom move."
Came the jealous answer straight :
"I can love, and I can hate!"

"Mercy!" still they cried. But she:
"Who has mercy upon me?
Who? My life is desolate—
I can love, and I can hate!"

From the scaffold stair she went,
Shouts the noonday silence rent,
All the air was quick with cries:
"See the traitor!—see, he dies!"

Back she looked, with stifled scream,
Saw the ax upswinging gleam:
All her woman's anger died—
"From the King!" she faintly cried—

"From the King. His name—behold!"
Quick the parchment she unrolled:
Paused the ax in upward swing—
"He is pardoned!" "Live the King!"

Glad the cry, and loud and long :
All about the scaffold throng,
There entwining, fold and fold,
Raven tresses, locks of gold.

There against Ruth's tortured breast
Annie's tearful face is pressed,
While the white lips murmuring move:
"I can hate—but I can love!"
—*London Society.* W. S.

ON THE RHINE.

On the little plank-pier of the village,
The village on banks of Rhine,
With peasants brown from the tillage,
See a traveling youth recline.

The rock with its castle facing,
Vine-hills in a sunny air,
The silver current chasing
With image reversed and rare.

But the youth loses eyes of dreaming
In the heat haze luminous,
Afar where the flood looks streaming
From skies mysterious.

Till a cloud or a smoke faint staining,
A phantom emerges dim;
Though his eye grow tired with straining,
His heart rings a happy chime

With the wash of the mighty water
As it forks at the pier piles,
And the peasant's careless laughter,
And the myriad river smiles.

He can see the deck of the steamer,
The froth of her rushing wheel;
Now sidling smoother and tamer,
Fling the uncoiling reel!

And a maiden has waved him greeting
As he hurries across the plank,
While thirsty eyes in the meeting
Draughts for a century drank.

To the vineyards turn their glances
And storied castle shells,
To the creaming foam as it dances
In the crush of the paddle swells.

But their faces touch more nearly
Than any thing compels,
If two young travelers merely
Study the Drachenfels.

At the last I saw them standing
With wringing hands locked long;
But the careless crowd at the landing
To separate was strong.

To bear through the years asunder
With a change of cares and strife,
Till they only vaguely wonder
Where each has roved in life.

And if either came to the river
In a far-off after year,

And now our days with bliss are rife.
 She is the sunshine of my life;
 The noblest friend and truest wife
 On earth is she!
 Far from all worldly care and strife,
 How blest are we!
 —*London Society.*

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

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sons will forgive him on that score. There is, however, one fault of which he has been guilty, and which is less excusable, and that is the adoption in some parts of his work of a series of symbols descriptive of form. It may have exercised Mr. Campbell's ingenuity pleausurably to design a number of hieroglyphics significant of shape and outline, but it must be confessed that the introduction of them is any thing but agreeable to the reader. The observations in the preface convey some idea of the character of the writer's production:

"The following pages are meant for readers who take pleasure in natural science, without being philosophers. They are records of things seen or learned, and of thoughts which sprang up while scenes were fresh, or knowledge freshly gained; they are written by one who has no claim to scientific knowledge, and they are printed for people like himself. A traveler's book is not for learned professors, but for that vagrant class who wander and think for themselves—who think of something besides daily bread and or daily turtle and champagne, how to get ease and plenty, and how to get rid of time."

"Fire" occupies the least portion of the writer's book, which may indeed be said to be a voluminous popular essay on ice and ice action. We follow Mr. Campbell from the Alps to Norway, Scandinavia, Spitzbergen, and Iceland, and as we travel with him we pause beside some huge glacier, or boulder, or moraine, and listen to his pleasant story of its history and origin. In every instance we learn some new fact in physical science, and although our teacher has a quaint and somewhat humorous mode of expressing himself, still his power, as an instructor, is all the greater from this circumstance; for we can not listen without remembering his words, and as we accompany him on his wanderings we "can not choose but hear." Let us see how he illustrates the action of icebergs in producing deposits of gravel, such, for example, as those of the Somme valley:

"A plate of ice, loaded with sand and loose stones, must drop its load in the same way whatever its dimensions may be. In a small plate the ice gradually melts, and mounds of sand form themselves into conical heaps on the wet surface. But as the ice-raft melts it loses its power of flotation, and it becomes lop-sided; one edge sinks and the flat surface becomes a sloping plain. It slopes more and more as the ice melts, till the slope becomes so great that the deck-load slips and rolls to one side and sinks the sunken edge still more. Then the mounds slip and become avalanches, slide overboard, sink to the bottom, and become mounds there. But while rubbish is shot one way the float shoots in the opposite direction, and the rest of the deck-load is washed overboard as the raft slips through the water. Ice, relieved from weight, bobs up like a board and shoots off edgewise, because there is least resistance in that direction. When rubbish-heaps are thus shot eastward, flat ice shoots westward, and the rubbish at the bottom is deposited as a mound with a tail stretching westward."

English, Irish, and Scotch glacial geology also receive Mr. Campbell's attention, and his observations on this branch of his subject should be carefully read by scientific tourists. The publisher deserves much praise for the excellent manner in

When he knew his march was staid.
Fiends and angels watched and waited
As the undimmed eyes closed slowly,
As the vast limbs withered wholly
From their ancient strength unbated,
As into the Vale of Shade,
Seeing, not seen, he passed away ;
And none knoweth to this day
Where the awful corpse is laid.

The Dead Sea salt, in crystal hoar,
Hangs on our hair like acrid rime ;
And we are gray, like many more,
With bitterness and not with time.
Two hours of thirst, before we reach
Yon jungle dense, and scanty sward ;
For many a league the only breach
Where Jordan's cliffs allow a ford.
Lo, spurs of Sheffield do our will,
And, little Syrian barbs, be gay ;
All morn we spread you on the hill,
Now—o'er the level waste—away,
With your light stag-like bound.
So cross the plain, nor slacken speed,
And brush through Sodom-bush and reed,
And tearing thorn, and tamarisk harsh,
With growth of desert and of marsh,
Cumbering the holy ground.
Reach Jordan's beetling bank, and mark
The winding trench deep-cloven and dark ;
The narrow belt of living green ;
The secret stream that writhes between ;
Death's River—sudden, swift, unseen—
He is changed from his gay going ;
Could we know the arrowy stream,
Once, whose tender talk in flowing
Cast us softly into dream ?
Whirling now with fitful gleam
In his precipice's shade,
Like a half-drawn Persian blade,
Of black steel, darkly bright ?
At his birth he went not so,
Swelling pure with Hermon's snow,
But joyous leapt in light.
Must he fare to the Sad Sea,
Through waste places even as we ?
Yet he makes a little mirth,
Racing downward evermore ;
And the green things of sweet earth
Cling a little to his shore :
Even so it is : so let it be.
But strip and try your might with him :
He is the type of that black wave,
Wherein the strong ones fail to swim ;
The likeness of the grave.
Also his waters wash us free
From salt scurf of the Bitter Sea.
Stem his dark flood with shortened breath,
And take the lesson as you may :
That the baptismal stream of death
Doth cleanse earth's bitterness away.

R. Sr. J. T.

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

TWILIGHT.

THE night flowers open ; days are short ;
The red is paling in the west ;
Even the wayward flickering bat
Is once again at rest.

Between the nettled apple-boughs
Shine out once more the welcome stars ;
I dream in twilight of a slave
Glaring through prison-bars.

No sound but when the beetles fall,
Through darkening leafage of the elm ;
The blackness gathers o'er my eyes,
And would my soul o'erwhelm,
But that a pallor in the east,
That still continuous spreads,
Tells me that mellow darks like these
Will blossom into morning reds.

—*Chambers's Journal*

THE DEAD.

LAY her softly on the bier,
In white, as fits a maiden,
Lead the tresses round her ear,
With stars of jasmine laden.

Strew flowers with their leafy stalks
Upon her quiet bosom ;
No more along the garden-walks
'Twill bend to meet the blossom.

Hushed as noon in summer be ;
Glide on lightest paces ;
Shapes around we can not see
Sit with silent faces.

Death has kissed those waxen lips,
And set his smile upon them,
Sign to Nature, as she steps
Past her, he hath won them.

And his angels watch around,
With serenest glances,
Awing from the holy ground
Time and Life's advances.

OF THE WORLD, BUT NOT WORLDLY

SOME spirit of the air she seemed,
When first her form I saw—
Some fairy such as bards have dreamed
And painters striven to draw.
She stood amid the tender sheen
Of gorgeous flowers and branches green.
With golden sunshine poured between,
And half in awe,
My poor heart recognized its queen
By passion's law.

But, ah ! when later, unreprieved,
I clasped the darling to my breast,
And heard her sweet lips lisp "beloved,"
The while her hand my cheek caressed,
She was no spirit then, I knew,
But my own love, so fair and true.
Nearer my heart her form I drew,
And closer pressed,
Others may sprites and fays pursue—
Dear woman's best !

I was of simple birth and state,
For she was one of high degree.
She left the wealthy and the great
To share my modest lot with me !

And now our days with bliss are rife.
 She is the sunshine of my life;
 The noblest friend and truest wife
 On earth is she!
 Far from all worldly care and strife,
 How blest are we!
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"*Frost and Fire. Natural Engines, Tool-Marks, and Chips: with Sketches taken at Home and Abroad.*" By a Traveler. 2 vols. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1865. The relation between force and matter forms one of the most interesting problems for solution by the philosopher. Indeed, the investigation of force, with a view to discover whether matter has any existence, is an inquiry of the highest interest. There appears to be good reason for the supposition that either of the two has only an abstract being. If, for example, we in imagination remove all force from anything which we call matter, we shall find there is nothing left. Let us deprive a common stone of the light-force which gives us a retinal sensation, and of the mechanical force which gives to our tactile sense the materials for an idea, and what becomes of the stone? If, then, we regard all phenomena as simply the manifestation of force, our studies must be confined to force alone. This would appear to be the change which our modern natural philosophy is passing through. Grove's admirable essay upon the correlation of the physical forces was the first dawning of enlarged views in physics. To it, we may say, that we owe the knowledge that all forces are convertible, and that heat, light, electricity, magnetism, and mechanical power are all the result of the operation of one force which pervades the universe. After Grove's essay came Tyndall's grand treatise upon heat as a mode of motion, and now it is pretty generally believed that all varieties of force have a common basis. The author of *Frost and Fire* has chosen a sublime subject for his work, but we fancy he has not dealt with it satisfactorily. Those who are ignorant of geological physics would hardly have imagined the nature of the work from its title, yet the latter is well and aptly chosen. Frost and fire, the two extreme exemplifications of the most powerful form of force, have had much to do in shaping out our globe and giving it its present form. The causes which operate in the formation of sedimentary rocks would, if left entirely uncontrolled, result in rendering the surface of our globe a perfectly level one. They are, however, counteracted by the effects of "fire," or volcanic force, which tilts up the surface into mountains, and by "frost," which in the production of glaciers, grooves out these mountains into ravines, chasms, and lake-basins. These effects of frost and fire are well demonstrated and explained in Mr. Campbell's volumes, and are illustrated by the writer's sketches, which in some instances are very prettily executed. There is nothing in the pages before us which has not been put before our readers in a thousand different ways before; but the author is original in his style, and if we think that he has not arranged his matter in a sufficiently systematic manner, we admit that in doing so he has made it more readable than it would otherwise have been, and most per-

sons will forgive him on that score. There is, however, one fault of which he has been guilty, and which is less excusable, and that is the adoption in some parts of his work of a series of symbols descriptive of form. It may have exercised Mr. Campbell's ingenuity pleasurably to design a number of hieroglyphics significant of shape and outline, but it must be confessed that the introduction of them is any thing but agreeable to the reader. The observations in the preface convey some idea of the character of the writer's production:

"The following pages are meant for readers who take pleasure in natural science, without being philosophers. They are records of things seen or learned, and of thoughts which sprang up while scenes were fresh, or knowledge freshly gained; they are written by one who has no claim to scientific knowledge, and they are printed for people like himself. A traveler's book is not for learned professors, but for that vagrant class who wander and think for themselves—who think of something besides daily bread and or daily turtle and champagne, how to get ease and plenty, and how to get rid of time."

"Fire" occupies the least portion of the writer's book, which may indeed be said to be a voluminous popular essay on ice and ice action. We follow Mr. Campbell from the Alps to Norway, Scandinavia, Spitzbergen, and Iceland, and as we travel with him we pause beside some huge glacier, or boulder, or moraine, and listen to his pleasant story of its history and origin. In every instance we learn some new fact in physical science, and although our teacher has a quaint and somewhat humorous mode of expressing himself, still his power, as an instructor, is all the greater from this circumstance; for we can not listen without remembering his words, and as we accompany him on his wanderings we "can not choose but hear." Let us see how he illustrates the action of icebergs in producing deposits of gravel, such, for example, as those of the Somme valley:

"A plate of ice, loaded with sand and loose stones, must drop its load in the same way whatever its dimensions may be. In a small plate the ice gradually melts, and mounds of sand form themselves into conical heaps on the wet surface. But as the ice-raft melts it loses its power of flotation, and it becomes lop-sided; one edge sinks and the flat surface becomes a sloping plain. It slopes more and more as the ice melts, till the slope becomes so great that the deck-load slips and rolls to one side and sinks the sunken edge still more. Then the mounds slip and become avalanches, slide overboard, sink to the bottom, and become mounds there. But while rubbish is shot one way the float shoots in the opposite direction, and the rest of the deck-load is washed overboard as the raft slips through the water. Ice, relieved from weight, bobs up like a board and shoots off edge-ways, because there is least resistance in that direction. When rubbish-heaps are thus shot eastward, flat ice shoots westward, and the rubbish at the bottom is deposited as a mound with a tail stretching westward."

English, Irish, and Scotch glacial geology also receive Mr. Campbell's attention, and his observations on this branch of his subject should be carefully read by scientific tourists. The publisher deserves much praise for the excellent manner in

which the volumes have been executed, both in regard to printing and illustration; the binding is quite peculiar, the covers being so arranged that they exhibit, in "relief," the ice-markings which are seen upon certain rocks in St. John's, New-Brunswick.

Charles Scribner & Co.'s Publications.—This enterprising House have recently brought out a number of important works, of standard value. It has long seemed to us that they exercise a remarkable discrimination and a sound judgment in the choice of their publications. Scarcely an inferior book can be found on their long catalogue, while scores of works in all the departments of literature, of the highest interest and of permanent and superior worth, they have given to the public. Among their recent issues, possessing special interest to the readers of THE ECLECTIC, we name

Dante as Philosopher, Patriot, and Poet. With an Analysis of the Divina Commedia, its Plots and Episodes. By Vincent Botta. 1865. Professor Botta has rendered a noble service to his adopted country, as well as to Italy and her great poet, by this contribution. He is evidently master of the whole subject, and gives us beyond doubt the best analysis of the *Commedia* to be found in the English language. The volume is written in the spirit of a philosopher and a critic, and can not fail to take the very first rank in the books which treat of the immortal poet. The sixth hundredth anniversary of Dante's death was recently celebrated with great pomp and *fédt* by his countrymen; and among all the contributions which the occasion called forth, none, we think, will exceed this. Our readers in this connection will be interested in the leading article of this number of THE ECLECTIC, giving some account of the great commemoration.

Life of Marcus Tullius Cicero. By William Forsyth. (2 vols.) 1866, is another standard issue of this house. The best critics in Great Britain and in this country unite in giving the meed of praise to this new biography of the great Roman. It is more than a century since Middleton's life of him was published, and that was in many respects faulty, and was encumbered with much of the history of the times. The present gives a much fuller and more complete view of Cicero, not only as an orator and a politician, but in private life, surrounded by his family and friends. It is a work which no gentleman's library can dispense with.

Uniform with these volumes, the same house present us with an elegant edition (in 2 vols. 1866) of *The Iliad of Homer, rendered into English Blank Verse.* By Edward Earl of Derby. Competent critics on both sides of the water have passed a favorable judgment on this literary effort of the English statesman. It is said to express far more of the spirit of the original than Pope's Iliad. Certain we are, that, whatever be the final verdict of scholars as to the comparative merits of this rendering, it possesses much of the easy flow and majestic simplicity of the grand old poet; and this is doubtless owing to the fact that it is given in the Heroic blank verse. The author says: "It has been my aim throughout to produce a translation and not a paraphrase; not, indeed, such a translation as would satisfy, with

regard to each word, the rigid requirements of accurate scholarship, but such as would fairly and honestly give the sense and spirit of every passage and line." An excellent review of the work by a competent critic may be found in THE ECLECTIC for June last. This is another work which no library can do without.

Another superb work by the same house is the *History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth.* By James Anthony Froude. Vols. I-IV. 1865. This is in many particulars a remarkable history of this eventful period. Vivid in description, minute and reliable in its details, and fresh and independent in its structure and execution, we are not surprised that it has been generally received with so many marks of favor. The most noteworthy feature of it is the character the author gives to Henry VIII.—so much more favorable than any previous historian has given him. The work, when completed, will form a standard history of this period.—All these works are given in the very best style of book-making. They are quite equal in all particulars to the best English books.

Wet Days at Edgewood with Old Farmers, Old Gardeners, and Old Pastors, is another of "Ik Marvel's" highly popular works, the counterpart of *My Farm at Edgewood.* The present work is dedicated to Mr. Scribner, in acknowledgment of his "literary judgment" and "uniform courtesy." It is truly a fascinating book, tracing farming down through the Greek and Roman literature to the present time, and is full of interest, and highly suggestive.

Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects. By J. G. Holland. Same publishers. 1866. As a practical, common-sense, and vigorous writer, Dr. Holland ("Timothy Titcomb") has few superiors in this country. Hence his great popularity. The present work has been published only a few weeks, and yet it is already in the *thirteenth thousand.*

A Summer in Skye. By Alexander Smith. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1865. This volume is descriptive in character, containing lively and graceful sketches of Edinburgh, Stirling, Glasgow, and other places, and of rural scenery in the north of Scotland. The author is favorably known as the writer of that clever novel *Alfred Hagar's Household*, and other works. Besides the prose descriptions, there are several poems in the book.

The same publishers have added to their list of "Companion Poets for the People," *Songs for all Seasons*, by Alfred Tennyson, and *Humorous Poems*, by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The Ordeal for Wives. A Novel, by the Author "The Morals of Mayfair." New-York: American News Co. 1865. This work appeared as a serial in one of the English monthlies. It belongs to the better class of this kind of literature, and will no doubt find many readers.

The Martyr's Monument, being the Patriotism and Political Wisdom of Abraham Lincoln. The same publishers. This volume was prepared at the suggestion of Professor Francis Lieber, and contains the chief speeches, messages, orders, and

proclamations of the late President. It is a monument to his patriotism, sagacity, and goodness, which will long live in the memory of a grateful nation.

Physiology and the Laws of Health. By Edward Jarvis, M.D. New-York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1866. This is an admirable text book for schools, academies, and colleges, by one every way competent to do justice to the important subject.

ART.

Brighton.—The exhibition of the Brighton Art Society opened, on the fourth of last month, with a collection of 230 oil paintings, 195 drawings in water-colors, and five examples of sculpture. Of the whole number of works exhibited, 76 are the productions of local artists. Among the leading subjects the following may be mentioned: "Tired," F. S. Cary; "Beatrice," E. Kennedy; "Imogen," J. B. Bedford; "After sunset merrily," F. Smallfield; "The Favorite," and "The Fisherman's Daughter," J. Noble; "Dutch Shipping," H. K. Taylor; "Amager Girl," and "Danish Nurse with a Parrot," Mme. Jerichau; "Sunday," J. J. Wilson; "Vanity," S. B. Halle; "Fowey Harbor," and others, by W. Linton; "Bilberry Gatherers," J. Bouvier; "The Fortune-Teller," D. Hardy; "Calais Sands," and "Fishing Boats," both by W. R. Beverloy; "Asuan, Upper Egypt," and "Moorish Ladies," C. Vacher; "Dar Thurla," H. Tidey; "A Grave Hint," "Come into the Garden, Maud," and others, Hablot K. Browne; "A Swollen Stream," J. Fahey. The catalogue contains also works by many other artists whose names are well known: E. W. Cooke, R.A.; Bennett, Holland, G. Smith, J. B. Pyne, W. Leader, J. Horlor, Niemann, S. Prout, J. Callow, W. Hunt, T. Joy, S. P. Jackson, G. D. Paris, Honorary Secretary of the Society, Gastineau, R. R. Scanlan, T. S. Robins, Miss Rayner, Mrs. W. Oliver, and Mrs. H. Criddle. Some of the pictures by these artists have been contributed by their present owners.

National Portrait Exhibition.—In accordance with a suggestion made some months ago by the Earl of Derby to the Science and Art Department, it is determined to have a National Portrait Exhibition, which will be opened in April, 1866, in the portion of the building at South-Kensington that was used for the refreshment-rooms of the International Exhibition of 1862. The exhibition is specially designed to illustrate English history, and the progress of art in England. It may be divided into two or three sections, representing distinct historic periods exhibited in successive years, depending upon the number of the portraits received and the space available for their proper exhibition. It will comprise the portraits of persons of every class who have in any way attained eminence or distinction in England, from the date of the earliest authentic portraits to the present time; but will not include the portraits of living persons, or portraits of a miniature character. In regard to Art, the works of inferior painters representing distinguished persons will be admitted; while the acknowledged works of eminent artists will be received, though the por-

trait is unknown or does not represent a distinguished person. The portraits of foreigners who have attained eminence or distinction in England will also be included, with portraits by foreign artists which represent persons so distinguished. The portraits, for the purpose of proper arranging and cataloguing, will be received not later than the second week in February; and will be returned at the end of August at the latest; but though the exhibition will continue open till that time, any owner who requires the return of his contributions at the end of July will have them forwarded to him at once. All correspondence relating to the subject should be indorsed "National Portrait Exhibition" on the cover, and addressed to the Secretary of the Science and Art Department, South-Kensington Museum. The list of the Committee for carrying out the object includes a long array of noblemen and gentlemen interested in art, with Lord Derby as their president.—*Art Journal.*

Paris.—The French Academy of Fine Arts has awarded the "Lambert" prize to Madame Moreau, widow of the sculptor whose statue of Aristophanes lately called forth so much admiration. An exhibition of water-color drawings was opened in the month of September at the gallery on the *Boulevard des Italiens*. M. E. Hildebrandt, a German artist, who enjoys a high reputation on the Continent, and who has traveled over the greater part of the world in pursuit of his art, exhibits no fewer than three hundred water-color drawings. The differences which exist amongst the methods employed by English and foreign artists in the treatment of water-colors, apart from the ability of the artist in question, render this exhibition especially worthy of the attention of artists and amateurs of all countries.

SCIENCE.

Diamonds.—It surprised many persons, some years ago, to be told that iron was an aqueous deposit; they will, perhaps, be more surprised to hear that diamonds have also a watery origin. The theory has long prevailed, that their formation was principally due to the action of fire; but Professor Göppert, of Breslau, has published an elaborate prize-essay, illustrated with colored plates, *On the Vegetable Nature of Diamonds*, which completely excludes the operation of fire. To use the old terms, diamonds must now be transferred from the Plutonists to the Neptunians. They existed at some early period in a soft, watery condition, during which they took up other mineral or vegetable substances, as may be seen inside of numerous specimens, or their surfaces were marked by the pressure of hard substances with which they came in contact. Indeed, to those persons who understand any thing of the subject, this theory will account for many phenomena connected with diamonds which seemed difficult of explanation. Professor Göppert is not the first to suggest it, but he is the first who has worked it out to so comprehensive an extent, and illustrated it by such interesting and conclusive examples. One effect of its publication will probably be to inspire enterprising chemists with notions as to the way in which they may manufacture artificial

diamonds more like the reality than the present paste.—*Chambers's Journal*.

The Ancient Rhone Glacier.—At the meeting (held at Geneva, in August) of the Helvetic Society of Natural Sciences, Mr. Alphonse Favre read a most important paper on this interesting ice-sea. The determination of the altitudes at which erratic blocks are found along the old line of that immense sea of ice, which even in its present diminished size is so striking, and in the results of its working upon its general scenery of the country it once covered is so picturesque, has occupied much of M. Favre's time. He believes that the determination of these altitudes fixes approximately the limiting level of the glaciers in the neighborhood in which they are found, taking, of course, the highest erratics in each district. On this principle he finds that the slope of the ice between the Col de Ferret and St. Maurice has been exceedingly steep; thence to Villeneuve, at the head of the lake of Geneva, much less steep; while from Villeneuve down to the point at which the ice-stream burst the bounds set by the Jura, where now the Fort de l'Ecluse keeps a jealous watch, the glacier has presented a vast horizontal surface. Of course, on the Jura itself the descending stream has surged—so to speak—to various heights; but on the left bank, by Meillerie, and the foot of the Dent d'Oche, (where, however, the ice seems to have risen in a wave,) and down to the Voiron, one uniform superior limit of altitude is given by the erratics, being about 1000 metres above the present surface of the sea, and therefore some 2000 feet above the Lake of Geneva as it now stands. Before finally reaching the plain of France, the glacier met with a fresh opposition from the M. Sion, 600 metres in height, and here again the erratics tell of a horizontal surface. Beyond the M. Sion another monticule, the Grolée, (553 m.) produced a similar result, and then the ice was lost in the plain.—*Popular Science*.

VARIETIES.

The French Treaty of Commerce.—The French Treaty of Commerce thus, or somewhat thus, came about. Strong in his denunciation as he had been of the frequent panics of French invasion of England, the idea gradually grew upon him that by far the most effectual method of rendering their recurrence most unlikely, if not quite impossible, was to cement new ties of commercial intercourse connecting the two countries, between which for ages there had been a most foolish and mutually injurious rivalry of prohibitory tariffs, and thus establish the strongest interests on both sides of the Channel against the outbreak of war. He had frequently talked over this idea with other illustrious free-traders, notably with such men as Chevalier and Bright; and Bright publicly expounded it, and urged its adoption in a speech delivered shortly after the formation of the Ministry in 1859. Chevalier, when he read this speech, wrote to Cobden, stating his belief that the time was now ripe for the completion of the idea which had formed

so frequent a subject of their mutual converse and their dearest hopes. Chevalier said he believed the coöperation of the Emperor was certain. This was a great encouragement to Cobden, and he resolved fairly to set about the task. He communicated his plans to Mr. Bright, and the two proceeded to Hawarden Castle, the seat of Sir Stephen Glyn, a relative of Mr. Gladstone, and whom the latter gentleman was then visiting. Mr. Gladstone accorded at once his warmest approval. Cobden then waited upon the Premier, who also sanctioned the enterprise, and Mr. Cobden at once proceeded to Paris to commence the execution of his difficult but glorious task.—*M. Gilechrist's Life of Cobden*.

Etymology and History of the Word "Palace."—A palace now is the abode of a royal family. But, if we look at the history of the name, we are soon carried back to the shepherds of the Seven Hills. There, on the Tiber, one of the seven hills was called the *Collis Palatinus*, and the hill was called *Palatinus*, from *Pales*, a pastoral deity, whose festival was celebrated every year on the twenty-first of April as the birthday of Rome. It was to commemorate the day on which Romulus, the wolf-child, was supposed to have drawn the first furrow on the foot of that hill, and thus to have laid the foundation of the most ancient part of Rome the *Roma Quadrata*. On this hill, the *Collis Palatinus*, stood in later times the houses of Cicero and of his neighbor and enemy Catiline. Augustus built his mansion on the same hill, and his example was followed by Tiberius and Nero. Under Nero, all private houses had to be pulled down on the *Collis Palatinus*, in order to make room for the emperor's residence, the *Domus Aurea*, as it was called, the Golden House. This house of Nero's was henceforth called the *Palatium*, and it became the type of all the palaces of the kings and emperors of Europe.—*Professor Müller's Lectures*.

Right of Adoption in India.—The right or rather duty of adoption, is no peculiar privilege; it is the specific and inherent principle of the Hindoo law of inheritance; and there is no religious obligation that is held more sacred among Hindoos. When a man has no hope of male issue it is deemed a sin in him not to adopt. Should he, however, die without having effected this great object, it is the duty of his widow, with the concurrence of the senior male relatives, to adopt a son for her deceased husband. The adopted son performs the funeral ceremonies and becomes the heir of the deceased, and henceforward loses all share and interest in the property of his natural parents. Unless there is a son or lineal descendant, there ought always to be an adoption, for even the nearest relation is not entitled to succeed merely by reason of his consanguinity; and in the event of there being no blood relation eligible for adoption, a duly adopted son from another family is the heir, to the exclusion of all collaterals.—*Major E. Bell's Letters from Madras*.

was not unfairly required to give an account, not only of itself, but of everything else in the world that preceded or opposed it. The Pagan system, if it had nothing else, had at least one important advantage in the controversy. It represented a continuous unbroken tradition, dating from beyond the memory of man; it had come down from father to son through more than a hundred generations with an ostensible sameness and a very widely-extended sway; and none could name the day when, in the two far-famed peninsulas that had given the breath of life to the ancient world, it did not exist and prevail. Under these circumstances, it was most difficult for the Christian apologists to admit that there lay in the old religions of the world, and particularly in the Greek or the Latin mythology, any nucleus or germ of the primeval truth. For the logical consequence of such an admission might have seemed to be that they should not sweep the old religion off the face of the earth, but endeavor to reduce it to some imagined standard of its purer infancy; that they should not destroy it, but reform it; whereas, on the contrary, their purpose was, and could not but be, not to reform but to destroy. They met, then, the traditional claims of Paganism by taking their stand upon the purer, clearer, and still older tradition of the Hebrews. They parried the negative value in argument of an undefined antiquity with the positive record of the creation of the world, and with the sublime exordium of the human race, propagated in a definite line from man to man, down to the firm ground of historic times.

So far so good. But still they were obstinately confronted by a system continuous both in space and in duration with the civilized world, and able, too, to say of itself, with some apparent truth, that when civilization and culture themselves began they did not make or bring it, but found it on the ground before them. Thus upon the merely historic field the battle might have looked, to the ordinary spectator, like a drawn one; while it seemed needful for the dignity and high origin of the new religion to conquer not at one point but at all. Hence, perhaps, the tendency of the Christian apologists, in unconscious obedience to the exigencies of contro-

versy, after they had proved by reasoning the truth and authority of the Gospel, and had smitten their enemy, as they did smite him, to the dust, by their moral arguments against Paganism, to accelerate its end, and to demolish the very last of its seeming titles, its antiquity of origin, by refusing to affiliate any part or parcel of it, at any point of time, to the stock of a primeval religion, and by contending that so much of truth as was scattered through the rolls of its literature had been filtered in detail through successive media, from Greece to Rome, from Egypt to Greece, but was ultimately to be traced in every case to the ancient people of God, and to the records and traditions which had had an historical existence among them. I turn now to the remarkable work of Eusebius, commonly called the *Præparatio Evangelica*. In that work he sets forth the moral impurity, imbecility, impiety, and falseness of the Pagan system. He contrasts with it the marvellous prerogatives of the older Scriptures. In what lies beyond this province he is not so injudicious as to depreciate the intellectual development of the Hellenic race, alike original and vast. But he says they learned, in its elementary form, the "superstitious error" of their religion, which by their own genius they afterwards re-cast and adorned, from Egyptian, Phœnician, and other foreign sources; but their glimpses of the Godhead, and whatever they had of instruction for the soul's health, they obtained, by importation, mediate or immediate, from the Hebrews only, except in as far as it was supplied them by the light of nature. The question here arises: if the Hellenic race got their religion from Phœnicia and Egypt, from whence did Egypt and Phœnicia obtain it? And here it is that we come upon the chief error into which Eusebius was led by the controversial exigencies of his position. He treats the religions of the world as having been purely and wholly, even in their first beginnings, errors and inventions of the human mind, without any trace or manner of relationship to that divine truth which, as he truly tells us, had been imparted to the Hebrews long before the days of Moses and the composition of the Pentateuch. According to him, the old religions were made up of worships

offered to the heavenly bodies, to the powers of nature, to the spirits of departed men, to useful or important arts and inventions, and to the demonic race in its two families of the good and the evil. He admits, in every part of his work, that he appears in the arena to maintain and justify the Christians as the authors of a schism in the religious world; and this admission it is which, by the nature of his propositions and his argument, he converts into a boast. The view taken by Eusebius was, I apprehend, that generally taken by the Christian apologists. Saint Clement of Alexandria not only denies the originality of the Greeks in what they possessed of truth, but treats as a theft their appropriation of Hebrew ideas: and fancifully, I might say whimsically, supports the charge by instances of plagiarism perpetrated by one Greek author on another. Justin Martyr allows no higher parentage to the Greek mythology than the poets, who were bad enough, or, still worse, as he says, the philosophers. Lactantius ascribes to fallen angels, or demons, the invention of image-worship. Theophilus affirms that the gods of the heathen were dead men: Lactantius, that they were *reges maximi et potentissimi*. But time does not permit and the argument does not require me to pursue this part of the subject into greater detail. Suffice it to say that the early Christian writers, not the narrow-minded men that many take them for, did not deny or disparage the intellectual prodigies of the great heathen races, of those marvellous philosophers, as Eusebius often calls them, that Plato so eminently commended by his intellectual debtor the great St. Augustine; nor did they make light of the voice of nature in the soul of man, nor of the divine government over the whole world at every period of its existence, nor of the truths to be found in ancient writers. But the defiled and putrescent system of religion which they found confronting them, formidable as it was from antiquity, wide extension, general consent, from the strength of habit, and from the tenacious grasp of powerful interests upon temporal possessions and advantages, this evil system they hunted down in argument without mercy, and did not admit to be an historical and traditional

derivation from a primeval truth which the common ancestry of the Semitic and the European races had once in common enjoyed. It can hardly be said that there was intentional unfairness in this proceeding. The Christian writers labored under the same defect of critical knowledge and practice with their adversaries. They took the lives, deeds, and genealogies of the heathen deities, just as they found them in the popular creed, for the starting-points of their argument. Their immediate business was to confute a false religion, and to sweep from the face of the world a crying and incurable moral evil: not to construct an universal philosophy of the religious history of man; for which the time had not then, and perhaps has not yet, arrived. But we have new sources of knowledge, new means of detecting error and guiding inquiry, new points of view open to us: and the more freely and faithfully we use them the more we shall find cause to own, with reverence and thankfulness, the depth, and height, and breadth of the wisdom and goodness of God. Meantime, it is easy to perceive the polemical advantage which was obtained by this unsparing manner of attack. He brought the case straight to issue, not between differently shaded images of a Deity confessedly the same, with their respective champions ready to uphold their several claims amidst the din of contending preferences and of interminable dispute, but, taking his stand on the threshold of the argument, and like a soldier in fight disencumbering himself of all data between the God of the Hebrews on the one side, worshipped from the beginning of mankind, and pretended gods on the other, which could render no distinct account of their origin, and were in truth no gods at all.

And, to estimate the greatness of this advantage, we must take into view the nature of the adverse arguments. The Pagan champions did not too much embarrass themselves by defending the popular forms and fables of the old religion. Perhaps, to the credulous villager, the religion of Porphyry might have been as unintelligible or as odious as that of St. Paul. All these incumbrances were at once disposed of by being treated on the Pagan side as allegorical, figurative, secondary manifes-

tations of the true Deity, or even as having been in many cases due to the intrusive and mischievous activity of the spirits of evil. The Pagan champion, then, was himself contending, not for the forms, but for the one great unseen Deity, which, driven to his shifts, he affirmed to lie hidden within the forms. To admit, under circumstances like these, that any principle of inward life, under whatever incrustations, was latent in the mythology as it lay before their eyes, would have been to betray the truth. And any seeming approach to that admission, such as allowing that that foul and loathsome corpse had once been alive in youthful health and beauty, might have sorely hindered and perplexed the Christian argument on its way to the general mind. As respects the religious ideas of the Greeks, properly so called, and their philosophic tenets, the scholars of the seventeenth century seem to have occupied much the same ground with Eusebius and the early Christian writers. But as respected their mythological personages, not having the Pagans to argue with, they had no prejudices against finding for them a lineage in Scripture. I am not competent to determine how far in the prosecution of their task they went into excess. But those who admit the truth of the sacred records must surely decline to say that they were wrong in principle. We are not called upon to believe that Neptune was Japhet, or that Iphigenia was Jephthah's daughter; or that Deucalion was Noah, or that Bellerophon was really Joseph in the house of Potiphar, notwithstanding certain resemblances of circumstances by which these and some other such cases are marked. But if we believe in the substantial soundness of the text of Scripture and in the substantial truth of its history, we must then also believe that the Hamitic and Japhetic races, as they in their successive branches set out upon their long migrations, brought with them, from the early home which they had shared with the sons of Shem, the common religious traditions. They could not but go, as Æneas is fabled to have gone from Troy,

"Cum patribus populoque, Penatibus, ac magnis Dis."

But if there be those who would strangely forbid us to appeal to what may be called, by the most modest of its august titles, the oldest and most venerable document of human history, the argument still remains much the same. The progress of ethnological and philological research still supplies us with accumulating evidence of the chain of migrations, north and westwards, of the Turanian, and especially of the Aryan races, from points necessarily undefined, but in close proximity with the seats of the patriarchal nomads; and has not supplied us with any evidence, or with any presumption whatever, that their known traditions sprang from any fountain-head other than that which is described in the Book of Genesis as the three-branching family of Noah. If, then, upon this ground there is, to say the least, nothing to exclude or to disparage, but so much to support, the doctrine of the original intercommunion of these races with the Semitic tribes, which could not but include religion, the question recurs in all its force, how was it even possible that they could leave behind them their religious traditions upon the occasion of their first local separation from their parent stock? They did not surely, like the souls in transmigration, drink of the river of forgetfulness, and raze out from the tablets of the brain, as a preparation for their journey, all they had ever known, or heard, or felt. The obscuration and degeneracy of religious systems is commonly indeed a rapid, but is necessarily a gradual process. *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*; and no tribe or nation passes from light to darkness, or from the possession of a religious belief to the loss of it, at a moment's notice. It was therefore antecedently probable that, in examining the actual religious systems of later times, and of countries at a distance from the earliest known seat of mankind, but connected with it by the great current of human migration, we should find remaining tokens of affinity to any religious system which upon competent evidence we might believe to have prevailed among the races most closely and directly connected with that seat. And this antecedent probability is sustained by a mass of evidence running through the whole web of the Hellenic

mythology; obscure indeed in its latest and most darkened ages, but continually gaining in force and clearness as we ascend the stream of time, and so strong in itself as to be, I am firmly persuaded, incapable of argumentative confutation.

To collect and present this mass of evidence, with a careful and strict appreciation of the respective value of its parts, is a work not to be attempted within the limits, however extended by your indulgence, of what is termed an address. But I will now endeavor to bring to a head what has been stated, and to apply it to the purpose which I announced at the commencement. I submit then to you, that the true *Præparatio Evangelica*, or the rearing and training of mankind for the Gospel, was not confined to that eminent and conspicuous part of it which is represented by the dispensations given to the Patriarchs and the Jews, but extends likewise to other fields of human history and experience; among which, in modes, and in degrees, varying perceptibly to us, the Almighty distributed the operations preliminary and introductory to his one great, surpassing, and central design for the recovery and happiness of mankind. So that, in their several spheres—some positive, some negative, some spiritual, some secular, with a partial consciousness or with an absolute unconsciousness—all were coöperators in working out his will; under a guidance strong and subtle, and the more sublime, perhaps, in proportion as it was the less sensible. In the body of those traditions of primitive religion which are handed down to us in the Book of Genesis, and which I shall make no further apology for treating as records of great historic weight, there was manifestly included what I may term a humanistic element. It was embodied in the few but pregnant words which declared that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head. The principle of evil was to receive a deadly shock in its vital part, and this at the hands of One who should be born into the very race that he would come to deliver.

The next observation I would submit is this—that there was no provision made, so far as we are aware, at any rate in the Mosaic system, for keeping alive this particular element of the origi-

nal traditions, otherwise than as an anticipation reaching into the far distant future. On the contrary, every precaution was apparently taken to prevent any human being, or any human form, from becoming the object of a religious reverence. To this aim the abstraction of the body of Moses from the view of the people seems to be most naturally referred; and the stringent prohibitions of the Second Commandment of the Decalogue appear to have been especially pointed against the execution by human hands of the figure of a man. For we hear in Holy Writ of the serpent made by Moses and exhibited to the nation; and the brazen sea of the Temple rested upon twelve brazen oxen. There were cherubim in the Ark framed by Moses; and "cherubim of image-work" were made by Solomon for the Temple; but they were not, it is commonly believed, in human figure; and the four living creatures of the vision of Ezekiel had each the mixed character of man, lion, ox, and eagle. And it would appear that these measures were effectual. Ready as were the Jews to worship the serpent or the golden calf, their idolatry never was anthropomorphic. The majesty of the Deity was thus kept, in the belief of the Hebrew race, effectually apart from that one form of lowering association, which, as we see from the experience of Paganism, was by far the subtlest, the most attractive, and the most enchainng. A pure Theistic system was maintained: a redemption to come was embraced in faith; and, in a religion laden with ritual, and charged with symbol, or rite, no symbol was permitted to exhibit to the senses, and through the senses to the mind, of the people, the form of Him that was to be the worker of the great deliverance. Thus was kept vacant until the appointed time, in the general belief as well as in the scheme or theory of religion, the sublime and solitary place which the Redeemer of the world was to fill. Counterfeits there were, but they had not that dangerous resemblance to the truth which would enable them to make head against the Messiah when he should arrive. And so, after he had come, his only rivals and competitors in Judea were conceptions, distorted in the abstract, of his character

and office; far different from those solid formations of an embodied and organized religion whose dangerous contact the Gospel had not to encounter until the life and work of its author, and the foundation of the Christian society, with all its essential powers, were complete.

Let us now turn to the religion of the Hellenic race; and we shall find that, as matter of fact, it appropriated to itself, and was intensely permeated by, that very anthropomorphic element which the Mosaic system was so especially framed to exclude, and to which the other religions of antiquity gave, in comparison, but a doubtful and secondary place. If I am asked to point out a link which especially associates the early Greek mythology with the humanistic element of primitive tradition, I venture to name the character of Apollo as pre-eminently supplying such a link. He is born of Zeus, but he is not born of Hera. Through him the divine counsels are revealed to the world as the God of prophecy and of oracle. This lamp of knowledge, burning in him, establishes an affinity between him and the sun; but the anthropomorphic energy of the religion is jealous of the absorption of Deity into mere nature-power. At what period the identification of Apollo with the sun took place in the Hellenic system we cannot say; but this we know, that it had not taken place in the time of Homer, with whom Apollo and the Sun are perfectly distinct individuals. To him is assigned the healing art, and the general office of deliverance. To him, again, who remains to the last the perfect model of masculine beauty in the human form, is assigned by tradition the conquest alike over death and over the might of the rebellious spirits. In his hands we find functions of such rank and such range, that we cannot understand how they could pass to him from Zeus, the supreme deity, until we remember that they are the very functions assigned by a more real and higher system to the Son of God; the true Instructor, Healer, Deliverer, Judge, and Conqueror of Death, in whom the power and majesty of the Godhead were set forth to the world. The character of this deity, whom Eusebius calls "the most venerable and the wisest" of the whole

Olympian order, affords, in my opinion, the most complete and varied proof of the traditional relationship to which I now refer. Abundant evidence, however, of the same character, might be adduced under many other heads. But I do not refer to this weighty subject at present with a view of leading you to affirm the existence of such a relationship. That could not legitimately be done, except upon a scrutiny, both deliberate and minute, of a great mass of evidence, gathered from many quarters, and dependent for much of its force upon careful comparison and juxtaposition. I now advert to the question only as casting light upon matter which will follow. What I take, however, to be indisputable, apart from all theorizing upon causes, is this fact—that the Hellenic mythology is charged throughout with the humanistic element, in a manner clearly and broadly separating it from the other religions of the ancient world. It has anthropomorphism for the soul and centre of all that is distinctive in it; and that peculiar quality seems to enter, more or less, into the religion of other tribes nearly in proportion as they were related to the Hellenic race. Let us now shortly contemplate that mythology, such as it appears in the works of Homer, its prime and most conspicuous author, and himself the true representative of the purely Hellenic spirit in its largest and most authentic form. The theology of Homer is variously composed. He seems to have lived at the critical moment in the history of the Hellenic, or, as they were then called, Achaian families or tribes, when the different ethnical elements or factors with which they were to assimilate—Pelagic, Ionian, Egyptian, Phœnician, and the like—settled down and compounded themselves into the firmly-knit and sharply-defined character of a people, and they were no longer a chaotic assemblage of unassorted or even conflicting units, but as a people were born into that world on whose fortunes they were to exercise an influence almost immeasurable. The theology of Homer is the Olympian system; and that system exhibits a kind of royal or palace life of man, but on the one hand more splendid and powerful, on the other more intense and free. It is a wonder-

ful and a gorgeous creation. It is eminently in accordance with the significance of that English epithet—rather a favorite apparently with our old writers—the epithet *jovial*, which is derived from the Latin name of its head. It is a life of all the pleasures of mind and body, of banquet and of revel, of music and of song; a life in which solemn grandeur alternates with jest and gibe; a life of childish wilfulness and of fretfulness, combined with serious, manly, and imperial cares; for the Olympus of Homer has at least this one recommendation to esteem, that it is not peopled with the merely lazy and selfish gods of Epicurus, but its inhabitants busily deliberate on the government of man, and in their debates the cause of justice wins. I do not now, however, discuss the moral titles of the Olympian scheme; what I dwell upon is, its intense humanity, alike in its greatness and its littleness, its glory and its shame. As the cares and joys of human life, so the structure of society below is reflected, by the wayward wit of man, on heaven above. Though the names and fundamental traditions of the several deities were wholly or in great part imported from abroad, their characters, relations, and attributes passed under a Hellenizing process, which gradually marked off for them special provinces and functions, according to laws which appear to have been mainly original and indigenous, and to have been taken by analogy from the division of labor, in political society. As early as in Homer, while the prerogatives of Apollo and Athenè are almost universal, yet the Olympian society has its complement of officers and servants with their proper functions. Hephaistos moulds the twenty golden thrones which move automatically to form the circle of the council of the gods; and builds for each of his brother deities their separate palaces in the deepfolded recesses of the mighty mountain. Music and song are supplied by Apollo and the muses; Ganymede and Hebe are the cup-bearers, Hermes and Iris are the messengers; but Themis, in whom is impersonated the idea of deliberation and of relative rights, is the summoner of the *κατακλισία* or Great Assembly of the Twentieth Iliad, when the great issue of the war is to be determined. Nothing

nearer this on earth has perhaps been bodied forth by the imagination of later poets than the scene in which Schiller has described the coronation of Rodolph of Hapsburg, with the Electors of the Empire discharging their several offices around him. I quote from the only translation within my reach:

“The ancient hall of Aix was bright:
The coronation board beside
Sate King Rodolph's anointed might,
In Kaiser's pomp and pride:
His meat was served by the Palatine,
Bohemia poured the sparkling wine;
The seven Electors every one
Stood, fast about the wide-world's king,
Each his high function following,
Like the planets round the sun.”

But a still deeper trace of humanitarianism lay in the transportation of the family order into heaven. Only the faintest rudiment of such a system could have been drawn from Semitic sources; but it was carried by the Hellenes to its furthest consequences, and used for the basis of their supernatural structure. The old Pelasgian deities of the country, the importations from Thrace, Phœnicia, Egypt, or elsewhere, and the traditions proper to the Hellenic tribe themselves, were all marshalled and adjusted in a scheme formed according to the domestic relations familiar to us on earth. The nature-powers of the older worship received the honorary distinction of being made parents and grand or great-grand sires to the ruling dynasty; but, while thus tricked out with barren dignity, they were deprived of all active functions and relegated into practical insignificance. Still the very arrangements, which are anomalous in the abstract, testify to the strength of that anthropomorphic principle to which they owed their recognition. For the elder deities were not the more powerful; and parents were supplanted by their sons. Oceanus, the sire of the whole family, and Tethys their mother, have for practical purposes no power or place in the Olympian system. They exercise no influence whatever on the life or destinies of man. As the mere representations of certain physical forces they were rejected from their old supremacy by the more aspiring and truer tendencies of the first Hellenic creed: but that same creed, still copying earth

in heaven, found for them a place, as the decrepit and superannuated members of the system, who had passed from the exercise of sovereignty into retirement, like Laertes on his rural farm in Ithaca. More or less of the same domestic structure is ascribed without doubt to the theogonies of some other countries, but our accounts of them may have been influenced by Greek sympathies; and besides I am not aware that in any of them the domestic theory was worked out with the same genial feeling, and almost universal consistency. In one respect indeed, at the least, there was a conflict of contending sentiments. The early Hellenes seem to have had a peculiar horror of incestuous connection. But the notion of unity of descent among the gods excluded the possibility of arranging them in the family order except by nuptial relationships which, upon earth and for themselves, Greeks would have abhorred. The strong repugnance gave way under the bidding of a necessity yet stronger; their profound sense of the natural order was less disturbed by having Zeus a polygamist, with his sister for his principal wife, than it would have been by abandoning that scheme of propagation from parent to child upon which the whole Olympian hierarchy was arranged. The acknowledgment of what was forbidden on earth as established in heaven represents, in all likelihood, the concessions which were necessary in order to prevent a breach in the framework of the popular creed, and to weld into one system elements that belonged to many. The materials for the old religions, outside of Greece and the Greek races, were in great part afforded first by the worship of nature, and secondly by the worship of animals. Both of these the early Hellenic system steadily rejected and eschewed; and their religion took its stand upon the idea which inseparably incorporated deity in the matchless human form. This, and much besides, obscured in the later and more mixed traditions, stands out clearly in the earliest records of the Greeks. The *Theogony* of Hesiod, which must be regarded as a work of very great antiquity, exhibits to us the elemental and the Olympian gods in groups clearly enough distinguished.

The poems of Homer, far more Hellenic in their spirit, may be said to exclude and repel from the sacred precinct alike the heavenly bodies and the elemental powers. The plague in the first Iliad bears evident marks of solar agency: but, without the least allusion to that luminary, it is ascribed to Apollo in one of the noblest anthropomorphic passages of the poems. The sun only once appears as a person in the Iliad, when he reluctantly obeys the command of Herè that by setting he shall end the day, which was the last day of Trojan success; thus indicating the side to which, as an elementary deity, he inclined. Again, Xanthos, a river god, appears in the Theomachy: but he appears on the side of Troy; and he seems also to have had one name as a deity with the Trojans, another with the Greeks or Achæians as a stream. When Agamemnon offers solemn sacrifice for his army only, he invokes Zeus alone, and invokes him as dwelling in the sky. But when he offers the joint sacrifice of the two parties in the Third Book, then he invokes Zeus as governing from the hill of Ida, which was in his view, and invokes with him the Sun, the Earth, and the Rivers. The Rivers are summoned to the Olympian assembly of the Twentieth Book; but it is an assembly in which the gods are to take their several sides. It is a mistake to suppose that Poseidon was an elemental god; he was the patron of the sea, as he was of the horse, but he was more the god of navigation than of water. The sea had its elemental god, the hoary Nereus, with Amphitrite seemingly for his wife; but Amphitrite is always the moaning Amphitrite, and Nereus never emerges from the depths; nor, though he is frequently referred to, is he ever named on the Hellenic page of Homer.

I turn to another head. Loath on the one side to admit the imposing elements of nature-worship on the grand scale, the Olympian system is yet more alien to the other favorite forms of religious illusion, the worship offered to animals, and particularly to the ox; of which Egypt seems to have been the head-quarters. In the full exhibition which the poems of Homer afford us, of the religion in its earlier forms, there is not a trace of animal worship. In the *Odyssey*, in-

deed, an awful and mystic sacredness attaches to the oxen of the sun. In the island of Thrinakiè, detained by adverse winds, the companions of Odysseus are warned that under no extremity should they supply their wants by the destruction of these animals. Accordingly they resort to birds and fish, unusual food with the Homeric Greeks; they finally put some of the animals to death, only to avoid dying themselves by famine; and for this offence the entire crew, except Odysseus, who had not shared in it, are drowned when next they take to sea. Now, although there is no animal worship here, there is what may be called animal sanctity; but it is in connection with a deity not even recognized at the time in the Hellenic system; and introduced as it is during the voyage in remote parts, which must have been based upon the tales of Phœnician mariners, it appears certainly to belong to the Phœnician circle of mythology. And here we find an example of the manner in which the immense plastic power of the Hellenic mind dealt with foreign ideas of all kinds, so as to make them its own. What their sculptors did with the rude and formless art of Egypt, what their philosophers did with the shreds of Eastern knowledge picked up on their travels, their theology did with the many and crude varieties of superstition which flowed in upon them from the numerous quarters that furnished by sea and land immigrants for the Hellenic peninsula. The old Pelasgian gods, not rudely overthrown, but gently taken from their pedestals, were set down harmless in the shade of a mellow distance; and the animals, before which lower types of men were contented to bow down the godlike head, were not, when the traditions that deified them set foot on Grecian soil, thrust wholly out of view; but they were put into appropriate and always secondary places. The eagle of Zeus, the falcon of Apollo, the peacock of Herès, the owl of Pallas, stood no higher in Greece than accessories to the figures on which they attend. In the scheme of Homer not all even of these are found. And while in Homer we should look in vain for anything beyond the faintest and most ambiguous trace of a connection between Apollo and the wolf, we find that connection full blown in the Egyp-

tian mythology, as it is reported by Diodorus, where Horos, his counterpart in the system of that country, is rescued from death by Osiris in the form of that animal; and on the other hand, the later Greek tradition, more deeply charged with foreign elements, abounds with traditions of the wolf, which in Athens was the protective emblem of the courts of justice. But, even thus far down the stream, the rule seems to hold, that when the figures of the brute creation are allowed to appear in the Hellenic system, they seem to be reduced to subordinate and secondary uses. Saint Clement, indeed, charges upon the Greeks certain instances both of nature-worship and of the worship of animals, but in a manner, and with particulars, which show how slight and local were the instances of either.

It will not be expected that in an address of this nature I should attempt those minuter shadings, which general statements like the foregoing must require in order to perfect accuracy. Besides, a common substratum of ideas runs through the mass of the old religions of the world: but we trace the genius of each nation, and it may be the providential purpose for which that genius was imparted, and its distinctive mode of handling the common stock—here enlarging, there contracting, here elevating, there depressing, so as to produce a distinctive and characteristic result. And now I will endeavor to point out, in rude and rapid outline, some of the remarkable results of this *idée mère* of the Greek religion, the annexation of manhood to "deity," and the reciprocal incorporation of deity into manhood, which made the human form the link between the visible and the invisible worlds, the meeting-point of earth and heaven. And here my object will be only to give you a sample of the redundant materials which seem to rise up around me thickly piled on every side; most of all, perhaps, in the Homeric or Achaian period. First I will remark a profound reverence for human life and human nature, which even the fiercest passions of war would but rarely, and only for a moment, violate. Hence we find the highest refinements of the manners of the gentleman existing at a time when, among the Greeks, the material appliances of civilization were

in their infancy, and when writing and the alphabet were practically unknown. The sentiment of honor is indicated, at this epoch, by a word (*αἰδώς*) too delicate for our rendering by a single term in the English, perhaps in any modern tongue. A catalogue of horrors that have stained the life of man elsewhere, sometimes even in the midst of the triumphs of culture and refinement, were unknown to the Achaian period. I will dwell for a moment on one of these—the practice of human sacrifice. You will find from a charming volume, the *Miscellanies* of Lord Stanhope, that a few years ago some of the most famous men of our day were brought by him into correspondence on the interesting, but to many startling, question whether human sacrifices were in use among the Romans: not the unlettered semi-barbarians of Romulus or Tarquin, but the Romans of Rome in its highest political power and its palmy civilization. Naturally enough, a considerable repugnance was manifested to entertaining this supposition; but as the inquiry proceeded, a younger yet profoundly learned scholar, Sir John Acton, was brought into the field. His full and varied researches do not appear in the pages of Lord Stanhope. But they range well nigh over all space and time. His conclusions are that “we find traces of it—that is of human sacrifice—throughout almost the whole Hellenic world, in the *cultus* of almost every god, and in all periods of their independent history.” That among the Romans it was still more rife; and that, though attempts were made to restrain or put down the practice, even the famous edict of Adrian to which Eusebius allows the honor of its extinction, failed to effect it; nay, more, that “in every generation of the four centuries, from the fall of the republic to the establishment of Christianity, human victims were sacrificed by the emperors” themselves. The conclusions of Sir John Acton are not admitted in their full breadth by other great authorities; but it seems impossible to doubt the wide-spread and long-continued, or often-recurring prevalence of the practice, in contact, more or less, with civilized times and nations, and sustained in various degrees by perverse but accepted ideas of religion. Notwithstanding this terrible and too well sustained in-

dictment against the unenlightened and the enlightened world, it is pleasing to observe that this horrible rite did not originally belong to the usages of Greece. It seems to have come in by a late contagion from abroad; and human sacrifice is not found in Homer. The slaughter of some Trojan youths by Achilles, in his unsated vengeance, has none of the marks of a religious rite, and no relation to a deity. Of the traditions of Iphigenia, sacrificed in Aulis for the welfare of the Achaian host, Homer is wholly ignorant; and Agamemnon in the *Iliad* speaks of his daughters as open to the option of Achilles, as many fathers may since have done who had two or three of them ready to marry, but so as almost to supply sufficient evidence that no such blood-stained gap had been made in the circle of his family. It is many centuries later, when the tradition reaches us in the works of the tragedians.

In that grandest of all Greek dramas, the “*Agamemnon*” of Æschylus, his murderous wife, Clytemnestra, seeks an apology for her act partly in the immolation of Iphigenia by her father’s hand; and the tone of the play is so condemnatory as to suggest that an Athenian audience, of the middle of the fifth century before Christ, did not allow religion to be an adequate apology for the deed. At a somewhat later period, the “*Iphigenia in Tauris*” of Euripides supplies us with more direct evidence that the practice, while not indigenous in Greece, was foully rife among other races. The scene is laid abroad in barbaric territory; and the chorus of Greek attendants on the doomed princess addressing the deity, says, “Receive, O venerable one, this sacrifice, if it be a sacrifice agreeable to thee, which the law of us Greeks declares to be unholy.” Thus showing that the tradition of the foreign origin of the abominable rite, and the original freedom of the Hellenic system from it, was cherished in the memory of the people.

I have already had to observe that the Achaians eschewed both incest and polygamy. I may add that even the unconscious incest of *Œdipus* and *Jocasta* drew down the heaviest calamities; and further, that we have no trace among the Homeric records, not only of cannibalism but of violence to nature in any form. The crimes of abortion and the

exposure of infants authorized and commended by Plato in his ideal State, have no place in the Homeric poems; nor do they afford the slightest indication of those shameless lusts which formed the incredible and indelible disgrace of Greece in the time of its consummate supremacy in art, and at the climax of its boasted civilization. If I am right in my estimate of the place which the human form held in its relation to the Hellenic religion, we may naturally expect to find it attested, among other ways, by the following signs: an intense admiration of personal beauty; a resentment against and avoidance of deformity, as a kind of sin against the law of nature; and a marked disposition to associate ignorance with vice. I cannot now undertake to exhibit the remarkable manner in which these anticipations are realized in Homer: whose appreciation of the beauty of the human form appears from unequivocal signs to exceed that of any author in any age or country: while upon the other side, introducing but one vicious character, Thersites, among the Greeks of the *Iliad*, he describes his personal appearance with a degree of detail foreign to his habit, in order, seemingly, that, even as we read, we may see him before us in his hideous deformity. The same topics might be illustrated in detail from the later history of Greece, in modes inconsistent or questionable enough, yet abundantly significant. Courtesans of extraordinary beauty were sometimes chosen to march in the processions of the gods. By the side of the evil tradition of Aphrodite the promiscuous, there lingered long the rival tradition of an Aphrodite the heavenly. On the other hand, with respect to deformity, I do not remember that Aristophanes, in his campaign against Socrates, makes the use which we might have expected of the ugliness of the philosopher. And though jests were freely passed upon actual eccentricity of feature, I have not seen it proved, in such partial examination of the subject as has lain within my power, that the Greeks were wont to make use of that which we call caricature; which I understand to be, the founding upon some known or peculiar feature a representation of deformity that does not exist, for the purpose of exciting ridicule or hatred.

Among the moderns this practice appears to have been employed even to stimulate religious animosity or fury; and the rarity or absence of it, among a people possessed of such high sarcastic power as the Greeks, suggests that it may have been excluded by the predominating force of a traditional reverence, grown into instinct, for the beauty of the human form; having its origin nowhere with greater likelihood than in the early and continued association of that form with the highest objects of religion. I will now refer to the feeling of the Homeric period concerning the sacredness of the human body against both violation and exposure. The horror of Priam in anticipating his own death at the coming sack of Troy rises to its climax when he brings into the picture the tearing and defilement by dogs of his own exposed and naked figure. And the extremest point of punishment threatened to the degraded Thersites appears to be the stripping of his person for the disgust and derision of the camp, and the seaming it with "indecorous" wounds. Nor was this respect for decency a shallow or short-lived tradition. It was indeed rudely tried, since it came into conflict with the eagerness of the race for high physical activity and athletic development, stimulated to the uttermost by the great national institution of the Games, in which, as Horace said with little exaggeration, the palm of the victor uplifted even the lords of earth to the honors of the gods. Yet, important as it was for perfection in those unparalleled contests to free the person from the restraints of clothing, Thucydides in his preface tells us that the athletes were formerly covered; that the Lacedæmonians were the first to strip in the arena, and that it was not many years before his time that the fashion reached its height. But when we are seeking to ascertain the measure of that conception which any given race has formed of our nature, there is perhaps no single test so effective as the position which it assigns to woman. For as the law of force is the law of the brute creation, so, in proportion as he is under the yoke of that law, does man approximate to the brute; and in proportion, on the other hand, as he escapes from its do-

minion, is he ascending into the higher sphere of being, and claiming relationship with Deity. But the emancipation and due ascendancy of woman are not a mere fact; they are the emphatic assertion of a principle: and that principle is the dethronement of the law of force, and the enthronement of other and higher laws in its place, and in its despite. Outside the pale of Christianity it would be difficult to find a parallel, in point of elevation, to the Greek woman of the heroic age. Mr. Buckle candidly acknowledges that her position was then much higher than it had come to be in the most civilized historic period of Greece; and yet he was a writer whose bias, and the general cast of whose opinions, would have disposed him to an opposite conclusion. Again: if the pictures presented by the historical books of the Old Testament and by Homer respectively be compared, candor will claim from us a verdict in favor of the position of the Greek as compared with that of the Hebrew woman. Among the Jews polygamy was permitted; to the Greeks, as has been said, it was unknown. Tales like that of Amnon and Tamar, or like that of the Levite and his concubine, are not found even among the deeds of the dissolute Suitors of the *Odyssey*. Among the Jews the testimony of our Lord is that because of the hardness of their hearts Moses suffered them to put away their wives: but that "from the beginning it was not so." Apart from the violent contingencies of war, manners seem to have been, in the momentous point of divorce, not very different among the Greeks of the heroic age from what they had been in "the beginning." The picture of Penelope waiting for her husband through the creeping course of twenty years, and of Odysseus yearning in like manner for his wife, is one of the most remarkable in the whole history of human manners; and it would lose little, if anything, of its deeper significance and force, even if we believed that the persons whom the poet names Odysseus and Penelope have never lived. It must be observed, too, what, in the mind of Homer, constitutes the extraordinary virtue of the royal matron. It is not the refusal to marry another while her husband is alive, but her stubborn determination not to accept the apparently certain conclusion that he must have ceased to live. Not even the Suitors suggest that, if he be indeed alive, any power can set her free. Scarcely less noteworthy, for the purpose of the present argument, are the immunities which she enjoys even in her painful position. She is importuned, but she is not insulted. She feels horror and aversion, but she has no cause for fear. Such, in the morning of Greek life, was the reverence that hedged a woman, as she sat alone and undefended in the midst of a body of powerful and abandoned men. Again: the famous scene of Hector and Andromache is not more touching by its immeasurable tenderness than it is important for the proof which it affords, with reference to the contemporary manners, of what may be called the moral equality of man and wife. And the general effect of the poems is to give an idea of social parity, and of a share borne by women in the practical and responsible duties of life, such as we seek in vain, notwithstanding some charming specimens of character, among the Jews. Still less can it be found among the Greeks of the more polished ages. In their annals we scarce ever hear of a wife or mother, though the names of mistresses and courtesans are entered on the roll of fame, and Phryne dedicated in a Phocian temple a gilded statue of herself, which was wrought by the hand of Praxiteles. Indeed, not to speak of the poetry of Euripides, even the most solid and impartial judgments, such as those of Thucydides and Aristotle, were unfavorably warped in their estimate of women. It would, I have no doubt, be possible to illustrate in great detail from ancient records the high value set by the Greeks upon man, in his mind, life, and person. I will mention two instances from Pausanias. An Arcadian, named Skedastos, living at Leuctra, had two daughters, who were violated by Lacedæmonian youths. Unable to bear the shame, they put an end to their lives. Their father also, having in vain sought justice from the Spartan authorities, sternly recoiled from the disgrace, and destroyed himself. In after times Epaminondas, about to join battle with the Spartans at the place, made offerings and prayers to the insulted maidens and to

their parent; and then won the victory which laid low the power of Sparta. The other is of a different, and yet more singular, character. The statue of Theagenes, the Thasian athlete, after his death, fell upon an enemy of his, and killed him. The sons of the man, who thus lost his life, brought an action against the statue; and it was thrown into the sea, under a law of Draco, which made inanimate objects punishable for destroying human existence. Nor was this law peculiar to Athens, where it was maintained in the legislation of Solon. For, as we see, it was recognized in Thasos. Now, there is an apparent resemblance between this law and the English law of deodand, which involved the forfeiture, says Blackstone, of "whatever personal chattel is the immediate cause of the death of any reasonable creature." But I think that, with much seeming similarity, the cases are essentially different. Deodand was originally a payment to the sovereign to be applied to pious uses, and seems to have passed into a manorial right, or in the Germanic codes, into a compensation for homicide, payable to the surviving relatives. But it proceeded on the principle of making owners pay; though they paid in respect of homicide effected through a material instrument. The Greek law inflicted punishment upon the inanimate matter itself, for having violated the sanctity of human life. In this essential point it exactly corresponded with the remarkable law of Moses, which said, "If an ox gore a man that he die, the ox shall be stoned, and his flesh shall not be eaten." But even this provision falls greatly short of the full spirit of the Greek law, since even the animal that kills is conscious, and gores from excited passion. I pass, however, to a subject of larger scope, and I venture to suggest that the anthropomorphic spirit of the Greek religion was the source of that excellence in art, which has become for after ages a model for imitation, and a tribunal without appeal. All are aware that the Greek religion is eminently poetical; for it fulfilled in the most striking manner that condition which poetry, above all, requires—harmony in the relation between the worlds of soul and sense. Every river, fountain, grove, and hill, was associated with the heart and imagination of the Greek;

subject, however, always to the condition that they should appear as ruled by a presiding spirit, and that that spirit should be impersonated in the human shape. A poetical religion must, it seems, be favorable to art. The beauty of form which so much abounded in the country was also favorable to art. The Athenians, however, are stated not to have been beautiful; and at Sparta, where art was neglected, beauty was immensely prized. And, indeed, the personal beauty of a race is by no means usually found sufficient to produce the development of the fine arts; and as to the poetry of religion, and its bearing upon art, while a general connection may be admitted, it is very difficult to define the manner and degree. The practice of image worship promotes the production of works, first rude and coarse, then more or less vulgar and tawdry. Over the whole continent of Europe there is scarcely at this moment an object of popular veneration, which is worthy to be called a work of art. Of the finest remaining works of Greek art, not very many, I imagine, bear the mark of having been intended for worship. The great size required for statues like the Athenè of the Parthenon, and the Zeus of Olympia, seems unfavorable to the exhibition of fine art in the highest sense. In Pausanias we find notice of an immense number of statues in and about the temple; they are not commonly praised, I think, for excellence in this respect; and the mixture of materials, to which we find constant reference, could hardly have been chosen by the artist for the sake of his own proper purpose. I have heard Lord Macaulay give his opinion that this mixture in the Zeus of Phidias at Olympia, made of ivory and gold, simple as was that form of combination, may probably have been due to the necessity of condescension to the popular taste in connection with an object of worship. Although, therefore, the highest artists were employed, it does not appear probable that they derived any part of their higher inspiration from the fervor or the multitude of worshippers in the temples. Neither will it avail to urge the great esteem in which the professors of the arts were held. High indeed it was; and the successions of sculptors in the different schools seem to have been recorded appar-

ently with almost as much care as the Archons of Athens, or the priestesses of Herè at Argos, those landmarks of the history of states. But the question recurs, Was their estimation the cause of their excellence, or was their excellence the cause of their estimation; and if the estimation flowed from the excellence, whence came the excellence itself? Both the one and the other were perhaps due to another cause. That many accessories contributed to the wonderful result I do not doubt. But mainly and essentially every art and method, every device and habit, in the language of Aristotle, has an end; and is modelled upon the end at which it aims; and by that end its greatness or its littleness is measured. Now the climax of all art, it seems to be agreed, is the rendering of the human form. What, then, could be so calculated to raise this representation to the acme of its excellence, as the belief that the human form was not only the tabernacle, but the original and shape, the inseparable attribute, of Deity itself? In the quaint language of George Herbert,

"He that aims the moon
Shoots higher much, than he that means a
tree."

And again, as Tennyson has sung:

"It was my duty to have loved the highest;
We needs must love the highest when we
see it,
Not Lancelot, nor another."

It was this perpetual presentation of the highest to the mind of the Greek artist, that cheered him, and rewarded him, and yet, while it cheered him and rewarded him, still ever spurred him on in his pursuit. Whatever he had done, more remained to do:

"Nil actum repntans dum quid superesset
agendum."

The desire of ambition was fulfilled: he had always more worlds to conquer. The divine was made familiar to him, by correspondence of shape; but on the other side, its elements, which it was his business to draw forth and indicate to men, reached far away into the infinite. And I know not what true definition there is for any age or people of the highest excellence in any kind, unless it be perpetual effort upward in pursuit of an object higher than ourselves, higher than our works, higher

even than our hopes, yet beckoning us on from hour to hour, and always permitting us to apprehend in part. I venture, then, to propound for consideration the opinion, that the fundamental cause of the transcendent excellence of the Greek artist lay in his being, by his birth and the tradition of his people, as well as with every favoring accessory, both in idea and in form, and in such a sense as no other artist was, a worker upon deity, conceived as residing in the human form. It is hardly necessary to observe how the rich and many-sided composition of the Greek mythology favored the artist in his work, by answering to the many-sided development of the mind and the life of man. Unconsciously then to himself, and in a sphere of almost parochial narrowness, the Greek not only earned himself an immortal fame, but was equipping from age to age a great school of art, to furnish principles and models made ready to the hand of that purer and higher civilization which was to be; and over the preparation of which all the while Divine Providence was brooding, like the Spirit on the face of the waters, till the fulness of time should come. But besides the art and the poetry of the Greeks, there were other provinces in which their achievements were no less remarkable; and, with reference to the present argument, I must shortly touch upon their philosophy. The first philosophers of the Greek race were not for the most part natives and inhabitants of Greece, nor subject exclusively to Greek influences. Their speculations turned mainly on the nature of the first principle, and partook of an eastern spirit. But when philosophy took up her abode in the country where Hellenism was supreme and without a rival, that human element, which lay so profoundly embedded in the whole constitution of the Hellenic mind, unfolded itself in the region of speculative thought; and the true meaning of the famous saying that Socrates called down philosophy from heaven would seem to be, that he gave expression to the genius of his country by propounding, as the prime subject for the study of man, the nature, constitution, and destiny of man himself. And the illustrious series of disciples, some of them probably greater than their master, who followed his example, were not therein aping or

adopting the mere peculiarity of an individual, but obeying a congenial impulse that sprang from the depths of their being. Whatever philosophy was to be indigenous in Greece could not but be predominantly and profoundly human; and their power and fame as analysts of our unfathomable constitution, are fresh and unabated at the present hour. Fashion may wave her wand, but it is with small result. Idolatrous veneration of course has at times begotten temporary reaction and neglect; but the power of Greek culture seems again and again to assert itself by virtue of the law which makes all things find their level, and since it came into existence it has never ceased to be in the most instructed periods the chief criterion and means of the highest intellectual training: not, of course, necessarily for each individual, but for classes and for countries. The point, however, to which I wish to draw particular attention at this moment, is the large and well-balanced view, to which Greek philosophy attained, of the compound nature of man. Never, probably, has there appeared upon the stage of the world so remarkable a union, as in the Greeks, of corporal with mental excellence. From the beginning of the race, Homer shared the privilege of his most gorgeous epithet between battle and debate. The Odes of such a poet as Pindar, handing onwards the tradition of the Twenty-third Iliad, commemorate, so to speak, the marriage of athletic exercise with the gift of song. We do not trace among the Greeks that contrast, which is found so rude and sharp elsewhere, between energy in the body and energy in the brain. The Greek was in this respect like Adam, in the noble verse of Milton,

"For contemplation and for valor born."

And the Greek philosophy was for nothing more remarkable than the manner in which it not only asserted but felt as an elementary law, the place of the body in human education. This was with no exclusive or peculiar view to what we should call utilitarian purposes, such as those of defence, or industry, or even art. It seems to have been rather an ample recognition of the right of the body to be cared for, and to be reared in its various organs up to the highest ex-

cellence it is capable of attaining; as being, what indeed it is, not a mere vesture, or tool, or appendage of the soul, but, like the soul, an integral part of man himself. This plenitude and accuracy of view on such a subject is the more to be regarded on some special grounds. In general, the philosophies of the world, outside of Christianity, have shown a tendency to fluctuate between sensuality on the one hand, and on the other a contempt and hatred of matter, and a disposition to identify it with the principle of evil. The philosophy of Socrates, of Plato, and of Aristotle, seems to have steered clear and safe between this Scylla and this Charybdis. But, again, the Greek saw, as all men see, the body parted from the soul at death, and hastening rapidly, as by the law of its nature, to corruption. To none could this severance, and its mournful and painful incidents, be more repulsive than to him, with his delicate perceptions and his lively emotions. Of a future existence in any shape he usually knew or even surmised little; of the revival of the body, or of the reünion hereafter of the two great factors of the human being, he had yet less conception. We may say, then, that he lay under every temptation to a disparaging view of the body and of its office. Yet, in spite of his immense disadvantage, it fell to him to find a place for the body in the philosophy of human nature, and to incorporate the principle thus conceived in laws, usages, and institutions, with a clearness and general justness of view, by which Christian learning has done and will yet do well to profit. What with us is somewhat dubious and fluctuating both in theory and in practice, with him was familiar and elementary in both; and the teachers of mental accomplishment taught also the science, if not the art, of bodily excellence. Thus, for example, Plato, in his Treatise on the State, has to consider what men are fit to be chosen for rulers. They should, if possible, he says, have the advantage of personal beauty. They must be energetic; and he therefore proceeds to treat of the character of the *φιλόπονος*, or diligent man. He must be ready and keen in study; for human souls are much more cowardly in strong studies than in exercises of corporal strength; as in the former they bear all the burden, instead of

sharing it with the body. But philosophy itself, he admits, has fallen into some dishonor from a tendency to partiality in handling this question. The truly diligent man, then, must not be halt or one-sided in his diligence. If he be fond of athletic exercise and of sports, but not apt for learning and inquiry, then he is but half diligent. And no less "lame" will he be, says the philosopher, if, addicted to mental pursuits, he neglects the training of the body, and of the organs with which he is endowed. This may serve for a sample, but it is a sample only, of the large and complete grasp of the Greek philosophy upon the nature of man: and I connect this largeness and completeness with the fact that the Greek, from the nature of his religion, cherished in a special degree the idea of the near association of human existence, in soul and body, with that existence which we necessarily regard as the largest and most complete, namely, with the Divine. It may indeed be said that the Greek lowered and contaminated the Divine idea by weak and by vile elements carried into it from the human. Yes, this and much more may be said, and said with truth. Nothing can be more humbling or more instructive than the total failure of the Greek mind, with all its powers, either to attain, or even make progress towards attaining, the greater ends of creation, by rendering man either good or happy. This is the negative but most important purpose which the Greek of old may have been destined to fulfil; the purpose of casting down the strongholds of our pride, by first showing us how great he is, and then leaving us to see how little, when standing alone, is all his greatness, if it be measured with reference to its results in accomplishing those ends of life without which every other end is vain. But I am not now engaged in endeavoring to ascertain what Greek life or what the Greek mind was in itself, and for itself, nor for what negative or secondary uses the study of it may be available. I wish to point out in some degree what it was for a purpose beyond itself, what materials it was preparing for our use, how it was, if I may so express myself, the secular counterpart of the Gospel, and how it became, in one word, the great intellectual factor of the Christian civiliza-

tion. Now, it is not, I think, difficult to see that materials and instruments, such as it furnished, were required. I will not attempt by argument to show that all the powers and capacities of man, being the work of God, must have their proper place in His designs; and that the evil in the world arises not from their use, but from their misuse, not from their active working each according to its place in the providential order, but from their having gone astray, as the planets would if the centripetal force which controls their action were withdrawn. We see, then, in the Greeks, beyond all question, these two things—a peculiar and powerful element of anthropomorphism pervading their religion, and giving it its distinctive character; secondly, a remarkable fulness, largeness, subtlety, elevation, and precision in their conception of human nature; taking form in, or at least accompanying, an immense vigor both of speculation and of action; a language of marvellous reach, elasticity, variety and power; a scientific excellence in art never elsewhere attained; and an eminence in the various branches of letters which has given to them, for more than two thousand years, the place of first authority in the cultivated world. The Latin literature, though it has a character and purpose of its own, is, in its most splendid elements, derivative from the Greek. Now, if we survey with care and candor the present wealth of the world—I mean its wealth intellectual, moral, and spiritual—we find that Christianity has not only contributed to the patrimony of man its brightest and most precious jewels, but has likewise been what our Saviour pronounced it, the salt or preserving principle of all the residue, and has maintained its health, so far as it has been maintained at all, against corrupting agencies. But the salt is one thing, the thing salted is another; and as in the world of nature, so in the world of mind and of human action, there is much that is outside of Christianity that harmonizes with it, that revolves, so to speak, around it, but that did not and could not grow out of it. It seems to have been for the filling up of this outline, for the occupation of this broad sphere of exertion and enjoyment, that the Greeks were, in the councils of Providence, ordained to labor; that as

the Gospel, produced in the fulness of time, after the world's long gestation, might have its accomplished work in rearing mankind up to his perfection, first, in the spiritual life, but also, and through that spiritual life, in every form of excellence for which his varied powers and capacities have been created. If this be so, it is quite plain that the Greeks have their place in the providential order, aye, and in the Evangelical preparation, as truly and really as the children of Abraham themselves. But indeed there is no need, in order to a due appreciation of our debt to the ancient Greeks, that we should either forget or disparage the function which was assigned by the Almighty Father to his most favored people. Much profit, says St. Paul, had the Jew in every way. He had the oracles of God; he had the custody of the promises; he was the steward of the great and fundamental conception of the unity of God, the sole and absolute condition under which the Divine idea could be upheld among men at its just elevation. No poetry, no philosophy, no art of Greece ever embraced, in its most soaring and widest conceptions, that simple law of love towards God and towards our neighbor, on which "two commandments hang all the law and the prophets," and which supplied the moral basis of the new dispensation. There is one history, and that the most touching and most profound of all, for which we should search in vain through all the pages of the classics—I mean the history of the human soul in its relations with its Maker; the history of its sin, and grief, and death, and of the way of its recovery to hope and life, and to enduring joy. For the exercises of strength and skill, for the achievements and for the enchantments of wit, of eloquence, of art, of genius for the imperial games, of politics and war, let us seek them on the shores of Greece. But if the first among the problems of life be how to establish the peace and restore the balance of our inward being; if the highest of all conditions in the existence of the creature be his aspect towards the God to whom he owes his being, and in whose great hand he stands—then let us make our search elsewhere. All the wonders of the Greek civilization heaped together are less wonderful than is the

single Book of Psalms. Palestine was weak and despised, always obscure, oftentimes and long trodden down beneath the feet of imperious masters. Greece for a thousand years,

"Confident from foreign purposes,"

repelled every invader from her shores, and, fostering her strength in the keen air of freedom, she defied, and at length overthrew the mightiest of empires; and when finally she felt the resistless grasp of the masters of all the world, them too, at the very moment of her subjugation, she subdued to her literature, language, arts, and manners. Palestine, in a word, had no share of the glories of our race; they blaze on every page of the history of Greece with an overpowering splendor. Greece had valor, policy, renown, genius, wisdom, wit—she had all, in a word, that this world could give her; but the flowers of Paradise, which blossom thinly, blossomed in Palestine alone. And yet, as the lower parts of our bodily organization are not less material than the higher to the safety and well-being of the whole, so Christianity itself was not ordained to a solitary existence in man, but to find helps meet for it in the legitimate use of every faculty, and in the gradually accumulated treasures of the genius, sagacity, and industry of the human family. Besides the loftiest part of the work of Providence intrusted to the Hebrew race, there was other work to do, and it was done elsewhere. It was requisite to make ready the materials not only of a divine renewal and of a moral harmony for the world, but also for a thorough and searching culture of every power and gift of man, in all his relations to the world and to his kind; so as to lift up his universal nature to the level upon which his relation as a creature to his Creator, and as a child to his father, was about to be established. And the question arises whether, among the auxiliaries required to complete the training process for our race, there were not to be found some which were of a quality, I will not say to act as a corrective to Christianity, but to act as a corrective to the narrow views and the excesses which might follow upon certain modes of conceiving and of applying it. Doubtless the just idea of their general purpose is that they

were a collection of implements and materials to assist in the cultivation of the entire nature of man, and to consecrate all his being to the glory and the designs of his Maker. Yet in part they might have a purpose more special still—the purpose of assigning due bounds to the action of impulses springing out of Christianity itself. Now, that narrow conception which I have mentioned, of the Jews as virtually the sole object of the providential designs of God, while it began doubtless in a devout sentiment, passed into superstition when it led men to assign to the Jewish people every imaginable gift and accomplishment, and into virtual impiety when it came to imply that the Almighty had little care for the residue of his creatures. And certainly it was not to Scripture itself that opinions like these were due. In a dissertation *On the Prophecies of the Messiah dispersed among the Heathen*, Bishop Horsley has shown what a large amount of testimony is yielded by the Sacred Books to the remaining knowledge of the true God among the races in the neighborhood of Judea. With them religion seems to have been for long periods, as was also to no small extent the religious practice of the Jews, an inconsistent combination of lingering and struggling truth with rampant error. Melchisedec, the type of Christ, and Job, one of the chosen patrons of faith and patience, were of blood foreign to the patriarchal race; and the same agency of the prophetic order, which was employed to correct and guide the Jew, was not withheld from his neighbors: Balaam, among the Moabites, was a prophet inspired by the Most High. Of the minor prophetic books of the Old Testament two are expressly devoted to setting forth the burden of Nineveh and the dealings of God with its inhabitants: and Eastern Magi were, in the words of Bishop Horsley, “the first worshippers of Mary’s Holy Child.” A system of religion, however absolutely perfect for its purpose, however divine in its conception and expression, yet of necessity becomes human too, from the first moment of its contact with humanity; from the very time, that is to say, when it begins to do its proper work by laying hold upon the hearts and minds of men, mingling, as the leaven in the dough, with all that they contain, and unfolding and applying itself in the life and conduct of the individual, and in the laws, institutions, and usages of society. In the building up of the human temple, the several portions of the work, while sustaining and strengthening each other, confine each other also, like the stones of a wall, to their proper place and office in the fabric. Divine truth, contained in the Gospel, is addressed to the wants and uses of a nature not simple but manifold, and is manifold itself; though dependent upon one principle, it consists of many parts, and in order to preserve reciprocally the due place and balance of those parts, means that we call human are available, as well as means more obviously divine; and secular forms and social influences, all adjusted by one and the same Governor of the world, are made to serve the purposes that have their highest expression in the Kingdom of Grace. The Gospel aims not at destroying this equilibrium, but at restoring it: and in the restoration it accepts, nay courts, and by natural law requires, the aid of secondary means. It is manifest, indeed, that there was in Christianity that which man might easily and innocently carry into such an excess, as, though it would have ceased to be Christian, would not have ceased to seem so, and would under a sacred title have tended to impair the healthful and complete development of his being. Rousseau objects to the Christian system that it is opposed to social good order and prosperity, because it teaches a man to regard himself as a citizen of another world, and thus diverts him from the performance of his duties as a member of civil society. “Far from attaching the hearts of the citizens to the state, it detaches them from it, as from all other earthly things. I know nothing more opposed to the social spirit. . . . A society of true Christians would no longer be a society of men. . . . What matters it to be free or slave in this vale of misery? The one thing needful is to go to Paradise, and submission to calamity is an additional means of getting there.” In an age and in a country such as this, it is not required, it is scarcely allowable,

to seem to depreciate those various forms of self-restraint and self-conquest which the spirit of man, vexed in its sore conflict with the flesh and with the world, has in other times employed to establish the supremacy of the soul, by trampling upon the sense and appetite and all corporal existence. Even in the time of the apostles, it seems to have been manifest that a tendency to excess in this direction had begun to operate in the Christian church. As time passed on, and as the spirit of the unrenewed world became more rampant within the sacred precinct, the reaction against it likewise grew more vehement and eager. The deserts of Egypt were peopled with thousands upon thousands of anchorites, who foreswore every human relation, extinguished every appetite, and absorbed every motive, every idea, every movement of our complex nature in the great but single function of the relation to the unseen world. True and earnest in their Christian warfare, they, notwithstanding, represent a spirit of exaggeration, which it was necessary to check, uprooting what they ought rather to have pruned, and destroying what they ought to have chastised, and mastered, and converted to purposes of good. That internecine war with sin, which is the very essence of Christianity, seems to have been understood by them as a war against the whole visible and sensible world, against the intellectual life, against a great portion of their own normal nature: and though, as regarded themselves, even their exaggeration was pardonable, and in many respects a noble error, yet its unrestricted sway and extension would have left man a maimed, a stunted, a distorted creature. And it would have done more than this. By severing the Gospel from all else that is beautiful and glorious in creation, it would have exposed the spiritual teacher to a resistance not only vehement but just, and would have placed the kingdom of grace in permanent and hopeless discord with the kingdoms of nature, reason, truth, and beauty—kingdoms established by the very same Almighty hand. Those principles of repression, which were indispensable as the medicine of man, were unfit for his food. What was requisite, however, was not to expel them, and

thereby to revert to the mental riot and moral uncleanness of heathenism, but to check their usurpations, and to keep them within their bounds; and this was to be effected not by prohibition or disparagement, but by vindicating for every part, and power, and work, of human nature, and for every office of life, its proper place in the divine order and constitution of the world. The seed of this comprehensive philosophy was supplied by the words of the Apostle: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report: if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." And so the solid and fruitful materials of the Greek civilization came in aid, by a wise Providence, of the humanizing principles and precepts of the Gospel, to assist in securing a well-balanced development of the powers of the Christian system, and to prevent the instruments designed for eradicating the seeds of disease from subverting the yet higher agencies appointed for the fostering and development of life in every region of our being and our activity. Volumes might be written with profit to trace the application of the principles touched upon in this address to the whole history of the church, and of the Christian civilization, down to the present day. That which I have now attempted is no more, in effect, than a suggestion. And if that suggestion be just it will be difficult to deny its importance. Let us glance in a few concluding words at some of its results.

First, it places on high and safe grounds that genial primacy of the Greeks in letters and in human culture, to the acknowledgment of which Christian Europe has been guided not so much by a logical process, or a definite forethought, as by a sure instinct with the after confirmation of a long experience. Nor can this primacy be justly disturbed by the multiplication, and the energetic and growing pursuit of those branches of knowledge for which this age has been so remarkable. For Aristotle it was excusable to regard the heavenly bodies as objects nobler than man. But Christianity has sealed and stamped the title of our race as the

crown and flower of the visible creation: and with this irreversible sentence in their favor, the studies, well called studies of humanity, should not resent nor fear, but should favor and encourage all other noble research having for its object the globe on which we live, the tribes with which it is peopled in land, air, and sea, the powers drawn forth from nature or yet latent in her unexplored recesses, or the spaces of that vast system—

“Ultra flammantia mœnia mundi,”

to which our earth belongs. But more than this; we live in times when the whole nature of our relation to the unseen world is widely, eagerly, and assiduously questioned. Sometimes we are told of general laws, so conceived as to be practically independent either of a lawgiver or a judge. Sometimes of a necessity working all things to uniform results, but seeming to crush and to bury under them the ruins of our will, our freedom, our personal responsibility. Sometimes of a private judgment, which we are to hold upon the hard condition of taking nothing upon trust, of passing by, at the outset of our mental life, the whole preceding education of the world, of owning no debt to those who have gone before without a regular process of proof, in a word, of beginning anew each man for himself: a privilege which I had thought was restricted to the lower orders of creation, where the parent infuses no prejudices into its litter or its fry. Such are the fancies which go abroad. Such are the clouds which career in heaven, and pass between us and the sun, and make men idly think that what they see not is not, and blot the prospects of what is in so many and such true respects a happy and a hopeful age. It is, I think, an observation of Saint Augustine, that those periods are critical and formidable, when the power of putting questions runs greatly in advance of the pains to answer them. Such appears to be the period in which we live. And all among us, who are called in any manner to move in the world of thought, may well ask Who is sufficient for these things? Who can with just and firm hand sever the transitory from the durable, and the accidental from the essential, in old opinions?

Who can combine, in the measures which reason would prescribe, reverence and gratitude to the past with a sense of the new claims, new means, new duties of the present? Who can be stout and earnest to do battle for the truth, and yet hold sacred, as he ought, the freedom of inquiry, and cherish, as he ought, a chivalry of controversy like the ancient chivalry of arms? One persuasion at least let us embrace—one error let us avoid. Let us be persuaded of this—that Christianity will by her inherent resources find for herself a philosophy equal to all the shifting and all the growing wants of the time. Let us avoid the error of seeking to cherish a Christianity of isolation. The Christianity which is now and hereafter to flourish, and, through its power in the inner circles of human thought, to influence ultimately, in some manner more adequate than now, the masses of mankind, must be such as of old the wisdom of God was described. “For in her is an understanding spirit, holy, one only, manifold, subtle, lively, clear, undefiled, plain, not subject to hurt, loving the thing that is good, quick, which cannot be letted, ready to do good, kind to man, steadfast, sure, free from care, having all power, overseeing all things. . . . For she is the brightness of the everlasting light, the unspotted mirror of the power of God, and the image of his goodness.” It must be filled full with human and genial warmth, in close sympathy with every true instinct and need of man, regardful of the just titles of every faculty of his nature, apt to associate with and make its own all, under whatever name, which goes to enrich and enlarge the patrimony of the race. And therefore it is well that we should look out over the field of history, and see if haply its records, the more they are unfolded, do or do not yield us new materials for the support of faith. Me at least, for one, experience has convinced that, just as fresh wonder and confirmed conviction flow from examining the structure of the universe and its countless inhabitants, and their respective adaptations to the purposes of their being and to the use of man, the same results will flow in yet larger measure from tracing the footmarks of the Most High in the seem-

ingly bewildered paths of human history. Everywhere, before us, and behind us, and around us, and above us and beneath, we shall find the power which

"Lives through all life, extends through all extent,

Spreads undivided, operates unspent."

And, together with the power, we shall find the goodness and the wisdom, of which that sublime power is but a minister. Nor can that wisdom and that goodness anywhere shine forth with purer splendor than when the divine forethought, working from afar, in many places, and through many generations, so adjusts beforehand the acts and the affairs of men as to let them all converge upon a single point, upon that redemption of the world, by God made Man, in which all the rays of his glory are concentrated, and from which they pour forth a flood of healing light even over the darkest and saddest places of creation. Mr. Vice-Chancellor, Professors, and Gentlemen, I commend to your notice and your impartial research the subject of the foregoing remarks. It is at least a less unworthy offering than the mere commonplaces of taking leave. Yet I claim one remaining moment to convey to you my gratitude for your confidence, to assure you that I shall ever feel a lively interest in all that pertains to the welfare of your famous University, and to bid you respectfully farewell.

The Fortnightly Review.

THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF TENNYSON.

DURING the last ten years the works of Mr. Alfred Tennyson have become thoroughly classical. There seems every chance of their being read while the language and literature of this country continue. The current editions of the great living poet are in every one's hand; while comparatively few have any acquaintance with earlier versions of now remodelled poems, or with the suppressed pieces of his first volumes. The present rarity of these editions amply explains the general ignorance of their contents. That they contain mines of nearly unexplored beauty, extracts will put beyond question. It is

easier to set on record these bibliographical details now than twenty years hence. Certain it is, that no one of these will be hereafter without a due interest and value. Great poets, moreover, are proverbially careless about their poetical offspring. How much Goethe lost or forgot of what he wrote is well known. That charming little lyric of our Laureate's, *Home they brought him Slain with Spears*, has only been this year rescued for the public. We are able to date its composition from 1848-49. Does not this lead us to infer that Mr. Tennyson is, in common with his greatest predecessors,

"Like wealthy men, who care not how they give?"

nor, we may add, how they lose. We, his humble students, however, are not so affluent of rich thought, that we can afford to throw away the smallest crumb. It is right for the master, no doubt, to refine his work to the utmost. But we may also claim the right to keep a place for his first ideas. The process by which perfection has been reached is full of interest and of valuable lessons; nor can we better show our respect for this great poet than by thus treating his verse, so far as our ability enables us, as the subject for serious study.

In this spirit, then, we proceed without further preface or justification. But on the very threshold of our Tennysonian bibliographical inquiries, difficulty awaits us. The greatest prize for collectors of this literature bears the following title-page:

POEMS,

By TWO BROTHERS.

"Hæc nos novimus esse nihil."—*Martial*.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. SIMPKIN AND R. MARSHALL,
STATIONERS'-HALL COURT,
AND J. AND J. JACKSON, LOUTH.

1827. (pp. 228.)

This volume has been so repeatedly ascribed to Mr. Alfred and Mr. Charles Tennyson, when boys of sixteen and seventeen, that it commands a fancy price in the book-market on that account. Still, it ought clearly not to be reckoned in the Tennysonian series proper, although we can hardly pass it

over without comment. Assuming, then, *argumenti gratia*, the correctness of the popular rumor, let us hear what the preface says: "The following pages were written from the ages of fifteen to eighteen, not conjointly but individually, which may account for their difference of style and matter, &c. March, 1827."

What, then, may be said of the contents of this volume as a whole? Our verdict must agree with what all previous probability would prepare us to expect, namely, that the poetical talent of the Laureate, already so abnormally precocious at nineteen, had barely dawned in the boyish sketches of 1827. It is only by the aiding light of our hypothesis, that we are able, after the carefullest perusal, to detect a few shadowy touches somewhat akin to the master hand. We may safely assert, that the most intense student of the Laureate might read this volume through without the faintest suspicion of its alleged authorship.

During the first hundred pages it is possible to distinguish with tolerable confidence the poems of each brother. Hence, possibly, the pieces last in order were first in completion. We warn our readers to expect no great elucidation from our meagre extracts on the early genius of Mr. Tennyson. Here are a few. *Remorse* may be given to the Laureate from some general likeness to the *Confessions* of 1830. Here is one slight Tennysonian echo in a single line:

"The glimmerings of the boundless flame."

Or fainter still from the *Dell of E*—,

"High hills on either side to heaven upsprung,

Y clad with groves of undulating pine,
Upon whose heads the hoary vapors hung,
And far—far off the heights were seen to shine."

Containing perhaps the germ of, but still how unequal to, the full ripe after-music. In *Antony to Cleopatra*, take two lines:

"And I have moved within thy sphere,
And lived within thy light."

Are we to detect a touch of the later *Oriana* (1830) in the *Vale of Bones*?—

"When on to battle proudly going,
Your plumage to the wild winds blowing,
Your tartans far behind ye flowing,

Your pennons raised, your clarions sounding,
Fiercely your steeds beneath ye bounding."

Thus in *Oriana*:

"Winds were blowing, waters flowing,
We heard the steeds to battle going,
Oriana,

Aloud the hollow bugle blowing," etc.

And in *Midnight* we get one really Tennysonian chord, such as the master could strike now without much shame:

"A wan, dull, lengthen'd sheet of swimming light."

Here is a good verse from *The Deity*:

"Throned in sequester'd sanctity,
And with transcendent glories crown'd;
With all his works beneath his eye,
And suns and systems burning round."

One simile from the *Fall of Jerusalem* has something of the well-known lilt and ring:

"Like the morning star, whose gleam
Gazeth through the waste of night,
What time old ocean's purple stream
In his cold surge hath deeply laved,
Its ardent front of dewy light."

In the following little piece, without denying its immaturity or eliminating its commonplace, we call attention to the success of the central idea. Original, too, is it, for a mere boy to have written. Compare this also, though the distance is great, with the manner of the short lyrics in the "Princess," *Thy Voice is Heard through Rolling Drums*, and *Home they Brought her Warrior Dead*:

ON A DEAD ENEMY.

"I came in haste with cursing breath
And heart of hardest steel;
But when I saw thee cold in death
I felt as man should feel."

"For when I look upon that face,
That cold unheeding frigid brow,
Where neither rage nor fear has place,
By Heaven! I cannot hate thee now."

Sunday Mobs is worth reading, and quaintly suggestive. *Phrenology* contains several astronomic passages, possibly the very remote ancestors of their more gorgeous successors:

"Tell us why Saturn rolls begirt with flame!
Whence the red depth of Mars' aspect came?"

A rather remarkable ballad headed *King Charles's Vision* closes the book.

TIMBUCTOO.

BY A. TENNYSON,
OF TRINITY COLLEGE.
1829.

"Deep in that lion-haunted inland lies
A mystic city, goal of high emprise."—
CHAPMAN.

Next comes Mr. Tennyson's Cambridge prize poem. This dates the year previous to the "Poems, chiefly Lyrical." In point of general excellence it shows a vast improvement on the 1827 volume. Fine lines are numerous, and the whole conception of the subject successful, though perhaps a little old-fashioned and over-elaborate. Astronomy still continues to attract the young poet:

"The moon's white cities, and the opal width
Of her small glowing lakes, her silver heights
Unvisited with dew of vagrant cloud.

Blaze within blaze, an unimagined depth
And harmony of planet-girded suns
And moon-encircled planets, wheel in wheel,
Arch'd the wan sapphire."

The seasons are prettily drawn:

"With earliest light of Spring,
And in the glow of fallow Summer-tide,
And in red Autumn, when the winds are wild
With gambols, and when full-voiced Winter
roofs
The headland," etc.

It is interesting also to find here, in *Timbuctoo*, a fragment afterwards repeated in the *Ode to Memory*:

"Listenest the lordly music flowing from
The illimitable years."

This continues—

"I am the Spirit,
The permeating life which courseth through
All the intricate and labyrinthine veins
Of the great vine of Fable, which, outspread
With growth of shadowing leaf and clusters rare,
Reacheth to every corner under heaven,
Deep-rooted in the living soil of truth;
So that men's hopes and fears take refuge in
The fragrance of its complicated glooms,
And cool impleach'd twilight."

The whole poem consists of some two hundred and fifty lines.

We now enter on the real series of

the Laureate's works with all the ardor of humble yet zealous admirers. Let us suppose ourselves a newspaper hack, to whom one morning in the year 1830 his editor may have sent a bundle of the newest publications. Among a heap of utterly ephemeral rubbish in poetry and prose we come upon a thin little volume in a buff cover, entitled *Poems, chiefly Lyrical*, by Alfred Tennyson. Now, should we have been wise enough to have singled out, then and there, these lines as bearing upon them the impress of immortality? Should we have predicted that some thirty years hence this young author would be the greatest of living poets, so universally acknowledged that any censure of his works would seem to many a kind of semi-profanity? Assuredly not, you reply. You might as well expect a seedling Wellingtonia in a six-inch flower-pot at the nurseryman's to be known at first sight among its companion pines as the future giant of timber. But the comparison of intellectual with vegetal growth fails manifestly in one essential point. For sixty-two pages of this volume are found in the sixteenth edition of *Tennyson's Poems*, 1864, and several of its lyrics, nearly unchanged, are printed there side by side with the Laureate's maturest efforts. While, if we include his second volume of 1832, many detached passages written by him at one-and-twenty are as fine as any he has produced at fifty. Yet the critic must fairly confess that it is only when he reads this first effort by the light of the maturer works and the writer's subsequent reputation, that he is able to discover how exquisitely good are these earlier pieces in spite of crudeness, in spite of immaturity. The "San Sisto" of Raphael enables us to appreciate his early sketches, but who would have had the sagacity to expect a "San Sisto" from the sight of the pen-drawings for the Borghese "Entombment?"

To describe more minutely this inaugural volume—

POEMS, CHIEFLY LYRICAL,

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

LONDON:

EFFINGHAM WILSON, ROYAL EXCHANGE,
CORNHILL.

1830. (pp. 154.)

—we shall proceed to give some rough account of its contents. We pass over the pieces retained at the present day. Thus, the three opening poems of this volume are still found at the commencement of the modern collected edition. Then follow some singularly melodious *Elegiacs*. They open thus:

"Low-flowing breezes are roaming the broad valley dimm'd in the gloaming:
Thoro' the black-stemm'd pines only the far river shines."

Here a boy of nineteen has already perfected for himself that harmonious individuality of expression, that strange power of saying commonplace things in a way peculiar to himself, of strengthening all he touches by adding a turn and stamp of his own; and all this with that apparent ease which veils the art.

The "*How*" and the "*Why*" is a maze of intricate thought, with a few blemishes of overstrained originality, which have proved great stumbling-blocks and rocks of offence to the critics of these earlier volumes. Here are some pretty lines from it:

"The little bird pipeth—'Why, why?'
In the summer woods when the sun falls low:
And the great bird sits on the opposite bough,
And stares in his face and shouts, 'How, how?'"

The supposed *Confessions of a Second-rate Sensitive Mind not in Unity with Itself* is a deeply pathetic effusion, with many exquisite passages. The germ of that keen analytical power shown in the *Two Voices* (1842) is clearly visible. The treatment of the two poems should be compared. The sensitive intellect of the *Two Voices* is, however, of the highest order, and consequently prevails over its doubts at the end of the piece. Here the "second-rate mind" is still left in hopeless protest. Much might be quoted, but we will take one touching contrast of animal and human existence:

"In the flocks
The lamb rejoiceth in the year,
And raceth freely with his fere,
And answers to his mother's calls
From the flower'd furrow. In a time
Of which he wots not, run short pains
Through his warm heart; and then, from whence

He knows not, on his light there falls
A shadow; and his native slope
Where he was wont to leap and climb—
Floats from his sick and filmed eyes,
And something in the darkness draws
His forehead earthward, and he dies."

The Burial of Love, with two songs beginning "Sainted Juliet, dearest name," and "I the glooming light," require no special comment, although they all possess the poet's airy delicacy of harmony. A succeeding lyric, *The Linthwhite and the Throstlecock*, is charming, but should be quoted entire or not at all. Then follow two pendant or companion pieces, such as our author loves to write, headed *Nothing will Die*, and *All Things will Die*. To suggest a few other pendants, take *Sir Galahad* and *St. Agnes*, *Ulysses* and *Tithonus*, the *Two Marianas*, the *Hesperides* and *Lotos-Eaters*, etc. Mr. Tennyson's poetry is more pictorial than any other poet's, hence, perhaps, this frequency of companion pictures. *All Things will Die* opens with a full stream of genuine Tennysonian harmony:

"Clearly the blue river chimes in its flowing
Under my eye;
Warmly and broadly the south winds are
blowing
Over the sky."

Hero to Leander interests us because it is not precisely in the manner of anything the Laureate has since produced. Next comes that most remarkable poem *The Mystic*, in blank verse, a truly marvellous effort for the mind of a boy of nineteen. The whole poem is perhaps the most striking, though certainly not the most successful, of all the suppressed pieces. Here are a few lines as a sample of the weird atmosphere which pervades the whole:

"He often lying broad awake, and yet
Remaining from the body, and apart
In intellect and power and will, *hath heard*
Time flowing in the middle of the night,
And all things creeping to a day of doom."

The modern positivist would demolish at a blow the mystical creed and Neo-Platonic metaphysics of the whole sketch, but it is not the less charming as poetry.

The Grasshopper is a graceful comparison of this "Bayard of the Meadow"

with a warrior in full mail, no withered Tithonus, as the ancients vainly feigned.

The Chorus of an Unpublished Drama, written very early, will, we trust, be some day rescued from the suppressions of this volume. It is a lyric full of the finest imagery and stately rhythmical movement. At least we find no lines which should bar its republication as it now stands. No doubt many of the other pieces of this volume would, if revived by their author, require now both omissions and additions. Listen to one fragment of this chorus :

"Each sun that from the centre flings
Grand music and redundant fire,
The burning belts, the mighty rings,
The murmurous planets' rolling choir."

Love is as remarkable for its tenderness and delicacy as the last piece was for its lyrical grandeur. The first stanza and parts of the second are very beautiful; the remainder and the conclusion are much inferior :

"Thou foldest, like a golden atmosphere,
The very throne of the eternal God:
Passing thro' thee, the edicts of His fear
Are mellowed into music.

To know thee is all wisdom, and old age
Is but to know thee."

The Kraken is worth quotation, but requires to be given altogether. The sea-monster is described "in the abysmal sea," "battening upon huge sea-worms in his sleep." Then follow an *English War-song* and a *National Song*. The patriotic songs of the Laureate are things *per se*. He assumes, as it were, quite a different poetical individuality. His rhythm roughens, and the whole utterance of the man is changed.

While upon the patriotic songs of this volume, we may hint *en passant* that various other lyrics which have appeared from time to time in our contemporary press, have been ascribed to the Laureate, we leave it to our readers to judge with what degree of truth. It is some slight corroboration that *The Charge of the Light Brigade* and the *Form, Rifleman, form*, first appeared anonymously in like manner. There are other songs, however, which have as yet never been acknowledged by their author, whoever he be. *Britons, Guard your Own, The Third of Febru-*

ary, 1852, and *Hands all Round*, appeared in the *Examiner* in the earlier part of 1852. Another, headed *Arm, arm, arm*, is of the same date.

Here is a simple stanza from *Britons, Guard your Own* :

"Call home your ships across Biscayan tides,
To blow the battle from their oaken sides.
Why waste they yonder
Their idle thunder?
Why stay they there to guard a foreign
throne?
Seamen, guard your own."

This is from *Hands all Round* :

"Gigantic daughter of the West,
We drink to thee across the flood,
We know thee most, we love thee best,
For art thou not of British blood?
Should war's mad blast again be blown,
Permit not thou the tyrant powers
To fight thy mother here alone,
But let thy broadsides roar with ours.
Hands all round!
God the tyrant's cause confound!
To our great kinsmen of the West, my
friends,
And the great name of England round and
round."

This is signed "Merlin, February 7, 1852." The author is a true patriot as well as a true poet, be he who he may.

Returning from this conjectural digression to the concluding pieces of the volume of 1830, we come to *Dualisms*, a kind of duplicate of *Circumstance*. Here are the two children at play :

"Like, unlike, they roam together
Under a summer vault of golden weather;
Like, unlike, they sing together
Side by side.
Mid May's darling golden lockèd,
Summer's tanling diamond eyed."

We now quote, as an instance of the power of mere verbal melody without any depth of thought, a little lyric, headed

"WE ARE FREE."

"The winds, as at their hour of birth
Leaning upon the ridgèd sea,
Breathed low around the rolling earth
With mellow preludes, 'We are free.'
The streams through many a lilyd row
Down-carolling to the crisped sea,
Low-tinkled with a bell-like flow
Atween the blossoms, 'We are free.'"

* This piece is dismissed in Christopher North's review of "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," with a "That is drivell."

Contrast the perfectly charming flow of these verses, bearing as little thought as Sir Walter Scott's average lyrics possess, with what the Laureate can do when the subject requires him to put forth his intellectual strength. He can then legislate for the theologian and geologist, as in *In Memoriam*; nor will biology refuse to acknowledge the suggestiveness of one suppressed stanza of *The Palace of Art* (1832):

"All nature widens upward: evermore
The simpler essence lower lies.
More complex is more perfect, owning
more
Discourse, more widely wise."

A quaint poem, *οι ρέοντες*, setting forth the creed of the "flowing philosophers," closes the volume of 1830. We have only noticed the more important lyrics therein; we have not referred to any of the unsuppressed pieces of that date. Note also that, except the *Two Brothers*, which does not count, and this volume of 1830, every other work of the Laureate has been published by Messrs. Moxon and Co. This is merely a hint for bibliographers. It is worth noticing that a poem entitled *A Lover's Story*, was about this time privately printed. Only a few copies were issued. I know not if any are still in existence.

POEMS,

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

LONDON:

EDWARD MOXON, 64, NEW BOND STREET.

1833.

After an interval of two years the volume of 1833 appeared.* The poet was then twenty-one or twenty-two. And it must strike us with wonder that, though all retouched, and nearly all in parts wholly rewritten, *The Palace of Art*, *The Dream of Fair Women*, *The*

* The note in the present editions tells us that this volume was really published in the winter of 1832. Still, as I only have the 1833 edition, and this bears no marks on the title-page of being a second or new edition, I shall always refer to it. Even if the other edition were still accessible, the difference would only be that of a few months. The ill-natured and unintelligent review in the *Quarterly* (No. 97) is of the copy of 1833.

Lotos-Eaters, *Ænone*, *The Miller's Daughter*, should have been the work of a boy of that age. It is noteworthy that the poet, while, in 1842, rewriting much of this volume, preserved comparatively untouched the selected pieces of 1830. Consequently, as a study of the poetical transmutation of species, this collection of 1833 is the most highly interesting of any.

We begin with three sonnets, *All Good Things have not Kept Aloof*, verses of which are given in our concluding paragraph, and a fine but rather Campbell-esque fragment, *Bonaparte*. Here is a Shakespearian touch from the second sonnet:

"I only ask to sit beside thy feet.
Thou knowest I dare not look into thine
eyes."

The Lady of Shalott, except in Part III., has been largely rewritten. We shall here and there instance a few of these instructive improvements, as in Part I.:

1833.

"Willows whiten, aspens shiver,
The sunbeam showers break and quiver
In the stream that runneth ever," etc.

1842.

"Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver,
Through the wave that runs for ever," etc.

Also in *Mariana in the South*, which follows, compare the first refrain of 1833:

"'Madonna,' with melodious moan,
Sang Mariana, night and morn,
'Madonna! lo! I am all alone,
Love-forgotten and love-forlorn.'"

with 1842:

"But 'Ave Mary,' made she moan,
And 'Ave Mary,' night and morn,
And 'Ah,' she sang, 'to be all alone,
To live forgotten, and love forlorn!'"

Or further on in the same poem, what force is given to the earlier version:

"From the bald rock the blinding light
Beat ever on the sun-white wall,"

by the later:

"And all the furnace of the light
Struck up against the blinding wall."

Eleanore follows, hardly touched, an exception to the retained pieces of 1833.

The Miller's Daughter is an excellent instance of judicious remodelling. We could hardly, for instance, believe that the charming stanza, retained unaltered, which now opens this poem should have been originally preceded by one nearly as weak as this is beautiful. There is a wonderful leap for the better further on :

1833.

"How dear to me in youth, my love,
Was everything about the mill.
The black and silent pool above,
The pool beneath that ne'er stood still."

1842.

"I loved the brimming wave that swam
Thro' quiet meadows round the mill,
The sleepy pool above the dam,
The pool beneath it never still."

Or again afterwards :

1833.

"('Twas April then) I came and lay
Beneath those gummy chestnut buds
That glisten'd in the April blue."

1842.

"('Twas April then) I came and sat
Below the chestnuts, when their buds
Were glistening to the breezy blue."

"Breezy blue," though an after-thought, describes an April day almost by inspiration. Nothing can be truer to nature than the suppressed "gummy chestnut buds," but the word is ugly, and would offend weak-stomached Tennysonian brethren.* Then, again, the hero's gaze follows the widening ripples after the leaping of a trout, and he is prettily introduced to the first sight of his mistress at the mill window ; in the 1833 edition this machinery is supplied thus :

"A water-rat from off the bank
Plunged in the stream."

Here is a pretty suppressed verse :

"Oh ! that I were the wreath she wreathes,
The mirror where her sight she feeds,
The song she sings, the air she breathes,
The letters of the book she reads."

And these still most exquisite stanzas :

"I heard you whisper from above
A lute-toned whisper, 'I am here ;'
I murmured, 'Speak again, my love,
The stream is loud : I cannot hear.'

* As it did Christopher North. *Blackwood*, May, 1832.

"I heard, as I have seem'd to hear
When all the under-air was still,
The low voice of the glad new year
Call to the freshly-flower'd hill.

"I heard, as I have often heard
The nightingale in leafy woods
Call to its mate, when nothing stirr'd
To left or right but falling floods."

The charming incident of how the hero brings his betrothed to see his mother was added in 1842. Also the lyric, *Love that hath us in his Net*, certainly much finer than the song whose place it supplies, *All yesternight you met me not*. I take it that the three concluding stanzas (but one) as they now stand of *The Miller's Daughter* are equal to nearly any lyrics in the English language. The first of these, "Look through mine eyes with thine, true Wife," is unaltered, as the poet wrote it at twenty-one ; the two others were added in 1842.

The prefixed motto from the celebrated Sapphic fragment,

φαίνεται μοι κῆνος ἴσος θεοῖσιν
ἔμμεν ἀνῆρ,

explains *Fatima* better than that present vaguely oriental heading.

The introduction to *Ænone* has been quite rewritten, and with infinite improvement. All through the piece the additions and alterations are considerable. Perhaps the finest passages, however, the description of Aphrodite and the paragraph beginning "They came, they cut away my tallest pines," are substantially unchanged from the original edition. The celebrated speech of Pallas has been varied here and there. We may compare two difficult passages in each edition as throwing some light upon the interpretation of each other. It is perhaps best in this case to take the latest and simplest version first. We presume the reader to know the context :

1842.

"Until endurance grow
Sinew'd with action, and the full-grown will,
Circl'd thro' all experiences, pure law,
Commensure perfect freedom."

1833.

"So endurance,
Like to an athlete's arm, shall still become
Sinew'd with motion, till thine active will

(As the dark body of the Sun robed round
With his own ever-emanating lights)
Be flooded o'er with her own effluences,
And thereby grow to freedom."

Compare, lastly, the fine coincidental expression of Shakespeare, *Henry IV.*, Part II., Act 4, sc. i., "Insinew'd to this action."

Take another suppressed line of the *Enone* of 1833 :

"The golden-sandall'd morn
Rose-hued the scornful hills."

Here the poet has seen that the epithet "scornful," as applied to hills, though striking enough, savors too much of our modern subjectivity to be allowed place in a quasi-classical poem. The touch,

"A shudder comes

Across me, never child be born of me," etc.

is an addition of 1842. Whether an improvement or not is somewhat difficult to decide.

The Palace of Art has been also remodelled. Here, more than elsewhere, we regret the omission of so many exquisite verses that we have no space to quote all. The following is, however, so interesting that we must give it, note included :

"When I first conceived the plan of the *Palace of Art*, I intended to have introduced both sculptures and paintings into it; but it is the most difficult of all things to *devise* a statue in verse. Judge whether I have succeeded in the statues of Elijah and Olympias.

"One was the Tishbite whom the raven fed,
As when he stood on Carmel-steeps,
With one arm stretch'd out bare, and
mock'd, and said :
'Come cry aloud—he sleeps.'

"Tall, eager, lean, and strong, his cloak
wind-borne
Behind, his forehead heavenly bright,
From the clear marble pouring glorious
scorn,
Lit as with inner light.

"One was Olympias : the floating snake
Roll'd round her ankles, round her waist
Knotted, and folded once about her neck
Her perfect lips to taste.

"Round by the shoulder moved : she seem-
ing blythe,
Declined her head : on every side
The dragon's curves melted and mingled
with

The woman's youthful pride

"Of rounded limbs."

Certainly no one but their author could have been in doubt about the success of these stanzas. If, indeed, Elijah be more of a picture than a statue, Olympias is as clear and calm as the Fates of the Elgin Marbles. The power of wedding intense passion with as intense a majesty of repose is the true master's mark. Why should not Mr. Woolner, whose fine touch has more than once rendered for us the poet himself in bronze and marble, try to give us this magnificent ideal of Olympias in marble ?

The stanzas next to be quoted are not less successful in a direction comparatively new to poetry. The poet's love of astronomy, the results of which culminate in this superb passage, has besides led to the naturalization through him into modern English poetry of numberless astronomic terms and metaphors. Any one versed in the Laureate's works can supply ample illustrations for himself; but, if he has never read the following lines, they will open richer worlds to him. They are "expressive of the joy wherewith the soul contemplated the results of astronomical experiment :"

"Hither, when all the deep unsounded skies
Shuddered with silent stars, she clomb,
And as with optic glasses her keen eyes
Pierced through the mystic dome,

"Regions of lucid matter taking forms,
Brushes of fire, hazy gleams,
Clusters and beds of worlds, and bee-like
swarms
Of suns, and starry streams.

"She saw the snowy poles of moonless Mars,
That marvellous round of milky light
Below Orion, and those double stars
Whereof the one more bright

"Is circled by the other," etc.

The omitted stanzas (24-27) are well worthy of quotation did space permit. We must conclude our extracts with one charming little picture, hoping only that the grandeur of the preceding verses may not spoil its comparatively sober effect :

"Or blue-eyed Kriemhilt from a craggy hold,
Athwart the light-green rows of vine,
Pour'd blazing hoards of Nibelungen gold,
Down to the gulfy Rhine."

The Hesperides precedes the *Lotos-Eaters*, to which it is an obvious pendant; fine lines are abundant, but we

Poems by Alfred Tennyson. In two volumes. 1842. This is substantially what we buy at the present day in the booksellers' shops, on asking for *Tennyson's Poems*. The modern edition will be found to consist of three divisions.

1. A selection from the contents of the 1830 volume. 2. A selection from the volume of 1832, in which division are now included six poems (written, we are told, with one exception, in 1833, namely, *Lady Clare Vere de Vere*, *The Blackbird*, *The Goose*, and the three unnamed patriotic lyrics, *You ask me Why, though ill at Ease*; *Of old sat Freedom on the Heights*, and *Love thou thy land, with love far-brought*,* but not one of these was actually published till this collected edition of 1842. 3. Poems then published for the first time, including many of the Laureate's greatest works, like *Ulysses*, *Love and Duty*, *The Two Voices*, *The Vision of Sin*.

There is little to remark on this edition in a bibliographical point of view, because the Laureate has scarcely touched his *Poems* since this 1842 edition. Then, however, besides excising so much from the volumes of 1830 and 1832, he rewrote much of what he retained from the latter (and from the latter only, as we see above). Instance *Ænone*, *The Palace of Art*, *The Lotos Eaters*, and to some extent *The Miller's Daughter*, and *A Dream of Fair Women*.

The few portions and pieces of the *Poems* in the sixteenth edition not appearing in 1842 are as follows: In 1851 (seventh edition) the dedication to the Queen on his creation as Poet Laureate, appeared. There were newly published at the same time *Edwin Morris*; or, *The Lake*; *Come not when I am dead*, and *The Eagle*. An unimportant piece, *The Skipping Rope*, was also suppressed in this first Laureated edition. *The Golden Year*, and *To —, after Reading a Life and Letters*, had been previously added in the third, fourth, or fifth editions, and *The Deserted House*

of 1830 revived. The two volumes were incorporated into one at the same time. The piece *To E. L. on his Travels in Greece* dates probably from the illustrated edition in 1857, which is not otherwise important. *The Sea Fairies* (1830) was revived about the same time.

An interesting note appended to this edition (1842) has since been omitted, to the effect that "*The Idyll of Dora* was partly suggested by one of Miss Mitford's pastorals; and the ballad of *Lady Clare* by the novel of *Inheritance*." Perhaps a similar note referring the unlearned to Dante for *Ulysses* may not be wholly uninteresting. But we strongly approve of the Laureate's plan of resolutely setting his face against all notes.

The Princess. A Medley. 1847. As this poem now stands, about 170 lines have been added to the blank verse of the first edition. There are hardly any omissions; but of these more presently. The greater part of the new lines are occasioned by the weaving into the plot of the piece, the afterthought of the Prince's cataleptic seizures,* of which there is no mention till the second or, perhaps, the third edition. The intercalary lyrics (not *Tears, idle tears*, and *Swallow, swallow*, etc., but those which divide the sections) were added at the same time. There can be no doubt that the poem has gained by the introduction of these lyrical pausing places. Nearly the only omission is part of the angry speech of the Princess to Lady Blanche after the Tournament; some of the suppressed lines are peculiarly forcible; after *Mingle with your likes* (p. 154, new edition), there would come:

"Go help the half-brain'd dwarf, Society,
To find low motives unto noble deeds,
To fix all doubt upon the darker side;
Go, fitter thou for narrowest neighborhoods,
Old talker, haunt where gossip breathes
and seethes
And festers in provincial sloth," etc.

Also, as an instance of the immense improvement producible by judicious alteration in the well-known and already

* The first two of these first received *Britain and Freedom* as their headings in Moxon's *Miniature Poets*, 1865. The *Conclusion* of the *May Queen* was also added in 1842. Then, too, *The Day Dream* was amplified from that one section of it, headed *The Sleeping Beauty*, which dates from the 1830 volume.

* The contrast between England and France in *The Conclusion* was also added.

magnificent passage at the end of the poem, we may quote :

1847.

"All the past
Melts mist-like into this bright hour, and this
I scarce believe, and all the rich to come
Reels, as the golden Autumn woodland reels
Athwart the smoke of burning *flowers*."

Comparing the passage with

1851.

"All the past
Melts mist-like into this bright hour, and this
Is morn to more, and all the rich to come
Reels as the golden Autumn woodland reels
Athwart the smoke of burning *weeds*."

The courage of writing "weeds" instead of the commonplace "flowers" has given the simile a truth beyond all praise. An interesting line, exquisitely true to nature, is also elsewhere omitted, describing the interval between twilight and dusk as the time

"When the first fern-owl whirr'd about the copse."

In Memoriam. 1850. There are not above five or six alterations in the whole volume since its first appearance. The sonnet, No. 58, *O Sorrow, wilt thou live with me*, was added subsequently to the first edition.

Maud, and other Poems, 1855, was remodelled somewhat in the new edition of 1859. (Note the slower sale of this volume.) Stanzas 14, 15, and 16 of the first section are new. Also the whole nineteenth section (of seven pages), which is occupied in explaining the antecedents of the story—the child-betrothal of Maud and the hero—before only hinted at, the subsequent family feud, etc. In Part II., Section 3, *Courage, poor Heart of Stone*, tells us that Maud is dead, a fact which the reviewers had quarrelled over in the first edition. There is also a new stanza at the conclusion of the story. It is noteworthy that the germ of the romance of *Maud* is found in a small poem by the Laureate, first printed in a volume of miscellaneous contributions entitled *The Tribute*. There is also in existence, by his hand, for its place comes in here chronologically, a sonnet written at the dinner given to Macready, on his retirement from the stage, March 1st, 1857. We quote two characteristic lines :

NEW SERIES—Vol. III., No. 2.

"Thine is it that our drama did not die;
Nor flicker down to aimless pantomime."

The Idylls of the King. 1859. The first part of this volume, that is, *Enid and Vivien*, was privately printed as *Enid and Nimue*; or, *The True and the False*. 1857. It comprises a thin volume of one hundred and thirty-nine pages. A few copies are said to be still in private hands.*

Enoch Arden, etc., 1864, collects into a volume, with some longer poems, several pieces which appeared in various periodicals before its publication. These are: *Sea Dreams*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, No. 1; *The Grandmother*, *Once a Week*, July 16, 1859; *Tithonus*, the *Cornhill Magazine*, February, 1860; *Sailor Boy*, in a volume published by Miss Faithfull, *A Welcome to Alexandria*, 1863; *Experiments in Quantity*,† the *Cornhill Magazine*, December, 1863; *Requiescat*, stated to have been published before in some miscellany.

A Selection from the Works of Alfred Tennyson, 1865 (Moxon's *Miniature Poets*), is an interesting volume in many ways; but chiefly as showing which of his poems the Laureate himself sets most store by, or considers as specially appealing to the hearts of his general audience. It contains, besides these new poems, *The Captain*, *Three Sonnets to a Coquette*, and *On a Mourner*. *Lady let the Rolling Drums*, is a kind of poetical duplicate of *Thy Voice is heard through Rolling Drums*. It will be seen that the same incident is narrated in both by the poet, *ab extra*, who addresses the wife. Still the whole attitude of the poem is somehow altered in this last-published version, and the rapidity of action, its chief beauty, lost in the change. Not so with *Home they brought him Slain with Spears*, another duplicate of *Home they brought her Warrior Dead*. Both of these are so fine that it is difficult to decide between them, but the newly given version conquers, perhaps by its conciseness and exquisite simplicity. We suspect that

* The dedication of the *Idylls* to Prince Albert is subsequent to the first edition.

† The amusing *Translations of Homer* are omitted, "When did a frog coarser croak upon our Helicon?"

the other intercalary lyrics of the *Princess* were originally also written in duplicate. Would we might be allowed a glimpse of the unchosen versions! Last, this volume is interesting for a partial revival of a poem of 1832 in 1865. It is now headed *My Life is Full of Weary Days*. It contained seven verses originally; two are here reprinted, but we can not refrain from giving two more:

"Then let wise Nature work her will
And on my clay her darnings grow.
Come only, when the days are still,
And at my headstone whisper low,
And tell me if the woodbines blow.

"If thou art blest, my mother's smile
Undimm'd, if bees are on the wing:
Then cease, my friend, a little while
That I may hear the throstle sing
His bridal song, the boast of spring."

J. LEICESTER WARREN.

NOTE.—We subjoin the present number of editions through which the Laureate's works have passed up to 1864.

Poems. Sixteenth edition.
The Princess. Twelfth edition.
In Memoriam. Fifteenth edition.
Maud. Sixth edition.
Idylls of the King. A new edition.
Enoch Arden, etc.

Macmillan's Magazine.

THE HUMAN BRAIN

BY H. CHARLTON BASTIAN, M.B., F.R.S.

THE opinions that have been expressed as to the time at which the brain in man arrives at maturity or attains its maximum size have been very various. The English anatomists have been the most zealous in working out this question. They have weighed the organ in some thousands of cases, including persons of all ages; and the results of their investigations go to prove that, as a rule, the brain continues to increase in weight till about the twentieth year, although more rapidly in the earlier half of this period than in the later; that from about the twentieth to the fortieth year it retains its maximum size, and is subject only to almost imperceptible variations; while after this latter period a slow and gradual decrease takes place through the closing decades of life. The average weight of the female brain is about five

ounces less than that of the male, that of the latter being about forty-nine ounces, and that of the former about forty-four ounces avoirdupois. This weight of the brain in man is found to be *absolutely* greater than that of the same organ in any of the lower animals, with the exceptions of the elephant and the whale. At one time it was imagined that the *relative* weight of the brain as compared with the total weight of the body was greater in man than in any of the animals; but although this is generally the case, yet there are notable exceptions to the rule. In man, it is true, the proportion varies immensely at different periods of life, and with different states of obesity, and the proportionate weight of the brain to that of the body is greater at birth than at any subsequent period of life, the ratio at this time being about 1 to 8, while that of adult life may be considered as 1 to 36. Comparing the ratio of adult life, however, with that met with in the lower animals, we find that in certain of the smaller birds, a few rodentia, and some of the smaller American monkeys, the proportionate weight of the brain is greater than it is in man.

There has been a much-debated question as to the bearing of the size of the brain in different individuals upon the excellence of the intellectual faculties. One thing, however, seems to be pretty clearly proved from the observations of M. Lelut and others; and that is, that when the brain does not exceed about 32 oz. in weight, it is invariably accompanied either by idioocy or some degree of mental imbecility. The lightest human brains on record have been examined and described by Professor Marshall. The one, that of an idiot boy, weighed only 8½ oz.; while of the other, from an idiot woman, the weight scarcely exceeded 10 oz. Many conflicting statements have been made concerning the weight of the brain in different distinguished individuals. Thus the brain of Lord Byron has been said by Wagner and many others to have considerably exceeded the average; but there is reason to believe that the estimation of its weight was not free from errors. Certainly his skull was small, as it is a notorious fact that few of his friends could succeed in getting their

heads into his hat. The brain of Baron Cuvier is about the heaviest yet on record; it is said to have weighed 64 oz. The brain of Schiller was examined by Carus, the celebrated German anatomist, and said not to have exceeded the average weight. Descartes, Raphael, and Voltaire are said to have had small heads, while that of Napoleon only slightly exceeded the mean dimensions. Statements concerning the size of the head, however, are of little value unless actual measurements have been made; as, where an ocular examination only has been resorted to, the observer is so liable to be misled by the different proportions between the development of the face and the cranium proper. Thus Montaigne, Leibnitz, Haller, Mirabeau, and other distinguished men have been known to have had both large faces and large brains, while in Bossuet and Kant, on the contrary, though the faces were small, the brains were large. When we take into account, however, the fact that in many persons whose intellectual capabilities are far below the mean, the brain is frequently found to exceed the average weight by several ounces, we can easily understand that something besides mere weight of brain is necessary to insure mental superiority. Thus, a short time since, we found the brain to weigh 55 oz. in an imbecile man of about the middle age, whose intellectual defect was congenital. He never conversed with others, spoke with hesitation when giving his monosyllabic answers to the simplest questions, had a very deficient memory, and seemed to have little notion of the lapse of time.

It has already been stated that the average weight of the brain in women is less than it is in men, and an examination of the capacity of the skull in the two sexes is also confirmatory of this result. But the German anatomists have gone still further, and Professor Vogt, speaking on this subject, says: "The type of the female skull approaches, in many respects, that of the infant, and in a still greater degree that of the lower races; and with this is connected the remarkable circumstance, that the difference between the sexes as regards the cranial cavity increases with the development of the race, so that the male European excels much more the female

than the negro the negress." The observations bearing upon this do not seem to be sufficiently numerous to enable us to receive it as an accepted fact. Were it so, it would certainly be most interesting evidence as to the effects of civilization as a modifying influence upon the human organism, and the manner in which higher types and races may be evolved out of those of an inferior grade; for, as Professor Vogt says, "the lower the state of culture, the more similar are the occupations of the two sexes. Among the Australians, the Bushmen, and other low races, possessing no fixed habitations, the wife partakes of all her husband's toils, and has, in addition, the care of the progeny. The sphere of occupation is the same for both sexes; while among the civilized nations there is a division both in physical and mental labor. If it be true that every organ is strengthened by exercise, increasing in size and weight, it must equally apply to the brain, which must become more developed by proper mental exercise." If this be the effect of civilization, then may we not look forward to a time when a later and more perfect type of progress shall again tend to restore the balance, by calling more into play, and giving a wider sphere for the activity and culture of woman's intellectual nature? This supposition as to the influence of the habits of individuals, and of the progress of civilization, in increasing the capacity of the skull, and, as a necessary consequence, the size and weight of the brain, seems also to be confirmed by the observations of Broca. He availed himself of the opportunity of examining a number of skulls from certain vaults and cemeteries in Paris. A certain number of skulls were taken from a common pit in which paupers were buried, and others belonging to the same epoch from private graves, which may fairly be supposed to have been occupied by people of the more educated classes, and a striking difference was observed in the average cranial capacity obtained from an examination of the two series. The measurements, also, of a series of skulls of persons buried in the twelfth century, when compared with those derived from another series of skulls belonging to persons of the nineteenth

century, seemed to show that the cranium of the Parisian population has, in the course of centuries, gained in capacity. The data from which these conclusions were derived were not very numerous, so that, however interesting the facts may be, it would be desirable that they should be confirmed by subsequent investigations before we can look upon them as established truths.

Let us now turn our attention to the convolutions of the cerebrum. The importance of attention to these is very great, since their principal office seems to be to increase in any given brain the amount of surface over which the "gray matter" of the brain can be extended. Now, seeing that this "gray matter" is supposed to be connected intimately with the manifestation of the intellectual faculties, the first impression would be, that the superiority of these might be in direct proportion to the complexity of the convolutions. This view requires some limitations, however, since, in animals belonging to the same group, their intricacy and development appears to increase with the size of the body, though it could scarcely be maintained that the development of the intellectual faculties obeyed the same law. This difficulty has been met by M. Baillarger. He called attention to the fact that, "on comparing two bodies of similar form, but of different size, their respective volumes vary as the cubes of their diameters, while the proportion of their surfaces is as the square of the diameters, or, in other words, the volume of a body increases more rapidly than the surface." From this it will be evident that, of two animals of different sizes belonging to the same order, the brain of the larger, in order to present the same proportionate amount of surface for the distribution of its gray matter, must have its convolutions or surface folds more developed, if the same ratio is to be preserved between the relative amounts of gray and white matter in the brains of the two animals. Thus, in comparing the development of the convolutions, allowance must always be made for any differences in size that may exist between the brains examined.

Throughout the classes of fishes, reptiles, and birds, the comparatively small cerebral hemispheres are smooth and

devoid of convolutions, and only a trace of one principal fissure even is to be met with among some of the smaller mammalia, such as the bat and the mole. Their complexity varies much in the different families of mammalia, though it has been shown by M. Leuret that each family has more or less its own distinctive type. Hence arises a most interesting question: Can the physical constitution of man, so far as his brain is concerned, be at all assimilated to the type of the lower animals, or is he immeasurably separated from them in this respect by a gulf as broad as that which sunders his intellectual and moral nature from theirs? In reply, let us see what Professor Huxley says upon the subject, since his opinions on this point coincide with those of almost all the distinguished naturalists who have studied the question. He remarks: "As to the convolutions, the brains of the apes exhibit every stage of progress, from the almost smooth brain of the Marmoset to the Orang and the Chimpanzee, which fall but little below Man. And it is most remarkable that, as soon as all the principal sulci appear, the pattern according to which they are arranged is identical with that of the corresponding sulci of man. The surface of the brain of a monkey exhibits a sort of a skeleton map of man's, and in the man-like apes the details become more and more filled in, until it is only in minor characters, such as the greater excavation of the anterior lobes, the constant presence of fissures usually absent in man, and the different disposition and proportions of some convolutions, that the Chimpanzee's or the Orang's brain can be structurally distinguished from Man's." In connection with this identity in the type of the convolutions in man and the higher apes, it is well to bear in mind the great difference existing in the size of their brains. For notwithstanding the considerably greater bulk and weight of the Gorilla, the largest brain of this animal yet weighed has not exceeded 20 oz., while, as we have before stated, the European human brain cannot possibly perform its normal functions if its weight be less than about 32 oz.; below this we meet only with idiocy and mental imbecility.

A very great difference exists even

among Europeans as to the degree of the complexity of the convolutions in different individuals, and what is now wanted is an accurate examination of their arrangement in the different tribes constituting the human family. An examination of this kind was made by Gratiolet of the brain of the celebrated Hottentot Venus, and quite recently, in a most valuable memoir, Professor Marshall has given us the results of his examination of the brain of a Bushwoman, accurately comparing the various points in its anatomy with that of the average European brain, and with the brain of the Chimpanzee. After a detailed examination of the convolutions, he says: "Compared with the same parts in the ordinary European brain, they are smaller, and in all cases so much less complicated as to be far more easily recognized and distinguished among each other. This comparative simplicity of the Bushwoman's brain is of course an indication of structural inferiority, and, indeed, renders it a useful aid in the study of the more complicated European form." Compared with the brain of the Hottentot Venus as represented by Gratiolet, that of the Bushwoman presented a remarkable similarity, which is all the more interesting from the fact that the former was believed by G. Cuvier to have been a Bushwoman of small stature, so that, as Professor Marshall says, "their common inferiority to the European brain may justify the expectation that future inquiries will show characteristic peculiarities *in degree* of convolutional development in the different leading races of mankind." Although, as regards size—its weight being about 31.5 oz., or slightly less than the lowest healthy European female brain—and the low development of its convolutions, there is an evident leaning with this brain of the Bushwoman, as well as with that of the Hottentot Venus, towards the higher quadrumanous forms; yet still the sum of their convolutional characters indicates a greater difference between them and the highest ape's brain yet described, than between them and the European brain. It is, however, a matter of absolute certainty that there is less difference in convolutional development between their brains and that of the "high-

est ape, than between the latter and the lowest quadrumanous animal." Much has been said concerning the actual differences existing between the convolutions in man and the higher apes, and attempts have been made to find well-marked lines of demarcation between them. Such attempts have, however, not been crowned by any very definite results, since the differences met with are variations in degree, and not of kind. The type in both being identical, in addition to the less complex development of the convolutions in the higher apes, certain fissures are more apparent in them, separating some of the lobes, while in man the most notable divergence is to be seen in the specially increased complexity of the frontal convolutions, the size of the so-called "supra-marginal lobule," formed by the extreme development on each side of a convolution of the median or parietal lobe, and the greatly increased development of certain connecting convolutions of the posterior lobes which serve to unite these with those of the parietal region. These connecting convolutions, or "*plis de passage*" of Gratiolet, have attracted much attention, and their vastly increased development is certainly a most characteristic point in the anatomy of the European human brain. The interesting fact has been revealed by Marshall that in the brain of the Bushwoman these "connecting convolutions are, in comparison with those of the European brain, still more remarkably defective than the primary convolutions." In man it is the development of the connecting convolutions that obliterates the fissure bounding the occipital lobe, which we have already alluded to as being more easily seen in the higher apes. But besides size there is a still further difference with regard to these interesting convolutions. In man they are quite superficial, while in nearly all the apes they are more or less covered by a sort of operculum or projection forwards of a development from each of the posterior lobes. For a time this absolutely superficial position of the "*plis de passage*" was maintained by Gratiolet to be the peculiarity distinguishing the brain of man from those of the higher apes. According to Marshall, however, one of the most essentially human characters in

the brain of man is the want of symmetry in the arrangement of its primary fissures and convolutions on the two hemispheres. This asymmetrical condition was well marked in the brains of the Bushwoman and the Hottentot Venus, though even in the brains of the highest apes the departure from absolute symmetry of these parts on the two sides is so slight as to be almost imperceptible.

Other considerations to which I will now allude make this asymmetrical arrangement of the convolutions on the two hemispheres of the human brain a matter of extreme interest. Some years ago it was first pointed out by Dr. Boyd, as a result of his most extensive investigation into the weight of the brain and its component parts, that he almost invariably found the left cerebral hemisphere heavier by nearly one eighth of an ounce than that of the right side. We have ourselves also recently been investigating the specific gravity of the different parts of the human brain, and have obtained some curious and interesting results from an examination of the convolutional gray matter of the cerebrum. For, in addition to the fact that different specific gravities are met with in the same brain of gray matter from the frontal, parietal, and occipital convolutions respectively (the nature of these variations being pretty constant when different brains are examined), we have very frequently found differences on the two sides of the brain, and moreover that the *average* specific gravity for gray matter from each of these three regions is about two degrees higher on the left than it is on the corresponding part of the right hemisphere. Although the average numbers are higher, however, on the left than on the right side, it is by no means always so in every brain, or, when it does occur, in all three regions of the same brain. This difference seems to be met with more frequently in the gray matter from the parietal convolutions than in that from the frontal or occipital regions. Very rarely indeed has an excess of density been met with on the right side. At all events it is an interesting fact that the specific gravity of the gray matter is not the same over the whole surface of the cerebrum, and that, just as it is special-

ized by its localization in certain convolutions, so do we find a further specialization of structure as indicated by differences in its specific gravity. For may not these changes be in some way indicative of different functions appertaining to the several convolutions? The average increase of specific gravity of the gray matter of the left hemisphere may perhaps partly afford an explanation of the absolutely greater weight of this half of the cerebrum as ascertained by Dr. Boyd, though perhaps it may also be in part accounted for by the fact that, of the two asymmetrical hemispheres, a very slight excess of convolutional complexity is most frequently met on that of the left side. May not the greater use also of the right side of the body have something to do with the increased weight of the left hemisphere?

In connection with this structural difference of the two hemispheres, it may be interesting to allude to certain theories which have been advocated concerning the functions of the cerebrum. Some years ago the theory was advanced by M. Paul Broca, that the portion of brain concerned with the faculty of language was the anterior lobe of the left hemisphere; and he even went farther, since he attempted to localize it more specially in the third left frontal convolution. Dr. Hughlings Jackson, in this country, was also led independently to believe that impairment, not of the powers of articulation only, but of the command of language of any kind as a mechanism for the communication of ideas, was especially connected with lesions of the left anterior lobe, and paralysis of the right side of the body. He was led to this conclusion by observing that almost invariably, when paralysis of the body was associated with this impairment of the faculty of language, the injury to the brain was found to be in the left hemisphere, while, on the other hand, lesions of the right hemisphere and left paralysis were not usually associated with any such impairment. Exceptions have, however, been met with to this rule; but, even should it prove that future observations will confirm the fact that in the majority of cases these different effects result from injuries to one or other side of the brain, we should still

have an enigma of a most puzzling nature to resolve. But we may well hesitate to accept the belief that any such faculty as that of language could be restricted to a portion of one hemisphere only, unless it were proved by the accumulation of evidence of the most indisputable character. For is it possible to look upon the operation of the mind when engaged in referring known objects or ideas to certain special and conventional attributes, such as names really are, as any thing different from an ordinary process of reasoning? But, if this be the correct view to take of the nature of naming and language considered as intellectual operations, it seems to us that, in order to retain the theory of Broca, it would be necessary to prove that either our general power of reasoning, or else the faculty of memory, was essentially connected with the anterior lobe of the left hemisphere! What evidence we possess bearing upon the subject seems rather to show that, notwithstanding the double nature and somewhat asymmetrical condition of the two hemispheres of the cerebrum, there must be a pretty close correspondence in function between similar parts on the two sides. It is true, indeed, that as regards the lower functions of sensation and power over locomotory acts, the brain is essentially a double organ, each hemisphere in these respects ministering to the sensations and powers of movement of the opposite half of the body; and from this analogy it has also been attempted by many to show that this duplex condition of the brain as an organ is associated with a certain duality of mind or consciousness. Such a theory of the "Duality of Mind," has been most fully expounded by Dr. Wigan, who believed that a separate train of reasoning could be conducted by each hemisphere separately. This is, however, a matter of pure theory, and the facts cited are almost equally explicable from a consideration of the extreme rapidity of all mental operations, and the supposition that in cases of apparent duality a rapid alternation of consciousness takes place. However this may be, it is, indeed, a remarkable fact that pretty well authenticated cases have been recorded, in which, with ex-

treme disease and destruction of tissue, confined to one half of the cerebrum, all the mental faculties have appeared intact. A general diminution of the mental power has been observed, but no aberration of special faculties. This would, of course, point to the belief that the functions of the corresponding parts of the two halves of the cerebrum are identical.

But let us turn from these speculations as to the functional relation existing between the two halves of the cerebrum, to the equally interesting inquiry concerning the functions of their component lobes. Are we to admit the broad phrenological doctrine, that the anterior lobes are connected with the operation of the more strictly intellectual faculties, while the posterior are principally concerned with the propensities? Can we in fact say which lobes may be considered to be chiefly concerned with the highest faculties, and which are therefore most characteristic of man?

It is a fact well known to comparative anatomists that the brain in many fishes is made up of three pairs of ganglia in longitudinal series, followed by a single median portion representing the cerebellum, which lies on the medulla oblongata, or continuation of the spinal cord. Of these three pairs of ganglia the most anterior, or olfactory, are almost invariably the smallest, while the posterior, answering to certain portions of the so-called *central ganglia* in man are usually notably larger than the median pair. This median pair is, however, the one to which we wish particularly to call attention, since, in addition to the most anterior of the central ganglia in man, of which its two halves are partly composed, these are the only representatives of those cerebral hemispheres which in him attain such an enormous development. It can be shown, moreover, that these rudiments of the cerebrum must not be considered as the foreshadowings of the entire organ, but that they must, on the contrary, be regarded as answering to the *anterior lobes* of the cerebral hemispheres only. The increasing complexity of brain met with in ascending through the series of vertebrated animals, speaking generally, may be said to be especially due,

partly to a diminution in the size of the olfactory lobes, though more particularly to the progressively increasing size of the cerebral hemispheres, and the degree of their backward extension, at first over the posterior pair of ganglia, and lastly over the cerebellum itself. Throughout the classes of fishes, amphibia, reptiles, and birds, though the cerebral ganglia go on increasing in size, still they are the representatives only of the anterior lobes. In the lower mammalia the middle lobes first make their appearance, and then gradually increase in size, till at last, in the higher forms, the first rudiments of the posterior lobes appear. If we inquire as to the method of development of the brain in the human embryo, we find that here also the same order is observed. The first traces of the cerebral hemispheres are evidently rudiments only of the anterior lobes, inclosing the anterior pair of central ganglia, as in fishes: at progressively later periods these increase in size and extend backwards, covering successively the posterior ganglia and the cerebellum, by the development and growth from the original portions, first of the middle and then of the posterior lobes. The backward development of the hemispheres, and the extent to which they cover the cerebellum, have, indeed, by some anatomists been considered as a rough guide to the degree of development of the intellectual faculties of the animal. The possession, indeed, of posterior lobes overlapping the cerebellum, with structures contained in them, has been considered a matter of so much importance, that one celebrated anatomist in this country sought to make it the fundamental distinction differentiating man from the higher apes; and on this account to place him in the zoölogical scale alone, in a distinct sub-class of the mammalia. These statements, in the face of such abundant evidence to the contrary, naturally met with the most strenuous opposition from other anatomists. We will not recapitulate points of a controversy, which it would be better rather to bury in oblivion, but will quote from Professor Huxley statements concerning the cerebral lobes in the quadrumana, which have received the acceptance of fellow-workers in the

same subject. He says: "It is a remarkable circumstance, that though, so far as our present knowledge extends, there is one true structural break in the series of forms of simian brains, this hiatus does not lie between man and the man-like apes, but between the lower and the lowest Simians; or, in other words, between the old and new-world apes and monkeys, and the lemurs. Every lemur which has yet been examined, in fact, has its cerebellum partially visible from above, and its posterior lobe, with the contained posterior cornu and hippocampus minor, more or less rudimentary. Every marmoset, American monkey, baboon, or man-like ape, on the contrary, has its cerebellum entirely hidden, posteriorly, by the cerebral lobes, and possesses a large posterior cornu, with a well developed hippocampus minor."

In connection with these facts concerning the development of the cerebrum in the vertebrate series, and in the human embryo, let us call to our recollection the convolutional differences stated to obtain between man and the apes, and the greatly increased development in him of the transition convolutions of the posterior lobes and the "supra-marginal lobule" adjacent to them. These facts surely are sufficient to make us direct our inquiries with increased interest towards all details bearing upon the growth and anatomy of the posterior parts of the brain; since in them do we find most of those cerebral differences which serve to distinguish man from the lower animals. Of especial interest, therefore, are Professor Marshall's observations upon the occipital convolutions of a brain belonging to an individual of so low a race as that of the Bushwoman, when he states as follows: "The three rows of *occipital convolutions*, which in quadrumanous brains of moderate complexity are simple and easily distinguishable, but which in the anthropoid apes assume a puzzling complexity, become, as is well known, in the human brain so highly complicated and involved with the external connecting convolutions that a detailed description of them is almost impossible. Considered generally, they are remarkably defective in total depth and in individual complexity in the

Bushwoman's brain. The vertical depth of the three rows and of their connecting convolutions in the European brain is 2.75 inches; in the Hottentot Venus brain 2.25 inches; in the Bushwoman only 2 inches. This deficiency affects all three rows of occipital convolutions, but is especially noticeable in the inferior row, along the lower border and extreme point of the occipital lobe. This is, perhaps, the most defective region of the Bushwoman's cerebrum." It has also been mentioned before that in this brain the highly important external connecting folds or "*plis de passage*" were, "in comparison with those of the European brain, still more remarkably defective than the primary convolutions."

Can we maintain, after evidence such as we have just detailed, that the anterior lobes of the cerebrum in man are the parts most likely to be concerned in those higher intellectual operations by the excellence of which he is so very far removed from the highest quadrumana? Does not the developmental history of the cerebrum point rather to the inference that, so far as *any* localization of faculties is possible, we should be led to expect that the anterior lobes, in harmony with their early appearance in the vertebrate series, would be more intimately concerned with the intellectual faculties or feelings of a lower type, such as we might expect to find in every vertebrate animal, be it fish, reptile, bird, or mammal; that the middle lobes, appearing for the first time in the lower mammalia, would deal with intellectual operations of a more complex kind; while, finally, the posterior lobes appearing only in the highest mammals, and whose development culminates so significantly in man, should rather be looked upon as the organs destined to take the most active part in those highest and most subtle intellectual operations which are his proud prerogatives? Of course, we can quite imagine that the increased development of the cerebrum in the vertebrate series would produce continual specializations of function, and that, as a consequence, there would be an increased necessity for maintaining a thorough interdependence and connection between these faculties, tending to blend them more closely and

inextricably together into that meshwork of relations of which our psychical nature is known to consist. Such being the case, it would seem almost as impossible to have any minute localization of independent faculties as it would be difficult to portion out our psychical nature into any great number of operations radically different from one another. Still, broad groups of functions may be more intimately connected with particular lobes; and, if such be the case, then we believe the evidence in our possession points to the posterior rather than the anterior lobes of the cerebrum as those concerned more especially with the highest intellectual operations.

The Saturday Review.

WYSE'S EXCURSION IN THE PELOPONNESUS.*

THESE volumes are the record of a tour in the Peloponnesus, made in the year 1858 by Sir Thomas Wyse, then our Minister at Athens. It was undertaken partly for health, and to gain some respite and refreshment from the heat and dust of Athens; but Sir Thomas Wyse had also before him objects connected with his public duties, and he wished to examine and see for himself the state and progress of one of the most considerable portions of the Greek kingdom. After the Crimean war, a Financial Commission was appointed by the three protecting powers to inquire into the resources of Greece, and to ascertain how far the allegations of the Greek government as to the poverty of the country and the impossibility of paying the interest of the guaranteed debt were to be trusted. Of this commission, consisting of the English, French, and Russian Ministers at Athens, aided by two assistant Commissioners, Sir Thomas Wyse was president. It was comprehensive in its investigations and very diligent in its labors; it collected a great mass of information; it drew up a report, which has been laid before Parliament, and

* *An Excursion in the Peloponnesus in the Year 1858.* By Sir THOMAS WYSE, K.C.B. Edited by his Niece, WINIFRED M. WYSE. With numerous Illustrations. Two Volumes. London: Day & Son. 1865.

accompanied it by a series of elaborate and detailed papers on the separate heads of inquiry, which have not yet been published, but which are said to be of great interest and value. But it failed to convince the Greek government that the difficulty of paying their debts lay, not in the slenderness of their resources, but in their own palpably vicious way of managing them, and their manifest disinclination to apply even the most obvious remedies. To collect materials for the use of this commission was one of the objects kept before him by Sir Thomas Wyse in his Peloponnesian tour. But he was also a scholar and an accomplished man of letters; and he visited and looked at the country through which he travelled with the interest and inquisitiveness of a student of ancient Greek civilization, as well as with the practical eye of a public man intent on the present improvement and prospects of the country. His journal combines the observations and reflections of an admirer of old Greek art and literature with those of the political economist and the diplomatist, watchful for the facts of popular habits and development, education, agriculture, and the statistics of produce and trade. The work was not finished as its author intended; the labor of revising and putting into shape was interrupted by his death; but he deemed that it would contribute to a better knowledge of what he had taken so much pains to examine, and he was earnestly desirous that it should be published. His wish has been fulfilled by his niece, who has brought the utmost devotion to discharge the trust bequeathed to her by her uncle. The book, as published, bears traces of the unfavorable circumstances under which, like every book which its author does not bring to completion, it appears before us. The work of condensation and rearrangement is impossible for an editor, however obvious the necessity for it, and the likelihood that it was intended. The meaning of references and hasty notes is not always to be recovered; passages in all probability left for rewriting and further development, cannot now be amended or explained; and a list of errata, which might be considerably enlarged, shows that the

author's handwriting has not always clearly told its purport. But the work is that of a well-prepared and very intelligent observer, who had unusually favorable opportunities for seeing what he wished to see, and was extremely well qualified to pass judgment on what he saw.

Sir Thomas Wyse and his party—a tolerably large one, including ladies—first proceeded to Monemvasia, the curious Laconian counterpart to our Cornish and Breton St. Michael's Mount, of which a characteristic sketch forms the frontispiece to his first volume. It is a place out of the beaten track even of travellers in the Morea; and the account of it, and of the visit to it, is excellently given. The grandeur of the rugged rock, and the brilliant light of sky and sea about it; the ruinous decay in which all works of man upon it, whether of former generations or of the present, present themselves to the visitor; the mingled traces of the various powers which have used it as a bulwark; the eager childish liveliness and simplicity of the quick-witted people of the sleepy, sunny, tumble-down village at its foot, excited to the utmost pitch of amazement, curiosity, and perhaps hope, by the astonishing apparition of an English war-steamer in their port, and a veritable English Minister in the flesh scrambling among their rocks, talking Greek with Eparchs and Demarchs, and drinking coffee in the Bishop's house—all this is described with great spirit, and with full appreciation, not only of the picturesque and historical interest of the scene, but of its grotesque oddness:

"At ten we followed to shore in the captain's gig, and experienced some difficulty in picking our way through the rocks to the bridge. The authorities were already there to meet us—the Eparch, a silent jejune man, in island trousers; the Demarch, in creditably clean fustanella; and the doctor, in Frank dress, presenting a good epitome of the transition through which manners and customs are hastening in Greece. They were attended by a whole train of merry urchins, armed with knapsacks and slates, who, *bonâ fide* bound for school, could not resist the temptation of gazing on the Frank new-comers. The road near the bridge is tolerable, but this past, all traces of the kind vanished. We had to scramble through huge blocks of limestone rock, seamed with arragonite, fallen

from above, along the cliff, over the narrow isthmus towards the south side, where we were informed the town lay packed up between its old parallel walls, but of which we could see no hint until we arrived at the gate. Our *cortège* by this time embraced nearly half the population. All sorts of fustanellas, island trousers, and one or two 'Young Greece' pale and travelled faces, in French dress and white neckcloths (I am thankful there were no *gants glacés*), leading the way. After half an hour's hot walk we reached a ruinous gateway, guarded by two soldiers, and crowded by the Primates, ready to welcome us, and entered the burgo, or town. I am sorry to say that the first glance was not encouraging. The whole place makes a wretched tumble-down appearance. Streets narrow and precipitous, still Turkish; pavement broken up in block and hole; houses, many of them Venetian born, crumbling and disconsolate enough. The streets had a few open shops, with here and there an old tailor working at island trousers, the thriving trade of the place."

The church of this strange place united in itself a number of incongruous memorials of its former history. Its decided Western physiognomy at once struck Sir Thomas Wyse, a keen observer of differences in things ecclesiastical between the Greek and his own (Roman Catholic) communion. The interior architecture, arrangement, and decoration, he says, are still Catholic. On the "Eikonostasis," the "Christ" appears to be early Venetian; while the "Panagia," on the other side, is "orthodox Oriental." Turkish art appears in the mother-of-pearl framing of a small shrine, while the pulpit appears to be "renaissance." At the west end of the church two canopies were pointed out which were said to mark the place of the thrones of the Emperor Andronicus and his empress, the Byzantine patrons of Monemvasia, whose Bishop is said to have claimed, according to a decree of Andronicus, the right of sitting in the place of Patriarch of Jerusalem in the Synod, if the Patriarch was absent, and above the Patriarchs of Alexandria and Antioch. Monemvasia is a state prison, and had lately been occupied by a certain distinguished prisoner, one General Spiro Milio; and Sir Thomas Wyse observed that the custom of engraving moral sentences on walls prevailed at Monemvasia as well as in the Tower of London. General Spiro Milio

had recorded—to the amusement, apparently, of those who were acquainted with him—on the walls of the prison, his conviction that "after darkness comes light," and that "all passions and prejudices are transitory, but only Truth eternal." At Monemvasia nobody had ever seen a steamer near; "we only see steamers pass on the edge of the sea," they said, "but they never come nearer." It is a place without trade or manufacture, and nothing can be grown on the rock. Sir Thomas Wyse, like Leake, inquired in vain about Malmsey wine; "the people seemed to know nothing of its name or renown." It is hard to understand what the inhabitants can find to do. Half the houses are uninhabited, and a large number were falling into ruin. Yet the place has two "Demotic or primary" schools, and one "Hellenic," or superior one; a large proportion of the people read and write; newspapers abounded, and there was a café and billiard room; there was an air of health, freshness, and content about the population; and the young ladies, full of gayety and cheerfulness, appeared in "bright green satin jackets and incipient crinolines."

The party landed in Maina, and travelled up the plain of the Eurotas to Sparta; thence across Taygetus into the plain of Messenia, and by Ithome, Bassæ, and Olympia, through the rugged mountain gorges which lead down by Megaspelion to Vostitza and the Gulf of Corinth. From thence they skirted the shores of the gulf, and returned by Corinth to Athens. The line which they took excluded Argolis and the western coast, as well as the central Arcadian uplands; but they went through the richest and most beautiful portion of the Peloponnesus. Sir Thomas Wyse is enthusiastic, but not unreasonably so, in his admiration of this singularly magnificent region. The Peloponnesus has—what northeastern Greece so much wants—water and verdure. Its fat alluvial plains have rivers running through them, are covered with vegetation, and are ready for the most abundant crops; and the noble mountains which frame them round furnish examples, not only of the wildest and most savage rock scenery on a vast scale, but of that combination of green

wood and ever-flowing waters which is so rare in the austere mountains round Athens. The smiling beauty and softness of the valley of Sparta form a curious contrast with our ideas of the hard, stern character of the Spartans of the Peloponnesian war, though it suits with what Sir Thomas Wyse speaks of as the "rich semi-oriental Sparta of the *Odyssey*." But Taygetus hangs over the whole, and the girdle of solemn mountains gives what is wanted of severity to the scene. Sir Thomas Wyse thus describes it, and the impression which it produces:

"It is difficult to see more abundance with less uniformity. All kinds of luxuriance in full produce—the sharp green mulberry, the tender vine, the valonea in sturdy masses, oranges and lemons—embosoming bright-tiled houses; corn, like a very sea, below us; and through the whole, clumps of cypresses, marking two realms departed for ever—old Greece and aged Turkey—and breaking up the monotony, both pictorial and historic, Sparta the new, in the midst of this, was hardly discoverable, except as a string of pleasant places, with here and there a twinkling of the Eurotas to indicate the sources of profusion. Life, and work, and reward, are seen now in all this; but it is a faint reflection of its ancient renown or ancient proprietors. Here is found whatever the most industrious or the most luxurious could desire, and, to complete the picture, Taygetus rises beyond, the great mountain guardian of all, its upright wall rising from the plain, its ridgy defiles, its outstanding spurs, each a base of a citadel, gloomy, grand, unchanging; all this has another influence, and comprising the adjoining scenery of Menelaion, stretching off to Parnon, in its stern Tzakonian character, brings back the temper to a more Doric mood, and braces up to manly thought what would else dissolve under gentler influences. I saw in it such a landscape as nature chooses when she makes Tells, and raises at the same time, in the same spirits, the strongest attachment to soil, with the firmest nerves and resolves to defend it. My first impression on seeing Sparta and its plain, years ago—it was then, indeed, far more solitary—came just to this: a grander, gloomier, sterner, richer scene could not be found; exactly the ground which my imagination would have chosen for that remarkable element of Hellenism, the Spartan."

Modern Sparta is a growth of the new kingdom, built to order for the purpose of reviving an old name, and built, according to a modern Greek

practice which Sir Thomas Wyse severely condemns, on the very site of the old city; so that the new buildings cover it up, and effectually put an end to any clearing away and antiquarian exploring of the ruins which may be beneath the soil. Its place was taken in the middle ages by the singularly picturesque hill town of Mistra, close under Taygetus, and encircled by its grand ravines. The town is now almost deserted, but its ruined houses and churches and castle still stand, looking like a town which "a conqueror had only just passed through"—"neither living nor dead." Here, as so often, the odd contrast between old and new came before the travellers. A great plane tree and a Turkish fountain, at which women were washing, recalled the Mohammedan love of shade and water, and then recollections of Nausicaa and the *Odyssey*. The great plane tree suggests a poetical train of thought:

"Beside the fountain stood a group of Spartan, or at least Laconian damsels, who in health and form would not have shamed their countrywomen in the *Lysistrata*. They were busily engaged in washing, preparing, as they told us, for the bridal of the youngest of the party, which was to be celebrated in a day or two. The Nausicaa was very active and practical, and did not allow the presence of strangers to interfere with the prosecution of her work. The great plane tree spread its branches over the party, and joined its shadows with those of the rock in protecting them from the sun. If there live a tree in Greece which deserves or appears to have a Dryad to take care of it, it is assuredly the plane. Oaks themselves are dwarfs beside it, to say nothing of that artless art with which, while grasping rock and block below (I have seen them keep defiant hold on both in the very face of a Taygetan torrent) with roots like claws and talons, worthy of the Blockberg roots of Goethe, they run out above, resembling a sort of huge convolvulus, the arms apparently as pliant as tendrils, but loaded with shade sufficient for a whole squadron. Nor is it massive heavy shade, but of a light twinkling kind; the exquisite sharpness of the foliage, moved by every breeze, and discovering at each turn all the gray, silver, brown, and purple of its lining in rich harmony with its bright verdure."

Everything looks primitive, oriental, or classical, when some one suggests to Nausicaa and her companions that a "Spartan *χαρος*" would be charming:

"Two young girls were very ready to take our solicitations into consideration, and, by way of preamble, proposed to commence, while we were beating up recruits, with a *pas de deux*. The dais was cleared, and we were ready with admiration, when off they started, arm and arm, with a *mazourka*! This was taking civilization *à rebours*, and as unconscious a satire, looking at their naked feet, and at the site where we were, on the whole system of modern Greece, as the most solemn article in the *Athena*. What nymph or muse inspired the innovation it is useless to inquire. It came down, I believe, wrapt up in a Greek grammar from Athens."

Sir Thomas Wyse travelled into the neighboring valley plain of Messenia by a pass through Taygetus which is not often taken, from the difficulty of the track even for mules, but which amply repays the traveller who is not afraid of rough scrambling by the rare magnificence of its scenery. Sir Thomas Wyse was a true and discriminating judge of genuine beauty in the features of the country through which he travelled, and his volumes show that he fully appreciated its charm. Travelling in the Peloponnesus is always rough, and still sometimes dangerous; but it is a country which has the advantage of not having been broken into by the crowd, and no man in health need be afraid of its difficulties. And for its size, there are few regions which reward the traveller better, by its combination of historical interest with a characteristic landscape worthy of the associations which gather round it, and impressing itself with singular clearness on the mind. The subjects of the numerous illustrations, from Sir Thomas Wyse's own drawings and those of Signor Lanza, who accompanied him, are well chosen. There are some highly characteristic sketches among them, such as that of the rock of Monemvasia, and one of Bassæ, with the altar-like hill of Ithome rising above the Messenian plain. On the other hand, either from the fault of draughtsman or engraver, justice is scarcely done to the beautiful outlines and strongly-marked features of Taygetus, as seen from the plain of Sparta.

Sir Thomas Wyse shows the interest of a well-read and refined classical scholar in the care with which he observed and examined the country

through which he passed in reference to the history of which it was the theatre, and in his comments on the history itself. His mind was full, as his journal shows, of the singular characteristics of Spartan organization and policy, and of the romantic incidents of the Messenian wars. He had also the tastes of an artist, and an eye for the physical peculiarities of a country and for topographical accuracy; and he enters critically into questions about Messenian sites, and, at still greater length, with the advantage of the most recent knowledge and a careful personal inspection of the ground, into a discussion of the topography of Olympia—a place, as he says, less sufficiently explored than any equally important site in Greece, and where the alluvium of the Alpheius probably covers up treasures of ancient art which would well reward a comprehensive and judicious system of exploration. On all these matters, however, there was not much new to be said without a more methodical and special course of investigation than Sir Thomas Wyse had leisure for. But he was as much interested in modern as in ancient Greece, and his account is that of a very friendly, yet at the same time very dissatisfied, observer; and it is a curious and instructive picture of a Greek province. The country, as he saw, had great natural advantages; the population were lively, quick-witted, furnished with elementary education of which they eagerly availed themselves, anxious to thrive and get on; but everything was at a dead-lock, and came to very little, because they had learned to depend for everything on a central government which claimed to direct and dispose of everything, and which was utterly unequal to its task, and unconscious of the essential conditions of what it had to do. Year after year, it had allowed a barbarous system of taxation, inherited from the ignorant and careless Turks, to go on, under which improved cultivation was hopeless. It undertook the road-making of the country, and it left the roads unmade, with the amusing apology that, after all, the sea was the great Greek high-road. The want of internal communications raises prices and wages, makes them grossly unequal, hinders the use of the most manifest resources of

the country, and keeps everything at a standstill. Among the many strange illustrations of the general helplessness engendered by this manner of governing, one is given which would appear incredible anywhere but in Greece. The superior of the monastery on Pentelicus had paved his church with marble from Lucca, and he proved to Sir Thomas Wyse that it cost him less to convey marble from Lucca than to take it from the old quarries directly above the convent; the reasons assigned for this being the difficulty of obtaining skilful workmen, their high wages, and the imperfect implements in use in Greece. The clumsiness and inaptitude of the Greeks in tools and mechanism of all kinds struck Sir Thomas Wyse. In this, as in everything else, their fault is to be in a hurry about means, to be satisfied with the first expedient at hand, and to be careless about being exact and thorough, provided that a superficial approximation to what they aim at is attained, whether it be an imitation of a European house, a European fashion of dress, a European machine, or a European constitution. And as the government has systematically trained and accustomed the Greeks of the provinces to depend entirely on itself for everything, no one thinks it his business to move a step or make any effort unless the instruction, the order, and the money come straight from Athens. And the impulse is given from Athens, not for general reasons of policy, but because some immediate motive, frequently of a very unworthy character, presses with those in power. The progress of a foreign Minister through a remote province, and the fear of his remarks and remonstrances, would have the effect of drawing supplies from Athens for local objects which otherwise would have in vain solicited either attention or aid. When Sir Thomas Wyse remonstrated with some monks on the disgraceful state of their buildings, they said they had no money, and had long been vainly trying to get some from the government, and begged him to intercede for them at Athens. The Greek Minister at Athens took no notice of Sir Thomas Wyse's appeal on behalf of the monks; but it was found afterwards that he had first sent down to rate the monks soundly

for daring to make complaints, and then had followed up his scolding by a considerable sum of money, and an order to make all the necessary repairs and improvements at once.

Sir Thomas Wyse does not give a favorable account of Greek monks and monasteries. He criticises them, provoked especially by what he saw at Megaspelion, with a severity which recalls the ordinary objections made by Protestant travellers against monasteries generally, while at the same time he contrasts them with the loftier ideal and greater activity of monasticism in the West. His remarks are, on the whole, probably just. A Greek might reply that, in point of fact, it would be as easy to generalize against the Latin monastic system from many a Latin monastery in Italy and Spain, as against the Eastern monks from Megaspelion.

The work is perhaps too elaborate in its design, and this appears all the more from its unavoidably wanting the corrections of a final revisal. But it reflects with admirable fidelity, and often with great force, the impressions which are made on a traveller through the Peloponnesus. And it contains the mature judgment of a sincere and sagacious friend of Greece on the opportunities and the dangers which lie before the Greek State and people.

Macmillan's Magazine.

THE LITERARY LIFE OF ISAAC TAYLOR.

BY PROFESSOR FRASER, OF EDINBURGH.

OUR greatest English lay theologian since Coleridge has been taken away. A brief paragraph lately announced the death of Isaac Taylor, at the age of seventy-seven, in the secluded retreat of Stanford Rivers, where he has meditated for forty years, and from which he has given to three generations words of thoughtful wisdom, expressing deeply-fixed beliefs. The announcement must, in an unwonted manner, have touched the feelings and imagination of those among its readers who appreciated his literary work, and the way he did it, in the last forty years of English religious life. His long term of unbroken mental activity was marked by a rare and curious

individuality of taste, feeling, and thinking, which is of great price in the conventional uniformity of these generations. It was passed in a spirit, with intentions, and amid circumstances which may be called unique, and even romantic, in an age much devoted to the worship of useful knowledge and free trade. Although the silence still sacred to a recent sorrow might rather suit the feeling of one who loved him, a brief utterance may be acceptable to some, in this and other countries, who desire to ponder, when it is closed forever, what we all held in having a literary life like his so lately lived among us.

The strong individuality of Isaac Taylor is shown in his behavior amid the traditions of his birth and his early social environment. His father was in the early years of this century the evangelical pastor of dissenting congregations at Colchester and Ongar, and the benignant head of a family already not undistinguished in art and literature. Both father and mother wrote books full of mild domestic wisdom, and the young of a now risen generation were made happy by a small library, written for their instruction and amusement at the leisure hours of the good pastor at Ongar. One of two uncles was an eminent publisher, and the other was the learned editor of *Calmet*. Two sisters have cheered and enlightened many a juvenile family group by their hymns. And it can now be added that his eldest son, the fourth Isaac in direct succession, is the known author of *Words and Places*, and one of the rising hopes of the Anglican Church.

A busy, genial home life, first at Lavenham, in Suffolk, where he was born, and afterwards at Colchester and Ongar, was the soil which nourished the growth of the author of the *Natural History of Enthusiasm*. But his inherent tastes, sympathies, and antipathies, were much too strong to be moulded by any section of domestic or ecclesiastical society with which his antecedents might happen to connect him; his intellect and imagination were too active to allow him to accept beliefs as an easy inheritance. The family life at Ongar warmed his heart, and helped to keep it pure. His eye, imagination, and reason were in his own keeping; no public school or theo-

logical academy shared that duty with him. His youthful taste may have yearned for the grand old Church Universities from which his ancestors had separated; nevertheless neither Oxford nor Cambridge can point to his name on their matriculation lists. A theological contemplatist from his first years, having his conscience and his meditative tendencies nourished in self-education by the historic disclosures of inspired books with regard to the origin, destiny, and hopes of man, his was not a nature to brook the bondage of a pastorate in the meeting house, or to find its ideal and full satisfaction for its religious cravings in the stern isolation of Puritanical Dissent. An independent expression of profoundly-seated convictions was more agreeable to a mind of this order than the profession of the Christian ministry, in this modern age of ecclesiastical schism, and narrow controversies about systematized theological doctrine. His refined and pensive genius at first sought exercise in the family love of art; but literature was soon found to be a form of expression for his mental pictures more fit and convenient than the pencil or the canvas. The *Eclectic Review*, a periodical which could boast of some of the best writings of Foster and Hall, then the intellectual pillars of Dissent, about 1818 received the first published writings of Isaac Taylor. Ten succeeding years of experimental exercise with his pen produced more than one volume still associated with his name. This initial series commenced in 1822 with *Elements of Thought*, and ended characteristically, about 1828, with disquisitions on the *Process of Historical Proof*, and on the mode of the *Transmission of Ancient Books to Modern Times*, which suggest the uniformly concrete and historical character of his early as of his later religious musings.

It was about 1828, when fairly settled in domestic life in his old-fashioned cottage at Stanford Rivers, that he addressed himself to the literary enterprise which gives unity to his life, and in which he appears most truly as he was. With this literary enterprise his characteristic feelings and fancies, as well as his deep and peculiar insight of humanity, are so obtrusively blended, that when we want to rescue any of the subjects on

which he touches from the pale colors reflected by the surrounding atmosphere of ordinary opinion, there are few more effectual resources than to watch its transmutations as it here passes through the alembic of his richly imaginative sentiment.

On the well-filled book shelf that is occupied by nearly thirty volumes produced by Isaac Taylor, six stand out prominently to the eye of the reader who looks for the key to the inner meaning of his literary life. First of these in chronological order is the *Natural History of Enthusiasm*, published in 1829, and the last is *Home Education*, which appeared in 1838. *Fanaticism*, *Spiritual Despotism*, *Saturday Evening*, and the *Physical Theory of Another Life*, were issued in the interval. They all belong to the fifth decade of their author's life. Their history explains at once the strength and the weakness of his position as an educator of the modern English mind, as well as the inadequacy of the contemporary recognition which his endeavors have received in proportion to the genius which they display.

Let us try to put ourselves at the point of view he occupied when commencing the literary enterprise of which at least three of those books are the exponents. In doing so we seem to see one of fastidious taste and active imagination, with acutely sensitive moral and religious sensibilities, who has been long in daily intercourse, through canonical "books transmitted" from ancient time, with minds inspired by the Supreme Mind to shed light upon the origin and issue of this mysterious life, and to warm our hearts with heavenly hopes. His faith has been fed by a history of supernatural events transacted on earth, in the framework, as it were, of the terrestrial economy—these transactions, and not systematized doctrines, being to him the very substance of religious truth. His conscience and moral emotions are sustained by this record of human and divine doings, which seem to him in a sensible manner to connect the visible with the invisible. Through these biblical records, in England, in this nineteenth century, he has learned to sustain and regulate religious feelings, simply by belief in events centuries old, in which God was sensibly revealed as the Moral

Governor of men. His devout emotions thus depend on no mere abstractions; they are attached to the firm rock of the historic past. He believes that "every particle of the German infidelity must be scattered to the winds, when it is proved that Jesus rose from the dead."

Christianity is with him religious emotion evoked by historical belief in a series of real events, and not by an abstract theological science. It is not assisted by metaphysical theories about the facts, nor suggested by them. It is no more dependent on abstractions and generalizations than the pains and pleasures of animal life are. Indeed, its objects are not of a kind to be generalized by us at all, for in "divinity many things must be left abrupt," and whatever *Calvinism* or any other *ism* may say, he believes with Bacon, that "perfection or completeness in Divinity is not to be sought." We may be morally influenced by its unsystematizable facts or transactions—we cannot translate them into a consistent abstract system without spoiling them. The rudiments of all religious life so cohere, in his view, to the grand historic transactions recorded in these biblical records, that neither can be separated from the other. On them, and only on them, he feels that he can plant his foot firmly, and ascend, on the basis of our common-sense faith in good history, from the abyss of doubt and anxiety to which earnestly continued meditation had at first reduced him. Historic testimony to a miraculous economy, once unfolded on this planet in a series of events which occupied ages, is to this theory of religious life what his famous abstract maxim was to Descartes. Unlike that of Descartes and the abstract philosophers, this resting place is in the concrete of history, on good and sure historic proof. "The function and range of the human mind," our English lay theologian would probably say, "makes no veritable commencement, either in theological science or in abstract philosophy, in the rear of the line where the concrete makes its appearance. Christian faith is in its very substance historical. It becomes vague sentiment if it be at all loosened off from the events recorded in the sacred books transmitted from ancient times; or a web of illusory metaphysic spun by theological sophists

and system-mongers when the anomalies and eccentricities of its historical evolution are sought to be accommodated to deductive theological systems; or a maddening frenzy, when the genuine effects of its facts are perverted by the imagination, divorced from good sense, and brought into alliance with inhuman or malignant feelings; or an intolerable yoke, when the tremendous power with which its constituent events are charged is turned aside for purposes of civil or ecclesiastical tyranny."

But is not the history of Christianity, as actually professed among men, for the most part a history of these very perversions of its Historic Substance? If the writings commonly called canonical brought the recluse student of History at Ongar and Stanford Rivers face to face with events which—looked at across the gulf of more than eighteen centuries—were the daily aliment of his own fresh and pure life, other historical books—Patristic and Mediæval—which he diligently studied, and the patent phenomena of modern English Christianity, revealed the dark and troubled story of the Christian church. If he found the historic transactions of the supernatural economy fitted to evoke liberal and comprehensive thought, and to sustain humble and tender feelings, ready to solve practically the perplexing moral and social problems of humanity, and apt to inaugurate a reign of universal peace, the story of their professed belief revealed a long course of narrow-mindedness and cruelty. The living communities which most loudly proclaimed their Christian faith were mutually repellent under the influence of sectarian hate. The large conceptions which unite men who are animated by a common belief in eternal truths, were exchanged for the pettiness and bigotry which have perverted the history in which he found peace into an occasion of malice and all uncharitableness. The glory of the real religion of feelings generated and regulated by faith in grand historical transactions, was lost in the vain disputes of a verbal one; and the sentiment of its divine grandeur was concealed in dreary symbols and technicalities, from which living meaning had subsided by long-continued professional usage.

The characteristic literary enterprise

NEW SERIES—Vol. III., No. 2

of Isaac Taylor's life seems to have been the issue of a brooding sense of the affecting contrast between the feelings and sympathies generated in him on the one hand by the *biblical* story of a supernatural restorative intercourse, and on the other by the *Church* history of the abuse by the intellect, the imagination, and the feelings of men, of these same Divine Revelations transacted upon this planet. It expresses the recoil of highly-wrought meditative sentiment, in sympathy with the vision Divine, from painful contact with the vulgar work and tone of modern English ecclesiastical life, as well as from the more corrupt, if more splendid, hierarchies of the past or the distant; and which finds the nearest approach to congeniality with itself in the records of those historic crises, led by Apostles or Reformers, when the human mind, over a wide area, was anew brought for a time into real intercourse with the supernatural facts that had been transacted in ancient history.

Might not such brooding rather have induced despair?—a taking for granted that the contrast between the ideal of the historically excited religious life and the actual condition of the communities called Christian must maintain itself in the future as in the past—a standing mystery to try the faith of the few? It might well seem so. But this literary enterprise was undertaken at a time when "the belief that a bright era of renovation, union, and extension" presently awaited the Christian Church was widely entertained by devout persons in England. The author of the *Natural History of Enthusiasm* announced "his own participation in this cheering hope," as what impelled him "to undertake the difficult task of describing, under various forms, that fictitious piety which has hitherto never failed to appear in times of unusual excitement, and which may be anticipated as the probable attendant of a new development of the powers of Christianity." Perhaps with most this belief was then the result of an uncritical study of prophetic books. With him it was the issue of a philosophical survey of the relative social strength of Christianity and the other religions of the world. Amid an otherwise increased religious imbe-

within its own social circle of the type of religious life that is associated with Thomas Scott and William Wilberforce, in the Establishment, and, more intellectually, with Foster and Hall, in the world of Puritanical Dissent; when a halo of romance surrounded the then novel undertaking in England of Protestant missionary incursions on Heathendom; and when emotional ardor, divided between petty controversies at home, and crudely concocted assaults upon the kingdom of darkness abroad, vexed the soul of the student secluded at Stanford Rivers in the morning of his appointed work. The noon of his busy life recalls to those now in middle age the fervid heat that followed the introduction within the Anglican Church of elements latent indeed in its constitution, but which the devout and learned enthusiasts of Oxford had recalled from ancient Christianity to restrain modern worldliness and growing anarchy in the crisis of our political reformation, when venerable church institutions and traditions were becoming imperilled by the modern heresy of religious equality. Oxford in those days raised the ecclesiastical temperature of society to a degree which, about 1840, induced even the sage of Stanford Rivers to exchange his meditations upon the past religious phenomena of human nature for a place in the strife as author of *Ancient Christianity*. And then at a third stage in this same forty years we find him in the evening of his working day, overtaken by a current of sympathy, emanating from the same Oxford, and having springs in the constitution and history of the same Church, but which was coloring the atmosphere of all Western Europe with neither the merely biblical nor the merely ecclesiastical religion of the past, but with an ideal Christianity of the future, which—as he viewed it—was to relax the tie by which he had all his life essentially connected spiritual religion with the historic records of a supernatural economy.

The literary life of Isaac Taylor is surely not to be credited exclusively to any one of these three phases of Anglican Christianity—inherent in the Anglican as in every comprehensive religious system, and which have reproduced themselves in turns, as often as Anglicanism has been moved into spiritual, ecclesias-

tical, and intellectual activity. Some of the elements which form his individuality repelled him from each, while others attracted him to each in turn, and might draw liberal representatives of all the three to him. The professed Biblicism of the first harmonized with the groundwork of his own religion, but was presented in its repulsive exclusiveness in the narrow, unreflective, schismatized religion, in which “the individual Christian, with his Bible in his hand,” thinks that he “need fix his eyes upon nothing but the little eddy of his personal emotions,” and was for him spoiled in abstract doctrinal systems whose authors have forgotten that “truth in religion is always something that has been acted and transacted.” The ecclesiastical religion which rose around him in his middle life seemed at first to carry in its constitution seeds of dismal maladies, with which his studies of ancient church life and literature had long made him familiar. But then it was congenial to him as something embodied in persons and societies, and it also appeared to his broad historic sympathies with the variations of form and hue which absolute Christianity, subsequent to its original historical evolutions, must bear, when reflected with various effect from age to age “from distorted and discolored human nature,” in the types presented in the religious lives of Prophets and Apostles, of Nicene and post-Nicene Fathers, of Hildebrande and Loyola, or in the modern church organizations—Eastern and Western, Anglican and Dissenting. As life advanced he seems to have felt as if his exposure of ancient Christianity was one-sided, and that it unduly darkened phases of religious life already too little recognized in the creed of the self-satisfied Low-Churchman or Dissenter, but which claimed recognition all the more as he observed the strength of Anglican Christianity intensified, or its elevating spirit diffused, by the powerful influence emanating from Keble and Newman. The more ideal phase of Christianity which began to be accepted in his later years probably seemed to him more subservive of faith, hope, and charity than either the popular Evangelicalism of his youth, or the revived Ecclesiasticism by which he was surrounded in middle life. In the religious phil-

osophy which he offered to his age Christianity is steadily regarded as an emotional life sustained by belief in supernatural events attested by history. Either this or atheism was his uniform alternative to himself. But the tendency of the theory of Christianity now becoming current is to secure for the substance of religious life an independence of perennial controversies about historic facts and scientific doctrines, to conquer unlimited space for historical and scientific discovery, in consistency with a continued conscious possession of all that is essential in Spiritual Christianity. His antagonism to this tendency, in what he believed to be its results, was condensed in his *Restoration of Belief*, as *Ancient Christianity* was his weapon in the warfare with Anglicanism.

We cannot claim for the religious philosophy contained in this unfinished *Instauratio* resources for an encounter with evils probably attendant upon this latest and now present phase of English Christianity equal to those which it possesses as a corrective of evils which attend the two other phases. Perhaps, with the habits of Isaac Taylor's life, notwithstanding the fresh intellectual vitality which he so remarkably retained to the last, he could less readily accommodate himself to the new point of view. Let us try for a moment to compare that point with his. Truth in religion is, according to his habits of thought, something that has been miraculously acted and transacted. It is something that has been supernaturally embodied in persons and societies. But then religion itself is a manner of feeling and acting in relation to God. The realization of the Christian manner of feeling and acting is the end towards which the extraordinary events and transactions that constitute religious truth, on this philosophy, are the means. But is this Christian manner of feeling and acting—to which our moral and spiritual experience responds, now that it has been realized and embodied in modern institutions—is it to be exposed to the accidents of the endless controversies that are going on about what has happened in long past ages? This Christianity of the Inner Life is a treasure which has somehow come to us—whatever its historic origin, or however it may have at

first become assimilated with the evolutions of human affairs. Must we refrain from *living it* in our daily feelings toward God, until we shall have settled the controverted questions about the manner of its introduction in the past of human history? There is something in us which responds to it, and with which it blends congenially in good men. Shall we disregard this, and peril the moral and spiritual treasure upon historical disputes, which—as still maintained among learned and candid persons—must relate to matters of opinion, and not to truth absolute and eternal? With the inner treasure already in our possession, and ready for universal use, Christians may, some begin to think, now and henceforward hold themselves free to pursue any researches, historical or scientific, confident that no iconoclast of ancient historical documents, canonical or non-canonical, no physical discovery of what has happened or may hereafter happen in the wide realms of nature, can alter a manner of feeling and acting in relation to God which—whatever its historic origin—has now found its warrant in the depths of our being, and in all modern experience of it as the supreme motive power in human affairs. In this faith, all history, as well as the biblical and ecclesiastical—the history of nature and the scientific interpretation of the same, together with the history of man and the interpretation of the moral experience of the human race—is virtually Divine Revelation, contributing to nourish and expand those feelings towards God and men which, however the historical and scientific questions to which they give rise may be settled, the scriptural books and the institutions of Christianity have developed and maintained, and must develop and maintain in yet richer harmony, when free from the bondage of the letter, and from the risk of interference with our intellectual growth.

The religious philosophy of the stage through which English Christianity is now passing has thus to address itself to persons at whose point of view it seems necessary, for the very sake of the spiritual treasure itself, that that treasure should be finally extricated from the entanglements of historical and scientific controversy—raised aloft in

view of all possible discoveries about books of nature—and thus saved and secured for the race which it is blessing, while indefinite room is left for the free interpretation of nature and books in a spirit of philosophic candor. This is not the place to consider on what conditions may be attained this result, so congenial to many whose religious manner of feeling and acting towards God and men is made known to others by its good fruits in their lives, if not by the orthodoxy of their abstract doctrines.

We ought perhaps to read the somewhat discursive and miscellaneous writings of Isaac Taylor in the last quarter of a century of his literary life as if they were produced in discouragement consequent upon the partial abandonment of his chief literary enterprise. The volumes on *Loyola and Jesuitism* (1849), and on *Wesley and Methodism* (1851), as well as *Essays in the North British Review* on Chalmers and Scotch theology, present in diversified aspects his favorite view of Christianity as something continuously embodied in persons and social transactions, as well as his sympathy with a variety of form in its embodiment—provided that each form expresses in its own fashion a profound sense or human guilt and divine deliverance. The essays on Scotch theology especially indicate his abiding conviction that Christian truth consists of a series of historical events, not of logical deductions from dogmatically assumed definitions; and that a religious community which in these times perverts Christianity into a despotic human system of such deductions must inevitably lose its own hold over educated minds. His *Restoration of Belief* (1855), is the nucleus of subsequent periodical essays in defence and illustration of his own resting-place of religious belief and feeling in the records of history, as against the disintegrating influences of modern criticism.

But the undertones of another and more speculative question reach us from the volumes of this lay theology, asking whether, after all, even in its best state, there is not something in the circumstances of our earthly environment which must make human life in this animal body a field in which the powers,

whether of good or evil, can be only imperfectly developed, and in which all must be more or less the prey of prejudices and perversions? It invites us to consider the limitation and imperfection which are inherent in a consciousness sustained under the conditions of this animal body. The earthly experience of each man presents only a few of the infinite changes of which the sensible universe is the theatre, and yet these few are inextricably linked with all the others. Then our human experience of what we call the material world is here limited to five senses, and yet there may be qualities of matter to which millions of senses are inadequate. The memory of man on earth retains but a little of this little which he has experienced, and the little so retained is ever tending to release itself from our keeping, and at the best can only be reproduced in consciousness by instalments. How dim and narrow in its results is our reproductive power itself, when it evolves its images of what is past or of what is possible. Unable to comprehend the universe and its relations in a single intuitive grasp, we must have recourse to verbal reasonings as a substitute, and try thus to solve bit by bit, with the help of words, a small part of the vast problem which we cannot entertain as a whole. Reasoning is carried on by arbitrary signs, which are the medium of our reflective intercourse with ourselves, and of all our intercourse with other minds. But what an instrument is a system of arbitrary signs which carries in it the seeds of constant misunderstanding, and in which, from its very nature, the relation between words and their meanings tends to perpetual change and dissolution. Then how great a withdrawal from the service of our higher nature is occasioned by the daily wants of the animal economy and our organic welfare. How under a physical system such as this can we expect to reach the high ideal of a Renovated Church, or escape the din of controversy and the passions of contending sects? Can any events, natural or supernatural, in past history or in present, rescue us from these consequences, so long as we are subject to the restraints and limitations of this present sensible world and animal economy?

Without quitting, for transcendental abstractions, the economy of historic events in the sensible world in which we now find ourselves, and with which our inner religious life is indissolubly connected, Isaac Taylor sought to find, in this same economy itself, grounds for previsive inference, or at least for conjecture, in regard to the historic evolution of events which are to happen in our conscious experience, subsequently to the dissolution of human nature—in the death of this present animal body which retards the full growth of the seeds of good and evil. To the contemplation of this grander ideal than that of any possible millennium upon earth, the author of the *Natural History of Enthusiasm* turned from amid the disjecta membra of his *Instauratio*, as to “the favorite and peaceful themes” of still earlier meditations and studies, in which “he is most happy to find himself in a region not exposed to storms.” A *Physical Theory of Another Life* took the place of those historical analyses of the religious and moral nature of man, when it presents the phenomena of Credulity or of Skepticism, or when it is morally vitiated by any of the forms of spurious religion which he had proposed to delineate in the latter part of his *Instauratio*. Perfect knowledge, and the perfect Ecclesiastical and other Social harmony which implies perfect knowledge, are not consistent with the very conditions of life in this animal economy. But “there is a spiritual body,” in which consciousness may hold new physiological relations to what we call Matter.

This excursion into mental physiology is made in one of the six books already reckoned characteristic of its author’s literary life—and that not merely because it may be regarded as a portion of the design of the *Instauratio* transferred to a now invisible system of things, but also because it presents his characteristic manner of meditating about the “world of mind” in its present and future physiological relations in man and other animals.

The phenomena of human nature, in its use and abuse of that supernatural economy whose history fed his own religious feelings, formed only a part of the

possible evolutions in the “world of mind” which Isaac Taylor cogitated for more than sixty years. The shadow of the “Unseen and Eternal” converted his daily pilgrimage through this strange life into a daily scene of literally supernatural interest. Slightly as the great mystery in which it all terminates usually excites the imagination of the average “religious world,” his was not an eye that could withdraw itself from that which to the meditative envelope this transient sense-experience, in every part of it, with awe and sublimity. If biblical history, which seemed to him to convey religion embodied in the wonders of the past, has shed no distinct light on that more wonderful future which is to follow the dissolution of the animal body, can previsive physical science, which has unlocked so many secrets of our earth and heavens, not discover, from what now is in this sensible world, what shall be hereafter in larger fields of sense-experience? In the study of our now embodied mind may we not have suggested to us at least some plausible representation of the spiritual embodiment which, in the natural course of events, as they historically evolve themselves in the new earth and heavens, is to be substituted for this animal one? Our death as animals is indeed an event unique in the personal history of each, and our conjectures cannot be tested by adequate inductive verification. Yet this analogical exercise of the imagination is akin to its exercise in all fruitful observation of nature.

By far the most elaborately conceived and executed work of this whole literary life is the one in which its author—under the designation of a *Physical Theory* of continued life under supposed conditions of a spiritual body—employs analogy to lift the veil now guarded by Death, and to unfold to our view the splendid possibilities of a conscious history maintained under new relations to a new experience of matter. Through analogy man has long been supposed capable of having his belief confirmed in the nature and attributes of God; through analogy he was now invited, for the confirmation of his faith, to anticipate in imagination his own embodied immortality.

Physical metaphysics was congenial to the historical and inductive tastes of this author. The series of which the *Natural History of Enthusiasm* was the first instalment is a piece of work in the study of mind, but it is mind related to and influenced by the facts of its external, physical history. And when its author tries to follow mind as it passes beyond this earthly scene of facts, natural and supernatural, it is human nature, somehow embodied and somehow connected with the physical system, that he is still pursuing. For philosophy, as something in its very conception to be distinguished from mere science, concrete and physical, he had little appreciation; in metaphysics, as distinguished from this mental physics, he could see nothing beyond the adjustment of a dozen abstract phrases.

In this connection it is not to be forgotten that this recluse literary life at Stanford Rivers was, some thirty years ago, all but exchanged for one which would have demanded an exclusive professional attention to questions of mental philosophy. In 1836 the chair of Logic and Metaphysics, in the University of Edinburgh, became vacant, and the author of the *Natural History of Enthusiasm* was induced to drop the vizard which had so long concealed him from a curious public—as a candidate for this department of the public service of philosophy. Sir William Hamilton, the greatest living master of the philosophical literature of the world, the acutest reasoner about the “dozen abstract phrases” who had been in this age drawn to a recognition of their import and significance, was met by a rival whose acquaintance with that literature was comparatively scanty, who put small value on the “dozen abstract phrases,” whose studies of human nature were all directed to its actions and transactions in its embodied manifestations, who esteemed Bacon more than Aristotle, but who could not touch any subject without shedding on it the distinctly marked colors of his own capacious imagination, or investing it with the rich “glow of humanity.” Hamilton ascended the Edinburgh chair to expound and guide the now dominant philosophical movement of Europe. His English rival returned from “the gray

metropolis” to the employment, more congenial to him—amid the simple country life in which he guided the education of his own children—of watching the phenomena in the ecclesiastical heavens, or anticipating in thought his own future spiritual embodiment in a purer and more exalted heaven.

Home Education is a charming fragment, redolent of its author's own heart and rural home. It stands among the books which best express the inner meaning of his life. The sadness with which his search into the story of the *Great Family of the Church* tinged his mind, the doubt and darkness, which no “theory,” however ingenious, and however associated with observed physical facts, can remove from that future which Death veils, is dissipated on the pages which describe the loving father's contrivances for enlarging the capacities and the intellectual stores of the group under training in a domestic atmosphere of daily happiness—“in the insulated country house, with its internal comfort and frugal elegance, its garden of sweet gay, perennial enjoyments, and its verdant, silent vicinage of arable and pasture, of woodland and riverside meadow.”

The spot of this material world on which Isaac Taylor's literary life was passed is, alike in itself and in its previous associations, in true harmony with his life. The fragrance of the rural nature which he loved, the stillness of the leafy lanes of Essex in which he daily studied, is diffused through his writings. His old insulated country house, in its old-fashioned garden, with the sluggish stream winding through the valley behind, has become one of the places, now so numerous in rural England, that are associated with those who, with devout hearts, simple tastes, and a love for nature, have helped to improve mankind by the high exercises of reason and imagination. Those who look with affectionate recollection to Bemerton, or Olney, or Rydal, or Herstmonceux, and Pevensy Level, will not now forget Stanford Rivers and the vale of Ongar. Less than twenty miles east of London, in the triangle of which the sides are formed by the Cambridge railway which passes Harlow, and by the Colchester line which passes Romford, the wood-

land and meadow of the green undulating expanse of England which lies between maintained its seclusion in all the past years of this century, undisturbed by the sounds of traffic or locomotion—a corner reserved for meditative quiet near the great metropolis, protected from its sights and sounds by the remains of the ancient forest of Hainault and the glades of Epping in the intervening distance. It has more than one association with those devoted to the world of mind. On the northern part of this green undulating country, John Locke spent the last years of his life, in the now ruined manor house of Oates, the guest of the good Lady Masham, attracted to this part of Essex by the relief which its air never failed to afford to the ailments of his old age. The great English philosopher of the seventeenth century and the sensitive religious contemplatist of the nineteenth were thus lodged on neighboring parts of the same rural expanse. Within an easy morning walk, the mortal remains of the one now rest at High Laver, and of the other at his own Stanford Rivers. Widely different in many of their qualities and sympathies, the father of English philosophy and this last departed member of his variously featured family were both nurtured in the vigorous but hard soil of English Puritanism, and both at last, as life advanced, while preserving community with all who inherit the charity of the Gospel, by whatever name they are called, found the religious home most congenial to their hearts in the venerable service of the English ritual, and the freedom which they loved within the broad shadow of the Church of Hooker and Cudworth.

Fraser's Magazine.

FICTION AND ITS USES.

A FRIEND of the writer is engaged on a work of great importance, entitled *The Philosophy of Fiction*, which he has declared it will take at least three thousand years to complete, with a century or two more to be allowed for unforeseen delays in the publication. The proportion of fiction to truth, he maintains, in the philosophies, religions, amusements, employments, conversations, speeches,

newspapers, and advertisements of the world, justifies this calculation. He has often asserted that all the great truths of life were long ago discovered, and were known as well to Plato as to Descartes or Locke, while it still remains to understand and generalize the great falsehoods; and he believes that the happiness of mankind would be furthered by bringing clearly into the light those "vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, unrestrained imaginations, and groundless fears," which obscurely occupy the minds of men. Without following these ingenious speculations to an extreme, may we not perceive how much they contain of truth? Did we not all begin the world as romancers, and compose each of us a parlor library of novels, domestic, naval, or military, before we had even seen afar off the stern realities of long division, orthography, or syntax? We began authorship when the pinafores and frocks were very small indeed, and it was not till the silver age of our childish imaginings that we could not trust in our dreams without the tangible confirmation of drum, of boat, or doll. Those works of ours are shelved now, and somewhat dusty, in the Bodleian Library of dreamland, but our places have been taken by the little lads and lasses of to-day, and they are doubtless as full of literary activity as we, their superannuated predecessors, ever were. Two serious eyes fixed on the red hollows of the fire, and two still hands gathered together on the boy's lap; that slight, girlish figure, motionless in the window for half an hour while the shadows are falling—these tell us that the romances are making rapid progress, and that the chapters are of enthralling interest. How much we should like to hear one of these tales quite through! You should not wish to know the man who could laugh in a contemptuous way at any of them. They would come to us like echoes of half-forgotten melodies, or like a friend's reminder of the pictures that hung upon the walls of the house where we were children. A writer of certain grave and notable books, which all men of science know, has confessed that his earliest ambition was to be a coachman. And if this fantastic dream budded and blossomed (never to come to fruition) in the brain of a future mathematician and col-

lege-fellow, shall we wonder if gentle maidens dream sometimes of that wonderful prince to come from fairy land, on whom leaning they may go across the purple mountain-rims into the great world beyond? These are fictions beautiful and pure. Alas for many in no way beautiful! Imaginary characters we make out for our acquaintance, which form the hypothesis explaining all their words and deeds, characters not to be admired—the nod or hint pregnant with its malignant lie—cowardly assentation—and idle and slanderous tongues which bring that cloud between faces, and that hollowness into friendly voices in place of the glad, confident morning-feeling—*trust*. Well, these fictions assuredly have their uses, for they are something that may be put under foot, and crushed; they may also beget a noble *autarkeia*, *self-sufficiency*, or nobler sufficiency of duty.

But this essay is not to be a *Philosophy of Fiction*. It merely hints at the vastness of the subject, and retreats to its own narrow plot of ground. There are certain books—beloved at watering-places, by home firesides, and even in the “pensive citadels” of students—which, though forming a less important branch of fiction than many others (than the *fables convenues* of social life, or of history, for instance), have yet been bolder than the others, have appropriated the name, and professed themselves to be not true, but what at least is very pleasant—new: *fictions*, but withal *novels*. Let the reader who would hear something about these read on.

It was Sydney Smith who required for perfect happiness an arm-chair and slippers, a kettle singing its undersong on the fire, a paper of sugar-plums on the mantelpiece, and in his hand a novel. And he rightly enounced the principle on which the novel, at least under such circumstances, should be chosen, when he declared that its first function is to entertain us, to amuse us, to give us agreeable relaxation. Nor let such entertainment be counted a trivial gain. Our health and sanity depend on it. Half an hour's overwork often is enough to make your entire evening an unhappy one. It leaves you fretful and impatient, morbidly sensitive, cross. You find the remarks of your friends and

relatives for that evening miserably unphilosophic, paltry, personal; the gossip of your sisters-in-law is insupportable, yet your wife seems to enjoy it. You wonder what is coming next. Will it ever stop? Do they know how delightful silence is at times? Did they not tell that story, correcting one another precisely as now, at least twice before in your hearing? You feel the world becoming too coarse for a man of refinement and sensibility, and mourn over it in gloom. Why did you not half an hour ago give over that languid mental drudging? Why did you not quietly (hurry would be certain failure) read *one* chapter of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, or of *Amelia*, or of that delightful fiction, *Sir Roger de Coverley*, or of Jane Austen's novels? If you had done this the world would gradually have come to rights; your room would not appear so dark, nor your books so repellent, nor all your relatives so very stupid. It would never have occurred to you that your life was a monotonous one, made up of a great number of days each like the other; it really is not so monotonous, with little children growing up about you, hurting themselves and requiring solace, saying every day some new, wise thing, and effecting such extraordinary improvements by stone walls, canals, and artificial lakes, in your back-garden. Life would have seemed not so miserable after all; your forehead would have cooled, and your eyes cleared, and your brain grown tranquil; then, too, your voice would be softer, your words less strictly to the point, and you would be giving your opinion, in quite an animated way, on that piece of family history which now appears so despicable. You are most blameworthy for the first and casual offence—refusal to amuse yourself at the right time, consequent exhaustion of nervous force with no adequate return of work done, and pride in the thought that you were taking a great deal out of yourself.

After work, which is a pursuit, quiet enjoyment, which is a possession, brings us advantages beyond itself. Let us go into the green inland fields in early summer, and lying on the grass with face upturned watch the white cloudlets float idly overhead, or turn to look at the

merry black spiders scampering in the blades, while the cuckoo is heard at once far off and near, and the breezes come cool over our bodies. Or let us go down a month later to the sea-beach, and listen to the waves breaking and breaking on the shore all the July hours, and see the sunlight sleep on the water, and hear the sound of the sail swung round, brought gently with the lazy lapping, and sucking, and swishing about the weedy stones, and the "yo ho!" from the sailor-lad among the yacht-lines. Well, are these hours lost? We need not think that. They teach us (what it surely is the final cause of July watering-places to teach) the divine principle of *leisure*—that life is not altogether a pursuit—that there are golden hours in it full of enrichment, when we may "feed this mind of ours in a wise passiveness"—

"The grass hath time to grow in meadow-lands,

And leisurely the opal, murmuring sea
Breaks on its yellow sands."

And this is living indeed; we are following after nothing, not even enjoyment; we cannot tell how it came to pass, "it *seems* that we are happy;" we have paused for a little on our journey, at the wells, to drink, and the rest has made us dreamy; and yet though we seek them not, great gains are ours; they come to us of themselves, like that physical balm and those quiet thoughts that come to us, while we lie cool and languid, satisfied for hours to watch half unconsciously the changes of the light, after a long illness, in the first days of returning health. But we cannot always get to the grassy meadow or the yellow sands. And we should therefore be glad to have upon our shelves some books which may serve as a partial substitute for these—books which we read with no view to remote advantages, over which we may linger restfully when we return home wearied and faint with the pursuing of the day. A great master in the philosophy of living wisely has spoken on this whole subject in a way worthy of himself, and of a heart, which if men would only believe the possession of two things by one person possible, they would see was as noble as his head. "It was doubtless intended," wrote Bishop Butler, in his first sermon

upon the love of God, "that life should be very much a pursuit to the gross of men. But this is carried so much farther than is reasonable, that what gives immediate satisfaction, that is, our present interest, is scarce considered as our interest at all. It is inventions which have only a remote tendency towards enjoyment, perhaps but a remote tendency towards gaining the means only of enjoyment, which are chiefly spoken of as useful in the world."

Innocent enjoyment, how good a thing it is! It keeps the temper sweet, and when it is mixed with love and thankfulness and sunny days, brings us some of that spirit of pure, gentle, and peaceable wisdom which we might aptly name after Izaak Walton. And he of all men perhaps knew best what leisure was, and must have done his business even in a quiet old-fashioned way. There were no monster shops in those days, and his in Cheapside was only seven feet and a half in length; but that house was doubtless the place he lived in, his home, and therefore we do not hear that he ever called it a "concern" or an "establishment." He enjoyed many pleasant hours in it, we may be sure, reading Drayton's *Polyolbion*, and Silvester's translation of Du Bartas; and sometimes he could leave it for a day, or several days, to wander with "honest Nat and R. Roe" along the edge of green fields, rods in hand, like honest fishermen, pitying the "poor rich men" who grudged themselves a rest, listening to the milk-maid song, and bringing their braces of trout in the evening to some country inn, where the ale was good, and the sheets were fragrant with lavender. And innocent enjoyment is a good *for ever*. It does not die with the passing day. Often, years after, the remembrance of a single moment—when we reached a hill top and suddenly beheld the sea, when we found in latter February or early March the first spring flowers, when we listened to the gladness of some pure soprano air, or the storm of choral passion—the remembrance of this comes upon us with a keen thrill of pleasure, almost as it first seemed in the nerves themselves—

"Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
And passing even into the purer mind
With tranquil restoration."

Doubtless the remembrance of the enjoyment we have had from literature (from poetry even) is a much less rapturous pleasure than these; but, on the other hand, it is much less evanescent, and more easily reproducible, and when the original enjoyment was heightened by sympathy, the pleasure of the remembrance—even the remembrance of an hour's novel reading—may reach a point of considerable elevation.

To realize the maximum of delight derivable from novel reading, several unfavorable circumstances have to be excluded. You must not be solitary; you must not be old (the delicate haze of morning should give some mystery to life); you must on no account be married, and conscience must not once say that you ought to be at work. A little indisposition which keeps you for a day or two in bed will sometimes not detract from your pleasure; only it must not be such as to require your hands to remain under the clothes, for there has yet been offered no satisfactory solution of the great problem of convalescence—how to hold a book, and turn the pages, without letting your nursetender suspect there is danger of catching cold. It is best to allow some one to read to you aloud; and if you have ever so done yourself for one who was very dear, you will know that the reader's enjoyment is often greater than the listener's. And there is surely some one who will not think it hard to leave the drawing room and the music (you cannot hear it) and the talk for your sake, to come to your bedside, and make the pillows cool, and read in a clear, sweet voice the books you like, for an hour or thereabout, till the darkness falls, and you, knowing it may be done with a good conscience, and no ingratitude, have dropped away to sleep.

But on the whole (to bring together all the conditions of delight) you will enjoy a novel most if you are in health, resting after work, with a prospect of continued rest, under golden five-and-twenty rather than over it, and if you read the novel aloud, in the summer, in the country, to a small but sympathetic circle of hearers. And there exist, not only in the fictions, but in every shire of real England, so many hospitable Uncle Georges, so many kind Aunt Janes, and so many agreeable cousins, that all the

above conditions may probably be realized if you but say "yes" when they ask you down in midsummer, from the gray walls and now deserted quadrangles of college, upon a visit of indefinite length. The change is a great and pleasant one. The delightful rambling old house! What shadows of leafy boughs sway upon your blind at night! What whispering there is of rippled grass when you open your window in the morning! The cream is wonderful. The little pats of cool pale butter are admirable works of art. It is pleasant to see the calves feed—those creatures with soft liquid eyes, and lips that drip as they pause to give one another's ears a fraternal lick. And though at first you were taken a little aback by the number of Heros and Neros and Gertys and Flirts, you soon will find out their distinctive personality, and learn the character of every living thing, down to the gander and the turkey-cock. Then you are supposed to have been killing yourself with work, and are gravely exhorted to the *duty* of idling for a little. To which gentle exhortations you, with a gentle remonstrance (implying their general futility, with a willingness to resign your most ardent desires for once, to be obliging), allow yourself to yield. There is a general impression that you have lately obtained a fellowship or two, or at least something which proves you to be (as you overheard your maiden aunt telling the rector's wife) "a remarkably clever young man." You ride with your cousins Fanny and Lucy one day, and with your cousins Emily and Anne the next, a horse being always ready for you to keep you from "those books." You interest yourself in the parish feuds, espousing the family cause in the great stray donkey question. You discuss Tennyson and Longfellow, and even give esoteric teaching, to a select school of one, in the mysteries of Robert Browning. You wonder why the "Psalm of Life" is underlined and marked so emphatically in young ladies' volumes of poetry. Are they all going to leave "footprints on the sands of time?"—or has the marking here a hidden reference to the curate, whose soul, its sorrows and its aspirations are known to Emily? You throw off free expositions of the most trying passages of *In Memoriam*; and then to

test your cousins' critical acumen, you read as a recently published poem of the Laureate's your own verses on "Youth and Love;" which having in simple faith been received and admired, the girls rise in your esteem and you confess the innocent deceit. You visit the dairy, and help those dainty little feet over the slobbery yard. You return and take part in the duets of Mendelssohn, or listen to the sonatas of Beethoven. And, last, you suggest that if it be generally approved, and if a number of imaginary objections, which ingeniously indicate your thoughtfulness, are of no weight you will begin the first volume of "Somebody's Secret," or "Legacy," or "Small House," or of "James and I," or "John Jenkins," or "How did he get it?"—the great novel of the day. A leap up in all the voices is sufficient evidence that the suggestion is an agreeable one, the considerate Fanny only, after crying, "Oh do, Charley," reminding her sisters in a faint way that perhaps Charles had rather be reading his books. You generously declare your readiness to sacrifice the afternoon. Whereupon ensues an impromptu round or catch, well concerted and sustained, "Wait one moment till I bring my work. Wait till I bring my work one moment;" and before the girls return with the Berlin wool, the anti-macassar, the crochet-edging, and the Dorcas rudimentary you-know-not-what, you have, without question, been pronounced "such a good fellow!" instead of the shabby humbug that you are. Your uncle is in the five acre with the dogs; your aunt is superintending some wonderful preserves—a *spécialité* of the house—which in course of preparation fill the room with an indefinable distant peachy odor; the maiden aunt nods visibly in the arm chair, only asserting her wakefulness at times by preternaturally intelligent questions; and now she is fairly gone; you are left clearly monarch of all you survey, with the sense of being a magnificent monarch too, and of diffusing pleasure among your subjects with generous self-sacrifice.

But the essential prerogative of novel reading as a relaxation is, that one can enjoy it anywhere, and at almost any time when enjoyment is possible. If one is sea-sick, or has the tooth-ache, or has

a suit in chancery, of course there is nothing for it but to be as miserable as possible, and get some satisfaction in that way. And it is some satisfaction to believe one's self by far the most unfortunate, ill-used, unhappy person in the world; it is a source of great dignity. The man who got *miserrimus* cut upon his tombstone must have had one pleasure all his own, when he reflected how far below him the poor folk were who knew only the positive and comparative degrees of wretchedness; and was it not Mrs. Pullet's chief support under the afflictions of life to remember that she had consumed more bottles of medicine than any woman in the parish? But nearly every one who has the capacity of happiness in him is capable of being made happier by a pleasant book. Croquet is a very charming game, but you cannot croquet on a winter's evening in the parlor. Advertisements tell us that some inventive tradesman will supply ladies and gentlemen with skates that run upon a drawing-room carpet. But unless the mistress of the drawing room be possessed with a generous desire to further the manufacture of Kidderminster or Brussels, she will probably object to this popular indoor amusement. An enthusiastic cricketer—a college friend of the writer—was, he remembers, many years since, often to be seen of a morning, in pink shirt and cap, bowling against a *Liddell and Scott* set up in the corner of his chamber. But, after all, these eminent lexicographers were unsatisfactory bats, and too invariably allowed themselves to be taken by a "twister." There are many people to whom *whist* is now a mystery, and in a company of six nominally well-educated persons (may these words not reach thine ear, dear shade of Sarah Battle!) one may be reduced to double dummies. And then, which of all these pleasures will make the hours pass, when a wet day finds you on your summer ramble among the lakes and mountains, and the lengths of gray cloud, and the incessant sound of the rain-fall forbid one footstep over the threshold? If you are wise, you will forget on such days that it is July or August, call for a fire in your bedroom, and order all the books in the house to be sent up. And sometimes your good fortune will surprise you. In a wild corner

of Ireland who could have expected to find a volume of the *Calcutta Magazine* for 1810, the hymns of Mr. Wesley, the *Adventures of an Atom*, and, best of all, a tattered copy of *Waverley*? In such company a man is superior to fate, and may laugh at the weather. And if a thunderstorm should ever keep the reader housed in the valley of the Aar, at Reichenbach, let him know that there is to be found in the dining-room book case, beside many other works of interest, a German version of the letters of that true English gentleman, Sir Charles Grandison, and of the Honorable Miss Harriet Byron. Get far into it while the rain sweeps down the hill sides, and keep all the while at the bottom of your heart an assurance that the sun will shine bright to-morrow on the descending, rocket-like shoots of the falls, and the delicate azure of the Rosenlauri ice field. And let us all thank these novel writers for the many pleasant hours they have given us, and for their preserving weather-bound travellers from a multitude of sins—grumbling, discontent, ill-temper, and (before dinner) determined misanthropy.

To come to another point, you must now suppose the last entire paragraph a parenthesis, and suppose that, dusk having fallen, the cousins' hands lie idle on their laps, and you have finished your reading aloud. In the conversation which immediately ensues you may learn something of the manner in which that important system of female ethics, and that transcendental female Philosophy of the Affections, with which we are all familiar, is developed and brought to perfection. If the hero of your novel has only made himself miserable enough, and remained unflinchingly constant, from the middle of the first volume till the naughty uncle is found dead over his ledger, and the will all right, in the last chapter but one, why then he must have been a hero indeed. And when you, with a shadowy reminiscence of some article in a recent *Saturday Review*, insinuate the low doctrine that a man may have two sincere attachments at once, or at least in a single lifetime, are you not peremptorily commanded "not to be horrible," and does not Fanny say to Anne not to mind Charley, for "*she knows* he does not believe half he says?"

And it is certainly trying to find yesterday evening's conversation so well remembered, when you admitted there were some men whose first love is the love of all their lives, and philosophized at large on the subject in a much sounder strain, arguing (after De Quincey) that a succession of *passioncles* exhausts the soil of the heart, and impairs the capacity for genuine and profound emotion. But you will retract nothing, and maintain, against much opposition, the consistency of all that you have put forth. Till, finding yourself sentenced to separation for heresy from all cousinly communion during an indefinite period of time, your contumacy gives way, and you profess a sincere desire for restoration, with a readiness to undergo any appointed penance after tea, whether it be listening to Beethoven upon the sofa, or going on with the novel, or holding skeins of Berlin wool on outstretched hands, while the soft yarn glides under and around and over, with a silent rhythm, or requires the approach of dainty fingers, and two serious eyes to release it from its deep entanglements. How refined is the casuistry of these little moralists—the subtle, angelical, seraphic little doctors! What eloquent pleaders they become when you arraign some favorite hero who loved not wisely, but too well! What charitable distinctions they discover! What store of recondite motives they suggest! How high a standard of morality they establish for uncles and hard-hearted guardians! Many of the thinkers of modern times have learned more of dialectic, of psychology, of ethics, from such conversations as these (this is literally true), than from all the *Summa Theologiæ* of Aquinas.

Seriously, we do want something to talk about, some personal malice not incentive of that sprightly malice (not to speak of the "malignant truth or lie") and that tell-tale gossip which leaves so bitter an after-taste on the lips of any kind or thoughtful person. It is not a pleasant thing to blush when we are alone. It is a very painful thing to long keenly and in vain to undo a moment's ill work of the tongue, the shame and sorrow of idle words—that hasty piece of injustice, that repetition of what was intended to be uttered but once, that exaggeration indulged at the expense of

truth and simplicity of mind, that sudden betrayal of the heart to an impulse of vanity, that unfortunate speech meant merely to fill a gap in conversation, but which wrung the nerves of some listener as sharply as if it had been purposely brutal. There is an awkwardness, and a painful acknowledgment of either intellectual indigence or want of mutual sympathy, when we discuss the weather three times on the same evening. But two novel readers who have not yet grown old, and have therefore life enough to dispense some of it on imaginary creations—these happy talkers have always subjects of conversation, rich with human interest, and opening constant opportunities for an interchange of opinions on the philosophy and the casuistry of life. Such themes did Wordsworth love best, and if the dearest were

"The gentle lady married to the Moor,
And heavenly Una with her milk-white
lamb,"

one who knew him well has told us that the poet could be happy in less divine company than Shakespeare's, and in a less ethereal world than Fairyland, loved Fielding well, and doubtless included in his personal themes some which we surely have not forgotten—the Adventures of Partridge, and Tom Jones, and Parson Adams, and Sophia Western, and the Squire, and Amelia, and Captain Booth. How many friends these novelists have given us whose doings and sayings we may pleasantly remind one another of, applaud, and censure, and laugh over, and grow tender to think of, even when the book has lain dusty on our shelves for months and months. One had rather lose sight of a good many of one's acquaintance than of that homely Wakefield family. One had rather have a good many doors closed on one than the doors of that hospitable little vicarage. Every room of it we know—we have seen the mantelpiece with the epitaph over it of the monogamist's only wife; the walls adorned with pictures of Sophy's and Livy's own designing; the bed "those boys" that got a lump of sugar each gave up to Mr. Burchell; and the closet where Deborah kept her gooseberry wine. Nor should we like to forget the Dominie Sampson, nor Jeanie Deans, nor Colonel Newcombe,

nor old Dob, nor Mark Tapley, nor Mrs. Gamp. A goodly company! Are you over grave? Here are merry people for you. Would you be quiet? Keep away the terrible folk who visit your sick room in obstreperous boots, sit upon your bed clothes, exhort you to cheer up, and maintain that you require to be roused; and call some of these gentle, tender people—Ruth Pinch if you will, or Mrs. Pendennis, to sit by you, and tell you about Tom or darling Arthur. And you may talk freely of them all. These patient shadows do not readily take offence. The most litigious of them will never bring you before a jury for slander. Here is a brave world, where you may walk about, and take your pleasure, and see life. The small and the great are here, kings and counsellors of the earth, and crossing-sweepers, and beggar-maids. And you understand them so thoroughly. Shadows!—they are as real to us as most men and women—ininitely more real than many of the unknown creatures whose smooth clothes and smooth faces we see perhaps every day of the year, never getting at the hearts of them; or those persons whom we might understand were we a little less eager to classify them, had we not made such complete and consistent characters for them, on the leading passion or some such theory, in our own dramatic imaginations.

And here we may take notice of a gain, perhaps the greatest gain, we can hope to derive from a novel. This dramatizing imagination of ours has its uses. Nay, without it life could not be a spiritual thing at all. Stimulated by love, and reacting upon love, it is the very soul of sympathy. It is the interpreter of man to man. Every action of our fellows is for us inhuman, merely mechanical, until we have ourselves put a soul behind it, until indeed we have played the dramatist, and become for a moment the man before us: and every action of ours is for others, until they have done the like, inhuman and mechanical. Uninterpreted by this wise, imaginative sympathy, our alma-deed is only so many pence, and a motion of the muscles of the face; interpreted, that motion stands for all the yearning with which our heart cries, though our lips are silent, "O my brother, O my poor

sister, I love, I pity you." This is a case in which no one could be dull enough to miss the meaning of man to man. But in the multitude of cases, subtler than this, the habit of ready, faithful, and charitable interpreting of man and woman by fellow-man and woman has been, we must believe, too feebly exercised. Surely, were it otherwise there would be more of tenderness, more of thoughtful kindness, more of mutual forbearance, more of charity; and less of hardness, less of ineffective good will, less of mutual interference, less of censoriousness. With some happy souls, indeed, this interpretation is a native power; they are the geniuses in social life or in literature, diffusing without an effort happiness and life; but with most of us it is in great part a habit to be patiently acquired. And just in proportion as it exists does life become a divine and spiritual thing, material facts becoming more and more the symbols of mental, till often, with two souls that have been loving students of one another, the mere "touch of hand, or turn of head," is the perfectest seal and declaration of an inward covenant which language is too pure a work of thought to express. Now we may consider this sympathy which we so much want to get, as made up of a wise imagination, love, self-knowledge, and experience. For love it is which gives us first the will, and then imagination gives us power and insight, and experience and reflection give us the empirical laws of this interpretation by sympathy. Good will alone, is not sufficient; it yearns and is powerless. There is, indeed, something very touching, we have all felt it, in love that strives to sympathize though it can understand but little (as in the devotion of a lower human intelligence to one it recognizes as higher, or even in the sad, mute eyes of a dog, conscious of his master's distress); but this love invariably weakens and breaks us down, instead of sustaining us. The "understanding heart" is so much better than the heart. Yet even this we too seldom find. For how very much of selfishness, and pride, and the blindness of pride, and the disease of superficial curiosity, is required to account for the amazing equanimity with which so many men endure all the sorrows of

their acquaintance, and of the world at large! But with their imaginations stifled under the pressure of over-much worldly work, unwatered by the dew which falls upon the heart in an hour of leisure and of peace, or, it may be, made gross by indulgence in things sensual, how can we hope that the unseen, the future, or the remote, will possess any reality to the minds of men? Before men can sympathize, they must be given the power, and acquire the perceptions of sight.

But what has all this to do with novels? Much, indeed; for our novelist (but he must be a thoroughly good one) will help us here, inasmuch as he will afford culture to that dramatizing imagination spoken of above, inasmuch as he will lead us to self-knowledge, and will give us, in a form most interesting and impressive, the record of his own reflections and observations concerning mental conditions, how they express themselves, and how they are commonly misunderstood. And it ought not to be forgotten that, but for this mode of utterance, many voices from which we have learned much, should have remained for ever silent; many lives should have passed out of the world comparatively unutilized. That nature, full of noble reserve and true womanliness (we can acknowledge so much now) which gave birth to *Villette* and *Jane Eyre*, in what form but that of fictitious narrative could it have declared itself? When Charlotte Brontë wrote in verse, she was scarcely a poet. She would have shrunk, perhaps too violently, from the anguish and exposure of an autobiography. But for that branch of literature to which, even in her childish years (so clear was the true tendency), she instinctively turned, a soul like hers, endowed with quite unique gifts, and possessing so rich though sorrowful an experience, could never have made us partakers of its wealth, could never even have fully realized that wealth for itself. Those wild lights intense in their joyousness and in their sadness, like the lights that we have seen sometimes pass over a troubled sea on a stormy day in June, could never have gleamed forth for us; we should have known somewhat less than we do know of the secrets of self-conflict, the life in solitude, and the

mysterious affinities which guide the elections of the heart.

The novelist who would afford much culture in sympathy must, we have said, be a thoroughly good one; for the automation manufacturer does not teach much about physiology, and those moral automats, called men and women in the story books, are alike deficient of heart and brain and bowels, and execute their simple movements by aid of a few powerful springs in them, called motives and leading passions, in a way altogether violent and mechanical. These are easy things to understand; but human beings are truly very hard things to understand, and are never to be quite made out. And yet, as Mr. Carlyle has taught us, there is no book so inept that it may not bring a lesson to somebody. Therefore, let these clothes - horse, speech-making heroes and heroines remain; they may be complex enough to give some reader a new hint regarding the constituents of character, among many simple folk there is so exceedingly rude a psychology, so exceedingly blank a chart of human nature. But it is not well that half-a-dozen principles of action should be resorted to as sufficiently explaining all the doings of men for the threescore years and ten. The consequence is strikingly evil; many an innocent look is interpreted as pride—how else could it be accounted for?—many an innocent saying as malice; characters are made out too readily, many natural varieties are regarded as monstrous growths, apparent inconsistencies of conduct are multiplied, and a false proportion is established between the recognized classes of emotions. How much too large a place, for instance, is allotted, in most rural parishes with which we are acquainted, to the truly important, yet, truly, not all-important, emotion of love; while in the very same place this "being in love" is understood to comprehend only a few of its least highly organized, and often most vulgar forms, popularly known as "setting her cap at him," "being soft on," and "desperately smitten," instead of including at least the three hundred and fifty-four distinct species, which the Germans have enumerated and classified. From all which facts we deduce the conclusion that valuable additions to the ele-

ments of bucolic mental science may be made by even the simple demoniac-geographic school of fiction—by analysts less searching and less profound than George Eliot, by observers not half so sensitive, so painstaking, or so honest as Jane Austen.

There are two different ways by which the novelist attains that truth which is necessary to render his work of value in the culture of sympathy, and the two writers just named may be taken to illustrate the difference. Not only are the ways in which truth is attained different, the truth itself, and the resulting culture, are different also. No English writers have been more earnest or successful realists in literature than Jane Austen and George Eliot. Their books (to borrow the epithet Dr. Johnson applied to Reynolds) are among the most "invulnerable" books we read. They have a sacred respect for truth, and will not be seduced from their calm self-possession to gain a dishonest effect, or make an unsound, telling point. A false touch would pain them (Jane Austen's sensibilities would suffer more, and George Eliot's conscience) though no one were to detect it but themselves. That sense of responsibility broods upon them, "which led the Greek to be as diligent in working out that part of the statue which would be hidden by the wall of the temple, as that part which would be exposed to the eye, 'because the gods would look upon them both.'" They love their work, and therefore finish the details in an untiring way. They are free from the impatience and anxiety to shine, which possess the merely clever artist. They are *great* artists, and are therefore calm, sincere, never unscrupulously brilliant. But these writers work after different methods, and the difference is one of much importance, and of wide application. Jane Austen is preëminently the novelist who attains by observation; George Eliot preëminently the novelist who attains by meditation. It must not, of course, be supposed that either possesses the one power to the exclusion of the other. Jane Austen's quick, clear, and faultless reading off of whatever she had heard and seen into its mental equivalent, was not acquired without much previous reflection; yet even here it is

noticeable the reflection was of a strictly observative kind, and not of that brooding kind which is allied to the creative imagination; it was simply internal observation. In like manner George Eliot is no mere self-analyst or self-evolver. She is an observer of wide range and exquisite delicacy, with an eye for some things Jane Austen never saw, or saw but dimly—the eddying flow of pleasant streams, the outlines and coloring of trees, the light forms and wayward caprices of clouds in spring, and many other such things; and, lastly, little children, both the angelical and the froward.* And here it is worth noticing, by the way, the strange circumstance that a woman so amiable as Miss Austen should nowhere throughout her writings have shown a loving sympathy with children; they are rarely more than glanced at from a grown-up, comparatively uninterested

* Is it possible that Miss Austen did see these things, and yet for some reason was silent about them? And if so, can we offer any conjecture as to what the reason may have been? In *Mansfield Park* occurs the following passage: "Their road was through a pleasant country; and Fanny, whose rides had never been extensive, was soon beyond her knowledge, and was very happy in observing all that was new, and admiring all that was pretty. . . . In observing the appearance of the country, the bearings of the roads, the difference of soil, the state of the harvest, the cottages, the cattle, the children, she found entertainment that could only have been heightened by having Edmund to speak to of what she felt. . . . Miss Crawford had none of Fanny's delicacy of tastes, of mind, of feeling; she saw nature, inanimate nature, with little observation; her attention was all for men and women; her talents for the light and lively."

Was Miss Austen's attention, then, *not* all for men and women? From her earliest, though last published work, *Northanger Abbey*, we learn how she started in literature in open antagonism to the romantic school of fiction; how her tendencies were deliberately set in opposition to that school. Is it possible that she might have said more about this "inanimate nature" if Mrs. Radcliffe had not said so much? All we can certainly affirm is, that if Miss Austen saw the external world, she saw it in the way of active observation, not in that effortless way in which the poetical spirits see, to whom the perception comes whole and unsought, and, if analyzed at all, is analyzed for the most part unconsciously, by the leadings of the sensations and sentiments which suffuse and mingle with it. She would have agreed with *Matthew* in thinking *William* somewhat of an idler, while he sat that morning, on the old gray stone, by Esthwaite lake.

NEW SERIES—Vol. III., No. 2.

point of view; they are troublesome little bodies of whom, as a general rule, the less we see the better; they are introduced in order that a gleam may be thrown upon the character of mother, or aunt, or friend, or visitor, from a new point of reflection; their own little lives are left unconsidered; there is no Eppie, no Totty Poyser, no Maggie or Tom Tulliver. The truth probably is that Miss Austen's own was a very ordinary childhood, and not one likely to attract the study of her mature mind; her powers were of a kind perhaps not usually much developed in early life; but however this may be, they were not such as would have made an interesting childhood, since the gains they brought would not have deposited themselves in the past, but be carried on to form a part of adult thought and feeling.

But, returning to the main subject, it is unquestionable that whatever points in common there are between these two great novelists, the difference is organic, and strongly marked. When Jane Austen reflects, she is moved to it upon the impulse or occasion of what she has observed. George Eliot meditates because she cannot choose but search into that wonderful nature of hers, and, searching, she finds that she contains within herself a wonderful world of men and women. Under the guidance of that inner light (with many a *prudens interrogatio* which is *dimidium scientiæ*), she looks abroad, observes, verifies all, and adds whatever sight can add to thought. In a word, Jane Austen seeks in herself the interpretation of the world. George Eliot finds in the world the interpretation and evolution of herself. Lord Macaulay has ranked Jane Austen among the writers who approach, in their presentation of character, nearest Shakespeare. And if we determine her position by the truth, sincerity, and perfection of her workmanship, this judgment is just. But her mind and manner of work were not Shakespearian. It is the great novelist of our own day who has wrought in Shakespeare's manner to the extent of a nature not universal like his, yet large and sympathetic.

And now observe the difference in the results obtained by these two modes of work. If Jane Austen's workmanship is Shakespearian, it is so in its thorough-

ness, delicacy, and perfection, not in its range and comprehensiveness. It is simply impossible that the range of an observer should be Shakespearian. Shakespeare himself did not find, and could not have found, his men and women in the narrow world of Stratford or London life. He found them in the great world of his own soul. Shakespeare did not see but *was* Hamlet, and Othello, Falstaff, and Jaques. Who so regal as Shakespeare's kings? Were they compounded, think you, from observations of a paltry James? The modern writer who is commonly supposed to have possessed the most of Shakespeare's spirit has fortunately made us acquainted with his method of working in an explicit declaration. "Knowledge of the world," said Goethe to Eckermann, "is inborn with the genuine poet, and he needs not much experience or varied observation to represent it. I wrote *Goetz von Berlichingen* as a young man of two and twenty, and was astonished ten years after at the truth of my delineation." But Goethe was not *subjective*? True, if you mean his writings are impersonal, but most false if you mean to imply that he was not profoundly introspective.

Not only, however, is the original store of characters at the command of the mere observer very limited, the development of these few characters is limited also. Not only would Shakespeare probably never have found an Othello in Fleet-street or Eastcheap—even had he been so fortunate, it is not likely that the Moor would appear to him otherwise than as the high-spirited, gracious gentleman he would be to strangers. But as things were, no secret of his heart or life was hidden from the poet, who followed him unseen, and was freer of every house in the wave-wed city, whether merchant's, or Moor's, or senator's, than the Duke himself or any magnifico. Far otherwise is it with the admirable authoress of *Manfield Park* and *Emma*. First, her whole field of study lies in a single level of English society, and everything beside, in the heaven above and in the earth beneath, is viewed from that level. Humble life does not exist for her in itself, with its own joys and sorrows; it exists only in relation to the people of the Park or the Hall. She accepts as adequate the dic-

tionary's logical definition of servant: "One who serves, whether male or female—correlative of master, mistress, or employer." The same scenery appears for all the dramas, and there is little shifting of it during each piece. It is always, "Scene, a gentleman's residence in the country, or his house in Bath or London," with that memorable exception when the curtain rises to place us among the Prices of Southampton. These are exquisite pictures—not photographs, because no work of actinism and collodion is illuminated with the light of artistic consciousness which illuminates these, nor is pervaded by that subtle charm which, bringing all the soul into the face, renders one of these delicate miniatures of our beautiful mothers or grandmothers in youth, a far truer likeness than any of the grim, stony faces which stare at one another in our modern albums. But, secondly, the development of character in Miss Austen's novels is not broad. The baronet, the officer, the lawyer, the rector, the rector's wife, and all the young ladies, get through life, as most people do, in a very quiet way, between visits, drives, dances, dinners, "explorings," private theatricals, and an occasional elopement. There is no deep passion stirred, no lofty purpose embraced, the mandate of a higher than prudential wisdom (there is no occasion for it), no moment of rapturous self-devotion, no struggle against terrible temptation, no sound of the bitter cry (which, God knows, is often simple truth), "All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me." The essentially solitary emotions of the soul are left quite unexpressed. Those passages of life which are not rich in social incidents, though they may be rich in spiritual progress or decline, are not detailed. Solitude, with Miss Austen, means usually retiring from society to one's bedroom or elsewhere, and thinking about it. A strong mind, a sweet temper, and a high sense of duty may be developed without the life in solitude; but hardly a spiritual nature. And in Jane Austen's heroines we find all the former in a remarkable degree; but the latter we do not so much directly perceive, as infer from the grace and harmony of the character in its social movements, impressing us with the sense of a complete-

ness, orderliness, and even balance in the powers of the soul—the Platonic *dikaiousune*—which could not exist if any of the more important of them were absent or depressed. From *Anne Elliot* we learn much; but with all her weakness (the weakness of a nature full of unappropriated strength) we receive a more momentous spiritual impulse from *Maggie Tulliver*; not simply because the elements of her character were more massive, and of more regal power, but because we are brought immediately into contact with those elements which are especially life-giving, those which are most fully charged with the electric energy of the soul. And who will estimate lives by their apparent success or failure? *Maggie's* life was a failure, precisely because the forces in her nature were all so strong, her rich sensuousness, her profound emotions, her intense spiritual cravings. They were in conflict, not in harmony, it is true, and hence the weakness and the sorrow. But Dorlcote Mill and St. Oggs were not the best places, nor Thomas à Kempis and a very materialistic brother (a mere moralist) the most favorable persons for inducing the harmonious development of faculties like hers. In the writings of Jane Austen there is earnest and faultless realism, and the masterful quiet of conscious power; but there are in life higher realities than those she has considered, and they can be attained only by a different method.

And now let us see how these two kinds of novels afford different kinds of culture to the reader. No one, with any openness of spirit, can read Jane Austen's novels without insensibly receiving the power, more or less, of sympathetic interpretation in the ordinary intercourse of social life. The instruction thus afforded is as if we were taken into the very places and company represented, and saw unfolded the inner meaning of all the natural and conventional symbolism before us. We are made thoughtfuller by this and tenderer; wiser, too, for we learn much about petty vanity and petty malice. We learn to detect much latent self-flattery in the conversation of ourselves and of those around us. We come to discriminate the various social intonations (written or spoken) which, as in monosyllabic languages, determine the various significances of

sounds that have no appreciable difference to the uneducated ear. We are taught to recognize the piece of shy love, or lurking selfishness, or delicate deceit, by a single twinkle in the sunlight, before it is aware of itself and retreats; and we thus gain in power, becoming masters of the situation. And we learn also a great deal about the little daily cares and anxieties and desires of others; we learn to understand their nature, and rightly to anticipate, divine, and make allowance for them. But George Eliot, not neglecting this, though doing it less thoroughly, teaches us higher things with the same truth. She too makes us wiser and tenderer—wiser and tenderer by showing us the entire history of certain wonderful human souls, making them declare themselves even when they are most alone, and making us accept and understand them even when they are taken in the toils of calamity or of sin. "I sedulously disciplined my mind," wrote Spinoza, "neither to laugh at, nor bewail, nor detest the actions of men; but to understand them." In the same spirit has George Eliot thought and written. And with her, the result of understanding men, notwithstanding all their poverty of intellect, and all their feebleness of will, as it must ever be, is love. A poor, diseased, dim-eyed, miserly Silas Marner even has sight in his eyes and room on his breast for the golden curls of Eppie, and may be called father by his adopted child.

In the literature of power (to use the happy terminology of De Quincey), the novel ranks next after the poem. It is, in both, the high function of genius to repossess with life and force those great practical truths which from their very familiarity and universal recognition, have become inoperative in the soul.* And here we must acknowledge a certain deficiency in the writings of Jane Austen. The truths she teaches are not the great elementary principles of existence; they are rather what Bacon would call the *axiomata media* of living wisely. As a moralist she is not profounder than Addison, though on the same level she makes subtler and more original discoveries. She does not enter that region where discoveries are impos-

* Coleridge: *The Friend*, vol. I., Essay xv.

sible, because it is deep within us, and "as old as human reason," because the laws which operate there are few, well-known, and of import in every time and place. Jane Austen does not attempt to revive in us a sense of the strength that comes by self-renunciation, of the moral operancy of suffering, of the indestructible causative power existing in every deed done, of the truth of that which Coleridge has called the first axiom of human prudence—"that there is a wisdom higher than prudence itself." But perhaps these grave principles cannot be effectively or suitably taught in a work of fiction? The answer will be found in the works of that writer whom we have been comparing with Jane Austen, in which such principles as these control the movement of the narrative, and form the means of its evolution. And yet these are no novels-of-purpose, no temperance prize tales, no apologues whose moral is the blessedness of the man that feareth the rubrics, or the joy that comes upon a parish (and especially upon one young female parishoner) from the presence of an evangelical curate. We know those novels-of-purpose at a glance; we are indignant with the man who would entice us into listening to his homily under pretence of amusing us; we see the sulphur in that treacle, pah! and will none of it. We have begun to doubt the reality of those stories that wind finely up with the orthodox piece of poetical justice, and much more to doubt the soundness of their ethical tendency. We do not think such teaching very interesting or very noble. We know the end beforehand. Naughty Harry will infallibly be torn by the lion, and the amiable brother will feast on cakes and apples. The boy who eats his neighbor's fruit is predestinated to the stomach-ache, which, present or prospective in a severer or a slighter form, is a notable agent in the regeneration of the soul. We will not have lives manufactured to order. But sometimes it happens that a real life does speak audibly to some one, whispering, it may be, words of comfort and of joy, or uttering, it may be, terrible warning and denouncement; and *will* have its whole tale told; nothing suppressed because it might startle the conventions and proprieties and pruderies; will have the

entire life, the light and the dark of it painted—the weakness, the iron consequence, the bitter sorrow, and then—no more than this, no explanatory sermon, "He that hath ears to hear let him hear." Such teaching is great, and often sad, but always sound, and always has some hope in it, because it is the teaching of truth and nature, and of a world which, after all, is not the devil's, but God's.

There remains another of the more important uses of fiction to notice, with which this paper may conclude. And here Mr. Mill has spoken so wisely and yet so warmly, that we may well be silent. "The time was," (Mr. Mill wrote these words in 1838) "when it was thought that the best and most appropriate office of fictitious narrative was to awaken high aspirations, by the representation in interesting circumstances, of characters conformable indeed to human nature, but whose actions and sentiments were of a more generous and loftier cast than are ordinarily to be met with by everybody in every-day life. But nowadays nature and probability are thought to be violated if there be shown to the reader, in the personages with whom he is called upon to sympathize, characters on a larger scale than himself or than the persons he is accustomed to meet at a dinner or a quadrille party. Yet, from such representations, familiar from early youth, have not only the noblest minds in modern Europe derived much of what made them noble, but even the commoner spirits what made them understand and respond to nobleness. And *this* is education. It would be well if the more narrow-minded portion both of the religious and of the scientific education-mongers would consider whether the books which they are banishing from the hands of youth were not instruments of national education to the full as powerful as the catalogues of physical facts and theological dogmas which they have substituted — as if science and religion were to be taught not by imbuing the mind with their spirit, but by cramming the memory with summaries of their conclusions. Not what a boy or a girl can repeat by rote, but what they have learned to love and admire, is what forms their character. The chivalrous spirit has almost disappeared from books of education;

the popular novels of the day teach nothing but (what is already too soon learned from actual life) lessons of worldliness, with at most the huckstering virtues which conduce to getting on in the world; and for the first time perhaps in history, the youth of both sexes of the educated classes are universally growing up unromantic. What will come in mature age from such a youth the world has not yet had time to see. But the world may rely upon it that catechisms, whether Pinnock's or the Church of England's, will be found a poor substitute for those old romances, whether of chivalry or of faëry, which if they did not give a true picture of actual life, did not give a false one, since they did not profess to give any, but (what was much better) filled the youthful imagination with pictures of heroic men, and of what are at least as much wanted, heroic women."*

To combine the presentation of an ideal—a true and noble ideal—with the culture of sympathy should be the aim of the writer of fiction who desires that his work should be the highest of its kind. And to do this is possible.

DECEM.

Bentley's Miscellany.

MY SISTER BIATRICE.

THE most critical judges in female beauty would have pronounced Biatrice, my only sister, to be a lovely girl. She was rather short than tall, with a slight, graceful figure, a delicately fair complexion, soft light hair, on which was shed a golden hue to relieve it from that colorless appearance which gives often an insipid look to the countenance, while her eyes were large, blue, and liquid. I never considered myself possessed of the talent of describing ladies, so that I do not feel I have done her justice. All I can say, in addition, is, that I considered her the most beautiful creature in existence.

It must be understood that I was a boy, and that she had attained the mature age of nineteen. I have an idea that she was somewhat spoiled, slightly self-willed, and obstinate, but, as she

was always gentle and good-natured to me, I did not discover her faults. To be sure, she always made me do exactly what she wished, and I never dreamed of running restive, nor doubted that she was in the right.

We were the only children of Colonel Travers, of the East India Company's service. We were born in India, and had been sent home with our mother, who died when I was about five years old. She was very beautiful, and I believe that Biatrice was like her. I scarcely remember my father. He came to England on leave soon after our mother's death, was inconsolable at first, but, after remaining two years, went back with a young wife. After that, as far as I could judge, he troubled himself very little about me. He talked in his letters, which were few and far between, addressed to our aunt, under whose charge we were left, of sending for Biatrice, but no time was fixed, and no arrangements ever made. I suspect that the young wife was at the bottom of this. Possibly she might not have wished for a rival queen in her domestic circle. Whatever was the cause, I gained the advantage of not being separated from the only being I loved or cared for in the world except my dog Toby. I did not, I confess, love Aunt Belinda, as she desired to be designated by us, with whom we lived, nor Uncle Brimbleby, who occasionally paid us a visit. I do not know if anybody ever did love Aunt Belinda. I know that Biatrice did not. She said that she had tried very hard ever since the mistress at school had told her that she ought to do so, but that, try as much as possible, she could not yet. Aunt Belinda was our mother's half-sister. They were curiously unlike each other. Our grandfather had married twice, and our mother was the only child of his young and pretty second wife. Aunt Belinda's mother was well advanced in years before she and Uncle Brimbleby were born. I do not know if that had anything to do with making her what she was. Miss Brimbleby, as the world called her, though she wished to be called Miss Belinda Brimbleby, looked as if she never had been young. She was tall and thin, with a parchment complexion variegated with freckles;

* *Dissertations and Discussions*, vol. 1.—"A Prophecy."

her lips were thin, and her mouth so pursed up that it was a wonder she could get sufficient food into it to sustain life. I had a bladder for a football, and its mouth always put me in mind of hers. I would as soon have been kissed by one as the other. She did not often favor me—only when I went to school, and came back for the holidays. Her eyes, which were gray, and small, and lusterless, were ornamented on either side by queer crow's feet, which curled away till hid by the pale hair, which came down in broad plaits over her thin temples. And then her dress—it was a pattern of propriety and primness certainly, but, like herself, it was very unattractive. Her moral character was of the same description. I can best describe it as being the essence of primness. Her charity might have covered a multitude of sins, but in that case they must have been remarkably small ones. I shocked her very much once upon a time, when, after she had been describing her notion of heaven to me, which appeared to me to be that of a very strict, dull place, I sighed, and asked, if I was compelled to go there, she did not think I might be allowed a little imp to play with. Her only brother, our uncle, Barnaby Brimbleby, was unlike her in every respect. He was a soft, easy-going soul in person as in mind. She was thin and angular, he was fat and round, his skin well filled out, almost to bursting, but it looked too unctuous and expansible for that. He was addicted to laughing and telling stories, but they were of a somewhat dreamy, drowsy character; he puffed and sighed inordinately at times, and in hot weather his too solid flesh looked as if it would altogether melt away, and resolve itself into dew. We liked him better than we did Aunt Belinda, but we had no great respect for him or for his opinions. However, we saw much less of him than we did of our aunt, as he had a snug government office in London, and only occasionally came down into Hampshire, where Miss Brimbleby lived. Such were the two persons to whom was intrusted the bringing up of my sister and myself, and in process of time the bringing out of Biatrice. The latter important ceremony had lately been performed at a large tea-party, or, as it was called,

a *soirée* or *conversazione*, at the house of Miss Dulcinea Dewlap, the bosom friend and confidante of Aunt Belinda. That is to say, if it were possible that Aunt Belinda could have such a thing as a bosom friend, Miss Dewlap was that friend. I doubted the fact. For her sweet Belinda, Miss Dewlap protested that she would do anything, and, to prove her affection, gave the tea-party in question, that, as she worded it, her dear friend might have an opportunity, under circumstances the most favorable, of presenting her charming nieces to her numerous and admiring acquaintances. I had that very afternoon come home for the summer holidays, and was taken to the party. I thought the whole affair very dull and stupid. There were a great many old women in turbans or thickly-beribboned caps, and very few young ones, and some men, mostly of a very sawny description, and there was some unharmonious music, vocal and instrumental—the latter I liked best, as everybody talked—and a card-table in one corner of the room, and another in the centre covered with prints. When I had eaten as much bread and butter and cake, and drank as many cups of coffee and tea as I could persuade the green-grocer waiter to give me, I had nothing else to do, and looking over prints at the best of times is dull work, but in a hot room between nine and twelve at night it is insufferable, so I got up into an arm-chair in a corner, and, as the green tea and coffee kept me awake, I watched what was going on.

Biatrice declared that the party was very pleasant. I suppose she thought so on account of a dark, bewhiskered, mustachioed man, who certainly paid her great attention; but then she was the only pretty girl in the room, and he was the only manly-looking fellow present. I did not like his looks, though. His countenance was handsome, but his eyes were fierce, and there was a coarse, sensual expression about his mouth, which, though at the time I did not understand, made me dislike his looks. It was evident that Miss Dewlap thought a great deal of him, and believed that she was doing Biatrice a great favor in introducing him.

He at once began to talk in the most easy, familiar manner, as if he had known

her all her life, with a gaze which showed the most unbounded admiration. He addressed scarcely a word to any one else for the rest of the evening, and Biatrice showed by her looks that she was greatly pleased with him. She was thoroughly unversed in reading the human countenance. Artless and unsophisticated herself, she had no notion of the amount of deceit and treachery to be found in others. Still Biatrice had a good deal of character—she possessed courage and determination—only as yet there had been nothing to call it forth.

"Who is that handsome man?" I heard an elderly spinster near me inquire of a beturbaned stout dame.

"Oh! talking to that pretty, fair girl," answered the other. "He is a Major Gormanston, or O'Gorman, I am not sure which. Immensely rich, I am told, but somewhat of a *roué*—a regular lady-killer, it is whispered."

"That does not much matter," said the spinster, with a simper. "He'll reform, and make all the better husband. Men always do who have sown their wild oats, and of course, if he has a large fortune, he must be thinking of marrying."

"I am not quite so certain of the correctness of either of your statements, my dear," said the dame. "I have known facts which might prove the contrary. But tell me, who is that pretty girl to whom he is talking?"

"She is a Miss Travers, niece of an old Miss Brimbleby, who resides near here, and who, it is said, will leave her all her property; but she has a rich uncle who will give her far more, and besides this, she has some twenty thousand pounds of her own."

"An heiress, and young and pretty! No wonder the gallant major pays her attention," quoth the dame, in a tone which betokened incredulity as to the amount of my sister's expectations.

It was the first time that I had ever heard of her being an heiress, nor did I believe that she was so. I only knew that she dressed well, had plenty of money, and gave me as much as I wanted. I scarcely indeed at that time understood what being an heiress meant, but I concluded that it was something desirable, as it made the gallant major pay my sister attention.

A movement soon afterwards took place in the room, in consequence of two of the younger ladies being led up to the piano by a like number of the soft-looking young men; and the major seized the opportunity of leading my sister towards the corner where I was sitting, and where they would be more out of earshot of the rest of the guests, some of whom might have been listening to his remarks. That he was pushing on the attack in the style and self-confidence of an old practiced campaigner, I might soon have discovered, from what I overheard.

"For myself, I am not a marrying man," he remarked, *à propos* to something he had said before, I conclude, giving at the same time a careless twirl to his moustache. "Any woman who could attract, or I would rather say enchain me, must possess very rare qualities—beauty, talent, sense, liveliness, spirituality, independence of thought, courage; not often to be found, I grant; but for lack of them in those who have attracted me, I am still a free bachelor."

"I should think that such qualities are rarely found in a woman at all. I certainly know of no one possessing them," said my sister, looking up with a frank smile, totally unconscious of the trap laid for her.

"Perhaps you, Miss Travers, have never reflected on the qualities you yourself possess?" said the major, fixing his dark eyes on her with a basilisk glance, which made even me, as I sat up in my snug corner, shrink into myself and shudder, as a person does when it is said that his enemy is walking over his grave. I do not know exactly what effect that glance and those remarks had upon Biatrice, but she was silent for some time, and her neck was slightly bent forward. The major saw his advantage. "I cannot boast of any great talents," he continued, "but there is one I possess in a remarkable degree—that of discerning characters. You will not be surprised, therefore, when I tell you that I already know more of you than you do of yourself, and I can assure you, Miss Travers, that you do possess the very qualities I so highly value."

Again the major cast a glance, intended to express admiration, full into the eyes of poor Biatrice.

Had she known more of the world

and the wickedness that is in it, she might have turned away and endeavored to avoid the attentions of the man; but her innocence blinded her, and prevented her seeing that he was merely playing a part—expressing those sentiments which he believed would suit his purpose.

"I must be forthwith introduced to your aunt," I heard him say. "Miss Dewlap will do me that honor. I will not ask you. She may say something in my favor. You have an uncle, you told me; I should like to be introduced to him also."

Biatrice was not aware that she had mentioned her uncle, and said that he was not present—indeed, seldom visited her aunt.

I saw her eyes follow the major round the room till he had explained his wishes to Miss Dewlap. That lady then presented him in form to Aunt Belinda. Her reception of him was far from gracious; but, nothing daunted, he placed himself by her side, and commenced a fusillade of small-talk, with which he hoped, I suppose, to silence the opposition of the old maid before he opened fire with the more powerful artillery on which he relied for victory. Aunt Belinda, however, sat entrenched behind works which completely baffled his stratagem. He began by praising Biatrice, and the admirable way in which she had been brought up; but he soon found that that line of attack would produce no effect. He then boldly complimented Miss Belinda herself on her own mind and sense and beauty; but the subject of his eulogium only pursed up her mouth more tightly than before, and turned her cold gray eyes slowly round on his audacious countenance, when, after a moment's pause, her lips parted to allow the monosyllable "Sir!" to escape them, and then closed as firmly as before. Still undaunted, the major persevered till he had extorted a reluctant consent from Aunt Belinda to his proposal to call the next day with a song which he averred my sister Biatrice had set her heart on possessing, though, to the best of my belief, she had not at that time even heard its name.

A move was now made to the supper-room. He would have offered his arm to Aunt Belinda, but Miss Dewlap insisted that he should take in Miss Tra-

vers. He, I have no doubt, considered that it would have been better policy on his part to have taken in the old lady. I, of course, slipped down among the first, that I might have time to survey the good things, and select those which promised to afford most satisfaction to my palate. I decided upon eating a portion of every dish, if I could get it. I watched the major with rather a jealous eye; for after he had helped Biatrice, from the way in which he shovelled the chicken and ham and jellies and tinsycake under his huge mustachios, and poured the wine down his capacious throat, I feared that my share of the good things would be greatly diminished.

Before the supper-room was empty the carriages were ordered, and I had scarcely finished a second round of the table when Miss Brimbleby's carriage was announced. I found the major putting on Biatrice's cape. As he did so he whispered in her ear, but quite loud enough for others to hear, "I have your kind aunt's permission to call to-morrow with that sweet song I described to you. At what hour shall I find you at home?"

Biatrice mentioned our luncheon-hour, and from the way he ventured to press her hand he must have felt wonderful confidence in his own powers of fascination.

Miss Brimbleby, with no very tender glance, declined his services, and put on her shawl and hood herself. From the face he made behind her back, and which Biatrice did not notice, though I did, it was evident that there was no love lost between our aunt and him. As we drove home Aunt Belinda called Biatrice roundly to task for encouraging the major.

"A nasty hairy big man!" she exclaimed at length. "I wonder you could allow him to sit by you all the evening. I should have got up and run out of the room sooner. He smokes, I know, and eats like an ogre!"

Poor Biatrice could say nothing; but I do not think Aunt Belinda gained anything by abusing the major. I was certainly not well disposed towards him, but I held my tongue.

The next morning, who should walk into the breakfast-room but honest Bob Hazlewood, the son of an old friend of our mother's, and an officer in the navy.

He had broad shoulders, a fine open countenance, with blue eyes, and crisply-curling light hair with a rich auburn tinge. I describe him, because he was very unlike Major O'Gorman, and because I loved him as a brother. He was six or seven years older than Biatrice at least, and since she was a child had, I believed, always admired her, till within the last two or three years, when, during the few weeks in that time he had been on shore, he had treated her with much more formality and respect than I at least thought consistent with the regard I believed him to feel. He even addressed her as "Miss Travers," and spoke of me as "her brother Thomas." Aunt Belinda liked him better than any other being of the male species. She had known his father, and had once told Biatrice, when in a confidential mood, that she might have been, or ought to have been, or thought she might have been, Mrs. Hazlewood. He shook hands frankly all round, and, taking his seat, exclaimed: "I have come to receive your congratulations, which I am sure you will give me, Miss Brimbleby, and I hope you will, Miss Travers, and Tom—no fear of you—when I tell you that I have just received my commission as Commander, and that I may now call myself Captain Hazlewood."

"Very glad indeed to hear it, Captain Hazlewood," said Aunt Belinda, with more warmth than I thought she would exhibit.

Biatrice also said that she was glad to hear it, but with far less warmth than I should have expected. I jumped up and exclaimed:

"Then you'll take me to sea with you, won't you, Bob? Do, there's a good fellow. I know you will."

He had taught me to call him Bob when I was a little child, and I had done so ever since.

"If I do, Tom, you must not call me Bob any longer. It wouldn't do for a midshipman to call his captain Bob, eh?" and he laughed heartily at the notion.

Even Aunt Belinda's thin lips curled into a smile, though she did not consider it correct to indulge in any loud cachinnation. Biatrice condescended also to laugh, and I promised vehemently that I would never again call him Bob if he would undertake to make me a midship-

man. He at length promised to take me, provided I could obtain my uncle's consent, as soon as he could get a ship. We were altogether a very merry party, and I heartily wished, when he was going away, that he was coming back to luncheon instead of Major O'Gorman.

He promised to come and see us as often as he could while he was on shore, which I thought was very good-natured. He was going up to town in the afternoon, to attend the levee on his promotion, and as he had business besides, he would be absent for some days.

Luncheon was not over when Major O'Gorman was announced, and without being invited he walked in, following close on the heels of the servant, and took his seat at the table, as if he was an old acquaintance.

Aunt Belinda received him with a bow which would have frozen most men, and my sister blushed in a way which surprised me; but, unabashed by the cold bow, and pretending not to observe the effect his appearance had produced on the young girl, he unfolded a napkin which had been placed by mistake for Captain Hazlewood, and observed:

"You see, Miss Brimbleby, that I am a man of my word. I ought to have been a hundred miles away by this time, with the *dépôt* of my regiment; but I would run any risk rather than not fulfil a self-imposed duty—a very delightful one, I own. I have brought the song, and the only favor I ask is to be allowed to sing it with you, Miss Travers."

Biatrice, in spite of our aunt's frowns, accepted his offer, and he then, as if unconsciously, helped himself to some pickled salmon and a glass of sherry, which he finished with astounding rapidity, and then, stretching out his arm, helped himself to some other viands, replenishing his glass till he had emptied the decanter.

Aunt Belinda gazed aghast at the man's impudence, and I thought would have fainted with astonishment. I wondered that Biatrice did not perceive his objectionable character; but the truth is, she was under a species of infatuation, which prevented her from thinking that anything he did could be wrong. On finishing the bottle, he proposed going to the drawing-room, and, undoing a roll, produced, not one, but several

songs, which he proposed that Biatrice, or that he himself should sing. He had a fine bass voice, and understood music perfectly, and as Biatrice sang very sweetly, I stayed in to listen.

He spent the greater part of the afternoon in the house, and would have forced an invitation to dinner from our aunt, had she given him the slightest opening. After this he came day after day, making himself completely at home, and having forgotten, apparently, all about his regimental duties.

Had it not been for her regard for Miss Dewlap, our aunt would not have allowed this intimacy. At length, however, after a somewhat lengthened visit to that lady, which she paid alone, on her return home she called Biatrice into the drawing-room, and screwing up her lips even more tightly than usual, carefully closed the door, and nodded to her to sit down. I had coiled myself away in an arm-chair, reading a book of sea adventure, and she did not discover me.

"Niece, I find that Major O'Gorman is a base deceiver, though I cannot say that the information surprises me," she began. "He has been making love to Miss Dewlap, and now he makes love to you."

"I can scarcely believe that Major O'Gorman would have made love to Miss Dewlap," said Biatrice, quietly.

"Why not, miss?" asked Aunt Belinda, tartly.

"Because she is an old woman, and the major tells me that he has the greatest difficulty in behaving with common politeness to old women," said Biatrice, with a touch of malice in her voice, which was very wrong.

"Does he?" shrilly screamed Aunt Belinda. "Does he dare to call Dulcinea Dewlap an old woman? Why, she is younger than I am."

"He does not know that. He called her one certainly, but he could not wish to say anything rude to you, aunt," said Biatrice, feeling that she had gone too far.

"Doesn't he?" cried our aunt, more excited than I had ever before seen her. "I'll tell you what, though, if he ever enters this house again, I'll send for Dulcinea Dewlap, and confront him with her."

"Perhaps, aunt, Miss Dewlap only

thought that the major was making love; she might easily have been mistaken," said Biatrice, in a soothing voice.

"Only thought! As if a woman doesn't know when a man is making love to her," shrilly cried our aunt. "What do you say to his taking her in his arms and kissing her? What do you call that, miss?"

Poor Biatrice blushed, for undoubtedly the major had treated her in the same manner the last time he had called, when our aunt was out of the room, and I happened to have climbed up to look in at the drawing-room window.

After this the major did not come for two or three days. Just then Uncle Brimbleby wrote word that he should be down upon us before long, and hoped to see blooming cheeks and smiling faces.

I was afraid, knowing how affairs stood with Biatrice, that she would exhibit neither one nor the other. I never had seen her so out of spirits in my life before. I suggested that a walk would do her good, and she agreed, inviting me to accompany her. We had not gone far, when the major overtook us. He seemed delighted to meet her, and was far more subdued and gentle than usual. She did not disguise her feelings. As we walked on, she told him that Uncle Brimbleby was coming down to remain a few days, and gave a very clear and full description of his character.

"Then I must make the acquaintance of the old gentleman, and win him over," exclaimed the major. "If I can but get half an hour's conversation with him, we'll checkmate the old lady."

Biatrice charged me, at the risk of her displeasure, not to let our aunt know that she had met the major. After this, she frequently went out to enjoy a little fresh air in the evening, when our aunt was enjoying her after-dinner nap, or fancied that she was in her room. I had no doubt that on those occasions she met the major, but I could not bring myself to betray her; indeed, I did not see at that time, boy as I was, that any harm could come from what she was doing.

The day after Uncle Brimbleby arrived the major called, and the footman,

supposing that he was to be admitted at once, ushered him into the study, where my uncle and I were seated, my uncle looking over papers of importance, and I filing them according to his directions. A stranger would, on seeing Uncle Brimbleby, have considered him a remarkably soft, easy-going, pliable, and credulous person, on whom any knave might impose with the most barefaced effrontery, and be certain of success. The major, who piqued himself on his knowledge of human nature and his discernment of character, took a measure, as he thought, of his man at a glance, and prepared to act accordingly. Uncle Brimbleby received him with a good-natured, cordial smile, which further deceived him.

"It affords me infinite pleasure—indeed it does—Mr. Brimbleby, to make your acquaintance at length," he began, with one of his most attractive bows. "Your kind and excellent sister, Miss Brimbleby, I have to thank for her most generous hospitality; your sweet niece I dare not trust myself to panegyryze, lest I might appear to exaggerate the sentiments she has inspired; and you, Mr. Brimbleby, will, I am sure, obtain all that respect and regard which I feel so anxious to bestow."

My uncle's cheeks had been swelling out as the major run on, till they appeared ready to burst. At length, unable to contain more wind, he let it escape, with the ejaculation, "Oh!" adding, "Go on, pray; you've said nothing about Tom there."

The major was somewhat nonplussed at this, but, regaining his presence of mind, he remarked: "A very fine little fellow! will some day make a major-general or a lord chancellor; but, as I was saying, Mr. Brimbleby, the admiration which I feel——"

"Infinitely surpasses what I feel for *you*, Major O'Gorman," said my uncle, interrupting him. "I have too long lived within the sound of Bow bells, not to make a pretty shrewd guess, when I see a man, what he is worth. We understand each other. Let me ask, therefore, what is your object in seeking the acquaintance of my family?"

The major cast an inquiring look at the mild, pliant, rotund countenance of my uncle. He probably thought that

it was impossible such a man could be very determined or severe. At all events, it was neck-or-nothing with him. Again he scrutinized my uncle's face—those pink cheeks—that beardless chin—their possessor could be no match for him.

"To be frank with you, Mr. Brimbleby," he exclaimed, putting his hand to his heart, "I have sought the acquaintance of your family for one sole object—that I might woo and win, and lead to the altar of Hymen, your admirable, your sweet, your adorable niece."

"Ah! I am glad that you have been thus explicit, Major O'Gorman, because I wish to be equally explicit with you," answered my uncle, looking as amiable as if he were saying something very pleasant. "I do not desire your acquaintance, nor does my sister; and, as the guardian of my niece, I am resolved not to allow her to marry one who values her fortune more than herself, and who, I consider, from his antecedents, is not calculated to prove a good husband, or to make her happy. In my sister's name, I forbid you this house, and have to assure you that we shall both be very glad to hear that you have quitted this neighborhood. Good morning, Major O'Gorman. Tom, ring the bell."

I gladly jumped up to do as I was bid, and probably showed in my countenance the satisfaction I felt.

The major seized his hat, and, twisting his mustachios, approached the door, scarcely deigning even to bow as the servant opened it, and he left the room, giving me a glance, as he did so, expressive of anything but brotherly affection. I watched him out of the house with infinite satisfaction.

The very next day Captain Hazlewood returned. I could not tell how Biatrice could have heard of the major's final dismissal from the house; but I supposed that she must have done so, judging from the very cold, repellent manner with which she received my future commander. I could not understand why she should treat him so, unless the major had abused him during his absence, which I thought possible. He looked puzzled and hurt, but laughed and joked with Uncle Brimbleby, with whom he was an especial favorite. Aunt Belinda never joked with any-

body, but an occasional slight relaxation of the puckers round her mouth indicated the nearest approach to a smile in which she ever indulged. Even Biatrice after a time thawed a little, and treated him with somewhat of her old cordiality. He observed the change, and his spirits rose even higher than before. I was very nearly certain that Captain Hazlewood was very fond of my sister, but he was not a man to tell his love, unless he believed that there was a fair possibility of its being returned. He called me aside during the morning, and, telling me that he had been promised a ship to which he expected to be appointed in a day or two, asked me if I should be ready to accompany him. What! leave books and school, and tasks and impositions, and start off to see the world in company with so kind a friend? I did not require a moment's consideration to say "Yes" with all my heart, and he promised to obtain my uncle's leave. He told me that we might possibly be absent three or four years, and this—young as I was—made me think a good deal what would become of Beatrice in the mean time. I watched her narrowly, and observed that she became more and more unlike herself every day. Her evening walks were renewed, and, as she did not invite me to accompany her, I resolved to follow, that in case she might get into any danger, I might be at hand to assist her. I had an undefined notion that she was running some risk by going out by herself, without the knowledge of our uncle and aunt. When she went out I slipped after her. She did not go beyond the garden, and I soon discovered the reason why she went there, by seeing the major climb over the wall and join her. I could not get near enough to hear what he said, without the risk of being discovered; but I longed to do so, though perfectly aware that eavesdropping was not a creditable proceeding, yet, under the circumstances, I considered that I was justified in practicing it if I could.

I determined the next evening to hide myself away nearer the spot before she went out. The major soon disappeared over the wall, and she returned to the house. The next evening everything favored me. Our uncle had to go out

to some public meeting, and our aunt, who had had a headache all day, fell asleep after tea. On seeing this, I hurried out into the garden, and, taking a circuitous route, reached the spot I had selected for an ambuscade. I waited and waited till I began to fear that the lovers had appointed a different place for their meeting. I was greatly relieved when I heard Biatrice's light step on the path, and saw the major's hirsute countenance as it rose above the wall. I am not going to repeat all I heard. I am only surprised that a girl possessed of my dear sister's general good sense could have listened patiently to the nonsense the fellow talked, and believed his assertions. I may, however, say thus much, I heard him entreat her to fly with him the next night, that he might become her devoted, loving, faithful husband. She hesitated—she pleaded for more time for consideration—her uncle would certainly relent when he knew more of the major, and so might her aunt—she pleaded that our father would very soon be returning from India, and that he would not refuse the first request his only daughter had to make him. These, and similar arguments, instead of convincing the major, only made him press his suit more ardently, and at length he declared that Biatrice could not love him, and that if she would not consent, he must, for his own peace of mind, fly her presence for ever, and try to forget her in the excitement of battle, till some kind shot should terminate his miserable existence. I earnestly wished that she would take him at his word, but, to my sorrow, she consented; and as the major, very confident of his game, had already made all arrangements, he speedily explained them to her, and little more remained to be settled.

I followed Biatrice into the house. What was I to do, with the possession of this important secret? Should I go to Biatrice, and ask her not to run away with the major? She had so much influence over me that I thought she would very likely win me over to help her. It seemed an act of black treachery to her to tell our uncle and aunt without warning her, which I could not bring myself to commit. To ask the assistance of Captain Hazlewood would

be worse. He might shoot the major, to be sure, off hand, but that would not, I had an idea, gain him the affection of Biatrice. Was not I, however, about to become a naval officer—not a very big one, I had to confess—but still big enough to defend my own sister? Perhaps I would insist on accompanying her; at all events, I would watch, and act according to circumstances. I felt almost as nervous and anxious as poor Biatrice must have done as the night drew on. I went up to bed at the usual hour. As I passed my sister's room, the door of which the maid had left slightly ajar, I looked in, and saw her on her knees at her bedside. I remember that very distinctly. I thought I would go in and kiss her, and say, "Pray on, dear sister, and then perhaps you won't run off with that man." But I did not. She afterwards came to my room and kissed me, little guessing what I knew. Again I missed the opportunity of speaking, and I could have cried my eyes out at my want of courage.

As soon as the household had retired to rest I crept out of my room, and letting myself down by a window which opened easily, took my selected post. I had not long to wait, when I heard the wheels of a carriage, and soon after the major appeared, with a cloak and hat on his arm. The moment of action had arrived. What should I do? He walked up and down impatiently, and an expression of vexation escaped his lips at my sister's non-appearance. Biatrice at length came. She had let herself out by a garden door, and come round to the front of the house, overlooked chiefly by the windows of the sitting-rooms. The major was about to put his arm round her waist, but she drew back.

"I have come, Major O'Gorman, because I have promised to fly with you," I heard her say; "but I feel that I am doing wrong. I have been deceiving my kind uncle, who, with all his peculiarities of manner and appearance, is good and generous. I shall cause bitter annoyance to my father when he arrives from India, and finds that I have married without the consent of my guardians, and I doubt if even you will continue to respect me if I run off with

you. I entreat you, therefore, to release me from my promise. Let me acknowledge that I am engaged to you, but let us wait for my father's arrival."

The major spoke low for some minutes. He was expostulating with her on her change of sentiment—as he called it. At length he seemed to lose temper, his voice grew louder, a round, fierce oath escaped him.

"You are in my power, young lady," I heard him exclaim; "I am not thus to be trifled with. You shall go on with this affair and marry me, or by——"

She broke from him as he uttered those fearful words, crying, "Am I in your power?" and darted towards the front door, on the steps of which she stood with her hand on the bell-handle, when she turned and said, slowly:

"Thank Heaven that I am not in your power. You have unmasked yourself in time, Major O'Gorman, and no power on earth shall force me to marry you. You may thus understand that my resolution is taken."

And before the major could advance a step she rang the bell violently. Believing that she would faint, I started up to run to her assistance, and the major, supposing that he was betrayed, and that I had some constables at my heels, took to his heels, and ran down the road as hard as he could pelt. Our uncle and aunt and the servants, believing that the house was on fire, were very much relieved, though greatly astonished, when they found Biatrice in a cloak and bonnet, and me without my cap or shoes, at the front door. I begged that no questions might be asked, and the next morning she confessed her delinquencies to our uncle, and I reported how she had behaved when the real trial came. The tears came into Uncle Brimbleby's eyes as he listened, and then seizing her in his arms, he exclaimed:

"Thank Heaven! thank Heaven! dear girl. You've had a narrow escape. He's a great scoundrel!"

Before I went to sea, Biatrice had somewhat recovered her spirits. I was absent for upwards of three years, during which time my captain did some very gallant things, in which I had the satisfaction of helping him. Biatrice heard my account of them with unfeigned interest, and when he found his

way to our house, he had little difficulty in persuading her to become Mrs. Hazlewood.

Translated from the Arabic for THE ECCLECTIC.

THE VILEST OF GOD'S CREATURES!

BY C. V. A. VANDYCK, M.D.

THERE lived in former days, in a certain city, a tradesman of moderate means, who derived his support from the daily profits of his shop, so that he was neither rich nor poor, but just comfortable. Now it fell out that this man took ill, and his illness became severe, and no remedies had any effect upon it. In this state he vowed that, if God would restore him to health, he would distribute a thousand dirhems among the poor. Still his malady went on increasing, notwithstanding his vow, until, one day, being tempted by the spirit of infidelity, he withdrew his first vow and made a second, namely: that, if God would restore him to health, he would give a thousand dirhems to the vilest of God's creatures.

Having made this vow, it came to pass, according to the inscrutable decree of Him who "directeth aright whom he pleaseth, and causeth to err whom he pleaseth," "but he causeth to err only the transgressors,"* that the man began to recover. When he found himself well enough to resume his business, the first thing he did was to set about fulfilling his vow: so he inquired of this one and that one as to who might be considered the vilest of God's creatures, and all with one consent represented that the robbers, who lie in wait to rob and murder the wayfaring man and the traveller, are the vilest of God's creatures, inasmuch as they not only transgress human laws, which are necessary to the peace of mankind, but also act in direct opposition to the Divine command, which requires special kindness to be shown to the traveller and stranger.† So he inquired of travellers as to where he would be likely to meet with some of these hated of God and

man, and they told him of a wild place not far off which was infested with them; whereupon he put a thousand dirhems into a bag and went to the place of which he had been told. Scarcely had he got near, when the robbers fell upon him, and ordered him to strip off his clothes and give up his money. "Hold!" said he; "you are just the ones I have come to find, and I have come to pay a debt I owe you."

"And what debt dost thou or any one else owe to us? We are outcasts and outlaws, and live by robbing such as thou art."

"Nay," said he, "but I owe you a debt. I was ill, and in my illness I vowed to give a thousand dirhems to the vilest of God's creatures, and none are considered viler than you; so here are the thousand dirhems which I have vowed to give you."

"Stop!" said the robbers, "we cannot receive the money on this ground; we are not the vilest of God's creatures: there are viler than we."

"How!" said the other, "how can that be? Who can be viler than those that stop the highway, and, instead of giving water to the weary traveller, according to the laws of hospitality and the command of God, waylay and rob, and perhaps kill him?"

"We," replied the robber, "do this for our living, and every man's living is apportioned out by the decree of God; and if we rob a man, it is decreed that he should be robbed; and thus we get the portion decreed to us, according to the common saying that every man's living is portioned out to him by God's decree."*

"And who, then," inquired he, "is the vilest of God's creatures, if you are not?"

"The vilest of God's creatures," replied one of them, "is he who is under the curse of his parents. Go, look for one whom his parents have cursed, and pay the vow to him."

So they sent him away, and he returned home and inquired of his friends and acquaintances peradventure any one of them might know some one who had

* Koran, ch. 16, v. 95, and ch. 33, v. 9, and ch. 2, v. 24, *et aliter*.

† See Koran, ch. 2, v. 173 and 211, and ch. 4, v. 40, *et aliter*.

* This saying is embodied in an Arabic expression of two words *الرزق مضمون* and *الرزق مقدر*.

been cursed by his parents, and after some search he found a fellow who had transgressed his parents' wishes and had never been reconciled to them, and he was cursed of them.* Whereupon the man who had been ill went to this vile fellow, and told him that he had heard how that he, being cursed of his parents, was the vilest of God's creatures, and that he wished to fulfil his vow by giving him the thousand dirhems.

"Nay," said the other, "it is true that I am under the curse of my parents, but it does not therefore follow of necessity that I am under the curse of God; at any rate I certainly am not the vilest of God's creatures. There are those who are viler than I."

"Tell me," replied the man who had made the vow, "who *can* be viler than thou, whom even thy parents that begot thee have even moved to curse for thy wickedness?"

"Viler than I," said he, "is the usurer, who lends his money on usury contrary to the express command of God, and who oppresses the poor to increase his gains by his wicked usury.†

* The good will and blessing of parents are considered by Mohammedans as essential to success in life. Misfortune and ill success are often ascribed to having failed to secure their good will. There is a tradition which ascribes to the Prophet this saying, *خذوا رضام وان كانوا من الكافرين* "secure their (the parents) good will, even though they be unbelievers." Kindness to parents is frequently enjoined in the Koran. See ch. 2, v. 77; ch. 4, v. 40, *et aliter*.

† Usury is strictly prohibited by the Koran: See ch. 2, v. 276, 277, 278, and ch. 3, v. 125, and ch. 4, v. 159. Nevertheless Mohammedan capitalists manage to evade the law, and secure large interest. "God has made selling lawful and usury unlawful"—Koran ch. 2, v. 276. So if a man wishes to borrow money of a capitalist, he gives his bond for the amount, and receives not money but goods, at a rate which gives the lender a large interest as well as profit, which goods the borrower sells as he best can to "raise the wind." Thus the lender has not *lent* on usury, which would be unlawful, but has sold at a profit, which is lawful. This reminds one of the Talmudic story of a man who, when ill, vowed that if God would restore him to health, he would consecrate to him the price of a valuable ox in his possession. He got well; and to fulfil his vow he took the ox and a cock, and went down to the market to sell them, crying as he went, "this ox for a pound; this cock for a hundred pounds." Presently a purchaser said: "Give me the ox and take the pound." The

Upon this the vower of the vow sought out one who would "sell God's signs for a vile price," and "purchase error at the price of true direction"—one who lends money upon large usury, and whose dirhem returned to him two dirhems; and having found him he took to him the thousand dirhems, saying: "Oh, thou; I have vowed to give a thousand dirhems to the vilest of God's creatures, and thou art doubtless he, for I hear that thou never lendest a dirhem unless thou art sure that it will come back to thee two dirhems; now, therefore, take the thousand dirhems and release me from my vow."

To which the usurer replied: "I cannot take the thousand dirhems on this ground, for I am not the vilest of God's creatures."

"I have long tried," said the other, "to find the vilest of God's creatures, but no one will own himself to be such. The robber says I am not such, and the accursed of his parents says I am not such; and now the usurer, who violates God's commands and oppresses the poor for mere love of gain, says I am not such; who, then, *is* the vilest of God's creatures?"

"I can tell you *who* he is, and *where* he is," said the usurer.

"Pray do," replied the vower; "for I am not only anxious to discharge my vow, but also to know who can be viler than those I have sought out, none of whom will allow himself to be what the other says he is."

The usurer then put his mouth to the ear of the other and whispered, "Go to the Mahkemeh (Kadi's court), and there you will find the Kadi; and the Kadis are the vilest of God's creatures.†

vender replied: "You cannot have the ox for a pound unless you take the cock for the one hundred pounds." The sale was concluded, and the vender put the hundred pounds, the price of the cock, into his pocket, and laid the pound, the price of the ox, upon the Lord's altar. So a Mohammedan capitalist will *sell* a load of soap to a borrower of money, but the *load* consists of two cakes of soap slung over the back of a cat: he discounts a sum in cash at a large interest, and receives the borrower's bond not for money *lent*, but for the *load of soap*.

* See Koran ch. 2, v. 15 and v. 38, *et aliter*.

† The corruption of Mohammedan Kadis (judges) is proverbial in the East, and there are many anecdotes illustrative thereof.

"What do you say?" exclaimed the other, in great surprise.

"The Kadi," repeated he, in a whisper.

"Surely it cannot be," rejoined the vower. "Is not the Kadi the dispenser of justice and the protector of the poor against the rich, and the defender of the oppressed against the oppressor?"

"Believe me," said the usurer, "it is as I tell you. The Kadis are the vilest of God's creatures. Try it, and you'll see."

So the man that had vowed departed, half believing, half disbelieving, and in doubt what was best to do, yet feeling anxious to follow out what he had begun, in order to see where it would end. He therefore went towards the Mahkemeh, half afraid, and half curious; and as he went, one foot would go backward and one foot would go forward, for he felt a little afraid. But it was according to the decree of God that the man should go on; so he came to the Mahkemeh and went in, and found the Kadi alone. And when he had entered he made his salutation, and the Kadi asked him what his case might be.

"Know, O my lord the Kadi," said he, "that I was ill, and I vowed a thousand dirhems to the vilest of God's creatures; and I have been told the Kadis are the vilest of all the creatures God has made, and so I have brought you the thousand dirhems; I pray you take them from my hand and release me from my vow."

"My son," said the Kadi, "I cannot receive the money without giving some equivalent for it. But do you see that heap of rubbish under this window?"

"Yes; and a large vile heap it is."

"Now," continued the Kadi, "if you will buy that heap of rubbish from me for a thousand dirhems, I will take the money, and you will thereby be released from your vow."

"Agreed," said the man.

So the Kadi called in two witnesses, and they witnessed that so and so had bought from the Kadi such a heap of rubbish for a thousand dirhems, and had paid the full price, and so the sale became legal, and the Kadi put the money into his chest; and the vower went away doubting whether it were really true, after all, that the Kadi was the vilest of God's creatures, inasmuch as he

would not receive what was equivalent to a present without making it a legal transaction by sale and purchase before witnesses according to law. But when he reached his house he found there two constables from the governor of the city requiring his immediate presence; so he went with them, wondering within himself what could be the matter, and why the governor should send two constables after him, as he owed no man anything, nor had he a quarrel with any. When he arrived at the governor's court, he was informed that the Kadi had lodged a complaint against him, namely: that he had purchased a heap of rubbish and had not removed it; and the governor ordered him to hire men and animals and remove it at once, upon pain of fine and imprisonment. So the poor man, in addition to all his trouble and the thousand dirhems, was at much expense in removing that heap of rubbish out of the city. But he comforted himself by saying: "I have fulfilled my vow; I have given a thousand dirhems to one who is, without doubt, the vilest of God's creatures; and there is no strength nor power but in God the Most High, the Omniscient."

The Art Journal.

MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

GEORGE CRABBE AND WILLIAM LISTE BOWLES.

CRABBE was born at Aldborough, in Suffolk, in a small and rude cottage, now removed; the "portraiture" of which has been preserved by the painter Stanfield. His father was a man of humble means and position. He gave however, to his eldest son the best teaching he could; but George was "in a great measure self-educated;" yet the ground must have been well laid, for in later days he was no mean scholar. He was born on the Christmas Eve of the year 1754; and when little more than a child had made essays in verse. He was apprenticed to a village surgeon; but learned little and knew little. When "out of his time," he "set up for himself" at Aldborough. Of this un-

congenial and ill-rewarded employment he soon wearied; and in 1780—"with the best verses he could write," and a borrowed three pounds in money—he set forth to seek his fortune in London.

Thus writes the Laureate Southey, in reference to a case somewhat analogous:

"Woe be to the youthful poet who sets out upon his pilgrimage to the Temple of Fame with nothing but Hope for his viaticum! There is the Slough of Despond, and the Hill of Difficulty, and the Valley of the Shadow of Death upon the way!"

Partly from the statements of his son, and partly from a journal kept by himself, we learn much of the terrible struggle that followed the advent of Crabbe in the metropolis. His "wealth" gradually diminished; went down to shillings and then to pence: nay, once, on taking stock, he found "sixpence farthing" in his purse, and reduced it to fourpence halfpenny, by expending seven farthings in the purchase of a pint of porter. The pawnbroker gave temporary relief. At length he had accumulated a debt of seven pounds; and the gates of a jail were about to open to the heir of Parnassus. Here, there, and everywhere, he had sought a publisher in vain: as futile were his efforts to find a patron! Lord North was deaf; Lord Shelburne silent; Lord Chancellor Thurlow had "no leisure to read verses;" a poetical appeal to Prince William Henry—then a young sailor, afterwards King William IV.—produced no response.

Here he was, in the "peopled solitude," without a friend, without a shilling, without a hope—nay, not so, for trust in God never left him! And there was a dearly-loved girl (afterwards his loving and devoted wife) praying for him in the humble home he had left. But his sufferings of mind and body were intense: once when he had wandered away to Hornsey Wood (the locality he most frequented), and found it too late to return to his lodging, he passed the night under a hayrick—having no money to pay for a casual bed. What was he to do? The natural holiness of his nature kept him from following the example of that "marvellous boy," who, but a few months gone, had "perished in his pride," in the wretched

attic of Shoe Lane. What was he to do as he wandered about, hungry and hopeless, with high aspirations and much self-dependence—a full consciousness of the fount within, that was striving to send its streams of living water to mankind—yet without a hand to beckon him across the slough of despond, or a glimpse of light to guide him through the valley of the shadow of death?

His lot has been the lot of many to whom "letters" is a sole "profession;" but of few may the story be told so succinctly and emphatically as of Crabbe; for but few so thoroughly or so suddenly triumphed over the enemy, or could look back without a blush upon the progress of the fight when its end had been Victory.

Who will say that his prayers, and those of his "Sarah," were not heard and answered, when an inspired thought suggested an application to Edmund Burke? I copy a touching passage from the *Life of the Rev. George Crabbe*, by his son—a volume of rare interest, that renders full justice to an illustrious memory, but claims for it nothing that the present and the future will not readily give:

"He went into Mr. Burke's room a poor young adventurer spurned by the opulent and rejected by the publishers, his last shilling gone, and all but his last hope with it; he came out, virtually secure of almost all the good fortune that by successive steps afterwards fell to his lot; his genius acknowledged by one whose verdict could not be questioned; his character and manners appreciated and approved by a noble and capacious heart, whose benevolence knew no limits but its power."

Aye, the dark and turbulent river was crossed; and the celestial city was in sight. The sad and solitary wanderer no longer walked London streets in hopeless misery; no more was the spirit to be subdued by the sickness of hope deferred; and who will grudge him the natural triumph with which he once again entered his native town—his genius acknowledged; his position secured; his lofty imaginings converted into palpable realities; the companion and the friend of many great men, whose renown had reached even the poor village of Aldborough?

It was by the advice of Burke, re-

sponding to his own thought, that he became a clergyman; and by that good man's influence he was ordained on the 21st December, 1781: his first curacy being in his native village; and, no doubt, among those who heard his first sermon was the "Sarah" who had believed in him when neighbors considered him a "lubber" and a "fool," or, at best, a hair-brained youth, who "would never come to good." In 1783 they were married, and went to reside at Belvoir Castle, the Duke of Rutland having made Crabbe his domestic chaplain.

He who had borne poverty with heroism was able to bear "straitened circumstances," which he had to endure for several after years. There was a sweet seraph ever by his side; and "trust in God" had been strengthened by imparting "trust" to others.

In 1815 he was inducted into the living at Trowbridge; and on the 5th of June, he preached his first sermon there. Here he lived and worked till he died—discharging his duty until within a week of his removal: having been so richly gifted with health and strength that he had not omitted the duty on a Sabbath once for forty years—

"The children's favorite and the grandsire's friend,
Tried, trusted, and beloved!"

In the autumn of 1830, the world was closing over him. "Age had sadly bent his once tall stature, and his hand trembled;" and on February 3d, 1832, he "died;" almost his last words to his children being, "God bless you! Be good, and come to me!"

Crabbe seldom visited London during the later years of his long life, and I saw him only in a crowd, where, of a surety, he was not "at home." He was then aged over threescore and ten; it was impossible, however, not to be impressed by the exterior of the poet whom a high contemporary authority characterized as "Nature's sternest painter, yet her best."

Half a century had passed between the period when the raw country youth sought and obtained the friendship of Edmund Burke and the time when I saw him, the "observed of all observers," receiving the homage of intellectual listeners.

My visit was paid to him at Hampstead, where he was the guest of his friends, "the Hoares." It was in the year 1825 or 1826—I do not recollect which. There were many persons present; of the party I can recall but one; that one, however, is a memory—Joanna Baillie. I remember her as singularly impressive in look and manner, with the "queenly" air we associate with ideas of high birth and lofty rank. Her face was long, narrow, dark and solemn, and her speech deliberate and considerate, the very antipodes of "chatter." Tall in person, and habited according to the "mode" of an olden time, her picture, as it is now present to me, is that of a very venerable dame, dressed in coif and kirtle, stepping out, as it were, from a frame in which she had been placed by the painter Vandyke. Her popularity is derived from her *Plays of the Passions*, only one of which was ever acted—"De Montford"—in which John Kemble, and afterwards Edmund Kean, performed the leading part. Her father, Dr. Baillie, must have been a stern, ungenial man, for it is said by Lucy Aikin (on the authority of her sister) that he had never given his daughter a kiss, and Joanna herself had spoken of her "yearning to be caressed when a child." We have but little to sustain—yet nothing to ignore—the portrait Miss Aikin draws of the author of *Plays of the Passions*:—"If there ever were a human creature 'pure in the last recesses of the soul,' it was surely this meek, this pious, this noble-minded, and nobly-gifted woman, who, after attaining her ninetieth year, carried with her to the grave the love, the reverence, the regrets of all who had ever enjoyed the privilege of her society."

In the appearance of Crabbe there was little of the poet, but even less of the stern critic of mankind, who looked at nature askance, and ever contemplated beauty, animate or inanimate,

"The simple loves and simple joys,"

"through a glass darkly." On the contrary, he seemed to my eyes the representative of the class of rarely-troubled, and seldom-thinking English farmers. A clear, gray eye, a ruddy complexion, as if he loved exercise and wooed mountain breezes, were the leading characteristics

of his countenance. It is a picture of age, "frosty but kindly"—that of a tall and stalwart man gradually grown old, to whom age was rather an ornament than a blemish. He was one of those instances of men plain, perhaps, in youth, and homely of countenance in manhood, who become absolutely handsome when white hairs have become a crown of glory, and indulgence in excesses or perilous passions have left no lines that speak of remorse, or even of errors unatoned.

This is the portrait that Lockhart draws of Crabbe: "His noble forehead, his bright beaming eye, without anything of old age about it—though he was then above seventy—his sweet and, I would say, innocent smile, and the calm, mellow tones of his voice, all are reproduced the moment I open any page of his poetry."

Certain it is that the Crabbe who wrote *The Village*, and *Tales of the Hall*, who seemed to have neither eye nor ear for the pure and graceful, whose spring wore the garb of autumn, to whom even the breeze was unmusical, and the zephyr harsh, whose hill, and stream, and valley, were barren, muddy, and unprofitable, was only misanthropic in verse.* In his life and practice he was amiable, benevolent, and conciliatory. We have other authorities besides that of his son and biographer for believing that "to him it was recommendation enough to be poor and miserable;" that, as a country clergyman,

"To relieve the wretched was his care!"

This is a tribute to his memory from his friend, the poet Moore: "The *musa severior* which he worships has had no influence whatever on the kindly disposition of his heart; but while with the eye of a sage and a poet he looks into the darker region of human nature, he stands in the most genial sunshine himself."

This is the inscription on the monument to his memory in the church at

* "His poems have a gloom which is not in nature; not the shade of a heavy day, of mist, or of clouds, but the dark and overcharged shadows of one who paints by lamp-light, whose very lights have a gloominess."—SOUTHEY. Some one has written that "Crabbe was Pope in worsted stockings."

Trowbridge, of which he was so long the rector:

SACRED

TO THE MEMORY OF

THE REV. G. CRABBE, LL.B.

Who died on the 3d of February, 1839, in the 78th year of his Age, and the 18th of his services as Rector of this Parish.

Born in humble life he made himself what he was; Breaking through the obscurity of his birth by the force of his genius,

Yet he never ceased to feel for the less fortunate; Entering, as his works can testify, into the sorrows and wants of the poorest of his parishioners, And so discharging the duties of a pastor and a magistrate as to endear himself to all around him.

As a writer he cannot be better described than in the words of a great poet, his contemporary, "Tho' Nature's sternest painter, yet her best."

This monument was erected by some of his affectionate friends and parishioners.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

BOWLES, "of an ancient family in the county of Wilts," was born in the village of King's Sutton, in Northamptonshire, of which his father, William Thomas Bowles, was vicar. The day of his birth was the 24th of September, 1762. At least, I presume it to be so, for it is so given in a letter I received from him, though he had struck his pen through the date after it was written. "His father," he continues, "was the only son of the Rev. Dr. Bowles, of Brackley, who married Elizabeth Lisle, a descendant of the ancient family of the Lises of Northumberland; the son (William Thomas) marrying, 1760, Bridget, eldest daughter of the well-known Dr. Richard Grey. The Rev. William Lisle Bowles was the eldest son of that marriage. He was educated at Winchester, and removed to Oxford, where he gained a prize for Latin verse, having been entered a scholar of Trinity. He took his degree in 1792, entered into holy orders, became a curate in Wiltshire, and obtained, in 1804, a prebend's stall, and, in 1805, the living of Bremhill, Wiltshire," where he resided until he resigned it in 1845, after forty years' faithful service, during which long period he had watched zealously over the spiritual and worldly interests of his flock. His memory is venerated there to this day. He retired from Bremhill to Salisbury, and died there on the 6th of April, 1850, being a Canon Residentiary of that Cathedral. He had then reached the patriarchal age of fourscore and eight years—a good man, and a good clergyman!

In a note to one of his poems, he acknowledges his debt to the Dean and Chapter of Salisbury, for "preferment in a cathedral, where I might close my days to what I, through life, most loved, cathedral harmony."

In early youth, he was innocent enough to apply to a printer at Bath, to know if "he would give anything for fourteen sonnets," to be published "with or without a name." The purchase was declined; so the simple man, who fancied he might thus pay the largest debt he ever owed, seventy pounds, "thought no more of getting rich by poetry." Yet they were afterwards published (in 1793), and sold well—first an edition of one hundred copies, then another of five hundred copies, and then another of seven hundred and fifty copies.

There came a young man into the printer's shop who "spoke in high commendation" of that volume. Forty years afterwards, Bowles discovered that the young man was Robert Southey; and therefore, in 1837, another edition of the sonnets was dedicated to Robert Southey, "who has exhibited in his prose works, as in his life, the purity and virtues of Addison and Locke, and in his poetry the imagination and soul of Spenser." For more than sixty years he was continually writing, and has left poems which, if they do not place him among the highest of the poets, give to him rank more than respectable.

At the outset of life's journey he was cheered by the voice of a generous and sympathizing "brother." Coleridge speaks of himself as having been withdrawn from several perilous errors "by the genial influence of a style of poetry so tender and yet so manly, so natural and real, and yet so dignified and harmonious," as the sonnets of Bowles, and thus tenders his thanks:

"My heart has thanked thee, Bowles, for
these soft strains,
Whose sadness soothes me, like the murmuring
Of wild bees in the sunny showers of spring."

De Quincey states that so powerfully did the sonnets of Bowles impress the poetic sensibility of Coleridge, that he made forty transcripts of them with his own pen by way of presents to youthful friends. Coleridge considered Bowles

as one of the first of our English poets "who combined natural thoughts with natural diction—the first who reconciled the heart with the head."

In one of Lamb's letters to Coleridge, he thus expresses himself:

"Coleridge, I love you for dedicating your poetry to Bowles, genius of the sacred fountain of tears. It was he who led you gently by the hand through all this valley of weeping, showed you the dark-green yew trees and the mellow shades, where, by the fall of waters, you might indulge an uncomplaining melancholy, a delicious regret for the past, or weave fine visions of that awful future,

"When all the vanities of life's brief day
Oblivion's hurrying hand hath swept away;
And all its sorrows, at the awful blast
Of the archangel's trump, are but as shadows
past."

This is no slight praise from two such men. We may add to it that of Southey, who says in reference to one of the poems of Bowles—*St. John in Patmos*—"I should have known it to have been yours by the sweet and unsophisticated style, upon which I endeavored, now almost forty years ago, to form my own."

Bowles never sought rude popularity—satisfied with inculcating lessons of sound morality in "dignified and harmonious verse," and to lead the heart to virtue, as the chiefest duty of the muse.

His poetical works are many, but he did not despise prose. His *Life of Ken* ranks high; but he is in this way chiefly remembered by his contest with Byron, Campbell, and others, relative to the claims of Pope to be considered a poet of the first order. Byron's line is familiar to all:

"And Pope, whom Bowles says is no poet."

He thus refers to this subject in one of his letters to me, dated Oct. 28th, 1837: "I never said 'Pope was no poet.' I never thought so. I put the epistle to *Abelard* before all poems of the kind, ancient or modern. *The Rape of the Lock*, the most ingenious and imaginative, and exquisite; but the *Ariel* is inferior—how inferior!—to *Shakespeare*, because the subject would not admit a being employed 'in adding furbelows' to a lady's mantle to be as poetical as an aerial being singing

Where the bee sucks,

and raising the storm. The question

was wilfully bothered by blockheads, and no otherwise was the question evaded. But the principles are eternal."

When I personally knew Bowles, in London, in 1835, he was a hale, hearty old man. He seemed to me a happy blending of the country farmer with the country clergyman of old times, and recalled the portraiture of "parsons" of the days of Fielding and Smollett. He rarely quitted Bremhill. Now and then he visited the metropolis, where he seemed as much out of place as a "daisy in a conservatory"—that was his own simile during one of my conversations with this eccentric but benevolent clergyman. Some idea may be formed of his loneliness amid the peopled solitude of London, by an anecdote related to me by the wife of the poet Moore. Bowles was in the habit of daily riding through a country turnpike gate, and one day he presented as usual his twopence to the gate-keeper. "What is that for, sir?" he asked. "For my horse, of course." "But, sir, you have no horse." "Dear me!" exclaimed the astonished poet, "am I walking?" Mrs. Moore also told me that Bowles gave her a Bible as a birthday present. She asked him to write her name in it; he did so, inscribing it to her as a gift—*from the Author*.

"I never," he said, "had but one watch, and I lost it the very first day I wore it." Mrs. Bowles whispered to me: "And if he got another to-day he would lose it as quickly."

This constitutional peculiarity must have been natural to him, for when a very child—just seven years old—"the child is father to the man") while accompanying his parents through Bristol, he was "lost." He had strayed away. There was a hunt for him in all directions, with the eager questioning of his frightened mother: "Have you seen a little boy in blue jacket and boots?" He had been attracted by the sound of the bells of Redcliff church, and was found tranquilly seated on the ancient steps of the churchyard, careless of the crowd around, listening in delight and wonder to the peal from the old tower. To this event he alludes in one of his after poems, when

"The mournful magic of their mingled chime,
First woke my wondering childhood into
tears."

Another peculiarity of his was an inveterate tendency to give away his chattels to those who happened casually to admire them. Mrs. Bowles was compelled, in consequence, to keep a watchful eye at all times upon his proceedings in that way, and is said to have controlled his simple-minded irregularities as well as his indiscriminate liberality.

Of his eccentricities many anecdotes are told in the neighborhood where he resided for nearly half a century. All of them, however, are simple, harmless, and exhibit generous sympathy. He was loved by the poor, and by many friends. One of the most acceptable guests at Sloperton was the poet Bowles; and Moore says of him: "What with his genius, his blunders, his absences, he is the most delightful of all existing persons or poets." And again: "What an odd fellow it is, and how marvellously, by being a genius, he has escaped being a fool!" And thus Southey writes of him: "His oddity, his untidiness, his simplicity, his benevolence, his fears, and his good nature, make him one of the most entertaining and extraordinary characters I ever met with."

I copy this extract from the registry in Bremhill church:

"The Rev. W. L. Bowles, Canon of Salisbury Cathedral, died April 6th, 1850, and was buried in the Cathedral of Salisbury, April 13th, 1850. He was instituted to the living of Bremhill in the year of grace 1805, and resigned it when unable any longer to fulfil the duties thereof, in January, 1845, having held it forty years. He was a man of no ordinary mind, and has bequeathed a memorial of himself to posterity in various printed sermons, as well as in his volumes of poems and local histories (whereof the best is his *History of Bremhill*), and casually in his *Life of Bishop Ken*. I imagine that his prose will survive his verses; but many greatly admired his sonnets.

"His controversy with Lord Byron on the merits of Pope, which once drew great attention, is already almost forgotten. The churchyard of the parish abounds with epitaphs which he wrote and set up for many of his poor parishioners. The fragrance of his name is still pleasant and grateful to the people here; they loved him for his Christian simplicity, kindness and truthfulness. I preached a funeral sermon, on the day after his burial, as the last tribute that could be paid him in his own parish.

"APRIL, 1850.

HENRY DRURY."

A true lover of nature, he took the greatest delight in ornamenting the beautifully situated vicarage gardens. And a very pleasing taste it was, altogether picturesque, replete with quaint surprises and fancies, and yet entirely devoid of old-fashioned formality. It afforded him high gratification to entertain his friends in these grounds, and lead them along its labyrinthine paths—here to a sylvan altar dedicated to friendship, there to some temple, grotto, or sun-dial. Thus he speaks of one of these garden treats in the *Little Villager's Verse Book*—a small volume of very sweet hymns, which are, I believe, well known in many village school-rooms, and cannot be too well known: "A root-house fronts us, with dark boughs branching over it. Sit down in that old carved chair: if I cannot welcome illustrious visitors in such consummate verse as Pope, I may, I hope, not without blameless pride, tell you, reader, that in this chair have sate, among other visitors, Sir Samuel Romilly, Sir George Beaumont, Sir Humphrey Davy—poets as well as philosophers—Madame de Staël, Rogers, Moore, Crabbe, Southey, etc."

Having discovered a huge ancient stone cross lying neglected half-buried in the churchyard, he had it placed there, so as to be visible from the vicinage of the root-house, the moral of which he indicated by inscribing on the latter this couplet:

"Dost thou lament the dead and mourn the loss
Of many friends? Oh! think upon the cross!"

The steps leading to this root-house, and the entrance to where it stood, are depicted in an illustration; but, unfortunately, neither root-house nor chair remain to give point to deeply interesting memories connected with the spot.*

From some lines that—according to the work I have quoted—were inscribed in another part of the very charming grounds of the vicarage, it would appear as though Mr. Bowles had once intended

* "The garden is ornamented with a jet fountain, something like a hermitage, an obelisk, a cross, and some inscriptions. Two swans, who answer to the names of Snowdrop and Lely, have a pond to themselves."—*Southey Visiting Bowles in November, 1836.*

to be buried at Bremhill, instead of Salisbury Cathedral:

"There rest the village dead, and there, too, I
(When yonder dial points the hour) must
lie;
Look round, the distant prospect is displayed
Like life's fair landscape, marked with
light and shade;
Stranger, in peace pursue thine onward
road,
And ne'er forget thy long and last abode,
Yet keep the Christian's hope before thine
eye,
And seek the bright reversion of the sky."

Also, bearing on the same point, in a sermon entitled "The English Village Church," preached by him at Bremhill, April 20th, 1834, are to be found these words: "In the course of nature, it will not be long before my gray hairs, who have lived among you for so many years, will be brought down, I hope and pray, in peace. My last abode will be in this chancel, where all the young are now assembled, and who will remember me. I would not wish a better epitaph than the expression of a poor child, on the departure of a man of genius, a conscientious clergyman, and a friend."

In a note, Crabbe is mentioned as the friend, and the words of the child were: "He with the white head will go up in pulpit no more!"

Bowles appears to have loved Bremhill and its neighborhood heartily; he wrote about it genially, and did his best to render the village attractive by commemorating its antiquities and associations.

London Quarterly Review.

THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND.*

NEARLY forty years have passed since Britton's *Cathedral Antiquities* was reviewed in this Journal, by Southey†

* *Handbook to the Cathedrals of England*. Southern Division, 2 Parts; London, 1861. Eastern Division; London, 1862. Western Division; London, 1864.

Gleanings from Westminster Abbey. By GEORGE GILBERT SCOTT, R.A., F. S. A. Oxford and London. Second Edition, 1863.

The English Cathedral of the Nineteenth Century. By A. J. B. BERESFORD HOPE, M.A., D.D. London, 1861.

† 'Quarterly Review,' vol. xxxv. (1826.)

The article, which is very characteristic of the writer, is, as usual, rich in various extracts and in historical illustration. We are told that, when the *Délices de la Grande Bretagne* were published at the beginning of the last century, York and Canterbury were the only Cathedrals which appeared among the engravings, although bird's-eye views of "maisons de campagne" were plentiful; "but the taste of the age is curiously exemplified when such edifices as Lincoln, and Wells, and Lichfield are overlooked, and a plan given of Marshal Tallard's garden at Nottingham, with its parterres of turf cut into squares, circles, semicircles, and ovals, "et ce qui fait dans son tout ce qu'on appelle gazon-coupé;" and variegated by divisions of red sand, yellow sand, pulverized shells, pulverized coal, dust from the lead mines, and gravel walks of every procurable variety of color."

In truth, Britton was the first to describe, and to design with anything like accuracy, the architectural glories of our English Cathedrals. His designs still rank among the best we possess; and whatever contributions have since been made to a fuller understanding of their history and construction, Britton is at least entitled to the distinction of having led the way toward a thorough study of these great churches. How much has been done in this direction within the last forty years we need hardly say. A comparison of Britton's text—which, it must be remembered, displays a knowledge of Gothic architecture far in advance of his time—with Professor Willis's monographs, or with the Handbooks which we have placed at the head of this article, will show at once how wide a gap remained to be filled, and with how far more accurate and more extended knowledge we may now walk through our Cathedral aisles and cloisters. If a new series of the *Délices* were to appear at present, although space might possibly be found for a "prospect" of another garden, in which divisions of red sand, yellow sand, and pulverized coal are not altogether unknown, Lincoln, Wells, and Lichfield would assuredly not be omitted. With the knowledge which we have gained about them has come an increased pride in these noble structures, and such

a reverential care of them as has scarcely been known since the Reformation, and as we very much doubt to have been paralleled before it. The stir of repair and of restoration has been and is so great (and on the whole, whatever occasional errors may have been committed in the latter process, it has been so judiciously conducted) that, of late years, the scene in and about many an English minster has strongly recalled its earlier days, when its walls, now gray with age, were first rising in the midst of a hive of workmen. "Ministri fervent in operibus suis; lapides coligunt, collectos afferunt, campos et plateas, domos et curias implent."*

It is curious that twenty-four, the existing number of English sees—a number which has only been completed since the formation of the dioceses of Ripon and Manchester—should be precisely that fixed by Gregory the Great, in his instructions to Augustine. Britain was almost an unknown island to Gregory. "Probably," as Dean Stanley suggests, "he thought it might be about the size of Sicily or Sardinia, the only large islands he had ever seen, and that twenty-four bishoprics would be sufficient."† Gregory's instructions, however, issued while the island was still pagan, were followed but imperfectly. The formation of English sees has been very gradual, and has been influenced by causes which could hardly have been foreseen by either Gregory or Augustine. As each Saxon kingdom was converted, a bishopric was formed coextensive with the kingdom; and the Christian bishop, the chief pastor of the tribe, "succeeded in all probability to the post which the chaplain or high priest of the King had held in the days of Paganism."‡ As the tribe increased, and as various territorial changes took place, the primitive dio-

* Herbert Losinga (circ. 1096) to the overseers of the cathedral he was then building at Norwich.

† *Historical Memorials of Canterbury; the Landing of Augustine*. The great size of the English dioceses, in which respect they differ so remarkably from those of Continental Europe—where there is a bishop's see in almost every large town—may have been partly a result of Gregory's ignorance; but the main cause was the fact that the Saxon dioceses were at first conterminous with the several kingdoms.

‡ Stanley's *Landing of Augustine*.

ceses were subdivided—Canterbury and York, which had been the two best-known cities of Britain at the time of Augustine's arrival, and which represented the kingdoms of Kent and of Northumbria, always retaining their metropolitan supremacy. The dioceses of Ely and Carlisle were not formed until after the Conquest; and it was not until after the dissolution of the monasteries that the five sees of Oxford, Peterborough, Gloucester, Bristol, and Chester, were erected by Henry VIII.—the scanty realization of a scheme that had once been far wider. The same causes which influenced the formation of dioceses affected the positions of Cathedrals. In some cases—as at Canterbury, York, and Winchester—the place of the see was the chief town of the Saxon kingdom. But the palaces of Saxon kings were by no means confined to walled cities; and the earlier bishops, like the king, to whose household they were attached, “adopted for the most part the old Teutonic habit of wandering from vill to vill, from manor to manor.”* Hence the Cathedral church was as often as not erected on the best and most convenient manor which the bishop had received from the king for his support and maintenance; and hence the position of the earlier sees at such places as Crediton, Sherborne, or Dorchester in Oxfordshire. But the insecurity, and probably the inconvenience, of such situations had become felt long before the Conquest. The see of Crediton, as is expressly recorded in the Charter of the Confessor, was removed to Exeter on account of the devastations and plunder of the Northmen in the open country.† Other sees had suffered quite as severely; and in 1075 a synod held in London, under Archbishop Lanfranc, decreed the removal of certain sees “in villulis”—small and unwalled towns, which had

grown up round the Cathedral—to the security of walled cities. Sherborne was then removed to Old Sarum, and Selsea to Chichester. Somewhat later Dorchester was removed to Lincoln. Later still (A.D. 1109), Ely, strongly fortified by nature, and possessing one of the wealthiest Benedictine houses in England, was erected into a bishopric having assigned to it a portion of the vast diocese of Lincoln; and Carlisle, representing the Roman *Lugubalia*, did not receive her first bishop until 1133. The position of the sees erected by Henry VIII. was determined in every case by that of the suppressed monastery, the church of which became the Cathedral of the new diocese.

With this glance at the causes which led to the fixing of English sees at the places where we now find them, we pass to the Cathedrals themselves, taking for our text-book the series of *Handbooks to the Cathedrals of England*, which we have placed at the head of this article. We shall use their text freely; but it may be as well to mention here that they are illustrated by some hundred engravings on wood, of the highest beauty and interest; many, indeed most of them, representing subjects or points of view which do not occur in Britton. To say that these engravings are executed for the most part by Mr. Orlando Jewett is to warrant their accuracy of detail and extreme delicacy of finish. Such specimens of xylography as the “Bay of Ely Choir” (Ely Cathedral, plate iv.,) or as the exquisite reredos in the same Cathedral (plate v.) have scarcely been exceeded by any modern artist.* With the *Handbooks* we join Mr. Gilbert Scott's *Gleanings from Westminster Abbey*, the one great English church, which, like *Nôtre Dame at Antwerp*, or

* Kemble, *Saxons in England*, i. 300.

† The see of Cornwall was at this time (1030) united with that of Exeter. “Una sit sedes episcopalis, unumque pontificium, et una ecclesiastica regula, propter paucitatem atque devastationem honorum et populorum, quoniam pyratice Cornubiensem ac Crydtonensem ecclesias devastare poterant; ac per hoc in civitate Exoniæ tutiorem munitionem adversus hostes habere visum est: et ideo ibi sedem esse volo.” Charter of King Edward: Kemble's “Cod. Diploma,” No. 791.

* Each cathedral has been described by the compiler of the *Handbooks* after careful personal examination, and with the assistance of the most recent labors of other inquirers. Professor Willis's admirable monographs have been largely drawn upon. No one has done so much toward setting forth the true history of English Cathedrals. His papers, however (to be found for the most part in the volumes of the *Archæological Institute*), are addressed mainly to architectural or archæological students. The *Handbooks* take a wider range, and describe the monuments and other remains in each cathedral, as well as the church itself.

St. Gudule at Brussels, takes the position of a Cathedral without being the actual place of an episcopal see, although it had a bishop for a short time in the sixteenth century.

An English Cathedral is the most perfect "sermon in stones" that anywhere remains to us. Other monuments, the mysterious cromlechs and circles of the primeval period, or the castles of later centuries, are not, of course, without tongues of their own; but the language of the first has become too strange and antique to be readily interpreted; and the castles, for the most part shattered and imperfect, tell their story at best but obscurely. It is only a great Cathedral, which the Church has watched and cared for ever since its foundations were laid, that resembles in its clearness and completeness some stately discourse by Jeremy Taylor, with all its elaborate divisions and its illustrations of the highest poetry. And each Cathedral is in itself a microcosm; leading its students through the long series of ages that have built up this present England, and bringing them, by the aid of its architecture and of the monuments which it protects, into as close a contact as is now possible with the great men of the past. To stand by the tomb of a great man, it has been said, is the next thing to seeing him. There is no English Cathedral that will not afford in this way such a series of historical lessons as we should seek for elsewhere in vain; and not one a careful study of which would not give a far clearer insight into the various changes and events of our history than is to be obtained from books alone. Instead, however, of examining each Cathedral singly and throughout, we propose at present to take the entire series, and, regarding them in chronological order, to see how admirably they exhibit and illustrate the history of architecture in England. The smallest parish church may, of course, contribute its share to this history; but as a whole, it is best read in the Cathedrals, including, as they now do, some of the greater and more important monastic churches. It is a fact, also, as we shall by and by see, that at least two of the changes of style—the so-called Early English and the Perpendicular—seem to have begun in churches which belong to our series:

the first at Lincoln; the second at Gloucester, afterwards one of Henry VIII.'s Cathedrals.

Of the period before the Conquest, there are few actual remains. In many instances, of course, the site of the existing cathedral is the same that was occupied by the Saxon structure; and it is possible that some fragments of walls or of piers, though we suspect not many, may date from the early part of the eleventh century. The most important relics exist in the North. For although Canterbury impresses the imagination strongly, as the first great resting-place of the faith in England—embracing within her walls the actual ground covered by the lowly church first given by Ethelbert to Augustine—she can point to no such tangible witness of antiquity as the rude wall in the crypt of York Minster, which, if it is not, as it very well may be, a portion of the church erected by Edwin of Northumbria at the place of his baptism by Paulinus (A.D. 627), is at least not later than the time of Archbishop Albert, who came to the see in the year 767, and who is recorded by Alcuin as the builder of a "most magnificent basilica" in his metropolitan city. On this relic, therefore, we gaze with veneration; but if we desire to be fairly carried back to those remote centuries, we must pass from York to the sister cathedral of Ripon, erected, not on the site of the famous monastery built by St. Wilfrid, but on that of a second church which there can be no doubt was also founded by him. Under the central tower of Ripon Minster, the construction of which it must have greatly influenced, is the remarkable crypt known as "St. Wilfrid's Needle," a small subterranean chamber, the strong Roman character of which at once impresses the antiquary. It is, in truth, a surviving example (and not a solitary one, since there is another crypt closely resembling this below the church of St. Andrew, at Hexham, also a recorded foundation of Wilfrid's) of that mode of building which Wilfrid is expressly stated to have brought from Rome; and as we pass through the dark, narrow passages that lead to it, and find ourselves at last within its rude walls, pierced by small niches, bearing the marks of more than a thousand years, we feel—so complete-

ly are we removed from all modern associations—almost brought face to face with that most memorable and energetic “apostle” of the English Church, by whose care the crypt was constructed in the latter half of the seventh century. Its original purpose seems little understood; but more than any of the later and lighter crypts, it recalls the martyr’s “confessio,” the type of which is to be sought in the Roman catacombs. It may have been used as a place of prayer and of penance; as the sepulchre, from which the host, the “risen Lord,” was brought up to the choir on Easter Day; or it may have served for the occasional exhibition of relics. But, in truth, it belongs to a period so remote, and suggests a condition so different from that even of the later middle age, that we can do little more than guess at its uses and meaning.*

The change which advancing years brought with them is at once evident in passing from this mysterious chamber to the crypt below the ancient choir of Worcester Cathedral, a work begun after the Conquest, in 1084, and completed in ten years, but which is associated with an earlier period, as having been constructed by Bishop Wulfstan, one of the few prelates of English race who retained their sees to any effectual purpose, after the “alien King” had fairly grasped his new dominion. St. Wulfstan pulled down the Saxon Cathedral, and began to rebuild it on a much larger scale; but to whatever extent the building may have advanced at his death, in 1095, the only portion of it which now exists is the crypt, in which a synod, gathering all the “wisest men” of the diocese, was held in 1092. Unlike the dark chamber of St. Wilfrid, Wulfstan’s crypt, which is apsidal, occupying originally the whole space under the ancient choir, is in effect a subterranean church—a “complex and beautiful temple,” the aisles of which are marked off by rows of slender pillars, carrying semicircular arches. The intricacy and variety produced by these numerous pillars, with their plain, cushioned capitals, and by

the interesting arches, have reminded more than one visitor of the great Moorish mosque at Cordova—a comparison which (although the mosque is now the cathedral) would, we suspect, have been little to the taste of good Bishop Wulfstan, or of the “wise” abbots and priests who once assembled here in solemn synod.

Such a crypt as this at Worcester is characteristic of the increased stateliness of architecture which had passed across the channel before the Conquest, and had been patronized by the Confessor for his new church at Westminster. Besides Worcester, Norman crypts exist at Canterbury, Winchester, Gloucester, and Rochester; all, as Professor Willis has pointed out, founded before 1085, although in their present state they show marks of later work and additions. After the Norman period they were discontinued, the solitary exception being at Hereford Cathedral, where there is an Early English crypt under the beautiful Lady Chapel of the same date. The crypts had their separate chapels and altars like the churches above them; and in that of Canterbury was the famous shrine of “Our Lady Undercroft,” described by Erasmus as so laden with treasure that it was “a sight more than regal.” In the crypts also were places of concealment, where the great treasures of the church might be hidden in troubled times. Few large churches were without such hiding-places; often necessary when the building stood near the shore, within sight and reach of pirates, or in such of the Northern counties as were exposed to a foray of Scottish Borderers.

The troubles before and after the Conquest—ravages of Northmen, civil strife, and the plunder and havoc of the Conqueror’s troops wherever they penetrated the country—laid more or less in ruin, not only the smaller churches on the manors of “thegn” and “eorl,” but the cathedral churches themselves, which, as being the richest, were the most exposed to plunder. When Lanfranc came to his cathedral in the year 1070, he found it a desolate ruin. It had been completely burnt three years before; and the bulls and privileges of many a king and pope had perished with it. York Minster, with the great library collected by the

* Two papers on this remarkable crypt by Mr. J. R. Walbran, of Ripon, who was the first to point out its certain date, will be found in the *Journal of the Archaeological Institute*.

incessant labor of Alcuin and Egbert, was destroyed by fire in 1069, during the attack on the city by the sons of Sweyn; and scarcely one of the English cathedrals was more fortunate. Although some years passed after the Conquest before the country was sufficiently settled to allow of much building, the first great work undertaken by the newly-appointed Norman prelates was the reconstruction, in most instances the entire rebuilding, of their cathedrals. Some of these, as we have before mentioned, were removed to entirely new sites, in obedience to a decree of the synod of London, in 1075. Others were rebuilt either on the old site, or on ground closely adjoining. Lanfranc had set the example; and the love of building, which was one of the marked characteristics of the Normans, together with a certain religious zeal which is hardly less conspicuous, led the new lords of England not only to follow in his lead in so far as the rebuilding of the cathedrals was concerned, but to cover the land with small churches. Many of these, rich with elaborate ornamentation, still remain; while of others the former existence is only indicated by a front or a fragment of carving; the building of them, however, in spite of trouble and turmoil, must have gone on almost uninterruptedly at least until the middle of the twelfth century. We can but guess at the Norman "overlord" who raised the walls of such churches as Barfreston or Iffley. Of the rebuilders of our cathedrals, we can speak with more certainty; and in them we find ourselves confronted by some of the most able and powerful men of that stormy age, many of whom were as skilled in the use of sword and lance as in that of the mass-book.

Lanfranc's choir at Canterbury seems to have been intended as a temporary work, and was perhaps hastily completed. At any rate it was entirely pulled down by his successor, Anselm, who, with the aid of his prior, Ernulph, reconstructed it with far greater magnificence. Ernulph was a great builder and a most skilful architect; and on his elevation to the see of Rochester, in 1115, he continued the rebuilding of that cathedral, which had been commenced by the more celebrated Gundulph. All whom we have so far named—Lanfranc,

Anselm, Ernulph, and Gundulph—had been monks of Bec in Normandy, then not only one of the most remarkable seats of learning in Europe, but as it would seem, an excellent school of architecture. Before he became Bishop of Rochester, Ernulph had been Abbot of "Peterborough the Proud," as the great monastery was called, the church of which is the existing cathedral; and there, as elsewhere, he set himself to "build up the waste places." Peterborough, and its neighbor Ely, the stronghold of the fens, had suffered greatly after the Norman Conquest. Both monasteries had favored Hereward, the half-mythical English hero, and both had felt the vengeance of the Conqueror when he at last (1071) scattered the company of dispossessed and broken Englishmen, who for many years had held their own at Ely, under the protection of the marshes. At Peterborough, Ernulph's work was followed up by the abbots, John of Seez, who began the choir of the existing church after a fire in 1116; Martin, again a monk of Bec; William, and Benedict, the last of whom was Cœur de Lion's Keeper of the Great Seal. It is their work on which we still look as we pass up the nave, and into the choir of the Peterborough Cathedral. At Ely, the resting place of St. Etheldreda, the first Norman abbot who succeeded to the real wealth of the Saxon convent was Simeon, a near relative of the Conqueror, who was eighty-eight at the time of his appointment, but who retained enough energy to set at once about the rebuilding of his monastic church on a different but not far distant site. How far the work was advanced at his death, in 1093, at the age of a hundred, we are not told. It was continued by his successor, Abbot Richard, a son of the powerful Earl of Clare; and the great nave, which we still admire, was not probably finished until at least the middle of the twelfth century. Long before that time (in 1109) the church had become the cathedral of a new diocese, taken from that of Lincoln.

Simeon, founder of the existing church of Ely, was the brother of Walkelin, Bishop of Winchester (1070-1097), who, during his episcopate, rebuilt his cathedral from the foundations. Of the man-

ner in which he procured timber for his church the following story is told: The Conqueror had granted him as much wood from the forest of Hanepinges (Hempage Wood on the old Alresford road) as his carpenters could take in four days and nights. "But the Bishop," says the old annalist, "collected an innumerable troop of carpenters, and within the assigned time cut down the whole wood, and carried it off to Winchester. Presently after, the king, passing by Hanepinges, was struck with amazement, and cried out, 'Am I bewitched, or have I taken leave of my senses? Had I not once a most delectable wood in this spot?' But when he understood the truth, he was violently enraged. Then the bishop put on a shabby vestment, and made his way to the king's feet, humbly begging to resign the episcopate, and merely requested that he might retain his royal friendship and chaplaincy. And the king was appeased, only observing, 'I was as much too liberal in my grant, as you were too greedy in availing yourself of it.'"^{*} The transept roofs of Winchester show to this day what Bishop Walkelin did with Hempage Wood. The transepts themselves and the crypt are of his time, and there are some points of resemblance between the work of Walkelin here, and of Simeon at Ely, to which we shall by and by recur.

The Norman cathedral of Old Sarum was the work of Bishops Herman and Osmund; the latter, who died in 1099, having been a powerful secular noble, created Earl of Dorset by the Conqueror, before he took on him the orders of the Church, and arranged that famous "Use of Sarum" which prevailed throughout the south and west of England until the middle of the sixteenth century, and which is in effect the foundation of our Book of Common Prayer. Of Osmund's cathedral, only the foundations can be traced, after a long drought. The rebuilding of Exeter was not commenced until the twelfth century was somewhat advanced. Bishop Warlewast (1107-1136) began it; and it was not completed until the end of the century. The transept towers are the sole relics of this building. Wells was repaired and

partly rebuilt by Bishop Roberts (1135-1166), who had been a monk in the Cluniac Priory of Lewes; but it is very doubtful whether any part of the existing church is of his time. The great church of the Benedictines at Gloucester, now the cathedral, was rebuilt by Abbot Serlo between the years 1088 and 1100. It afterwards suffered much from fire at four distinct periods: but the mass of the existing building is Norman. Hereford was found in ruins by its first Norman Bishop, Robert de Losinga (1079-1096), who began to rebuild it, taking for his model the church of Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle), the work of Charlemagne, with which he had become acquainted, during his studies in Lorraine, the ecclesiastical schools of which were then very famous, and had contributed many bishops to English sees. The church was dedicated in 1110; and much of the existing building is the work of the Lotharingian student—a learned astrologer who no doubt laid his foundations under the most favorable planetary aspects. At Lichfield, a Norman church was duly raised as elsewhere; but its builder has not been recorded, and no fragment (at least above ground) remains.

The East Anglian see, the position of which had been more than once changed before the Conquest, was removed from Thetford to Norwich by Bishop Herbert Losinga in 1094. Two years afterwards he laid the first stone of the existing cathedral, the building of which seems to have gone on simultaneously with that of the strong castle raised by Rufus on the highest ground of the ancient "Venta." Herbert's successor, Everard—*vir crudelissimus*, according to Henry of Huntingdon—who had probably been concerned in the wars of Stephen, completed the nave about 1135. Much of the work of both bishops remains, and is among the most interesting and important of this period in England. In obedience to the decree of 1072, Remigius, then bishop of Dorchester in Oxfordshire, removed the place of his see to Lincoln. From the Conquest to the middle of the sixteenth century this diocese was by far the most extensive in England, stretching from the Thames to the Humber. Remigius, "*statura parvus, sed corde magnus*," began his new church about 1074, "on a spot pre-sig-

^{*} *Annales Eccles. Winton.* Ap. Wharton, *Anglia Sacra*, tom. i.

nified by certain visions," and completed it "after the manner of the church of Rouen." He had been a Benedictine of Fécamp, and had led to Hastings the contingent sent by the Abbot of that great monastery. The house of Tennyson Deincourt claims Bishop Remigius, as one of its offsets, and he was therefore nearly related to the Conqueror. Of his cathedral at Lincoln only a portion of the west front remains.

Thomas of Bayeux, the first Norman Archbishop of York (1070-1100), rebuilt from the ground his cathedral, which had been destroyed by fire in 1069. Not a fragment of his work is now in existence. The Norman rebuilders of Durham have fared better. Of the magnificent church raised by Bishop William "de Sancto Carilefo"—of "St. Calais," in Normandy (1081-1096), after a plan he brought from Normandy, and his successor Ralf Flambard (1099-1128), the very able and very unscrupulous minister of the Red King, the greater part remains, and still excites the wonder and reverence of the pilgrim to the "holy land of St. Cuthbert,"

"Where his cathedral huge and vast
Looks down upon the Wear."

Carlisle was not erected into a see until 1133, when Archbishop Thurstan of York procured the appointment of its first bishop. The existing cathedral had been the church of a College of Canons, founded not long before by a certain Walter, who had been left by William Rufus in command of his new town and castle. The transept and the remaining fragment of nave are Walter's work; the rest of the nave, which was of the same character, was destroyed by the Scots under Lesley in 1645. The Cathedral of Chester—one of the new sees of 1537—was the church of St. Werburgh's Abbey, founded in 1093—by Hugh Lupus, the great Earl of Chester, for Benedictine monks. The north transept is here the most important piece of early Norman work.

The Norman churches, of which we have been tracing the builders, were thus in all cases the foundation of our existing cathedrals. Much of them, as we shall see, remains for our instruction and admiration; and wherever we find the more graceful work of later centuries

—the decorated choir of the perpendicular nave—we may be sure that it replaces the massive construction of Norman builders. This is, in effect, the history of nearly every cathedral. First, the Norman choir proved too small or too dark, and was removed to make way for one which should be more convenient and should better represent the architectural skill of the age. Then—sometimes not for centuries afterwards—the nave and transepts followed until, little by little, a new and far more stately minster was built up, on the ground which had been first occupied by the Norman architect. It is not easy to picture a time when the pointed arch was altogether unknown, and when the land was covered with churches, the architecture of which offered no very startling contrast to that of imperial Rome, from which it had been directly developed. But of the remains which best enable us to return to that distant age, by far the most important are the Norman portions of our cathedrals.

The two cathedrals which most completely retain the ground-plan of their Norman builders are Norwich and Peterborough. Both have received alterations and additions, but the great mass of both is still Norman. Both have long and stately naves, and choirs with apsidal terminations toward the east. The work of Norwich, however (1096-1135), is considerably earlier than that of Peterborough (1118-1190), and is of proportionately higher interest. Alone among English cathedrals Norwich can still show its primitive basilican arrangement—the stone seat or throne of the Norman Bishop remaining (although concealed by modern work in front) in the centre of the eastern apse, at the back of the position formerly occupied by the high altar, which stood at the chord of the semicircle. In the very interesting volume which we have placed at the head of this article, Mr. Beresford Hope has pointed out that this disposition—where the Bishop occupied the central seat behind the altar, with his presbyters ranged on either side of him, and of which a most striking example still remains at Torcello, in the Lagunes of Venice—was general throughout Christendom until the Benedictines (as he inclines to

think), finding a different arrangement more convenient, introduced that which is now universal. Here and there, however, the older plan was still retained. It was so (somewhat remarkably, recollecting it was the church of a great Benedictine monastery) in Lanfranc's cathedral at Canterbury, where (and probably long after Lanfranc's and Anselm's work had been destroyed) the patriarchal chair in which the Archbishops are still enthroned was placed at the back of the high altar—a position to which it might be restored with great propriety. It was, perhaps, Canterbury that Bishop Herbert imitated at Norwich; for although most great Norman churches terminated eastward in an apse, no trace of a similar episcopal throne has, so far as we know, been elsewhere discovered; so that the plan does not seem to have been general.

Passing into the great Norman naves of Norwich or Peterborough—or, we may add, of Ely—for although the work there (1081–1170) is of later date, the general character is the same—we are at once impressed with their stern and solemn dignity—a “weight of awe” very different from that which falls upon us in the later naves of York, Winchester, or Canterbury. Theirs are in truth “antique pillars massy proof,” filling the mind with the strongest sense of power and duration:

“They dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build”

The triple division of these naves—pier-arches, triforium, and clerestory—is generally of equal height in each of its members. The triforium is scarcely so prominent a feature at any later period. Its massive arches are singularly grand and impressive; and the darkened gallery at their back adds something of mystery to the effect of the antique architecture. This triforial gallery, extending back over the nave aisles, to which in effect it forms a second story, is almost peculiar to Norman work, and to that of the succeeding period. Later it became more and more of a wall passage, until, in Perpendicular times, it is almost entirely merged in the clerestory, as is well seen at York in both nave and choir. In the nave of Norwich the great triforium arches are undivided by

any central pier, and are scarcely less in size than those of the main arcade below them. At Ely and Peterborough the great arch is subdivided by a central shaft. The Norwich arrangement is by far the more peculiar, and bears the mark of its earlier date; but the general design of the others is on the whole more effective, and was that followed throughout all the later changes of style. The use of these triforia is very uncertain. That of Norwich (and perhaps all the Norman ones) contained many altars, as did the remarkable triforium of Gloucester, which opens into apsidal chapels corresponding to those in the transepts and choir below.

If Norwich can point to her venerable episcopal throne, Peterborough can show a Norman relic of at least equal interest—the painted wooden roof which spans her nave. Norman builders (at least Norman builders in England) were either afraid or were unable to throw a vault over so wide a space as the nave or choir of a great church, and accordingly, in almost every case, they appear to have ceiled them with a flat wooden covering, which was always, no doubt, richly painted. A small ceiling of this kind remains at St. Albans; but the grandest example is the nave ceiling of Peterborough. Its original position has been slightly altered; since, when the tower arches were changed from round to pointed, the ceiling was raised from a flat form to its present shape, which is half octagonal; but we may still regard it as displaying not only the work, but also the colored designs of its constructors in the twelfth century. It is painted in lozenge-shaped divisions, some of which contain figures of royal and ecclesiastical personages; others, very curious grotesques. The effect of such a ceiling as this, although far from equalling the “high embowed roof” of later construction, is nevertheless well in harmony with the massive Norman work which it surmounts, and is undoubtedly more “cathedral-like” than any more open roof of timber. It was with a strong sense of its fitness that the ceiling of the Norman nave at Ely, which had been left a rude and bare mass of timber apparently from the time of the construction of the lantern, was (after 1845) coated with boards and pre-

pared to receive the long and elaborate series of paintings commenced by the late Mr. le Strange, and just completed by Mr. Gambier Parry.

That the Normans were no very skillful builders, and that they endeavored to compensate for want of science by vast and unnecessary expenditure of material is evident, if from no other portions of their work, from the history of their central towers, hardly one of which survives. Where the piers do exist they are in almost all cases bent and crippled, or are cased with later masonry. But the tower has almost always fallen. Abbot Simeon's, at Ely, fell in 1321 "with such a shock and with so great tumult that it was thought an earthquake had taken place." The brethren, who were returning to their dormitory after matins, fortunately escaped unhurt; and the shrines of the sainted abbesses stood uninjured, says the chronicler, in the midst of the ruin. To this fall we are indebted for one of the most admirable conceptions of mediæval architecture, the famous octagon of Ely. The central tower of Bishop Walkelin's Cathedral at Winchester (he was, it should be remembered, the brother of Abbot Simeon, and the same architect and workmen may have been employed on both) fell in 1107. Seven years before, the body of the Red King, brought from the New Forest in the charcoal-burner's cart, had been buried beneath it; and many thought, according to the chroniclers, "that the fall of the tower was a judgment for his sins, since it was a grievous wrong to bury in that sacred place one who all his life had been profane and sensual, and who died without the Christian viaticum." Malmesbury, however, suggests that "imperfect construction" may have had something to do with the fall of the tower, which was soon rebuilt, the unwieldy piers which narrow the transept arches showing how great had been the panic.

The transepts of Winchester still display the work of Walkelin (1079-1093.) Earlier than Norwich, they exhibit all the characteristics of the first Norman period—wide joints between the ashlar-ing, plain square-edged arches, and shafts with simply-cushioned capitals. All is rude, plain, and massive, carrying

us back at once to the days of the Conqueror and of William the Red. At the end of each transept is a kind of gallery or terminal aisle, which finds a counterpart, though on a much smaller scale, in the transepts of Ely, the work of Walkelin's brother. There is indeed a strong general resemblance throughout the Norman work of the South and East of England. Passing northward, we find William of St. Carileph's great church at Durham (designed in Normandy) displaying the same general character, but marked by more of that "barbaric splendor" (the expression is Mr. Parker's) which became the most distinguishing feature of later Norman. A more decidedly foreign influence, from whatever source it may have originated, is evident in the Norman work of Gloucester and Hereford. The circular piers of Hereford have their capitals enriched with very elaborate knot-work and foliage, of somewhat the same character (though not so far developed) as that in the neighboring church of Shobdon, which the founder, Oliver de Merlimond, is thought to have copied from St. Victor's Abbey at Paris. On entering the nave of Gloucester Cathedral (1088-1100) we are at once struck by the great height of the piers. They measure thirty feet to the top of their capitals, while those of Norwich only reach fifteen—a difference which hardly seems compatible with the same style. Of course at Gloucester the main arches are so far raised as to be entirely altered in character, while triforium and clerestory are deprived of all dignity and importance. It may well be doubted whether the unquestionably fine effect of the lofty piers is not dearly purchased by the loss of the equal divisions of Norwich and Peterborough, and especially of the grave and massive triforium, which at Gloucester is only ten feet high, at Norwich twenty-four. Similar piers occur at Pershore, at Tewkesbury, and at Malvern—all probably designed by the same architect. So far as we know, they are found in no other part of England.

The transition from the round to the pointed arch—from Norman to Early English—was no doubt very gradual, and the complete change was preceded by many lesser alterations. Among

English cathedrals, Canterbury not only affords us the best example of this transitional period, but one which is of especial value from the certainty we possess as to its date. The "glorious choir of Conral," in which Becket's body was watched by the monks throughout the night which followed his murder, was four years later (1174) destroyed by fire. The rebuilding was intrusted to William of Sens, who continued the work until 1175, when, says Gervase, "through the vengeance of God or spite of the devil," he fell from the clerestory and was so much injured that he was compelled to return to France. His successor was a certain "English William," who completed the choir and the eastern buildings beyond it in 1184. The monks, it is said, were greatly astonished and delighted at the many novelties introduced by the two Williams. The mixture of round and pointed arches; the richly-foliated and varied capitals of the pillars—evident imitations of Corinthian, but showing in their leafage the more than beginning of that ribbed form which characterizes developed Early English; the great vault, with its ribs of stone; and especially the slender shafts of Purbeck gracing the triforia, were among the greatest changes. The whole work remains for our study and instruction—not only grand and striking in itself, but supplying one of the most important chapters in the history of English architecture.

We have said that the new style was slowly developed; but we can, we believe, point to the first great example of it in England in its completed form. This was Lincoln Cathedral, unrivalled among English cathedrals (we can hardly except Durham, spite of its romantic cliff) in grandeur of situation, rising as it does on its "sovereign hill"

"Above the smoke and stir of this dull earth,"

and scarcely less entitled to a foremost place from the beauty and interest of its architecture. If the vast space and dignity of York aptly proclaim the church of St. Peter, the church of St. Mary is not less fitly indicated by the delicacy and graceful proportion of Lincoln.

The Norman Church of Remigius was shattered by an earthquake in 1185. In

the following year one of the most remarkable men then living in Europe—Hugh of Burgundy, better known afterwards as St. Hugh of Lincoln—was consecrated to the see. He had been a monk in the Great Chartreuse, near Grenoble, then very famous for its austere rule, and for the piety of its members. There his reputation was considerable; and it was not without much difficulty that Henry II. succeeded in bringing him to England as the head of a Carthusian house at Witham, in Somersetshire, the first of the order in this country. After spending about ten years as Prior of Witham, he was made Bishop of Lincoln in 1186. The character of St. Hugh—his incessant labor throughout his vast diocese, his "cool judgment and exquisite tact," thanks to which he obtained and exercised an extraordinary influence over the fierce Plantagenet kings—are duly set forth in a very interesting metrical Life, as well as in a larger prose biography, both of which have been admirably edited by Mr. Dimock.* Here we have only to do with his work at Lincoln. The rebuilding of his cathedral was at once commenced; and St. Hugh (like King Richard at Acre) labored at the walls with his own hands:

"Non solum concedit opes, operamque suorum,
Sed proprii sudoris opem; lapidesque frequenter
Excisos fert in calathio, calcemque tenacem."†

St. Hugh, however, was not his own architect. The metrical Life tells us that the plans were prepared by a certain Geoffry de Noiers, concerning whose native country there has been much discussion. But the name was hereditary in England at that time; and it would certainly be pleasant to believe that the architect of Lincoln was a born and thoroughbred Englishman.

* The *Metrical History* was published by Messrs. Brooke of Lincoln in 1860. The prose Life (*Magna Vita S. Hugonis*) forms one of the "Master of the Rolls" series. Mr. Dimock's introductions to both are of the highest value and interest.

† "Rex ibidem operando etiam insignis intuit . . . ipse manibus edificando, ipse sermone persuadendo . . . efficacius proficiat." *Itinerarium Regis Ricardi*, L. V. cap. 6. This rebuilding of the walls of Acre took place in 1192. St. Hugh's work at Lincoln was going on at the same time.

‡ *Metrical Life*, p. 32.

St. Hugh died in the year 1200; and the Kings of England and Scotland—John and William the Lion—were present at his funeral, and assisted in carrying his bier into his unfinished cathedral. We do not know how far the building had advanced at the time of his death; but the original plans were probably carried out (with some slight variation, it may be, in detail) during the long episcopate of Hugh of Wells (1209–1235). In the existing choir, with its aisles and eastern transept, however, we have, there can be little doubt, the work of St. Hugh himself. It is entirely Early English (pointed) in design and detail; and nothing suggests the earlier style unless it be a certain antique stiffness in leafage and ornamentation. But there are some remarkable peculiarities—a double (and very graceful) arcade in the aisles and transepts, and some piers with detached shafts, from which project crocket-like tiers of leafage—which have more than once led to the suggestion that the whole design is of foreign origin, and that St. Hugh's architect must have brought his plans from Burgundy or Northern France. M. Viollet-le-Duc, however, whose authority on such a matter is conclusive, declares that, after the most careful examination, he cannot find here the slightest trace of the French school of the twelfth century. We are therefore fairly entitled to claim Lincoln as the first great example of Early English, which, it may well be, was first fully developed here by Geoffry of Noiers. The pointed style had been adopted some years earlier in France; but England borrowed little from her neighbors. How widely different were "Early French" and "Early English" is at once evident in comparing Chartres or Auxerre with Salisbury or Lincoln.

The rest of the cathedral—the great transept, with one at least of its exquisite rosewindows—the nave with its capitals of most graceful leafage and its wall-arcades—and the upper portion of the west front—is all Early English (1209–1235); and in passing westward from the choir we may trace the progress of the style, and especially the gradual advance of its leafage toward direct imitation of nature. The retro-choir, generally known as the "angel choir," from the figures of angels which

fill the spandrels above the main arches (1270–1282), belongs rather to the Early Decorated period; but, says Mr. Ferguson, "it follows so immediately after the rest as not to produce any want of harmony, but merely a degree of enrichment suitable to the increased sanctity of the altar, and the localities surrounding it."* This "angel choir" was in fact built for the reception of St. Hugh's shrine, to which pilgrims were flocking from every part of Northern England, and which was removed into it in 1282. The grace and beauty of its details are beyond praise; and in the sculptured angels Mr. Cockerell finds "all the freedom and naturalness attributed subsequently to Giotto, who was but an infant when these works were executed." It is not easy to interpret their symbolism, if, indeed, they represent more than the various orders of the celestial hierarchy; but of the symbolism which the church of St. Hugh was either intended, or was interpreted, to set forth in its various parts, we have a very curious account in the metrical Life. The white, squared stones, we are told, represented pure and wise churchmen—the square typifying "dogma." The dark Purbeck marble was the church, the spouse—"simplex, morosa, laborans"—the polish setting forth her simplicity, the brightness her morality, and the darkness her ceaseless toil and labor. The long ranges of windows above and below, were the different ranks of clergy, the circular windows of the transepts being the "two eyes of the church," the bishop and the dean. The bishop looked towards the South, the quarter of the Holy Spirit, as though inviting His influence; the dean towards the north, the region of the devil, in order to watch his advances. In this manner the whole fabric and material of the church are symbolized—

"Sic insensibiles lapides mysteria claudunt
Vivorum lapidum"

The entire passage is well worth notice, as an unanswerable proof that such mystic interpretations were in the minds, if not of the builders of our churches, at least of those who were contemporary with them.

Lincoln, it is thus probable, set an ex-

* *Handbook of Architecture.*

ample of the new style, which was rapidly followed in the other cathedrals. Of these the most perfect and admirable are Wells (1206-1242), Salisbury (1220-1258), Worcester (choir and lady chapel, begun 1224), and Westminster Abbey, which we must be allowed to include (1245-1269). The nave, transepts, and west front of Wells are all Early English, and are generally assigned to Bishop Jocelyn, the period of whose episcopate has been given above. There is, however, some uncertainty as to the date of the work; and to whatever time it is given, it would seem that the architect and masons of Wells must have worked but with little imitation of any distant example. The western portion of the cathedral is distinguished by so much peculiarity as to render it more than probable that this district, affording, as it does, good stone in profusion, retained a local school of masons who, adopting certain forms of the new style, retained with it many of their older devices. Wells accordingly must be compared with other Early English churches only to mark the difference. Its noble west front, "a masterpiece of art, indeed," in old Fuller's words, "made of imagery in just proportion, so that we may call them 'vera et spirantia signa'" is of a different character; and in it we recognize the true Early pointed of Salisbury and Westminster. We must not delay here to notice at the length they deserve its tiers of sculpture—not even that which represents the general Resurrection—"worthy," says Mr. Cockerell, "of John of Pisa, or of a greater man, John Flaxman." If we cannot accept Mr. Cockerell's interpretation of these admirable sculptures, we may at all events regard the entire west front, with him, as in effect illustrating the great Ambrosian Hymn. The "glorious company of the apostles," the "goodly fellowship of the prophets," and the "noble army of martyrs," keep their solemn watch at the entrance of the sanctuary. The figures of the celestial host proclaim, "To Thee all angels cry aloud, the heavens and all the powers therein." The crowned kings, the churchmen and the warriors represent the "holy church throughout all the world;" while the spirit of the entire work asserts that Church's ceaseless adoration, "Day by

day we magnify Thee, and we worship Thy name ever, world without end."*

The Cathedral of Wells is the centre of an assemblage of buildings which, as all archæologists know, form one of the most striking architectural groups in England. The great church, with its stately chapter-house; the bishop's moated and castellated palace, the vicar's college and close, the deanery, and the picturesque gate-houses, combine to produce such a whole as is not easily to be paralleled. Palace, cathedral, chapter-house, and close, formed part of Bishop Jocelyn's original design, which he did not live to complete, although, in Fuller's words, "God, to square his great undertakings, gave him a long life to his large heart."

From Wells we pass to Salisbury (1220-1258), which is throughout Early English, with the exception of its famous spire, an addition of the fourteenth century. The Cathedral of Old Sarum was in many respects inconvenient. There was a scarcity of water, and the site was so high and exposed that, according to an old tradition, "When the wind did blow they could not hear the priest say mass." Accordingly, Bishop Richard le Poer, in 1220, laid the foundations of a new cathedral in "the meadow of Merryfield," which was his own land. In 1228 this bishop was translated to Durham; but the work was steadily continued until its completion, in 1258. The Cathedral of Amiens was commenced in the same year as Salisbury (1220), and completed, nearly as at present, in 1272. It covers nearly twice as much ground as Salisbury, and its internal height, as in all French cathedrals, is far greater; yet in variety of outline, and play of light and shade, the English church (and we may say the same thing, still more decidedly, of Westminster) is beyond all doubt finer, although in comparing them we must constantly bear in mind the vast difference in their dimensions. Unhappily, toward the end of the last century, the famous "destructive" Wyatt was let loose upon Salisbury; and his operations, which at the time were pronounced "tasteful, effective, and judicious," have detracted much from the

* *Handbook for Wells (Southern Cathedrals)*, l. p. 27.

due effect of the interior. He swept away from the foundations a campanile on the south side of the cathedral, which must have grouped most picturesquely with the rest of the church, and was of the same age; but the scene within the close of Salisbury is still of exquisite beauty; "nor can the most curious, not to say cavilling eye," says Fuller, to whose quaintly discriminative sayings we are always glad to return, "desire anything which is wanting in this edifice, except possibly an ascent, seeing such who address themselves hither for their devotions can hardly say with David, 'I will go up into the house of the Lord.' " The slender columns of Purbeck marble, one of the great distinctions of Early English—here absolutely reed-like where they assist in carrying the vault of the lady chapel, and the plate tracery of windows and triforia, clearly marking that the style was not far advanced—are strongly characteristic of Salisbury. The chapter-house, so admirably restored by Mr. Burges, and the cloisters, beautiful with their central space of greensward and their solemn cedars, are of later date, perhaps of the time of Edward I., and assist in showing us the gradual change from Early English to Decorated.

How far Henry III. may have been induced by what he saw at Salisbury (which he frequently visited during the rise of its cathedral) to undertake the rebuilding of the great abbey church at Westminster, it is not easy to determine. It is more certain that, as Mr. Scott points out, the English King, during his sojourns in France, had become enamored of the "chevit" or apse, with its radiating coronal of chapels, which he may have seen in course of being carried out at Amiens, Beauvais, Rheims, and elsewhere; and that he caused this form to be adopted at Westminster, the building of which was commenced in 1245. The work of Henry III. terminated west of the crossing, and was completed in 1269. Five bays of the nave west of this were the work of Edward I. Beyond a doubt Westminster Abbey is the most beautiful church of this period, perhaps, in Europe.

"It has claims upon us as architects . . . on the ground of its intrinsic and superlative merits, as a work of art of the highest and noblest order; for though it is by no

means preëminent in general scale, in height, or in richness of sculpture, there are few churches in this or any other country having the same exquisite charms of proportion and artistic beauty which this church possesses—a beauty which never tires, and which impresses itself afresh upon the eye and the mind, however frequently you view it, and however glorious the edifices which, during the intervals, you may have seen." *

For all the details of Westminster, our readers may safely be referred to the admirable volume from which we have just quoted. In it Mr. Scott, Mr. Parker, and Mr. Burges, besides other contributors, have thrown an immense amount of light on the history and peculiarities of the church; on the tombs of the kings and princes which it guards; on the shrine and coronation-chair; and on the noble chapter-house, which Mr. Scott has restored on paper, and which, we most earnestly hope, will ere long be placed in his hands for a more substantial "restoration." Here we may refer to it as having been (for although Mr. Scott has succeeded in discovering nearly every part of the design, it is reduced to a complete wreck), in truth, the "incomparable chapter-house" which it was pronounced by Matthew Paris. It was part of Henry III.'s work, completed before that of Salisbury was commenced, and infinitely finer. If, in the interior of the church, there are strong indications of foreign influence, none are to be found here. The chapter-house of Westminster was one of the most beautiful creations of true Early English, a complete development of the national style.

CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT NUMBER.

A NEW LITERARY IMPOSTURE.†

ALL who have looked into the history of the French Revolution and its sources are aware that, as long ago as 1835, the *Revue Rétrospective*, among other valuable papers, published a number of let-

* *Gleanings from Westminster Abbey*, p. 16.

† *A New Literary Imposture*: the Correspondence of Maria Antoinette. By HEINRICH VON SYBEL, Professor of History in the Bonn University. Translated for THE ECLECTIC from the *Historische Zeitschrift*. München: 1865.

Correspondance inédite de Marie Antoinette.

ters* by the Queen Maria Antoinette, which had been brought, by order of Napoleon, from Vienna to Paris, and were afterwards preserved in the imperial archives of Vienna. There was never any doubt about their authenticity, whether in respect to their origin or their contents. Had they needed any confirmation, this was found in the reports of the Prussian Embassy to Vienna during those years, in which the most important of those documents are named, with the dates of their arrival and a synopsis of their contents, in complete agreement with the letters as published in the *Revue Rétrospective*.

The personality of the Queen is seen in these letters in the most significant form; she appears wise, strong and sagacious, and awakens the highest sympathy. The letters also give decisive data for understanding the chief historical questions of the times, as, for example, the relation of the French Court to foreign powers, and the attitude of the Emperor Leopold towards the Revolution. They show incontrovertibly the entire falsity of the current assumption that Louis and Antoinette, like the French emigrants, sought to bring about an invasion of France by foreign powers; and that Leopold originated a great league against France, and so occasioned the wars of the Revolution. Of this correspondence, now, hardly any one in France took any notice; and this fact is characteristic of the kind of machine work which was then manufactured, on a large scale, about the history of the Revolution.

Letters and Documents Originals. Par la Cour de Paris. Vingt-trois volumes. Paris: 1874.
Les Lettres de Louis XVI. et de Marie Antoinette. Par M. Lescure. Paris: 1874.
Les Lettres de Louis XVI. et de Marie Antoinette. Par M. Feuillet de Conches. Paris: 1874.

Marie Thérèse and Marie Antoinette. The Princesses of Saxe-Coburg. Vol. 177-178. Herausgegeben von ALFRED RITTER VON ARNETH. Paris: Wien: 1874.

* This correspondence has awakened great interest in France, Germany and England. Many of the English and French periodicals have accepted it as genuine. The German edition by Professor Schönlank of the University of Bonn, has had a sensation so effectively, that it has made the public in Germany and France take notice of the letters as published in France. Professor Schönlank is well known as a man of the highest ability as a historian. He is the author of a well-known work on the Crusades.—Ed. BOSTON.

Those that knew of these letters heard, of course, with lively interest, that M. Feuillet de Conches had diligently and successfully collected a large number of autographs, in which the Correspondence of Louis XVI. and Maria Antoinette figured in large proportions. The publication of these treasures was looked for year after year. Goncourt in his *History of Antoinette*, and, more recently, Lescure in the *Life of the Princess Lamballe*, gave some very interesting extracts from these letters. It was even hinted that the history of the Revolution would, by this collection, receive a wholly new foundation. So much greater was the surprise, when, last year, a whole volume of letters of the Queen was published, not by M. Feuillet de Conches, but by another person, the Count d'Hunolstein. The title-page said that these "were published after original documents;" the preface declared that Antoinette frequently made several copies of her letters, so that the fact is readily explained that the same letter is now found at several places. The Count did not take any pains to give any further particulars as to how he came by these papers. A large part of the book was made up of the letters as published in the *Revue Rétrospective*; but to these were added, beginning with the year 1770, in which Antoinette was married, a series of letters addressed to the Empress Maria Theresa, to the Archduchess Maria Christine, to the Emperor Joseph, the Princess Lamballe, Madame de Polignac, and Count Mercy (the Austrian ambassador). All these new epistles are genial and cordial, and admirably befitting a youthful Princess, of lively perceptions, moderate culture and youthful naïveté. The tone and manner of these letters were indeed very different from those contained in the *Revue*; yet this seemed perfectly explicable by the length of the intervening time and the fearful impression made by the events of the Revolution. The success of the publication was great; most readers, male and female, were enraptured. Some pedantic reviewer did, indeed, suggest that the silence of the Count about his sources was not suspicious; also, that some formal matters were incorrect—that the Queen never signed her name (as here) Maria Antoinette, but only

Antoinette; that the Archduchess Maria Christine was never called in the family Christine (as in the letters), but always Maria. Still the material interest in the letters, as bringing new facts to light, was so great, that such slight exceptions had hardly any weight.

A few months after this the book of M. Feuillet de Conches also made its appearance. The author came forward with a much more imposing mien. "I here give," so begins his preface, "letters and documents, collected during twenty years in the archives of France, Austria, Russia and Sweden; archives of old families have come to my aid; personal recollections have completed my materials." The author complains of the mass of fictitious documents in circulation relating to that period, and expressly asserts that there is only one proof of genuineness, and that is, "the autograph." In the book itself there are first published some of the letters made known by Hunolstein, correcting the dates here and there, and professing to give the text after the original manuscripts. Among these are also some short letters of Louis XVI., two series of letters by Madame Elizabeth, some hitherto unknown epistles of the Queen; several statesmen, ministers and diplomatists are represented; and the letters published in the *Revue Rétrospective* are not lacking. The two volumes of this collection already published come down to 1791.

In the case of a large number of these letters, the sources are assigned; for example, the correspondence of the Princess Elizabeth. But in respect to a still greater number, we have to content ourselves with the general assurance contained in the preface, without being told whether the custodians of the archives referred to by M. Feuillet de Conches made him a present, with illegal generosity, of the original autographs; or why the editor, if he only took a copy, confined himself to so few and such unimportant excerpts, when he had before him all the treasures of the archives. For no one can possibly claim that our historical knowledge of these times is sensibly enriched by this new publication. It was already known that Louis XVI., after he ascended the throne, sent Madame Du Barry off, and appointed

new ministers; the letters here printed say nothing about the motives or persons that led him to select the new ministry. A letter of Louis, on the famous Necklace Case, tells us that he was very angry with Cardinal Rohan; and one of Maria Antoinette, that she was troubled by the decision of the Parliament. From Ranke's admirable work on the *Notables* (Schmidt, *Zeitschrift f. Geschichte*, Bd. v.) we have known, ever since 1846, that the imperial archives of Paris contain a large number of important letters and documents in respect to Calonne and the *Notables* of 1787. M. Feuillet de Conches has not got hold of any of them, excepting some very unimportant notes of Louis to Calonne and the Keeper of the Seals. On the last days of the ministry of Brienne and the recall of Neckar, he gives a long series of interesting letters from the Queen, from Mercy and from Brienne. These would be instructive and important, had not a contemporaneous author, Soulavie, already published the contents from Brienne's papers. The work is somewhat fuller in relation to the first years of the Revolution, than on those matters pertaining to the history of the old Régime; but who that has had access, as M. de Conches avers that he has, to the archives of Petersburg, Vienna and Paris, was not in duty bound to come before the public with more than the spare crumbs which he gives us?

Meanwhile the work of the Ritter von Arneth was published very soon after that of Feuillet, and those that read it were at once led to some very different reflections upon the two French collections. Arneth gives, as befits a thorough editor, the most exact information as to the state of his documents. They all came from the Vienna archives—the letters of Antoinette in the original, those of Maria Theresa in copies taken in every instance by the Secretary of the Empress before the letters were sent. Unfortunately, some numbers of the series are lost, and others are not printed on account of the private nature of the contents. Of the published letters, the first is from Maria Antoinette a few weeks after her marriage—the last is from the Empress a few weeks before her death.

Comparing this collection with those of the two Frenchmen, it appears, first

of all, that Arneth gives, from the year 1770 to 1780, ninety-two letters; Hunolstein, in the same period, has forty-five, and Feuillet twenty-one. It appears further, that of the German collection only a single letter is found in the French, and that the French editors were as ignorant of the other ninety-one as were the Vienna archives of the fifty different letters published by Hunolstein and Feuillet. Further, it is very manifest, from even a rapid perusal, that on the one side the ninety letters of the German collection have, from first to last, one and the same stamp, one and the same style of thought and speech; and on the other side it is no less clear that the fifty letters, peculiar to the two Frenchmen, must also have come unmistakably from one and the same author, from one and the same hand, written out, we may say, with one and the same pen. But, in fine, it is only too soon apparent, that this hand could never have been that of the Queen Maria Antoinette. The contrast is so plain, so sharp, that this alone would be enough to raise the gravest doubts about the genuineness of the letters printed in Paris. The thing appears so evident to Herr Arneth, that he has not thought it worth while to say a single word in evidence. And yet, can it be possible that all the originals of the Count Vogt d'Hunolstein, and all the autographs of the former collection of M. Feuillet de Conches, are really only the work of a fabricator? Is there no possibility of bringing the two series of letters into unison; or, at least of showing the genuineness of some of the French papers?

We will attempt to exhibit the state of the case in some detail. A point of decisive moment in the life of Maria Antoinette was, of course, the death of Louis XVI., and her husband's accession to the throne, May 10th, 1774. Hunolstein, now, has no less than eight letters from April 30th to May 18th, in which Maria Antoinette reports, with a rapid pen, to her mother and the rest of her family by turns, every phase of the sickness, all the circumstances of the disease, and whatever occurred during the first days of her life as Queen. They are for the most part short notes, written under the highest excitement, and

giving accounts of the passing hour, interspersed with impassioned cries of suffering, of childlike love, of fear before the new burden of royalty, and of longing for help and counsel. "The whole family," she writes April 30th, "is filled with terror; I am made sick by these scenes; the Dauphin is stagnant with fear." On May 5th, she writes: "The evils increase. May God help us! I kiss your hand reverently, and commend all of us to your prayers." On the 8th she describes how the sacrament was brought to the King in presence of the royal family, of the whole court and the ministers; that there was a universal weeping without a word spoken; they looked at one another without seeing any one. On the 10th: "God be with us, the King died about noon, after he had, yesterday, received extreme unction with deep devotion? What is to become of us? The Dauphin and myself are full of fear on coming to the throne while still so young." On the 11th she implores her brother Joseph, with folded hands, to give her his experience as a guide on her entrance into a future so full of dangerous cliffs. At the same time she complains to her mother of the total inexperience of the Dauphin, who had now become more composed, but was always coming to weep with her. She then recapitulates the story of the sickness of Louis XV., and laments that he retained his consciousness to the last moment, as he had the greatest fear of death; she, herself, was under great anxiety about the small-pox, and had repeatedly implored her husband to have himself inoculated; and, in fine, she complains somewhat of the silence of the King who did not enter into her suggestions about the restoration of Choiseul. On the 13th she writes, that "the Du Barry" has been shut up for some time in a cloister; that she is bad, but not malicious; that her family are more mean than herself; there is a rain of books and pamphlets, by great politicians, discoursing about the safety of the state; and then she concludes: "Dearest sister, why will you not make a short journey here? My God! I a Queen, and so young! It is terrible!" And in just the same style she prattles, on the 18th, about the sickness of their aunt, and the excellent sentiments of her consort.

Compare, now, with all this, the letter to the Empress, of May 14th, as given by Arneth. "Mercy will have given you the particulars of our great misfortune;" thus she begins, referring only to Mercy and not to any preceding letters from herself. "Happily the King was conscious up to his last moments, and his end was very edifying. The new King seems to have the love of his people; he has distributed 200,000 francs among the poor; since the death of his father he is constantly at work and writing letters. He is certainly economical, and he wishes to make his people happy. He shows always a great desire and need of learning his duties; God will bless his good will." Then she mentions cursorily, that they have sent off "the creature" and all that bear her scandalous name. She adds that she is often importuned to intercede with the King to be mild towards her, and that she is inclined to do so; but the association of ideas then brings her to speak of Esterhazy—and there follows a long appeal in favor of this Hungarian, who had provoked the Empress. After an allusion to Aunt Adelaide, she again speaks of her Vienna acquaintance, and relates the pleasure she had in appointing a Lothringian to be her almoner. She closes with warm thanks to her mother, who had obtained for her this brilliant position. The young King adds a short postscript, speaking of his attachment to the Empress, and how much he would like to have her advice in these first moments of care, and thanks her for her daughter, with whom he was as content as man could be. Antoinette adds a word of excuse for his not having written his letter by itself, and says that he has very much to do and is very bashful; and that his last words show, that, with all his tenderness, he will not spoil her by stale compliments.

Taking with this the reply of the Empress of May 30th, in which she answers the above letter, in all its parts, sentence by sentence, and thereby expressly says that, beside this letter, they had not had any news in Vienna from the French Court—no further evidence is needed to prove that the whole series of the Hunolstein letters, from April 30th to May 18th, never existed—that they are forgeries from the first word to the last. It is

not necessary to recount the particular errors of the falsifier—the attendance of the royal family at the sacrament, the mild judgment of Antoinette about Madame Du Barry, her grief at the fear of death shown by Louis XV., her insisting upon the inoculation of the Dauphin (while her mother, on June 1st, congratulates her that she had no part in this mistaken step); all this is not needed, in addition to the documentary certainty, to show that Maria Antoinette sent in May only one letter to her family, that of May 14th.

Eight inventions, eight falsifications, in one breath! And just here we must repeat the remark, that the style of this pseudo-Antoinette is the same throughout all the fifty letters of the two French editors, and wholly different from that of the Vienna collection.

But let us continue the comparison in detail:

In the year 1771 Maria Theresa is constantly reverting to the theme that her daughter is not sufficiently friendly and civil to Madame Du Barry. In the very first letter of Arneth's collection Antoinette calls her "the most silly and most impertinent creature in the world," and manifests towards her, with the agreement of the Dauphin, a cool and silent politeness. The Empress fears the worst consequences from this course, and warns Antoinette not to be so much influenced by the aunts, Adelaide, Victoire, and Sophia. After several letters have been passed between them on the matter, the Dauphiness declares in fine, that, though she was intimate with the aunts, yet in matters of honor she does not allow herself to be determined by anybody. These letters are from July to December, 1771.

What are we now to say, when, in contrast with these facts, the Hunolstein Antoinette writes to her mother, Dec. 7th, 1771, that the King is very kind to her; but as to the aunts, who are sometimes demonstrative, and sometimes cold and scornful, she has not yet any definite notion of their sentiments; but, perhaps, she judges them untruly! As to Madame Du Barry, she says that she has not hitherto named her to her mother, adding, "I have demeaned myself towards her weakness with all the reserve which you have recommended to me." On all points the Antoinette of Hunolstein is in

flagrant contradiction with the genuine. This letter writer was doubtless not able to believe that the prudish Maria Theresa could be so condescending to the Du Barry, in spite of the earlier and well-known correspondence with Madame de Pompadour. And as to the aunts, these spurious letters give such a representation of the Queen's behavior towards them as might have been sketched from the narrative of Madame de Campan in the year 1870.

The relation of the Queen to the Princess Elizabeth is not treated any more correctly than that to Madame Du Barry and the aunts. An alleged letter of the Queen (dated in Hunolstein's work, August 16th, 1775, in Feuillet's April 16th, 1778—so, remarks the latter exact editor, it is dated in "the autograph"), gives a long account of the Princess. The Queen writes in full about the violent and rude character of her sister-in-law Elizabeth; though she had had some instruction, yet, after the marriage of the Princess Clotilde, she had changed all of a sudden, and since then Elizabeth was full of the strangest religious zeal, and wanted to become a nun, but the King would not hear of it, and so she (the Queen) induced the King to fit up for the Princess, before the usual time, an establishment by herself, so as to bring her to other thoughts; and that Louis had seen the wisdom of this course.

Now, this bit of history related in such a lively style cannot have occurred in the summer of 1775. For the Queen on the 14th July wrote to her mother that she was enchanted with the tenderness of Elizabeth. She says that, after the departure of Clotilde, August 28th, Elizabeth was sick from grief, and the Queen was so drawn towards her that she was afraid of attaching her too closely to herself, while it was for Elizabeth's interest to be soon married; and then she speaks about a marriage alliance with Portugal, though Elizabeth was now only eleven years old. The date of the letter as given by Hunolstein (Aug. 16th, 1775), is in absolute disagreement with these dates. We turn then to the "autograph" of Feuillet, which dates this letter April 16th, 1778. But it is as impossible that this letter could have been written then as three

years before. The Queen in 1778 wrote to her mother, March 25th, and April 19th; and the answer of Maria Theresa shows incontestably that there could not have been any third letter, of the date April 16th, between these. The Queen on May 5th does, indeed, mention the plan of giving to the young Princess a house by herself, but not, as the pseudo-Antoinette says, as an antidote to her cloister fancies, but on account of the pregnancy of the Queen and the impossibility of educating Elizabeth with the expected child of the King.

Even in respect to this child the royal mother is represented in a very different way in Hunolstein from that found in Arneth's letters. In the Hunolstein collection the Queen writes, April 14th, 1779, that she is in the Trianon with the King, Elizabeth, and her sisters-in-law, and that all around her are brilliant flowers; that in her quality as mother she thinks her daughter to be the fairest child in all France; that the King thinks the same, and that the little one has already laughed once in his face: "but I cannot find out that the baby can do anything yet but pout, but she pouts in a very genteel way." This charming picture unfortunately has no basis in fact. The real Antoinette removed to the Trianon some time in April, because she was attacked by the measles, and must on this account be separated for three weeks from the King who had not had them. She was not living with her daughter even on the 15th of May; she was in Marly, and the child in Versailles, yet they were allowed now and then to see one another.

These instances, it is evident, admit of no doubt or contradiction. The question comes up, how far we may draw conclusions from them as to the worth of the rest of the letters; and in respect to this we add some further statements: In a letter in Feuillet, dated July 27th, 1770, Antoinette informs her sister that she was just thinking of going to Compiègne; but in point of fact she went there on the 18th of July. Hunolstein puts this letter in 1773, but the Court was that year in Compiègne as early as the 17th of July; and the rest of the letter shows clearly that the writer had in mind events and circumstances of the year 1770, and not of

1778. And as after this the chronological mistake is retained in a letter of Aug. 28th, 1770, where Antoinette again says that she has been in Compiègne since the end of July, it is again apparent that the fabrication of these letters follows a regular plan, and that they come from one hand. This appears still further from some favorite themes continually recurring, while in the genuine correspondence there is no trace of them. In the Paris collections Antoinette is constantly complaining about the burdensome etiquette; and, also, that she sees that in the royal family she is looked upon as a stranger, and not as French. In the circumstances, it cannot be said that such declarations are quite impossible; but it must still be conceded that it is singular that the Paris collection should not only have letters not found in the Vienna archives, but also thoughts of which there is no trace there. In the genuine letters, corresponding with the intimate character of a family correspondence, the small as well as the great events of the passing days are mentioned. The details are often concrete and familiar; sometimes the facts are well known and interesting, sometimes insignificant, and wholly indifferent to a third party. But the Paris letters are piquant throughout, and impressive from the contrast between the official position of Antoinette and her naïve expressions, as simple often as those of a waiting-maid; but at the same time they give few details and specialties, excepting such as have long been known from the *Memoirs* of Madame de Campan.

In fact, the forms of expression are not unfrequently taken right out of these memoirs, in such a way though that while Madame de Campan relates the matter with fitting expressions and in its correct connections, the letter writer repeats it in a worse form, in a false position, and with manifest misunderstandings. Compare, for example, the letter in Hunolstein, Feb. 14th, 1771, where the mention of Metastasio and the description of the three aunts corresponds entirely with what is found in Madame de Campan's *Memoirs* (pp. 21, 28, 29, 41, 58); and the concise statements about the aunt Sophia are not at all intelligible until we resort to the *Memoirs* from which they are abridged.

Further, Hunolstein gives nine letters to the Archduchess Maria Christine, from August, 1772, to April, 1774, immediately preceding that fictitious epistle about the death of Louis XV. The whole nine are full of puerile girl's talk, complaints about etiquette, her monotonous life (while the genuine Antoinette writes, October 26th, 1776: "Although my time is always filled up here, yet I read a little every day")—and some stories about the Court, and notices of persons. These specialties are all to be found in De Campan's third chapter; for example, the description of Clotilde and Elizabeth, the long nose of Count Artois, the meals they had together, and the private theatricals of the Prince. Two later letters to Christine, in 1777, describe the visit of the Emperor Joseph II. to Versailles; and there is scarcely a statement in them whose source cannot be indicated in the eighth chapter of the *Memoirs*. Thus Madame de Campan relates that, on visiting the opera, Joseph wanted to stay in the back part of the box, but the Queen with some violence brought him to the front and showed him to the public, who thereupon applauded, and demanded, as on a previous occasion, the chorus *da capo*, which was put in the play out of honor to the Queen. Our letter fabricator now gives it this turn, that the Emperor kept in the background, but "at a decisive *morceau* I dragged him forth, and thus drew down the greatest applause." Here the use and change of the original are clear. The letter writer says, May 14th, that Joseph shows great kindness to Elizabeth, who "is now a charming character, and well grown up." Madame de Campan says: "Joseph manifested an interest in the Princess Elizabeth, who was then passing out of childhood, and had all the freshness of that age." The letter writer says: "I must submit to the custom of a public mid-day meal, which is to me frightful." De Campan (p. 101) mentions that Antoinette was very averse to the custom of a public mid-day meal, but had to submit to it. The addition of De Campan, "as long as she was Dauphiness," is overlooked by the fabricator, who, however, adds from De Campan the remark that she kept up the family suppers with the greatest perseverance. Then the letter writer re-

turns to aunt Adelaide, saying: "I am confirmed in my suspicion that she does not forgive me the loss of the first place in the Court, which she had to endure on my arrival"—a statement which in De Campan (p. 72) is as natural in respect to the first years of the Dauphiness, as it is inconceivable that the Queen could have said it seven years later.

After an unmeaning reference to aunt Victoire and Monsieur, without any transition from the one point to the other, there follows the sentence: "No, but keep still; this is my answer; but everything now gives hope to the contrary." This is the sole passage in the Paris collection which alludes to the prospect of Antoinette becoming a mother, and it will be conceded that it is conceived far more in the style adapted to modern female readers than are the numerous, unmetaphorical, perfectly business-like references to the same subject in the genuine correspondence (e. g., November 15th, 1771: "He loves me much, and will end all when he shall be less embarrassed," etc.) Finally, the letter contains an exposition of the favorite theme of the burdensome etiquette. "The external etiquette," Antoinette is represented as writing, "is often oppressive enough, but the King writes me to conform to it for the sake of dignity, and this is reasonable; but it is the etiquette of the chamber, and the whole interior etiquette, which is odious to me; there are details which weigh upon me, and if I could see you I should have a long talk with you about them." We can very nearly conjecture what is meant by this "internal and external etiquette"; it is a wholly different question whether we can ascribe to the Queen herself such an awry and wholly untechnical form of expression. And to complete this, as to the dreadful details, which she cannot write, and could at the utmost impart in a private conversation—such things, which a woman could not well speak of do not occur even in the most wearisome rules of etiquette; at the utmost, they might come up in the case of childbirth, about which, as we have just seen, there can be nothing here said. But the *Memoirs* of Madame de Campan solve these difficulties. She relates the famous history of the chemise which the Queen was to put on, and for which she

had to wait in the cold for a quarter of an hour, because some new and higher personage in charge of the matter kept coming in who claimed the right of handing the garment to the Queen. This is the detail "which weighs upon me," and the modern public for whom this letter writer is at work, naturally finds it much pleasanter that the Queen should not enter into particulars in a letter about this chemise difficulty. Madame de Campan relates further (*Memoirs*, I, 99): "In speaking about etiquette, I do not refer to that majestic order established in all courts for days of ceremony; I speak of the minute rules which pursue us royal persons into our most secret interior—*intérieur le plus secret*." This is intelligent and intelligible; it is the irreproachable original out of which this letter fabricator has made his statement about "etiquette extérieure" and "etiquette toute intérieure."

It were easy to enlarge the number of these instances. From De Campan are taken the complaint about "reigning so young," May 10th, 1774; the calling the Trianon "little Vienna," October 8th, 1775; the words to her daughter after her birth, December, 1778; the song of the Poissards upon the Dauphin, November 21st, 1881—yet I break off so as not to weary the reader by further proofs of a fact which is so plain. We have said that it can be proved with convincing arguments that a full quarter of these letters are spurious. These run through the whole period which is under investigation; they are addressed to all the members of the imperial family with whom the Queen is represented in the Paris collections as in correspondence; and the other letters addressed to these same correspondents entirely agree in tone and expression with those that can be proved to be false. On the other hand the Antoinette of the Arneth letters is entirely different from her of the Hunolstein and Feuillet epistles. The former is more quiet, more dignified, if you please more dry, in the mode of her communications; but also self-possessed, thoughtful, and in the highest degree amiable in her tender reverence towards her mother. We have from her many details of not much worth, but sometimes we are told of important and instructive facts; as, for example,

her share in the diplomacy of 1778, her aversion to Turgot, her bitterness against the English constitution. But the Antoinette of the Paris letters is amusing, coquettish, negligently gracious. In what she tells she confines herself to the best-known things, and is not always exact in style and chronology. Even where positive proofs of spuriousness are lacking, the general character of the compilation is decisive. The letters of the Queen before the time of the Restoration, as they stand in Hunolstein and Feuillet, must all be excluded from the authentic materials of history.

We hardly need say that we agree with M. Feuillet de Conches when, in all controversies as to the genuineness of a document, he assigns the highest value to autographs; nor yet, that we are entirely convinced that he really believes in his collection of autographs. But he is not the first autograph-collector whose zeal has made him the victim of a deceiver; and the forger who deceived him was by no means a stupid fellow. He has, indeed, made light work in the examination of the historic facts on which he builds his fabric; besides the *Memoirs* of Madame de Campan, he has at the utmost consulted only one and another of the contemporaneous newspapers, and then written out the letters in accordance with the idea which he thus attained of a young and inexperienced Queen, full of the joys of life. But this fabricator has known how to keep on this mask in admirable style in letters to the mother, sisters, brothers and friends; and what will always be reckoned as a service to literature, he has contrived under this mask to gain the applause of the public, and, above all, to win the entire confidence of MM. Paul Vogt d'Hunolstein and Feuillet de Conches.

The Saturday Review.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT AND THE MECCA PILGRIMS.

THE attention of Europe has been called by the French government to the fearful condition of the annual Mecca caravans. Mecca this year has certainly been the birth-place of the cholera that

hangs at present over the south of Europe. The columns of pilgrims that flock yearly to the Caaba from Egypt, Damascus, and Bagdad, have long been famous for their numbers and their filth; and the ships that bring worshippers from Suez, by the way of Yambu, Jeddah, and other seaports are simply magazines of dirt and of disease. The religion of Mohammed is in theory a wholesome and a sanitary one. Cleanliness, according to the tradition of the prophet, is one half of the faith, and the key of prayer. In the first ages, our forefathers long languished in ignorance of the art of washing, down to the times of Abraham himself, when an angel was sent expressly to teach the unaccustomed patriarch how to perform the curious and unknown rite. But though water, as the believer learns from his Koran, will happily abound in Paradise, it is in the desert a rarer luxury; and the holy precept which permits the Mohammedan, for all purposes of ablution, to employ a handful of fine sand, is a concession partly to the necessities, and partly perhaps to the indolence, of the earthly pilgrim. Despite the anxious admonition of the Apostle of God, cleanliness throughout the Mecca pilgrimage is only conspicuous by its absence. A multitude of human beings, of every country and degree, huddled pell-mell with dromedaries, horses, asses, sheep, and goats, constitutes the procession; vermin of all kinds flourish and abound; but the patient believer, when once he has put on the sacred habit, is bidden by the rules of his faith to abjure the inhuman practice of insecticide. In such a motley gathering the elements of pestilence exist already, but they are fostered and increased by other unhealthy incidents of pilgrimage. The Korban Beiram, as its name implies, is a feast of sacrifice; and an older superstition perhaps than that of Mohammed still dimly survives in the yearly slaughter of innumerable victims. Their putrefied remains add to the corruption that is breeding already in the air, and make the prevalent filth and impurity still more dangerous and deadly. Of late the number of pilgrims had been believed, upon fair authority, to be on the decline; but we hear that this year the crowds amounted to at least two hundred thou-

ment. The numbers, and the salubrity of the hotel, may lead to the mind of some one to doubt as to the success of Mecca's suppression. When at Mecca, the French believe the assembled tribes. The pilgrims know that, precisely during the season, however, are present; if the number were greater, God would reduce it by his power; if less, angels would flock to make up the proper congregation. This year the epidemic was fatally and suddenly reduced towards the predicted average; for the cholera, in all its virulence, made its appearance in their midst. The pilgrim bands were at once decimated, and more than decimated. It is the characteristic of that awful pestilence that it needs multiply and fructify without visible contagion; and in a few months the cholera was spreading towards Egypt, Syria, and Constantinople, and steadily moving as usual from the East upon the West.

To the French government belongs the credit of having some time since dispatched a medical commission to the East, to study the cholera in its origin, to investigate its character, and the laws that regulate its march. The information received from consular agents and from commissioners alike have led the French government to the conclusion that the Mecca pilgrimage is a species of pestilence centre. The introduction of steam navigation only makes the dangers greater than ever. During the passage through the desert, the pilgrims, at all events, were in the open air; and a tedious journey allowed sufficient time for the elements of disease which they carried with them to be dissipated or dispersed. Thousands now go and return by sea, in the most crowded and malarious of ships; and unhappily for the country for which they are bound, the voyage is soon over. That cholera is thus engendered, if not propagated, is proved by our recent experience; and the next question to consider is how Europe can meet the evil. Putting aside the obvious precaution of setting one's own house in order, there are two rival methods of grappling with the cholera. The first is the antiquated and somewhat discredited system of quarantine. Ever since its invention, subsequently to the Crusades, the system of quarantine has impeded European commerce, without

securing to Europe immunity from pestilence. For a great commercial nation, with a hundred seaports, it is simply impracticable. To shut cholera out by establishing a rigid blockade is about as possible as it is to keep flies out of a garden by shutting the garden gates. The carelessness of officials, the fraud of a single captain or of a single pilot, may render every effort nugatory; and if one avenue is stopped, cholera has a habit of either going round or flying over it. The common sense of the world has come to a clear conclusion on the point. One transatlantic controversialist, in a burst of commercial enthusiasm, asserts that the providential mission of cholera is to establish the utter futility of quarantine; and careful observers, while they may hesitate to pronounce on the subject of cholera, will perhaps agree that such will at least be one of its results.

Touching Quarantine, the French have taken a strong and vigorous line. In 1851, an International Sanitary Conference was held at Paris, upon their invitation, and envoys were accredited to it from England, Russia, Spain, Austria, Italy, and Turkey. After long deliberation, the Conference agreed upon a report. A convention was drawn up, and submitted for approval by the various representatives to their Home Governments. Owing to the reluctance of one or more of the powers of the Mediterranean seaboard to indorse the opinions of their envoys, this convention fell through. Five or six years later a second Conference was again held at Paris, which was destined in its turn to prove equally abortive. The persistent energy of the French government may be explained by the extreme losses inflicted on French commerce by the system of quarantine—losses which some time since were stated to amount to the extravagant figure of one hundred millions of francs per annum. So high an estimate cannot but have been founded on considerable exaggeration. But that the annual injury is great has always been admitted, and is implied again this month in the report of M. Béhic. Quarantine being thus most noxious to commerce and innocuous to cholera, the French propose to fall back upon an alternative expedient. It is not possible, when cholera is once on its way, to ar-

rest it *en route*. Is it possible by any means to strangle it in its cradle? Can nothing be done to improve the sanitary condition of the pestilence centres of the East?

Unfortunately, the proceedings of the abortive sanitary conferences of 1851 and 1856 have never, we believe, been published in this country. Without doubt, the documents are voluminous, but they must as certainly contain much interesting matter. Lord St. Germans, in 1852, moved for the printing of some of the papers connected with the earlier Congress, but at the request of the Derby Ministry the motion was allowed to fall into abeyance. It was represented at that time that their publication would only impede the ratification of the proposed Convention by Italy and Spain. The reason—if it ever was worth anything, which we doubt—no longer exists; and a selection, at all events, from the minutes of the proceedings might be a valuable addition to the next issue of the Bluebook. If we mistake not, something like the question now raised by M. Béhic was raised, if not debated, before the first Conference. It was doubtless part of the project to substitute for the vain precautions of quarantine a stable system of sanitary supervision in the East. We should like to know whether this idea was elaborated in the discussion, or dwelt upon in the final report. The French government now recur to it again, and are anxious that quarantine, if it is not altogether to be replaced, may at all events be supplemented by some such scheme. "It is not sufficient," says M. Béhic, "to oppose to the cholera, upon each of the stages it traverses, obstacles which inflict real injury on commerce, and only offer to the public health guarantees too often powerless. It is, above all, necessary to organize at the point of departure a system of preventive measures connected with the territorial authorities by means of international arrangements." There is nothing that alarms English statesmen of the old school so thoroughly as any proposal emanating from Paris to take the affairs of the East under the international care of Europe. But this jealousy of French ambition, however instinctive, may be carried too far. It would be carried to an extreme if it

were permitted to interfere with the progress of civilization or Christianity, or with the public health of Europe. The one thing to be investigated is, whether any serious good can be achieved by European mediation or interference. The French evidently think it can, and we are far from saying that it cannot. M. Béhic limits himself to the suggestion that a thorough system of observation and surveillance should be established at Jeddah or Suez; and that the Red Sea ships which carry back pilgrims from Mecca should be jealously inspected. He thinks that, if exact reports upon cases of illness arising during the passage could be brought betimes under the notice of local sanitary authorities, the "centres of infection" might be extinguished or isolated. If this means that the system of quarantine, which the French wish to see relaxed in the West, should be made stricter in the East, we are afraid that M. Béhic proposes what is at once illogical and useless. The proper step would surely be to insist upon proper sanitary precaution on board the Red Sea vessels themselves. And after all has been done in this way, a great deal will of necessity have been left undone. The miseries of the overland caravans, the dirt and filth of the crowds at Mecca, the pestilential miasma of the offal left after the sacrifices, will still remain unremedied. Those who know the East best, will best be able to say whether the case is absolutely hopeless. It would evidently be desperate if the Mohammedan world were left to its own devices; but it is worth considering whether, under sound international arrangements which would preclude all possibility of individual encroachment or ambition, the Western powers cannot contrive anything to abate a nuisance which so intimately concerns their own welfare.

Temple Bar.

STATISTICAL AVERAGES AND HUMAN ACTIONS.

Not very long ago there appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* some remarks on the morality of the doctrine of averages which are worthy of attention, as expressing the very widely-spread re-

pugnance to admitting that the doctrine of averages can legitimately, in the writer's words, "be pushed up into the moral sphere, and the freedom of man thus obliterated." A planet, he urges, in which goodness was cast up in the total from columns of averages, and wickedness reckoned simply as so much in the hundred, would be a world unhumanized altogether; and the sense of such an arrangement would effectually spoil human life and stultify morality. If Mr. J. S. Mill is right in affirming that "a mere disposition to believe, even if supposed instinctive, is no guarantee for the truth of the thing believed," neither, of course, is an *indisposition* to believe conclusive as to its falsity. Still the fact that such an apprehension exists is certainly a ground for endeavoring, if possible, to remove it; and we think that the following considerations which we offer will tend to show that it is founded on an imperfect apprehension and misconception of the true points of the case—a misconception caused, to no small extent, by a certain looseness and inaccuracy in the language of the advocates of the doctrine in question.

In the first place, then, what is this doctrine of averages, whose effects are to be so benumbing and withering on all that is best in man? We will take as its exponent the writer who has certainly done most to bring it into popular notice—Mr. Buckle. The subject is discussed by him at some length in the first chapter of his *General Introduction*, pp. 18–31; and his conclusions may be summed up as follows: Statistics show that there exists a regularity in the entire moral conduct of a given society; for, as the actions of men may be divided into good and bad, if it can be demonstrated that their bad actions vary in obedience to the changes in the surrounding society, we shall be obliged to infer that their good actions—which are, as it were, the residue of their bad ones—vary in the same manner; and shall be forced to the farther conclusion that such variations are the result of large and general causes, which, working upon the aggregate of society, must produce certain consequences, without regard to the volition of those particular men of whom the society is composed. The statistical facts put together by men,

for the most part mere government officials, with no theory to maintain and no interest in distorting the truth, make it evident that in the same state of society the same crimes will be committed in periods of equal length by *very nearly* the same number of persons, the variations being due to minor laws, which tend more or less to disturb the action of the greater law, and for which allowances must be made; just as, in applying the great principles of geometry and mechanics to actually existing bodies, we take into account differing densities and atmospheric resistance. This uniformity holds good even in such crimes as murder and suicide, which on many grounds might well be considered *prima facie* most arbitrary, irregular, and uncontrollable, and most to depend on some capricious and personal principle peculiar to each, as free-will. On the contrary, we find that they are committed with as much regularity, and bear as uniform a relation to certain known circumstances, as do the movements of the tides and the rotation of the seasons. So that, applying to these returns the mathematical doctrine of averages, we are able to predict within a very small limit of error the number of murders, suicides, etc., for each successive period; supposing, of course, that the social circumstances do not undergo any marked change. These actions are only the product of the general condition of society; and the individual felon only carries into effect what is a necessary consequence of preceding circumstances. In a given state of society, a certain number of persons must, for instance, put an end to their own lives. This is the general law; and the special question as to who shall commit the crime depends, of course, upon special laws, which, however, in their total action must obey the large social law to which they are all subordinate. Nor is it merely the crimes of men which are marked by this uniformity of sequence. Even the number of marriages annually contracted is determined, not by the temper and wishes of individuals, but by large general facts, over which individuals can exercise no authority. The experience of a century in England has proved that this great social institution, instead of having any connection with

personal feelings, is swayed and controlled entirely by the price of bread and the rate of wages. We can even foretell, with a very near approach to accuracy, the number of persons for each successive period who will post their letters having forgotten to direct them. The actions of men, then, both good and bad, are the result, not so much of anything special in individuals as of the state of society into which they have been thrown; they are the product, not of their volitions, but of their antecedents; and therefore, if the antecedents are known, or so far as they are known, can be predicted beforehand.

Against this doctrine, and the consequences which seem to him to follow from it, the writer in the *Cornhill* protests indignantly, as monstrous and intolerable. Are we to be told, he asks, that as the quantity of good actions which a given state of society can produce is calculable — being simply the residue of the whole of its actions, after the bad, which have been ascertained beforehand, or very nearly so, have been subtracted — that any man, or number of men, may be forced to do evil because the amount of goodness has been exhausted? Is a man to feel that if the unit which represents himself be added to the divisor, it will make it too large for the dividend? His place must be with the goats, not for any fault of his own, but because there are already as many sheep as have been provided for, and he comes too late. And so we are to sit down contented, believing "that we love and are loved by averages, and that there is a definite arithmetic of jiltings and divorces; that men hang themselves and women drown, according to a calculable expectation; that murders, burglaries, and embezzlements are statistically preordained—even your pocket picked numerically: in a word, that we love as partners in a percentage; marry *Bella Donna* really and truly as 8·7 in the 1000; are divorced per ratio; and are hanged or commit suicide to keep up the fixed proportions." "Three in the thousand *must* commit burglary this year; but it is so far uncertain, that it may be I or you which is included." This conception, he holds, robs love of its bloom, by teaching us that we can only look for it in a percentage degree; de-

grades us from human beings to decimal fractions, and brings the human heart to a standstill. But he thinks that he sees his way to a door of escape, and that after all it will be found on examination that these enthusiasts, led away by their zeal for statistics, have been applying logic to a matter outside the limits of proof. He argues thus:

Statisticians assert that men's actions obey large general causes, and are the product of their antecedents, not of their individual volitions. In proof, they adduce the periodic uniformity of certain acts—murders, suicides, marriages, etc.—which before were considered solely dependent on the wills of individuals. The point to be kept in view is the connection of the acts cited with the human will. Does the fact that the number of murders or suicides varies very little from year to year prove uniformity in the moral and mental processes which lead up to those acts? No; because it is certain that each year many of these deeds are planned and meditated—are complete *quoad* the will—which yet fail of being executed through want of opportunity. Statisticians, to prove uniformity in the will, should complete their case by giving us the impossible return of unfulfilled intentions. The number of persons who have intended to kill, and have done so, may be tolerably uniform; but they are only a part of the whole number guilty of murder, in so far as the mind has to do with it; and the other part—those who have had the will and intention to murder, but not the opportunity—may, for anything we know, or can know, vary indefinitely. Again, take the case of marriages. Does the fact of people not marrying when their incomes would not be sufficient to live upon legitimately lead to the conclusion that these unions are determined, not by the temper and wishes of individuals, but by large general facts over which individuals can exercise no control? Does it not rather point to the existence of a power of self-control enabling them to postpone marriages against their inclination? So far from proving the will powerless, does it not rather show its power? And so he concludes that as the will has a sphere of its own, in which it is eminently operative, though its workings are not re-

ported in the world of outer occurrences, statistics of events have no assignable relation to such workings, and that consequently any quantity of reasoning founded on the assumption that they have is argument merely wasted.

Let us see what this argument is worth. We must remark, in passing, that the writer in the *Cornhill* uses the term "will" in a very loose and indefinite manner; sometimes enlarging it, sometimes restricting it, contrary, as we trust we shall be able to show, to its legitimate meaning. But he is not the only offender in this way; and the point will be more conveniently treated of hereafter. It is the aim, he says, of statisticians to prove a periodic uniformity in the operations of the will. Not at all, we answer, except *as an inference*. All that they aim, or can aim, at showing by their tables is a regularity in men's *actions*, and by consequence in such of their thoughts and emotions, of which their actions are the result. They cannot dream of proving anything about that which it is simply impossible to know—unfulfilled intentions, unspoken thoughts. It certainly seems probable that if a large part of the thoughts and emotions which go to make up our conscious life are found to obey the influence of large general laws, the same holds good of the residue. It is, after all, not of much consequence to the argument, since as men's *actions* are the only things which are politically and socially of importance, the admission of the doctrine of averages as applicable to them would let in on the world all the dire results apprehended. The writer himself admits, that "in matters of committed crime and in certain classes of social acts," such as insurance against shipwreck, fire, and dishonest agents, "this uniformity holds good; and it is very valuable to know it." But these are practical and minor matters, which do not touch us spiritually. What he contends against is allowing the doctrine "to be pushed up into the moral sphere." But for speculative thinkers, the question is, Do the facts lead to such or such a conclusion?—not, What will follow if I admit it? The wills of human beings—sailors, warehousemen, servants, etc.—play an important part in bringing about such events as fires and ship-

wrecks, which the writer admits to be subject to the law of averages; and this admission involves an acknowledgment that *some* of the operations of the will are sufficiently uniform to be calculable beforehand. But if some, why not all? How draw the line between those which are, and those which are not? It is no doubt a very different thing to tell a man that as a certain number of houses will be burnt down next year, his *may* chance to be one, and he had better provide against the contingency, and to tell him that as next year there will be a certain amount of connubial unpleasantness, if the wife of his bosom is peevish, or sulky, or runs away with Captain de Boots, she, poor thing, is not to blame, but is only obeying the mandates of a general law which overrides individual volitions. In the one case his affections are concerned, in the other they are not; but we cannot see that this has any bearing on the argument. We conclude then, that for anything the writer in the *Cornhill* has shown to the contrary, the doctrine of averages does hold good in human affairs, and that he is unable to point out a way of escape from the dangers he so vividly depicts.

But are the dangers *real*? In the simple *facts* is there anything to excite our fears? Are our apprehensions caused by anything but mere *abstractions* spun out of our own brain? We believe they are not. If we look at the facts themselves, we think we shall see in them a

"Thing quite in course, and not at all alarming."

At any rate the yoke cannot be very galling, for we have gone on under it now some thousands of years, and never suspected until lately that we were working in chains.

We believe that here, as in many other cases, our difficulties are really due to the employment of certain terms, which by long use have acquired a prescriptive right to represent the facts, and do so very imperfectly. It is now of course vain to regret that the word "law" was ever imported into science; but it has undoubtedly brought with it associations which have no place in its new sphere, and are prone to give rise to great misconception. A law in its primary sense of

a legislative enactment implies for those to whom it extends a restriction of their freedom of action, and the existence somewhere or other of a power which shall compel them to act, or abstain from acting, in a certain way. Now neither of these elements enters into the scientific sense of the word. By a Law of Nature, a Law of Mind, or a Social Law, all that is meant is *an observed uniformity of succession or coëxistence between two phenomena*. When we combine oxygen and hydrogen in certain proportions, then always, and under all circumstances, they disappear, and a third substance, water, comes in their place. We are accustomed to express this relation of invariable and unconditional antecedence and sequence between the two phenomena by saying that the one is the *cause* and the other the *effect*; or that it is a law of nature that the one should produce the other. There is no objection to doing so; indeed, for many reasons it is very convenient; but it should ever be borne in mind that our knowledge is not thereby advanced one single step. This fact, that when the one precedes, the other always and under all circumstances follows, is really all we know, or can know, about the matter. People perhaps generally fancy that in speaking of cause and effect they mean something more than this antecedence and sequence; but we think, on examination they must allow that there is nothing more in it. The two things always *do* come together—that is all we know; if the *why* and the *how* be pressed far enough, the ultimate answer must always be, *I cannot tell*. But the fact of this uniformity between two phenomena having been observed, leads in our minds to an expectation, more or less proportionate to the number of observed cases, that it will continue; the varying strength of which expectation is expressed by the terms *certainty*, *probability*, *possibility*. And as there is a tendency in the mind to consider that there is something in external things as it were the counterpart of the impressions we derive from them—as we speak of fire as hot, because from it we get the sensation of heat, or of snow as white, because it gives us the sensation of whiteness, so we speak of the *certainty* of events when we entertain no doubts whatever

about them. The term is transferred from the observing mind to the things observed. The word law, in its scientific sense, is a way of expressing this confident expectation of our minds, and that is all. Müller was hanged for the murder of Mr. Briggs *because* it is a law that every murderer should die: the law here is the cause of the facts; but oxygen and hydrogen do not produce water *because* it is a law of nature that they should do so. On the contrary, our saying that it is a law of nature that they should do so is only a way of expressing the fact that they invariably do. All these terms which at first sight seem to tell us something about external things, in reality do nothing of the kind, but simply express our feelings with regard to them; by which feelings they of course are wholly uninfluenced.

Starting, then, with this conception of a scientific law, let us examine the meaning of Mr. Buckle's assertion that "it is a general law that in a certain state of society a certain number of persons must," for instance, "put an end to their own lives." It is a law, we will say, that in the present state of society the average number of suicides within the bills of mortality is 250. This simply expresses what, in the expectation of on-lookers, will be about the number for 1866—the number which, if they had to *act* on their anticipations (as many persons, for instance insurance companies, have), they would select as a basis for action. They have compared the returns of persons who have made away with themselves for the last ten years, and have found that, taking one year with another, 250 is the average. They are aware of no striking change either in the nature of man or in the state of things into which he is born. They find everywhere that similar causes produce similar effects. But this expectation, however confident, will not have the slightest influence in bringing about the suicide of one single individual. If their expectation is verified, or so far as it is verified, by the result, it will show that they have estimated the *general force* of the motives which, in a certain state of society, impel to suicide correctly, that there is a *uniformity*, a law, between the state of society and the number of suicides; but it is these motives

themselves which operate in each individual case, not the opinion of their efficiency entertained by spectators. Just as Gladiateur did not win the last St. Leger because he was the favorite in the betting, he was the winner because that estimate of his speed and endurance which caused the odds against him to be only two to one, was well founded.

But it may be said, granted that it is a somewhat loose metaphor to say that it is a general law that in a certain state of society a certain number of murders and suicides *must* be committed annually, yet if we are to hold that men's actions follow from their antecedents with as much regularity as the movements of the tides or the rotation of the seasons, how does the admission help us? Is Mr. Buckle right in his assertion that the actions of men are determined, not by their volitions, but by their antecedents? We should answer that his *meaning* was no doubt right, but that he was unfortunate in his choice of language. Men's actions are determined by their *volitions*, if you choose to employ the term—by their *desires*, as we should prefer to put it; but these volitions or desires are themselves determined by their antecedents. But if, it may be again urged, general causes are allowed to act in the moral sphere, and men's actions are calculable beforehand, so that we are justified in entertaining a feeling of certainty as to what they will be, what becomes of the freedom of the will? Man is no longer "man, and master of his fate," but the creature of circumstances. Now we must confess that we do not feel the doom to which any speculations may consign the will and its freedom a matter of much concern. This same "will," in the sense of an independent faculty essentially distinct from desire, we are inclined to regard as an *ignis fatuus*—a metaphysical "Mrs. Harris." To *prove* this position would require a treatise, and not the fag-end of an article; and we must content ourselves with stating our meaning very roughly and briefly, referring those who have not read it to Mr. Alexander Bain's admirable work on *The Emotions and the Will*, where the subject is treated exhaustively. If the *facts* are looked at, we think it will be found on the last analysis that a man always acts from a

desire to acquire some good which he has not, or to retain some good which he has; or if he abstains from acting altogether, it is from a desire for the continuance of the state in which he is. These desires are of course practically infinite in number, since there is absolutely nothing which may not be desired, either as good in itself, or at least as a means to some higher good. They differ as the objects desired differ: they differ in intensity, in permanence, and otherwise. The desire to scratch one's head is certainly very different from the desire to be prime minister, to marry a particular woman, to go to Rome, etc. The man who desires to scratch his head can, supposing his arm not to be paralyzed, accomplish his desire at once—it is gratified as soon as formed; but the man who desires to be prime minister knows that he is desiring a distant good which can only be attained by toil and effort—by desiring many other things as means to his end. Still both emotions are of the same *kind*; the essential feature of each is a craving—an outgoing of the mind to something beyond. This holds even when a man desires simply the continuance of his present state, and so abstains from action. The after-dinner smoker in a luxurious easy-chair is a being who can foresee. He looks into the futurity of the next minute, sees himself existing then, and wishes that he may exist under the same conditions as those in which he at present finds himself. As his wishes will be best fulfilled by his not moving a muscle, of course he is motionless. The word *volition* is generally used to express those desires—such as to stand up, to sit down, to move the arm, and so on—whose execution is altogether within our own control, and which are accomplished so easily and instantaneously, that the mind takes no notice of them; while by *desires* we mean such as are of a more constant and permanent character. Whenever we can at once do what we desire, we are said to do it by an act of the will; whenever its accomplishment is delayed, we are said to desire it. But this distinction, however convenient, is, after all, arbitrary, and does not represent any essential difference in the facts. So by a person of strong will we shall find is generally meant one who seeks to exercise over all persons and

things that come in his way the same sort of quick and supreme control that he has over his own members. It has been observed above that the writer in the *Cornhill* uses the term "will" with much looseness of signification. He seems to mean by it a settled purpose, adopted after mature deliberation and weighing of consequences. But this is to confound will and reason. The reason will show that all objects of good are not attainable together—that some must be sacrificed to others; but the desires or wishes or volitions have nothing to do with the process. He considers that if a man, for instance, abstains from marriage contrary to his inclinations, he does so by an effort of the will. Of course he does; and if he married or cut the lady's throat, he would equally do it by an effort of the will—meaning thereby that last stage of desire of which, through the influence of the mind on the nerves, and through them on the muscles, action is the result. We should express the phenomenon in question thus: The man desires to marry, and at the same time desires not to starve. His reason tells him he cannot do both, and the latter desire triumphs. He does not cease to desire to marry, but he ceases to seek to gratify his desire until such time as it can be gratified without detriment to his stronger permanent desire to retain life.

We must crave our readers' indulgence for thus hurrying them over one of the recognized rough places of philosophy. We are quite conscious that every assertion we have made is a subject of dispute; but we still believe that if the facts are looked at free from the influence of preconceived theories, the outline we have attempted will be found, however inadequate, accurate as far as it goes.

We trust we have now, to some extent, cleared the way to a due apprehension of the state of the case. Men's actions are determined by motives; and these motives may ultimately be resolved into their desires to gain what is conceived of as good, and to avoid what is conceived of as evil. One man differs so much from another; the same man at one time differs so much from what he is at another, that it is often very difficult to estimate accurately the precise force which at a given time a given mo-

tive will have on a given man; but the uncertainty as to his conduct which we in consequence experience arises altogether from the imperfection of our knowledge, and not from any want of uniformity between the two phenomena—the influencing motive, and the man subjected to its influence. In so far as we know them we approximate to certainty; did we know them perfectly, our certainty would be absolute. In point of fact, we all of us every day of our lives do confidently anticipate men's actions, and act on our anticipations. How could we walk through the streets of London without anxious fears for the safety of our throats or purses, did we not feel assured that the various motives which tend to hold society together would continue to operate? A man's intimate friends often feel as confident of his conduct in certain circumstances as they do that a stone, when let fall from the hand, will sink to the ground, and not fall away into space. A man, we will say, of ample means and good health goes into Parliament. He is a ready and eloquent speaker, and has won the ear of the House. He has worked hard on committees, and shown great capacity for business. He enjoys the confidence of the party with which he has allied himself, and is on all sides looked on—and does not discourage the idea—as a man who will some day be in office. His domestic relations are happy; and his family and friends take the warmest interest in his success, and encourage him to regard public life as his fitting career. Under these circumstances a change of ministry takes place, and his party comes into power. The new premier at once, with the most flattering marks of regard and consideration, offers him the seals of secretary of state. Of course, as far as freedom from external compulsion goes, he might answer "No;" but would any mortal who knew all the circumstances we have been detailing experience the slightest uncertainty that his answer would be "Yes"? Would not his certainty be just the same in *kind*, though perhaps somewhat less in *degree*, as that with which he looks forward to darkness succeeding light, and the days at Christmas being shorter than at midsummer? If there was a *scintilla* of uncertainty—there *could* be

no more—it would be owing to the conviction that man's nature is so complex, that there is so much in each of us hidden from our dearest friends, unsuspected even by ourselves, that there *might* be in some unexplored corner of the man's mind some quality, some twist of nature, which might then suddenly reveal itself, and cause him to act contrary to the tenor of his whole life and character. And in the same way it is not *impossible* that some cause whose existence has hitherto utterly escaped us will to-morrow manifest itself, and prevent the light of the sun from reaching the earth. We can feel the same certainty with regard to masses of men, though we know nothing of the individuals composing them, because we do know that the excesses and defects will pretty well balance each other, and the mean, the average human nature, determine the result.

To conclude. The actions of each individual are determined *solely* by his own notions of what is and is not desirable: but as on examination we find that for twenty years past pretty nearly the same number of people have entertained the same notions on the subject in each year, and as the circumstances are unchanged, we infer that next year the number will not greatly vary. It is not a mere guess, it is a well-grounded opinion, that the influences which make of men saints or sinners, philosophers or fools, will next year be equally operative as in this. That is all. Like M. Jourdain, who had been talking prose all his life without knowing it, all men have in some rough way been "averagarians" in their dealings with their fellows every hour of their lives. We are now reducing our instinctive practice to a system, and finding for it a scientific basis; but for any reason that we can see, the human heart is not therefore called on to cease its beatings. As for the injurious effects of the doctrine on religion and morality, when the man is found who commits a murder *in order* to keep the ratio up to the mark, it will then be time to speak of them. We feel quite sure that *that* man's doom will be Bedlam, and not the gallows. Indeed, if men would only say to themselves, "I find that those who have made it their study say that they have good grounds for believing that next year there will be so

many spendthrifts or profligates—I had better take care then that I am not a 'frightful example;'" there would soon be such a change in the condition of society as would very sensibly lower the average of crime. We look on statistical averages as capable of teaching us much of man and society; but each man stands or falls quite independently of the opinion of his probable fate entertained by others.

The Leisure Hour.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

AMONG the years of the eighteenth century the year 1765 was by no means a remarkable one, but, looking at it as the measuring point from which the world has now advanced exactly a hundred years, we shall find it an interesting task to inquire into the state of society, and the various groups of actors who performed their parts in the days of our great-grandfathers; to do so fully might occupy volumes, but even a slight and imperfect sketch may suggest many thoughts.

It is not our design to look upon 1765 merely as a time when there were no steamers, railways, telegraphs, photographs, Armstrong guns, penny postage, and a thousand other inventions; modern science is only too ready to boast of all that it has done to improve the world. Let us look at what they had, as well as at what they had not, a hundred years ago. Glancing, in the first place, at the political aspect of England, we find that in 1765 George III. was in the fifth year of his reign and the twenty-eighth of his age. Two subjects agitated Parliament, and finally overthrew the Grenville ministry, which was succeeded by that of Lord Rockingham: the one, now long forgotten, was the question of the Regency; the other—not at that time thought more important—was the attempted introduction of the Stamp Act into the American colonies, the small end of a wedge the effects of which America is to this day experiencing for good or for evil. The great Chatham, then William Pitt, detected the danger, "the little rift within the lute." He rose from a sick bed to make his powerful voice heard for the last time as a com-

moner in favor of repealing the hated tax; and it was remarked that on the same occasion the House for the first time heard the eloquent young Irishman, Edmund Burke. One small circumstance is mentioned casually this year with regard to America, which has a curious interest in our own day—it is the notice of an order by his Majesty's government to divide the colonies into a northern and southern district, the boundary to be the river Potomac, and a line drawn westward from it. The king lost an able supporter this year in his uncle the Duke of Cumberland, who seems to have been as much loved and lamented in England as he was hated, from the remembrance of Culloden, in Scotland. How different is the union of feeling now between the countries!

In 1765 there were no wars and no conquests by England, except the steady, onward march of the Honorable Company in India, which advanced in this season the length of Allahabad and Benares. Clive was then on his six months' voyage out to Calcutta, rich in the laurels already won; Hastings was not yet renowned.

A small acquisition was made very near our own shores; for, in 1765, the Isle of Man was purchased for the Crown from its King, the Duke of Athol, and great efforts were made to educate the natives, by printing books in the Manx language, then spoken by about twenty thousand of them, now almost obsolete. We wonder if Gaelic and Irish will be as little known a century hence?

A brilliant host of literati were at this time gathered in London round their autocrat, Johnson. Among these the names of Goldsmith, Burke, Boswell, and the great artist Reynolds, are still well known, while those of many other members of "The Club," equally or even more highly rated at that day, are utterly forgotten now. Gibbon was not then known either as a historian or as an assailant of Christianity; Hume, however, had launched his first attacks, and found but too many admirers in a time when faith was dim and love was cold in England. Still, we may be thankful to this day that our country possessed such a man at the head of literature as the truly wise and pious Johnson, instead of a wicked wit like Voltaire, whose

evil genius was "sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind" at a future time in infidel France.

We can only name a few of the other distinguished men then alive and known as authors in England. There was Gray of "The Elegy;" Young of *Night Thoughts*, who died in 1765; Akenside; Lyttelton, and Langhorne; Hannah More, whose sacred dramas were at that time greatly admired; Adam Smith, Robertson, and Beatty in Scotland; Churchill, once extremely popular, but now very little read or valued: the polished Chesterfield, Sterne, Garrick, Horace Walpole, Chatterton, and Ossian M'Pherson. But of all the minds of that day, the very noblest, perhaps, was then shrouded in dark eclipse; and little did his fashionable relations think that the time would come when not one of them would be remembered except as having been connected with the crazed and wayward man in Dr. Cotton's private asylum at St. Alban's, afterwards to be known forever in English literature as the author of "The Task"—William Cowper.

Let us now take a glance at certain nurseries in England, watched over by tender mothers; there was one at Hayes, where a pale and precocious little boy of six years old amazed his father with his wise words, and was destined to eclipse even that father's fame, as the second and greatest William Pitt! Another little "Billy" of six years old was growing up at Hull, to be the deliverer of thousands yet unborn—William Wilberforce. A gallant boy of seven was playing in the garden of the pretty rural parsonage of Burnham Thorpe, in Norfolk, England's future hero, the great Nelson; and far away, in Scotland, by a lowly cottage door, at Alloway, in Ayrshire, a merry bright-eyed six years' old herd-boy was running wild with his barefooted brothers and sisters, who was hereafter to make the name of Robert Burns the delight of his native country. Who can say what children of promise the nurseries and careful mothers of 1865 may be rearing for the world? We find in this thought a new application of the solemn words, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones."

Turning to a very different side of the picture, we find that there was yet

another world of life in 1705, as there is in 1865, of which the philosophic, literary, and political world knew nothing; and, if we are to judge of it by the records of punishment in those days, it will appear black indeed. Even if we take into account the severity of the laws as a reason for the number of capital punishments, there remains enough in the records of bold crime to show that it was rampant a hundred years ago. Highwaymen by land and wreckers on shore made travelling dangerous; "kidnappers" and "crimps" exercised in English and Scotch seaports the same iniquities which men-stealers practiced on the African coast; smuggling was prevalent, and led to much iniquity; while the profligate example of too many in the higher ranks of life was copied in a coarser form by those below them. Many trustworthy accounts show that there was a fearful amount of heathen ignorance among the poor, especially in rural districts, while the clergy were, for the greater part, cold and indifferent. The Church had lost her "first love," and no longer preached the doctrine of the Cross as the remedy for the ruin of the Fall with the zeal of earlier days; she sought to reform men's manners, but the evil had a deeper root, and it was well discerned by such a man of God as Venn, who says in one of his letters, dated 1760: "The crying abomination of our age is contempt of Christ. In proof of this you may hear sermons and religious books much extolled, where there is not so much as any mention of the Prince of Peace, in whom God was manifest to reconcile the world unto himself."

To remedy such a state God, in his mercy to our country, raised up a number of men who counted it their highest honor and their noblest work to win souls from the kingdom of Satan into the glorious kingdom of Christ. In our own day we may thank God that such has been the progress of truth, that it is not possible for us to count or name those who labor in his service, preaching faithfully the doctrine of salvation through the atonement of Christ alone. At that time each man who thus preached was a marked man—marked on earth, but "written in heaven" also, where

those who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

Whitefield and Wesley are, perhaps, the most distinguished among these, both for the wonderful effects of their eloquence in arousing the masses to care for their own souls, and for the amount of opposition and obloquy which they incurred. In the Church of England the same great truths were faithfully preached by Newton, Henry Venn, Berridge, Hervey, Fletcher, Walker, and others; while Charles Wesley and Toplady gave us a rich treasure of hymns more prized now than ever. These men "rest from their labors, and their works do follow them;" they are now in a state where they know full well that their hopes were not vain, nor their earnest labors in saving souls a mere empty pursuit. The world knew them not—but the world makes many mistakes; even in her own matters the story of a hundred years shows us how often she has mistaken the great for the small, the temporary for the enduring. But the greatest mistake of all is one into which the world in her wisdom falls as readily now as ever she did—that of despising, forgetting, ignoring a great eternity! My dear reader, if you have hitherto done so, let me ask you to think how it will be with you when you look back in 1965 from a state forever fixed upon all that interests you now, and say, "I might have sought and found a Saviour a hundred years ago!"

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, M. P.

AMONG the leading influential statesmen of England at the present time is the Right Honorable WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE. His career since he entered the English Parliament, thirty-four years ago, has been successful and brilliant. His position and influence in the government of England has been eminent. He is still a rising man. On the recent death of Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone was nearly becoming his successor in that high and responsible office. Probably his turn will soon come. An accurate portrait of this distinguished statesman will be found at the head of this number of *THE ECLECTIC*, which

we hope will please our readers. A brief biographical sketch will add interest to the portrait.

Mr. Gladstone is the fourth son of the late Sir John Gladstone, Bart., an eminent merchant of Liverpool, by a daughter of the late Provost Robertson of Dingwall, N. B. He was born at Liverpool in 1809, and received his early education at Eton, and afterwards at Christchurch, Oxford, of which he was elected a student in 1829, and where he graduated as a double first-class in 1831. Having spent several months in a tour through a great portion of the continent, he was elected member of Parliament for Newark, in the Conservative interest, in December, 1832, through the influence of the late Duke of Newcastle, just at the time when the struggle of parties was past its height. His mercantile origin, the success of his university career, and his habits of business, in which he strongly resembled the late Sir Robert Peel, all joined to recommend him to the notice of that statesman, who, on taking office in December, 1834, appointed Mr. Gladstone a Lord of the Treasury; and in February, 1835, Under-Secretary for colonial affairs. Mr. Gladstone retired from office, together with his leader, in the following April, and remained in opposition till Sir Robert Peel's return to power in September, 1841, when he was sworn a member of the Privy Council, and appointed Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and Master of the Mint. In this position it was his duty to explain and defend in Parliament the commercial policy of the government, in which his mercantile origin and connection proved of great service. The revision of the British tariff, in 1842, was almost entirely his work. When brought before the House of Commons, this laborious work was found to be as admirably executed in its details as it was complete in its mastery of principles; and it received the sanction of both houses with scarcely an alteration. In May, 1843, he succeeded Lord Ripon as President of the Board of Trade, but resigned office early in 1845. In January, 1846, Sir Robert Peel announced his intention of proposing a modification of the existing corn laws. Mr. Gladstone, who had recently succeeded Lord Stanley in the

post of Secretary of State for the Colonies, adhered to his leader, but, being unwilling to remain under obligations to the Duke of Newcastle, he resigned his seat for Newark, and remained out of Parliament for several months. At the general election of 1847, however, he was chosen as representative of the University of Oxford. In this Parliament the questions of university reform and the repeal of the last remaining Jewish disabilities were frequently agitated. Mr. Gladstone consequently found himself frequently opposed to his own friends, and finally separated himself from the rest of the Conservative party, by refusing to take office under the Earl of Derby in February, 1852. In the July of that year he was again returned for the University of Oxford, and in the following November it was mainly in consequence of his able speech upon Mr. Disraeli's budget that the Derby ministry were thrown out of office. On the accession of Lord Aberdeen to power, Mr. Gladstone was appointed to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, in which office the thorough knowledge of finance which he had acquired in early life proved again of the greatest assistance.

In his private capacity Mr. Gladstone has always been highly esteemed, and his name is not unknown to fame as an author. His treatise, entitled *The State Considered in its Relations with the Church*, published in 1840, and his *Church Principles Considered in their Results*, in 1841, each in one volume 8vo, stamped him, while still a young man, as a deep and original thinker. His views, we need hardly say, as unfolded in those books, had been formed by the education and associations of Oxford, to which University they are dedicated. They were thought worthy of discussion at the time by Mr. Macaulay in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*. In the fifteen years which have elapsed since he published those works, his religious views have, however, undergone a considerable modification; and they are now far less theoretic, and more in harmony with the existing condition of things both in Church and State.

His *Remarks on Recent Commercial Legislation*, published in 1845, gave an able and elaborate detail of the beneficial

working of the tariff of 1842, and were intended to pave the way for the great modification of the then existing system of commercial restriction, which was carried into effect in the following year. In 1851 Mr. Gladstone gave to the world a work which created considerable interest both in England and upon the continent. In 1850, during a sojourn at Naples, he found a very large number of Neapolitans, who had constituted the opposition in the Chamber of Deputies, either imprisoned or exiled by King Ferdinand, and also discovered that from 20,000 to 30,000 other Neapolitan subjects had been thrown into prison on the charge of political disaffection. Mr. Gladstone having ascertained the truth of the facts, wrote a letter to the Earl of Aberdeen, urging his interposition on their behalf; and on Lord Aberdeen's remonstrances proving ineffectual, he published an indignant letter on the Neapolitan victims, which was translated into several languages, and transmitted by Lord Palmerston to all the

ambassadors on the continent, to be forwarded by them to their respective Courts. The result was, that some relaxation of their sentence was granted to the unhappy inmates of the Neapolitan prisons.

From his first entrance into the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone's reputation has always stood high as a Parliamentary orator. His voice is clear and musical, his command of language perfect, his expression ready and fluent; and there is a stateliness and finish in the flow of his periods which is seldom met with in the present day. Whatever question is before him, he is sure to take it out of the beaten path of debate, to present it in some new and unexpected light, and to invest it with classic and historical allusions.

In 1839 he married Catharine, daughter of the late and sister of the present Sir Stephen Richard Glynne, Bart., of Hawarden Castle, by whom he has a youthful family.

P O E T R Y .

THE BIRTH OF THE SNOWDROP.

WINTER, now hasting to possess for bride
The Earth, left widowed by bright Summer,
dead,
Bestows on her snow-robcs of whitest pride,
Replacing weeds of Autumn, withered;
Thus, through his bounty, being newly dressed,
That she may shine, his bride indeed confessed.

Now will she wail not for her former spouse,
Nor more compare his sunlit smile most sweet
With the dark gloom o'erspreaading Winter's
brows,

His breath of coldness and his robes of sleet,
While he, as jealous of the dead's past mirth,
Lays his effacing garb upon the Earth.

The sedge-bound brook that, in the summer
days,
Babbling and sparkling, surged an am'rous
song,

Winter has prisoned with an ice-cold gaze,
And silently he creeps his banks along;
Condemned to muteness, sullenly doth roll,
And in sad silence vexes out his soul.

The skies above, beholding, frown to gray;
Not such their aspect when, in summer's time,

They through the drift-clouds smile on sweltring
day,
And with him joyed in the year's gladdening
prime;
How can they smile upon a waste of snow,
To whom his flower-starred robe did Summer
show?

Now Winter freezes mute the southern wind,
Which the sped ghost of Summer did confide
With messages to Earth most dear and kind;
For such churl Winter deems his love deride,
As, e'en in death, more tenderly they show
Than aught he, living, can on her bestow.

The swallow, who was once the Summer's guest,
And comforted 'reft Earth in her first grief,
Would stay not at rough Winter's curt behest—
But fled ere, withered, fell the fading leaf;
So can he twitter praise not of the dead,
Which to another world he followed.

The rose, fair daughter of their early loves,
Inclined her head her sire's sad death to mourn;
Soon did she, too, forsake the joy-stripp'd grove,
And left her mother weeping all alone:
Then 'twas that Winter first did see her face,
And soon desired her wholly to embrace.

Upon their nuptials smiled no cheering sun,
 For he on Summer's beauty doth attend,
 When far beyond our longing sight he's gone,
 And to an unknown world his grace doth lend;
 His latest rays of glory paled and died
 That day when Winter took his widow bride.

But yet, deep in her inmost secret breast
 The Earth doth hide one proof of Summer's
 love,
 Which presently will thence shoot forth confessed,
 When that his grip fierce Winter doth remove;
 Poor offspring of the love that's dead and gone,
 And token of the past that glorious shone.

Thus 'tis we hail (when first her pure form's sheen
 Above the desolate Earth's sad breast we view)
 The modest Snow-drop, for in her is seen
 The Summer's smile, though eke the Winter's
 hue;
 A legacy of love, as promise given
 Of a new Summer's birth by bounteous Heaven.
 M. S. MOSELY.

—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

WINTER WOOING.

I.

Down through the wintry woodlands,
 As to the mere we go,
 Red berries we see of the holly-tree,
 And pearls of the mistletoe;
 And the ice is smooth for the skaters,
 For the winds have swept the snow;
 And a maiden divine o'er the hyaline
 Flies fast, with cheeks aglow—
 Like a marvellous bird, whose plumage gay glit-
 ters in Eastern skies:
 Oh, to follow her swift upon keel of steel and woo
 her as she flies!

II.

Bright hair and gay apparel
 Streams back, as she meets the breeze;
 And away she has shot, like a fairy yacht
 On the blue soft Solent seas:
 For the keen North-wind's her wooer;
 But she, with dainty ease,
 From his rough grasp slips ere her waist he
 clips
 With an arm that to bind must freeze.
 There's a laugh on the daring darling's lip, and
 joy in her bright brown eyes:
 Oh, to follow her swift upon keel of steel, and woo
 her as she flies!

MORTIMER COLLINS.

—*Temple Bar.*

NOT ALONE.

I.

OPEN the window, darling.
 Long has the sun been high,
 And the skylark sings upon quivering wings
 Far in the bright blue sky.
 Strange and deep is the joy of sleep
 When the cares of day are flown,
 When we wholly forget its fever and fret—
 Not alone, ah, not alone.

II.

Open the window, darling.
 Sweet is the breath of day;
 Though nought can eclipse thy ruddy young
 lips,
 No sweeter in truth are they.
 Golden bright is the sun's broad light—
 Let us wander forth, my own:
 Let me lie on the turf by the cool white
 surf—
 Not alone, ah, not alone.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

"MAIDEN MEDITATION."

By what name in cherished legend,
 Lingering graceful on the tongue,
 Dear to poet's deathless fancy,
 Hath a maid like thee been sung?
 Wert thou, many-beautied model,
 Faithful Enid or Elaine,
 Stedfast Custance, meek Griselda,
 Or pure Una of the plain?

Didst thou, matching it in sweetness,
 Bear the name of Rosalind?
 Wert thou Juliet or Miranda;
 Or Castara or Lucind?
 Wert thou the soul-bride of Dante—
 The half-goddess Florentine?
 Or that earthlier fair of Florence,
 Sidney's "heavenly" Geraldine?

Virtue hath no fitter symbol,
 Innocence no purer shrine,
 Love no more unselfish temple
 Than that vestal form of thine.
 Beauty waited to be perfect,
 Till, with gracious dignity,
 Bridegroom Thought with Feeling wedded
 At the altar of thine eye.

Dost thou now recall the Spring-time
 When the sun first ruled the cloud,
 And Earth, from her death-sleep waking,
 Put on flowers, and cast her shroud?
 Then thy bright hair's golden glory
 Was to me a maze of light;
 Was thy smile my bow of promise,
 And the pole-star of my night.

Art thou musing on the Summer,
 When the year had reached its prime;
 When an Eden spirit tended
 All things in an Eden clime?
 Then thy glee first veiled with blushes,
 Then thy soul first spake in song;
 And the warmth of covert glances
 Loosed my scarcely-venturing tongue.

Dost thou think upon the Autumn,
 When fruition crowned the year;
 When the garners, stored with plenty,
 Still left plenty everywhere?
 Nature then, relieved from labor,
 Halted for her well-won rest;
 And thy short-delaying fondness
 Calmed the tumult of my breast.

Fear not now the harsh November,
Dealing death at every pace;
Be it mine that not too roughly
Stall its winds assail thy face!
O, my dearest hope in Spring-time!
O, my fondest Summer pride,
O, my all, betrothed in Autumn,
Ere the Winter, be my bride!—A. H. G.
—*London Society.*

TO GERTRUDE.

'Twas eve; the sunset, lovely and serene,
Bathed all the fair cloud islands of the west
With such pure golden light, they well might seem
The radiant gardens of the bright and blest.

I stood alone upon that silent shore,
The wide Atlantic lay at rest before me;
But rest my troubled spirit knew no more,
Amidst the racking fears and doubts that tore
me.

The waves' soft murmurs seem'd to whisper
"peace,"
Yet turned the sound to dirges in mine ear;
My whole soul panted for a swift release
From dread suspense—worst of all ills we fear.

Thy missive came; I read, and knew that Fate
Had bid me give sweet Hope a long farewell;
I would not—if I could—the rest relate:
The anguish of that hour what words could
tell?

The sun sank fast behind the glowing main;
Through dim eyes watching all the glory fade,
I wished it never more might rise again,
To mock the darkness which thy hand had
made.

But now all that is past; such thoughts belong
To weakness—and new strength has come to me
To work—to live for others—to be strong—
This have I learn'd from love, and grief, and
thee. T. R.

—*London Society.*

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

Life and Letters of Frederick W. Robertson, M.A. Edited by STORFORD A. BROOKE, M.A. 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865. These volumes contain the record of a short but noble career of ministerial service. Originally destined for the army, Mr. Robertson entered the church, and in his ministry of six years at Trinity Chapel, Brighton, made an ineffaceable impression by his eloquence, his earnestness, the singular purity of his life, and his devotion to the elevation especially of the laboring classes. He united a fine poetic temperament with great practical efficiency. He would not identify himself with any sect or party. Some of his views were immature or indefinite, for he was a critic rather than a systematizer of opinions. His Sermons (in five volumes) and his Lectures have already acquired a deserved celebrity. This biography is inartificial, but of deep interest. It is made up chiefly of his own Letters, which reveal to us his

mental and moral history, his aspirations and struggles, and the sources of his influence. It is a book rich in instruction, and will be eagerly welcomed by the many admirers of this gifted and eloquent preacher.

The Vicarious Sacrifice, Grounded in Principles of Universal Obligation. By HORACE BUSHNELL. New-York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1866. This last work of Dr. Bushnell will attract unusual attention among theologians. Among the "orthodox" portion of the community very many of his views will be stoutly opposed, and the expression of them sincerely and deeply regretted. The "Liberal" church will accept and rejoice over much that is said in the book. But it is not our province to judge it theologically. Like all his other productions it is written with marked ability, in a bold and independent manner of thought and expression, and will command a very extensive reading. As much as we admire the Doctor's writings for their originality of conception and freshness and vigor of style, we do not think him so well adapted to theological discussion as to social and practical subjects and general literature. In his own field he has few superiors.

Winifred Bertram and the World She Lived In. By the Author of the "Schönberg-Cotta Family," etc. New-York: M. W. Dodd.

The Song Without Words. The same author and publisher. 1865. Mrs. Charles' writings have become so well known, and they are so generally popular, especially among serious and religious people, that it is scarcely necessary to do more than announce these new volumes. Mr. Dodd's American editions of her works "always have the author's sanction." Both of these works (the former is new and fresh) will be read with no abatement of interest in this highly gifted lady's productions.

An Explanatory and Pronouncing Dictionary of the Noted Names of Fiction. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865. The substance of this book originally appeared as an appendix to Webster's Quarto Dictionary; but in its present form it has been greatly enlarged and otherwise improved. The design of the work is to explain the allusions which occur in modern standard literature to noted fictitious persons and places. It is well executed, and the book will be useful for reference.

Little Foes. By CHRISTOPHER CROWDER. Ticknor & Fields. Mrs. Stowe, in these "Home and Home Papers," discourses in that felicitous way which makes her so great a favorite with young and old.

War-Lyrics, and other Poems. By HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL. Ticknor & Fields. 1864. These are among the best of the class of writings to which they belong. Some of the poems are unusually fine and have become familiar to the public.

Words to the Winners of Souls. By REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. American Tract Society. Boston, and 13 Bible-House, New-York. Fp. 102. 12mo. This is a little book of great pungency and religious power, worth its weight in gold. Its title tells the subject of it. All we

need say in commendation of it is to advise every Christian minister and pastor, and every professor of religion, to obtain a copy and read it for its efficacious influence on his heart.

The Watchman is the name of a new weekly religious paper in New-York, which dates its first issue January 13, 1866, under the editorial direction of Rev. Dr. DEEMS, of the Wesleyan connection. *The Watchman* begins well, and we trust it will prove a welcome visitor among many friends in the South, where Dr. Deems has long resided, and is well and widely known and highly esteemed.

Croton Point Vineyards.—The fruit of the vine in all ages and countries has been esteemed a blessing to the human race. The cultivation of this delicious fruit, in this age and country, deserves a liberal patronage, and the fruit grower the thanks of the public. Among this number is Dr. Underhill, of New-York, whose extensive vineyards in Westchester county are widely known. The pure wine so needful for medicinal and communion purposes is furnished by Dr. Underhill, perfectly free from all foreign substances and of mature age, and can be relied on by the careful physician for the purposes for which he needs it. Dr. Underhill's Vineyard Rooms are in Astor Place, in this city, where all orders may be sent.

SCIENCE.

Buried City in Mexico.—The world and its ancient ruins, it seems, have not all yet been discovered. A Mexican paper, *The Diario de la Mañana*, of a recent date, says that the ruins of an ancient city have been discovered, buried in an immense forest in the vicinity of Ilco, near Huauchinango.

The authorities of Huauchinango, accompanied by various members, went to give judicial possession of a rancho, or farm, to the last purchaser, and during their investigation attention was drawn to the bounds and limits of the ancient deed, "limits on the north and east of the city Huauchinango," where the party were in accord, that there was a dense forest in which none of them had ever entered, for the reason that it was closed up by infinite obstructions—the accumulations of wild forest growth and decomposition for ages. In the progress of the investigation it was determined to institute a search of the forest, which seems to make the northern and eastern bounds.

They forced an entrance with much labor, and discovered vestiges of streets, which were followed until the discovery of two houses of rather singular construction, covered with triangular vaulted or arched roofs, one of which was entered. When they discovered an extensive court, and in it many stone idols, which were carried to Huauchinango. They found passages crossing in every direction; but many of the doors or entrances were stopped up with stones, tapia, and mud-mortar, so that when they wished to leave the various parts which they had separated in the course of the investigation, it was necessary to fire pistols, and to shout in loud voice, in order

to get together again. Some of the parties report having found the ruins of stone columns and stone stairs leading to a high place, which, when struck, gave evidence of vaults below.

The Prefect of Huauchinango ordered a more extensive examination, with men properly provided with the implements necessary for the work, and he has also reported to the Emperor the various incidents of the discovery. The Indians in the vicinity, who have concealed their knowledge of the ruins and the history, if they have it, say "they ought not to say anything of them, and much less to penetrate into mysteries of the forest, for it had been proved that all who had entered there had become enchanted. Those who had lost cattle or sheep, in searching for them in these woods, had become lost in the intricate labyrinth, and had perished."

Appearance of Mars.—During the last opposition of March, Mr. Dawes perseveringly pursued his researches on the surface of that planet, directing his attention not only to the well-known spots but to those features which can only be suspected, or are less distinct. He used every precaution to keep the planet in view until those rare flashes of perfect vision occurred, and thus transferred them to the drawing; finally comparing the latter with the original. Both the micrometer and eye-estimations were made use of, and the times noted. Some curious details were brought out, which he had not seen before. The most remarkable was a long narrow streak, running N.E. and S.W., in the northern hemisphere, which was seen by him in 1852, but not so perfectly as on the present occasion. Another observation would appear to point to a change,—for a bay which was perceived in 1852 as distinctly oval with a regular coast, was in 1862 seen and depicted as distinctly forked; although, at the latter time, Mr. Lockyer's excellent pictures represent it as seen in 1852. Mr. Dawes thinks it possible that the sea may have receded from that part of the coast, and left the tongue of land exposed. On three consecutive evenings a very white spot was noticed, which certainly did not exist two months previously, and which looked exactly like a large mass of snow, and quite as white as the spot near the South Pole in 1862. On looking over his observations of 1852, Mr. Dawes finds that he has noticed this appearance, and comes to the conclusion that it must be permanent, and furthermore thinks that a mass of snow or cloud would be unlikely to take up its position at this part of the planet, which is near the equator. In regard to the atmosphere of the planet, he is of opinion that it has not in general a very cloudy atmosphere, as the permanence and equal distinctness of the spots at all times were surprising; and the few changes which appeared in their lustre were similarly seen in other parts, and could be traced to other causes. Of course, the white spots, whether of snow or masses of cloud, as the case may be, were an exception to this rule, as those may be expected and have been seen to alter from week to week. One little change near the North Pole was, however, remarked, when a rather thick dark line, which was invisible on November tenth, was seen on November fourteenth, when other objects in the neighborhood were well seen; whilst, on November tenth, the northern extremity of a small strait near it was invisible, al-

though it should have been seen quite as plainly as on the twelfth. Mr. Dawes thinks that the ruddy aspect of the planet does not arise from any peculiarity in its atmosphere, as the ruddy tint is most apparent at the centre of the planet, and least so where the atmosphere is most dense; and yet, at the latter, the colour is white or greenish-white. Mr. De la Rue thinks that an excellent globe of Mars may be constructed from Mr. Dawes' drawings.—*Popular Scientific Review*.

Transferring Photographs to Metal for Printing.—Some months since we called attention to some very promising experiments in this direction, conducted by Mr. Woodbury of Manchester. These have resulted in a process recently patented, which is likely to assume a very important position in the arts. Mr. Fox Talbot has the merit of first pointing out the facts upon which it is based. This gentleman, to whom photographers too often forget how much they owe, discovered in connection with one of his photo-engraving processes that gelatine when dissolved in hot water, if mixed with bichromate of potash or ammonia, dried, and exposed to the action of light, would become insoluble. A result due to the decomposition of the alkaline bichromate and the liberation of chromic acid. It will at once, therefore, be seen that a coat of the bichromated gelatine on a glass or metal plate placed under a negative and exposed to light, would, when subjected to the action of hot water, be dissolved away in some parts, and in other parts unaffected, thus producing a photographic positive in relief. Acting on these facts, Mr. Woodbury takes the image in relief so produced, and either by mechanical pressure with some soft metal, such as type metal, or by the usual process of electrotyping, produces an *intaglio* impression therefrom. A properly prepared ink, formed with gelatine and some black or other colored pigment, is then passed over the plate, with which the impression is filled up even to the surface. Of course the gradations of relief, in the bichromatic gelatine print, form gradations of depth in the metal intaglio, in which again the ink, being transparent, forms gradations of blackness proportioned to its varying thicknesses. When this ink is transferred to paper, delivered as a jelly is from its mould, the delicate tints, the deepest shadows, and the intermediate gradations of the photographic negative, are faithfully reproduced. In preparing the relieve, two ounces of gelatine are dissolved in six of water, and to this is added three-quarters of an ounce of lump sugar. Four ounces of a solution containing sixty grains of bichromate of ammonia to the ounce being added to this, the whole is then, while quite warm, strained. A plate of glass is next covered with a sheet of talc temporarily fixed by a few drops of water; the talc is coated with the above, and being sensitive to light, is placed in the dark to set. This done, the coated talc is removed, a negative laid over the talc, and exposed to light in the usual way, the only change being that of causing the light to pass through a glass condenser and fall on it in a parallel direction. The hot water is then applied as above stated. In order to insure perfect flatness while the cast is being taken, the talc side of the film should be again fastened to a plate of glass with Canada balsam. Mr. Woodbury calculates that with three or four presses going,

these mechanically printed photographs could be produced at the rate of one hundred and twenty per hour. Apart from ordinary purposes, the process can be applied to glass for transparencies; to china for burning in with enamel colors; to the production, at a cheaper rate, of porcelain transparencies, etc., etc. At present the prints exhibited are said to lack clearness; and the high relief of the extreme darks are also objected to.—*Ditto*.

The Maltese Fossil Elephant.—The curious pigmy pachyderm whose remains were some time ago discovered in the Maltese bone-caves, has been indefatigably investigated by its original discoverer, Dr. Leith Adams. This gentleman has recently met with further relics of the fossil elephant in several new localities. He met with its teeth in great quantities in a cavern near Crendi. In a gap, evidently at one time the bed of a torrent, he has discovered the teeth and bones of thirty more individuals. The skeletons are met with jammed between large blocks of stones in a way which shows clearly that the carcasses must have been hurled into their present situations by violent floods or freshets. Dr. Adams has now almost completed the skeleton of this wonderful little representative of an order which, till this discovery was recorded, has been commonly termed gigantic. Dr. Adams concludes, from his numerous inquiries, that the Maltese elephant did not exceed the height of a small pony.—*Ditto*.

How to Make an Intermittent Fountain.—M. l'Abbé Laborde, writing to *Les Mondes*, describes a simple apparatus for producing an intermittent fountain. It consists of an inverted flask fitted with a cork, through which pass two tubes of unequal length. The longer reaches nearly to the bottom of the flask, and outside has a length of some twenty inches. The shorter tube merely pierces the cork, and does not extend to any length inside, and outside it ends immediately in a jet, which can be curved round. The flask is filled with water, fitted with the two tubes, and then, with the finger on the shorter tube, is inverted, plunging the end of the longer tube in a vessel of water. The instrument may now be fixed in this position, as an intermittent jet of water begins to flow at once, continuing until the flask is empty. The column of water in the longer tube will be seen to be alternately rising and falling, from which phenomena an explanation has been given of the cause of the intermittent flow.

The Removal of Neuralgic Pain.—It has lately been stated in some of the French journals that Dr. Caminiti, of Messina, has discovered a remedy for certain forms of neuralgia. A patient of his had long been suffering from trifacial neuralgia; she could not bear to look at luminous objects, her eyes were constantly watering, and she was in constant pain. Blisters, preparations of belladonna, and hydrochlorate of morphine, friction with tincture of aconite, pills of acetate of morphine and camphor, subcarbonate of iron, etc., had been employed with but partial success, or none whatever. At length Dr. Caminiti, attributing the obstinacy of the affection to the variations of temperature so frequent in Sicily; adopted the expedient of covering all the painful parts with a coating of collodion containing a certain proportion of hydrochlorate of morphine. This treatment was per-

fectly successful; the relief was instantaneous and permanent, and the coating fell off in the course of one or two days.

Magnetic Storms of 1859, and of August, 1865.—Both of these storms were accompanied by phenomena on the surface of the sun which are worthy of notice. At the time of the occurrence of the great disturbance of August—September, 1859, a very large spot might have been observed on the disk of our luminary, and several of a size somewhat smaller. Considerable changes were taking place in the appearance of these spots, and, moreover, a luminous body was observed independently by Carrington and Hodgson to move across the large spot at the very moment when the magnetic disturbance broke out at Kew. On the 29th of July, 1865, there was no spot, or almost none, on the sun's disk; but on the 3d of August there was a very considerable spot on the right limb nearly going off. The only sun pictures obtained at Kew were on these days; and it is clear from these that this spot must have rapidly formed between July 29 and August 3 on the right half of the solar disk. It would, of course, be premature to conclude that certain changes going on in the sun cause or even invariably accompany terrestrial magnetic storms, but there can be no impropriety in stating facts, which may possibly serve to establish some future generalization.—*Leisure Hour.*

ART.

How to Preserve the Colors of Flowers in Drying.—Though an account of such a process hardly deserves a place in a botanical summary, it will be of interest to our readers to know that it is possible to preserve the natural color of dried flowers. The following method has been given in a late number of the *Journal of the Society of Arts*.—A vessel, with a movable cover, is provided, and having removed the cover from it, a piece of metallic gauze of moderate fineness is fixed over it, and the cover replaced. A quantity of sand is then taken sufficient to fill the vessel, and passed through a sieve into an iron pot, where it is heated, with the addition of a small quantity of stearine, carefully stirred, so as to thoroughly mix the ingredients. The quantity of stearine to be added is at the rate of half a pound to one hundred pounds of sand. Care must be taken not to add too much, as it would sink to the bottom and injure the flowers. The vessel, with its cover on, and the gauze beneath it, is then turned upside down, and the bottom being removed, the flowers to be operated upon are carefully placed on the gauze and the sand gently poured in, so as to cover the flowers entirely, the leaves being thus prevented from touching each other. The vessel is then put in a hot place, such, for instance, as the top of a baker's oven, where it is left for forty-eight hours. The flowers thus become dried, and they retain their natural colors. The vessel still remaining bottom upwards, the lid is taken off, and the sand runs away through the gauze, leaving the flowers uninjured.

Rome.—After the erroneous statements which have been lately published respecting discoveries

made at Pompeii, one naturally feels cautious what to believe. The fact is, that during the past six months no excavations of importance have been undertaken, owing to want of funds; and, with the exception I am about to mention, nothing has been discovered since the admirable statuette of Narcissus, one of the very loveliest small bronze works among the collection of the Naples gallery. Four months ago there was found an equestrian statue in bronze, pronounced to be a representation of the Emperor Nero. It is now in the Naples Museum, not being as yet visible to the public, but is shut up in a wooden box, one end of which is on hinges, forming a door, through which one can see the fore-quarters of the horse, while the rider sits shrouded in gloom upon his back. This cover is a protection to the statue while a new room is being fitted up around it. The group is of bronze, a little over life-size. The emperor is represented sitting on his horse without saddle or stirrups, and his right arm is extended at full length, as if he were engaged in making a gesture to some person in front of the animal.

In fact, the face of the figure, and the action of the right arm, are precisely those of the famous statue of Marcus Aurelius on the Capitol of Rome; but the horse of Nero is slender, and, as I remarked before, the group is not colossal. The orbits of the eyes are hollow, like a mask. It is interesting to observe that the attitude of Marcus Aurelius has been anticipated by the designer of this group, which probably was made some one hundred previously to the statue which has played so important a part in the history of Rome, and which has so long reigned as the unique large equestrian bronze statue left us by the ancients. I was indebted to the courtesy of Signor Fiorelli, the director of the Museo Reale, for permission to see this, the last reward of the excavators of the buried city of Pompeii.—J. T.

Sir Charles Eastlake.—We regret to learn that the accomplished President of the Royal Academy remains at Milan in a state of health that gives little hope of his return to the arduous duties of his office. It is not at all likely he will be able to resume them. The misfortune is especially embarrassing at this particular time, when the Government and the Academy are arranging a treaty, upon which the future of the latter will greatly depend. Much of the result must necessarily have depended on the enlightened mind, large experience, and personal influence of the President, and of these, unhappily, the members are for the present deprived.

Photography—Carbon Process.—A medal was awarded, in Dublin, to Messrs. Mawson and Swan, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, for specimens of photography by their "carbon printing process." Some examples have been submitted to us; they are of great beauty, singularly brilliant in tone and "color," the artistic arrangements being very near perfection, and the manipulation clear and sharp. The inventors claim that by this process the pictures produced are of unquestionable permanence, the coloring matter forming the picture being carbon, either alone or modified by admixture with other water-color pigments, such as indigo and lake. As a basis for coloring upon, these carbon prints have, it is affirmed, a very

great advantage over "silver prints," inasmuch as the colors forming the carbon print are known to be durable when in contact with the pigments usually employed in water-color painting. We can but judge by results as they meet the eye, and these are entirely satisfactory; but we have no doubt that Messrs. Mawson and Swan have secured that most essential advantage — the *durability* of the picture when it is printed. We should add, that in the specimens before us, the photograph is not printed upon a piece of paper separate from the mounting board, as is usual with ordinary photographs, but that the print and mount are "one and indivisible." The value of this improvement is too self-evident to require any comment by us.—*Art Journal*.

The National Gallery was reopened on the 6th of November, after having been closed for some weeks according to annual custom. There has been added to the collection a small picture assumed to be by Memling; it presents two figures, each in a separate compartment, as if they had formed the wings of a larger centre piece. In the left is St. John the Baptist holding a lamb on his left arm, to which he points with his right hand; he wears an under garment of sackcloth, over which hangs a dark purple mantle. The other is St. Lawrence, wearing over a white robe a red ceremonial vesture enriched with gold. Each head is relieved by a colored marble column, with a gilt capital, and beyond is a glimpse of a garden-like landscape distance.—*Art Journal*.

VARIETIES.

The Wine of Helbon.—The plain of Damascus is peculiarly fitted for the pasturage of sheep, as it has always been since the time of the patriarchs; the history of Laban and Jacob showing the former to have been a wealthy sheep-farmer, very much resembling many of our countrymen in Australia at the present day. In like manner the neighborhood of Damascus has in all times been celebrated for its wines. The grapes of Helbon, a village about as far to the northward of the city as Harran is to the east, are greatly esteemed for their rich flavor, and from them is made the best and most highly prized wine of the country. Sheep and grapes, or, I should rather say, wool and wine, being then especially the produce of the neighborhood of Damascus, we can perceive the force of the text of the prophet Ezekiel, in which, when enumerating the countries that traded with Tyre, and the various articles in which they dealt, it is said, "Damascus was thy merchant in the multitude of the wares of thy making, for the multitude of all riches; in the wine of Helbon and white wool."—*Beke's "Pilgrimage to Harran."*

Albanian Shepherd Dogs.—When one comes to consider how the shepherds are situated, one cannot wonder that they prize their four-footed allies so highly. Without them the wolves, jackals, and foxes would very soon leave the shepherd a Flemish account of his flock; and yet, under the guardianship of these fine dogs, I don't think the denizens of the jungle often get a taste of mutton, even in the lambing season. I have seen a whole

flock of sheep, with their young lambs, left in the middle of a jungle, solely and entirely in charge of these dogs — perhaps twelve or fifteen dogs guarding two hundred sheep; and well they reward the trust reposed in them. They post themselves at various distances, forming a circle round their charge; and woe betide the stranger, be he man or beast, that dares to molest them. I remember on one occasion watching one hoary patriarch in particular, sitting at his post, the very picture of an old fellow who had pursued his dog-path through life uprightly and fearlessly. The scars and cuts and marks about his noble head spoke of many a bloody battle, of many a hard-fought field. He seemed, while he sat thinking, as if his mind had wandered back to the adventures of his past life. He was disturbed from his reverie by a little lamb staggering up to him and falling against his shaggy side. He turned his great head around and looked at the little beast, licking his old chops as much as to say, "I should like awfully to eat you, but I am in honor bound to defend you;" and, to avoid temptation, he got up and stalked away.—*Kavanagh's "Cruise of R. Y. S. Eva."*

Walnut.—Walnut is the Anglo-Saxon *wealh-hnut*, in German, *Wälsche Nuss*. *Wälsch* in German means, originally, foreigner, barbarian, and was especially applied by the Germans to the Italians. Hence Italy is to the present day called *Welschland* in German. The Saxon invaders gave the same name to the Celtic inhabitants of the British Isles, who are called *wealh* in Anglo-Saxon (plur. *wealas*). Hence the walnut meant originally the foreign nut. In Lithuanian the walnut goes by the name of the "Italian nut," in Russia by that of "Greek nut." What Englishman, in speaking of walnut, thinks that it means foreign or Italian nut? But for the accident that walnuts are no wall fruit, I have little doubt that by this time schoolmasters would have insisted in spelling the word with two *l's*, and that many a gardener would have planted his walnut trees against the wall.—*Prof. Max Müller*.

Proud as a Piper.—A certain noble lord when in attendance upon the Queen at Balmoral, a few years ago, having been commissioned by a friend to procure a performer on the melodious pipes, applied to her Majesty's piper—a fine stalwart Highlander—and, on being asked what kind of article was required, his lordship said in reply, "Just such another as yourself." The consequential Celt readily exclaimed, with more than the wonted humor, "There are plenty o' lords like yourself, but very few sic pipers as me!" A good story is told of a small Highland laird, who contemplated the erection of a magnificent castle on a very limited territory, with reference to which one of his neighbors humorously remarked: "I wonder on whose ground — intends to crouch when he carries his plans into execution." This pitiable love of show is of course accompanied by a vast amount of discomfort, to which our more sensible English neighbors are utter strangers. The snug and cheerful mansion which accommodates an English gentleman with a sure rental of £10,000 a year would be regarded as insufficient by many a Scotch laird with an uncertain income of as many hundreds. Unfortunately the same ten-

dency is discernible among our professional and commercial classes, who too frequently sacrifice real enjoyment to mere external display. In his letters from Scotland, written about the year 1730, Captain Burt refers to the ludicrous misapplication of terms on the part of the Scotch, with the view of acquiring importance. "A peddling shop-keeper," he says, "that sells a penny worth of thread, is a *merchant*; the person who is sent for that thread has received a *commission*; and bringing it to the sender is making *report*. A bill to let you know there is a single room to be let is called a *placard*; the doors are *ports*; an inclosed field of two acres is a *park*; and the wife of a laird of fifteen pounds a year is a *lady*, and treated with your *ladyship*."—*Seton's "Nationalities of the United Kingdom."*

Indian Rumors.—It is a fact that there is a certain description of news which travels in India from one station to another with a rapidity almost electric. Before the days of the "lightning post" there was sometimes intelligence in the bazars of the native dealers and the lines of the native soldiers, especially if the news imported something disastrous to the British, days before it reached, in any official shape, the high functionaries of government. The news of the first outbreak and massacre at Caubul, in 1841, and also of the subsequent destruction of the British army in the Khyber Pass, reached Calcutta through the bazars of Meerut and Kurnal some days before they found their way to Government House from any official quarter; and the mutiny at Barrackpore was known by the Sepoys of the British force proceeding to Burmah before it reached the military and political chiefs by special express. We cannot trace the progress of these evil tidings. The natives of India have an expression, saying that "it is in the air." It often happened that an uneasy feeling—an impression that something had happened, though they "could not discern the shape thereof"—pervaded men's minds, in obscure anticipation of the news that was travelling towards them in all its tangible proportions. All along the line of road, from town to town, from village to village, were thousands to whom the feet of those who brought the tidings were welcome. The British magistrate, returning from his evening ride, was perhaps met on the road near the bazaar by a venerable native on an ambling pony—a native respectable of aspect, with white beard and whiter garments, who salaamed to the English gentleman as he passed, and went on his way freighted with intelligence to be used with judgment and sent on with dispatch. This was but one of many costumes worn by the messenger of evil. In whatsoever shape he passed there was nothing outwardly to distinguish him. Next morning there was a sensation in the bazaar, and a vague excitement in the Sepoys' lines. But when rumors of disaster reached the houses of the chief English officers, they were commonly discredited. Their own letters were silent on the subject. It was not likely to be true, they said, as they had heard nothing about it. But it was true; and the news had travelled another hundred miles whilst the white gentlemen, with bland skepticism, were shaking their heads over

the lies of the bazaar.—*Kaye's "History of the Indian Rebellion."*

Post-office Money-orders.—The institution of the Money-order Office was suggested, in 1792, by two officers of the Post-office in answer to a demand from the government for some mode of enabling soldiers and sailors to make remittances to their families. It was, however, originally established as a private undertaking of those officers under the firm of Stow and Company, and it was not made entirely official until 1838. The enormous charges—eightpence in the pound, with the addition of a government stamp duty of two shillings when the remittance exceeded two pounds—together with the double postage at the then high rates which the sending of a money-order entailed, prevented much business being done; and even though the rates of commission were subsequently somewhat reduced, comparatively little progress had been made before the establishment of penny postage; for, in 1839, the whole amount of the money-orders was only £313,000. We remember, in that year, having occasion to pay a visit to this office, which, after some difficulty, we found in St. Martin's-le-Grand, having climbed a high flight of stairs and passed along some intricate passages. There were, we believe, three clerks, who seemed to be by no means overburdened with business, although no other establishment of the kind existed in the metropolis. However, in 1840, soon after the introduction of penny postage, the necessity of diminishing the temptation set before the officers by the numerous money-letters passing through the Post-office, caused this branch to be placed on an entirely different footing. The commission was reduced from sixpence to threepence for remittances under two pounds, and, for those under five pounds, from one shilling and sixpence to sixpence. Money-order offices were opened at nearly all the post towns (and afterwards at many sub-posts) and in many parts of the metropolis, and the method of issuing and paying them was simplified. The result was an enormous increase in the business of the Money-order branch. In 1839 there were 188,921 orders issued, remitting £313,124, while in 1841 the orders numbered 1,552,845, amounting to £3,127,507; and since that time the business has rapidly grown, until, in the year 1863, 7,956,794 orders were issued, amounting to £16,493,793!—*Edinburgh Review.*

Sanskrit in its Relation to other Languages.—Sanskrit is not the mother of Greek and Latin, as Latin is of French and Italian. Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin are sisters, varieties of one and the same type. They all point to some earlier stage, when they were less different from each other than they now are; but no more. All we can say in favor of Sanskrit is that it is the eldest sister; that it has retained many words and forms less changed and corrupted than Greek and Latin. The more primitive character and transparent structure of Sanskrit have naturally endeared it to the student of language, but they have not blinded him to the fact that, on many points, Greek and Latin—nay, Gothic and Celtic,

have preserved primitive features which Sanskrit has lost. Greek is coordinate with, not subordinate to, Sanskrit; and the only distinction which Sanskrit is entitled to claim is that which Austria used to claim in the German Confederation—to be the first among equals, *primus inter pares*.

Lake Phiala.—The lake occupies the bowl of apparently an extinct crater, a mile across. It has no outlet nor inlet, and is not deep. The water, which is stagnant and impure, looks and feels slimy. As we saw the lake, late in May, 1852, it was muddy for a few feet just at the margin, and did not seem to be clear and pure in any part. At a short distance from the shore was a broad belt of water-plants, already turned brown, and in some places resembling islands. The middle of the lake was free. Wild ducks were swimming in different parts. A large hawk was sailing above them, and occasionally swooping down to the surface of the water, as if to seize a duck or a frog. Myriads and myriads of frogs lined the shores; and it was amusing to see them perched thickly along the stones, as if drawn up in battle array to keep off intruders. It is the very paradise of frogs. The lake supplies the whole country with leeches; here, too, they are gathered by men wading in and letting the leeches fasten themselves upon their legs. The ground along the margin is mostly without reeds or rushes, and is covered with small black volcanic stones. The shores and sides of the crater exhibit everywhere small glistening, black crystals, resembling hornblende. — *Dr. Robinson's "Physical Geography of the Holy Land."*

Fenians.—A Manx clergyman, the Rev. W. Gill, gives the following explanation of the term "Fenian," from Dr. Kelly's *Manx and English Dictionary*, a work written in 1766, but only now committed to the press: "Fenaight, *s., pl.*, Fenee, a champion, hero, giant. This word, in the plural, is generally used to signify invaders, or foreign spoilers, which inclines me to suppose that these Fenee were either the Feni of Ireland (for so were the inhabitants of Ulster called) or the Pœni or Phœnicians of Carthage. The stories told of the prowess and size of these giants are wonderful. (Irish, *fiann Erin*, a kind of militia.)"

The Cheap Press.—The penny press of this country has now been in operation for a certain number of years. There were those who were led to anticipate that that organ would be a dangerous organ, that it would minister food to bad passions, and that it would tend to create jealousies in the country. We have now had a pretty long experience; and it is no more than justice to the gentlemen by whom that press is conducted—no more than justice to them, without the smallest reproach to others who have conducted a press of a somewhat different character—to say that every one of those sinister anticipations have

been signally disappointed, and that these organs of public opinion, copies of which are sold at so cheap a rate as to find their way into almost every man's house, have been second to none in their regard for moral principle, in their respect for personal character, in their fidelity to the duties they have undertaken, and, lastly, let me add—for it is a vital element in the case—in attachment to the law and in loyalty to the Throne. And that press, in my opinion, has proved to be not only a means of conveying innocent and useful information to the masses of the population, but it has been a powerful political engine, contributing to the stability of our institutions, conveying home to the mind of the working man a sense of his interest in the country, and is, in point of fact, entitled in the highest sense to the honorable designation of a thoroughly Conservative power.—*Mr. Gladstone.*

The Corroboree.—The natives of Australia have a dance called the Corroboree, which is supposed to be a religious ceremony of some kind. It is usually performed at the time of the full moon. The men paint themselves all over with red ochre and white pipe-clay. Sometimes they paint the figure of a skeleton on the fore part of their bodies, leaving their backs black, and while the dance is going on occasionally turn round and remain motionless for a few minutes, so that they appear to have vanished for the time; then they reverse their position just as suddenly, and proceed with the dance. The dancing is accompanied with a kind of half chanting, half singing strain, which varies in tone and pitch with the movements of the dancers. The women, who are called "lubras," are all seated by themselves, at some distance from the men, and keep up a singing sound all the while the men are dancing, accompanying their voices by beating an opossum rug or blanket, rolled up, with their hands. The men have a bunch of green leaves in one hand, and have leaves stuck in their hair; they also have their spears in their hands during the whole performance, which they rattle together with considerable violence. Sometimes they move together in two lines, advancing and retiring; then they shout and leap into the air, and suddenly turn round as though they had entirely disappeared. Again they become visible, by exposing the painted side of their bodies to the spectator, and shake their spears, as if in the act of throwing them; then they rattle them together, shake their bunches of leaves, rush together and vanish again. And thus the game is kept up till midnight. It is a very imposing sight to see about a hundred of these sable aborigines performing their Corroboree; the feeble rays of the rising moon, shining through the leaves of the trees, added to the lurid light of the fires from the encampment, gives a ghostly and supernatural effect to the whole scene.—*John Holden, M.D.*

would our milliners' shop windows exhibit; what proofs would be furnished by the confidential communications, if they could possibly be published in a Blue Book, which take place between the leaders of fashion and the accomplished artistes who execute and guide their capricious will; and this sparkling foam upon the wave's crest tells accurately enough which way the deeper currents are sweeping.

But though this is true of the past, it seems probable that, except, we trust, so far as regards military rivalry, it will be unspeakably more true of the future. For good or for evil the intercourse which now exists and daily increases between France and England is such as would never have been dreamed of by our fathers. The commercial treaty which has done so much to augment this intercourse is as much a result as a cause of this new unity between the nations. The influence of no single person can for an instant compare with that of the present Emperor in having brought about this result. Having seen with his wonted sagacity that the interests of France would be largely promoted by the upgrowth of kindly offices and increased intercourse between her and ourselves, he has, ever since his reign began, promoted its increase with a steady far-sightedness of action possible only in one who combines his deep silent insight into affairs with his resolute and unaltering determination to see at last effected whatever he has once designed.

Every year of his reign has increased and probably will increase, the straitness of our union; and though at first sight it might seem as if the religious separation of our people from all visible communion with the Church of the West would forbid, as to that subject matter, any influence of France upon us, yet a deeper investigation of the case would show the poverty and lack of insight betrayed in such a conclusion. The lower tier of clouds, which to unenlightened eyes usurp the whole heavens, are themselves acted on and swayed by the higher currents which sweep unseen through the firmament; and tempers of unbelief and of devotion diffuse themselves with a wonderful equality of flow, like atmospheric influences, ever present and prevailing around outward institu-

tions the most various in form and appearance. Separated, therefore, even as we are from others, we can not safely disregard the ebbs and flows of religious belief on the other side of the Channel. It may be that there is before us the prospect here too of an increased union. Many pregnant signs suggest the possibility of the empire leading the way to the establishment of a church far more really national than France has ever yet seen; such an one as floated in idea before the eager gaze of the youthful Bossuet; such an one as England's contemporary Archbishop was sanguine enough to believe might one day, when more perfectly reformed, be knit by open bonds of spiritual alliance to the Island Church.

At such a time it must be a matter of more than common interest to English Churchmen, especially, to know the real state and temper of religion in France. This the three notable sets of volumes which we have named at the head of this article are intended to set forth. Their author is a distinguished French Abbé, mixing with the religious and literary society of Paris, and who, though well known as the writer of these obnoxious volumes, has never afforded in his faith or conduct any mark at which the keen eye of religious jealousy could aim, so as to secure his long-coveted suspension from the ministry. For in France it would answer many a page of argument if the ultramontane scribe could but indite against the reasoner, "*C'est un interdit.*" The three works taken together, explain the whole question; and the briefest way in which it can be set before our readers is by following the lead of the three works themselves in the order of their appearance. They bear the questionable shape of novels—a reproach repeatedly flung in the face of their author. He has as constantly replied, that he has adopted that form only because the novel is the most popular literature of the day, and his desire is to be read. He quotes, in self-defence, other great ecclesiastics to justify his form of publication, "*Le prêtre,*" he says, "*qui a écrit *Le Maudit* a fait comme le Cardinal Wiseman, comme Fénelon, comme Camus.*"* He says, and says it with perfect truth, that the story is in his

* *Le Maudit*, p. 2.

hands the simple thread upon which his facts are strung. No one, indeed, could mistake him for a novelist; for from the merits and the defects of that peculiar form of literature, he is almost equally free. There is no sensational writing in any page of these volumes; and there is, on the other hand, very little story. It is not with him, as it is with Dr. Mason Neale, that the intensity of his religious convictions hardly keeps down the natural genius of a master of fiction; he has no such struggle; he labors with his story to make it hold his facts and reasonings; and it does that, and does no more. From the beginning the most inexperienced tyro in novel reading can see what the end is to be, and he is never deceived in the unwinding of the thread. If there is any surprise anywhere, it is evidently quite as great a one to the author as it is to the reader. All this, which would take utterly away any claim that he might put forth to high place among the writers of fiction, only adds to the value of his volumes as a statement of the facts which constitute the spiritual life of which he is recording the history. There is no story the interest of which must be kept alive by humoring these facts; there is no evidence of lively imagination which might lead unawares to their being invested with a color of his own. Any careful student of history, who has followed closely Lord Macaulay's treatment of Sir Elijah Impey, or the Duke of Marlborough, will distrust all his other portraits, because he will know that it is the habit of the artist's mind to form for himself the countenance he is about to depict; but the purchaser of the work of the dullest photographer knows that he is at least free from these misleading freaks of the imagination. That security the reader of these volumes possesses.

Not that the Abbé M. is by any means a dull man; but he manifests no such gifts of imagination as would lead us in any degree to distrust his facts. *Le Maudit*, which first created the author's reputation, and of which many large editions have been sold, opens with the history of a young priest in the south of France, well-born, well-nurtured, and endowed with unusual gifts of intellect—Julio de la Clavière—who, with his (supposed) sister, Louise de la Clavière,

had been brought up by an aunt, who had adopted the orphan children, and been to them all that a mother could have been.

The opening chapters depict the dealings of the Jesuit Fathers with the ladies of the family. Madame de la Clavière was rich, and her nephew and niece her natural heirs. She had yielded herself to the guidance of a Jesuit confessor, and he, at the bidding of the Company, was bent on securing for it the worldly substance of the devoted trembling aunt. To secure this the niece was to be persuaded to enter a convent, and the nephew to become a priest. In these vocations a small pension would be all that either would require, and the Company might win the inheritance. These plans are first thwarted by the niece's doubts about her vocation, which, under an attachment she forms for a young friend of her brother's, preparing at first with him for the priesthood, but led by doubts and inquiry to abandon that intention and become an advocate, deepen rapidly into an absolute rejection of the state for which she had been designed. This provoking mischance is traced, in great measure, by the sharp-sighted Fathers to the influence of her brother, who himself has read, and has encouraged her in reading, many works which have carried her thoughts, and interests, and aspirations, far outside the narrow sphere to which her spiritual guides would have restricted them. Thus he becomes early an object of suspicion and dislike in the "Reverend Fathers." They were at this time only feeling their way to the provincial town of T.; and it was esteemed by them essential to their success that they should obtain funds sufficient to enable them to raise buildings commensurate with the importance of their Society. France was the country for the support of which they were by far the most anxious. In their estimate, "Rome est aujourd'hui dans la décrépitude senile : la vie ne part pas de là, pas plus pour la religion que pour le reste. La France c'est la pays de vie exuberante" (p. 56).

To secure the funds needful for erecting these buildings, all their spiritual powers were unscrupulously exerted. We are led by the Abbé into the dark conclave in which business of this delicate kind is conducted :

"The Provincial Father had convoked a secret council. When darkness reigned in every corridor, and the dead silence of the building showed that all the other Fathers had retired into their cells, seven old men entered the convent hall. A single lamp lighted that hall, casting a pale and lurid ray upon the walls. Here and there hung engravings of St. Ignatius, of St. Francis Xavier, of the martyrdom of the brethren in Japan and China, and of the Sacred Heart of Mary. . . . A table covered with green cloth, and chairs for the assembled Fathers, completed the furniture of the room. . . . The Rev. Father Provincial, having deposited on the table a large portfolio, knelt down and repeated in a slow and subdued tone the *Veni Sancte* and *Ave Maria*, the other Fathers joining. They then rose and seated themselves. All eyes were fixed upon the ground as the Provincial began by opening his portfolio and stating, 'I have received from our very Reverend Father General authority to build at T. a house for our order.'"

He proceeds to state that three million francs must be raised for the building, and raised from local resources. A subdued smile courses over some of those aged lips, as the question is put from whence the needful funds are to come. It appears that all their means of every kind reach to little more than half what they require, and so the several Fathers who act as confessors are stirred up to use more energetically their power over those whom they direct. While each one details his own failures or successes in the common cause, the Father Briffard, with whom we are specially concerned, called upon by the Provincial Father to state his success, produces with a smile of satisfaction, which plays over his lips, the will of Madame de la Clavière, by which, securing pensions of a thousand francs to her nephew and her niece respectively, and one of three hundred to a favorite servant, she leaves all her estate to a Mons. Tournichon, the safe creature of the Company. "And to what," the Provincial asks, "does this amount?" "It is valued," is the reply, "at four hundred and fifty thousand francs." "And will the donor die soon?" he responds, and receives the gratifying assurance that she has scarcely a breath of life left in her. The Virgin is thanked in concluding prayers (pp. 57-68) for these special favors, and the commencement of the building is determined on.

It had not been without a struggle

that the aged aunt had handed over the orphans' fortune to these grasping hands. "Remorse," she had avowed to her confessor, "and deep disquietude possess me! Louise and her brother are directly my heirs. Can I in conscience disinherit these children of my own and of their uncle's fortune?" "Yes," is the answer; "I have certain means of knowing that the uncle's fortune was amassed by usury." "But how? his reputation for honesty was perfect." "What matters that; for his unjust gains he is now burning in Purgatory, and your only mode of giving peace to his soul, and saving your own, is by thus making restitution." "Ah, but those poor children!" The sacrifice is urged upon her as most acceptable to God; the fainting heart of the old devotee yields with difficulty; but the will is extorted from her (pp. 12-15).

Here is laid the foundation of a life-long persecution of Julio de la Clavière, who at first suspects, and afterwards opposes to the utmost, though in vain, in the courts of law his own and his sister's spoliation. The Cardinal Archbishop Flamarens, one of the best drawn portraits in the book, touched with a play of humor which is the Abbé's forte, gives the true solution of all the life that is to follow, in the few words in which he replies to the objections taken to the ordination of Julio. "I understand it all; they have robbed him of his fortune, and now they persecute him" (p. 89).

The persecution begins with the endeavor to prevent by secret slander his admission to the priesthood: next it seeks to prevent his appointment by the Archbishop, who is captivated by his whole manner and attainments, to the office of diocesan secretary. The Archbishop, however, is firm, and the entrance of the young man on his new office introduces a capitally executed passage describing the daily budget of a French Archbishop's letters from his diocese, and the treatment by a kind and skilful, though perhaps a slightly worldly head, of the various cases of his clergy. This chapter might be read with great advantage by many besides French Archbishops. It exhibits with the utmost skill how much acute discernment, mixed with hearty kindness, may do to quiet extremes without the scandal of a scene,

to forestall coming evils in their bud, and to stir up sleepy respectability to exertions of which it had never dreamed. At this time the young Abbé seems to triumph, and the astute Fathers to have failed. He is called upon to preach in the Cathedral, and acquits himself so admirably, that at the request of the Chapter he is nominated by the Archbishop an honorary Canon of the Church. But the Jesuits never leave the prey they once have tracked. They stir up a cry of heresy against the young canon's sermon, and they play off against the Archbishop, his chaplain, and above all, his sister, who lives with him, and on whom he is dependent for his family and social life; a scene of unusual altercation disturbs his dinner table; he retires to his room, to be followed by a fierce letter of denunciation, which he traces to the Jesuits, and is seized in his overwrought condition with a fit of apoplexy under which he sinks. Before his death he sends for Julio, to receive his confession, and in the clear atmosphere of those last hours, when one by one the busy illusions of life have all but passed away, the spirit of the dying man rises to the perception of the greatness of the Church's vocation and his own, and he delivers to the young Abbé what is appropriately termed his spiritual testament:

"I die in the bosom of the Catholic Church Apostolical and Roman, of which I have been Priest, Bishop, and Cardinal: about to appear before Him who is the immutable truth, I declare that it has been against the dictates of my own heart, and with an extreme repugnance, that for more than forty years of my life as priest and bishop I have followed the perilous crew which now guides the Catholic Church. I have been forced to repress all the holiest instincts of my soul . . . and to this I have owed my rapid advance in honors. I saw that I must choose between the dignities which flattered my ambition and an agitated, even persecuted, life. I was feeble, and I shrank back from the glory and the sufferings of the new apostolate. I preferred the vain glory of the purple: to reach it I betrayed and slew the truth."—p. 188.

He sees how the Ultramontane party, directed by the Jesuits, and in everything exalting the Papacy above the Scriptures, the Creeds, and the Church, is destroying all possibility of a religious future for the French people; and he

dies penitent for his own share in the mighty evil which has been already wrought. He charges Julio to make his retractions known: gives him as a perpetual pledge his Cardinal's ring, and dies with the adieu of a father leaving his troubled inheritance to a beloved son.

To prevent the publication of this last "testament" of the Archbishop, which Julio at once sets about preparing, is the first care of the reverend Fathers. All direct threats and cajolery having failed utterly, they turn, according to their wont, to female aid, and bring his aged aunt and his adored sister to persuade him to abandon his intention of making public the revelation to which he had pledged himself to the dying Archbishop. All that can be won from him is that it is published without his name by his friend the advocate M. Verdelon. The sale of the brochure is immense, and the anger of the Jesuits proportionate to the injury they perceive that it will do them. Meanwhile the new Archbishop, Mons. Paul le Cricq, appears on the stage, and Julio soon feels the effect of the loss of his former patron. The new Archbishop, indeed, hates and fears the Jesuits; but fearing even more than he hates, he serves them with the grudging but thorough service which fear can extract from an ignoble spirit. His object is to gain the purple as well as the archiepiscopal mitre of his predecessor. To obtain this he must secure two separate influences which it is not easy for him to combine. He must have the support of the French government and the nomination of the Pope, and this latter cannot be won unless with the assistance of the Jesuits. Side by side with the lofty throne of the successor of St. Peter is erected the chair of office of the General of the Jesuits.

"There are two kings in the Catholic monarchy. . . . One is the king in appearance, and is named the Pope: he is enthroned at the Vatican, with cardinals, chamberlains, prelates, guards. . . . The other is the actual king; his seat is at the Gesù; he is styled 'the General of the Jesuits.' He is at the head of the most compact, active, and powerful association of men which the genius of man has ever framed. You address the first of these great men as 'your Holiness,' the second as 'your Reverence.' When you are admitted to an audience with the Pope, you meet, in the ante-chamber of the hall

(not to be reached till after three separate genuflexions) in which the Vicar of Christ will present to you his ring and his slipper to kiss, four or five young prelates, in violet cassocks and gently swelling rochets, who relieve with their easy conversation the *ennui* of the ceremonial. When you have passed the vestibule of the Gesù, and approach the presence of the General, you pass through a hall in which forty secretaries are writing in every known language, and you will present yourself to one who is charged with immense interests, and who will make you sit and converse with him. The one is the Richelieu of Catholicism; the other is its Louis XIII.*

Here, as everywhere else, the power is with the worker; and the Supreme Pontiff himself, as well as all his archbishops and bishops, must bow at last the gemmed tiara before the hard rule of the Iron Sceptre. It was a difficult task for Monsignor Le Cricq, for Julio had influential friends; the story of the spiritual testament of Monsignor Flamarrens had obtained a wide circulation; great interest was felt about him, and he was a man whom it was scarcely safe openly to persecute; yet the needful Jesuit support could not be had without the persecution of the obnoxious Abbé. The nomination of the French government would be lost, if, in gaining that support, he involved himself in a scandal or awakened a cry; on the other hand, the Pope would not venture to act if the Gesù frowned on the proposal. On the whole the difficult problem was dexterously worked out. Julio was first deprived of his office of secretary. This could cause no reproach, as it was natural for the Archbishop to desire to see a friend in an office of such confidence; and yet it was indicative and intelligible enough. It was an instalment of the sacrifices to be made to the Jesuits, and as an instalment it was received; but as an instalment only. Next Julio is appointed fifth curate to the Vicar of T.—a terrible descent on the ladder of ecclesiastical promotion. Simply and earnestly the young man sets himself to his work, and he is soon appreciated and beloved. He is most earnest in enforcing Christianity in its creed, its motives, and its conduct; but he has a detestable habit of preferring these to the advancement of any form of priestcraft. He

makes the powerful Carmelites his enemies by counselling the postponement of the irrevocable vow for a young child whose feelings and whose vanity had been worked on to give herself up to the austerities of that severe Order. He offends even more grossly the conventional notions of the modern religionists by exalting before the young the ennobling and purifying character of married love. This last offence is appreciated with peculiar sensitiveness by the Archbishop, and Julio is at once subjected to an honorable banishment from the seats of ecclesiastical influence. The Cure of St. Aventin, in the valley of l'Arboust, was vacant, and to it the Archbishop sends him to preach ideal love to the shepherds of the mountains (p. 282).

The news of his intended banishment flew round the town of T., and while the Jesuits triumphed, many of the sagest and holiest of the flock mourned for the loss of a pastor who had elevated all their views and lived before them the life of an evangelist. One of the most distinguished professors in the town wrote to "beseech him, before departing for his mountain exile, to examine seriously whether he ought thus to yield to his mortal enemies; whether this was not a sign from Providence which called him to higher destinies, and summoned him to another sphere, in which, supported by men who yet had faith in the future of Catholicism, he might still labor at his great work of reconciling it with the requirements of the present time. To bury himself in an obscure ministry, among a few poor mountaineers, in a region blocked up for eight months of the year with snow, was truly to abandon the mighty task he had so fully contemplated, and the outline of which he had laid down in his sermon at the Cathedral and in all his addresses at T."

Julio's answer protests that in no degree does he shrink from the hard apostleship to which he has been called; that he is conscious of needing work and study to fit him to fulfil it; moreover, that the time of action is not come for him: that Rome, trusting altogether to its expiring earthly sovereignty, unable to comprehend the march of the human mind, and to fit the instruments by which it conveyed eternal truths to the

* *Le Maudit*, p. 52.

wants of the present time, would regard as treason all efforts at reform ; that for one, therefore, whose calling was not the demolition of the present, but its future reconstruction, when ruder hands had accomplished their vocation of destruction, the present was a time of waiting, not of active labor, and that in such a temper he devoted himself to his mountain cure.

To it he therefore betook himself ; and here he read, studied the physical geography of the mountains, acquainted himself intimately with the face of nature round him, and above all labored with his whole heart to humanize and christianize his mountain flock. In this he is sorely hindered, not only by the grossness of their habits, but even more by the superstitious system of the Church in which he ministers. First, he is withstood by a Pharisaic devotee, introduced under the indicative name of "La Mère Judas," whose claims to extreme sanctity and spirituality he judiciously but firmly resists, and who becomes forthwith his enemy ; then by the clerical encouragement of pretended visions and heavenly visitations among the young and enthusiastic females of his flock, and at length by the disturbing labors of a Capucin, who is sent to conduct a mission in his parish : a great eater, a deep drinker, and a noisy preacher, described by the Abbé with the most pleasurable humor, who utterly deranges the whole plan of the young Curé's ministry. Here then, too, in his mountain seclusion as much as in the town, the whole tone of the existing Church is against him.

But he is not left to the isolation and rest of his mountain home. His aunt dies, and he resolves on challenging the iniquitous will which had been the handiwork of the Père Briffard. Mons. Verdelon the advocate, his own friend in youth, and now the lover of Louise, undertakes the conduct of the suit, and speaks with all the ardor of a lover, and all the force of one maintaining the highest principles. At first it seems that the Jesuits will be foiled. M. Tournichon, to whom, on their behalf, to avoid the laws against captation, the inheritance had been bequeathed, had been so unwary as to allot far less than she conceived to be her share of the prey to the favorite

attendant of Madame de la Clavière, whom he had been forced from the influence she possessed over the mind of her mistress to admit into his secret councils. Disappointed of her reward, the inflammable Pyrenneian is at once smitten with horror at the injustice done in disinheriting the niece and nephew, and she makes revelations on which Mons. Verdelon relies. The aunt had shrunk from the injustice she was being compelled to perpetrate. She had even summoned a notary to alter her will, but had yielded at last in her feebleness to the spiritual terrors brought to bear upon her ; had postponed the projected alteration, and died before it was accomplished. Such evidence would have destroyed the validity of the will ; but the witness is at length, by flattery and gifts, prevailed upon to declare that her first assertions were the result of irritation, and not warranted by fact. Unsupported by this evidence, Mons. Verdelon's eloquence fails to convince the court, and the inheritance is given to Mons. Tournichon, the nominee (and as the Provincial Master complains bitterly when he receives the account of his expenses, the spoiler) of the Jesuits. But Julio will not so easily yield up his cause, and if he cannot gain the verdict of the court, he resolves to gain that of France to his side. He sets himself accordingly about the preparation of a memoir of the whole transaction. The effect of such a statement from his pen is so greatly dreaded by the reverend Fathers, that every attempt is made to persuade him to suppress it. In the armory of the Gesù are weapons of every shape and kind, and the one drawn forth on this emergency illustrates some of the chief peculiarities of the Society. A reverend Father, who is supposed to possess the special gift of affecting the female heart rather than any peculiar attribute of sanctity, is sent down into the province to stir up the Marchioness of * * * to undertake the task of preventing, through the influence of Louise, the publication of the dreaded memoir.

The Marchioness had been an early friend of the late mother of Louise, and through the fond remembrances of the daughter's heart, soon won her confidence. Louise was now living with her brother at his remote cure, and they

were everything to each other. She had passed through the great trial of finding that with the loss of her dower she had lost her lover, who, with ambitious views filling his mind, could not bring himself to wed the disinherited damsel. On her fears the Marchioness works through the sole earthly avenue remaining open in her heart. She shows her that Julio will certainly incur an interdict, that he will be lost here and hereafter, and that she must be his savior from the misery before him. But Julio will not yield, and under the crafty guidance of the Marchioness, Louise is to try the effect of withdrawing herself for a time from him, and exhorting as the condition of her return, his withdrawal of all future resistance of the reverend Fathers. Meanwhile other influences were brought to bear on Julio. The General of the Jesuits wrote to the Archbishop, in terms which showed that he would endure no longer trifling. Either Julio must be silenced, or the dreaded interdict must issue, or the Cardinal's hat must evaporate in disappointment. So imperative was the summons, that the Archbishop would probably have yielded, had not a most unlooked-for incident protected Julio. A priest named Loubaire, whom, when vicar of a parish near St. Aventin, Julio had saved from death and dishonor, was devoted to him with all the burning ardor of his Southern blood. Of a not unspotted life himself, he had seen and venerated the saintly character of the young Abbé, and now formed the insane resolution of saving the innocent martyr from archiepiscopal persecution by the threat of assassination. He insinuates himself into the palace and presence of the Archbishop in his hour of perfect solitude, and obtains, by the threat of instant death, an oath that Julio shall not be made a victim, and then attempts, and almost executes before the face of the prelate, his own destruction. The effect produced on the Archbishop's mind is terrible, and it is while it is at its full that the irresistible Society requires the sacrifice of its victim. To combine a regard to his oath with a performance of the mandate of the General was not easy, but it was effected by the Archbishop. A letter of unwonted kindness brings Julio to the Prelate, who discourses with him in the

most affable terms, laments the hard necessities which surrounded him, and have made him seem unkind to one he so highly values.

"There is so much to manage—all is so far from being rosy around the Episcopate. Oh! how much happier, oh! how much more peaceable is the condition of a good pastor in his parish. Still, one must bear one's cross. But to come to the point. My dear Abbé, you are attacking an Order venerated in the Church; you remember the words of your Breviary: 'an Order established by God in the last times for the conflict with heresy,' and how have you attacked it? Terribly, because with such moderation Meanwhile, all the world is against you. I hear from Rome that you are in *The Index*. What would you have me do? You have set the Jesuits at my heels; they will give me no repose. Do you know that the good Fathers comprehend no raillery, and that they will abuse an Archbishop of T. quite as readily and with as little remorse as a vicar of Avenin? I know them well. . . . But I would prove to you my love: I will not be the executioner of their hatred, only deal kindly by me. You can live honorably on the annuity secured to you: abandon the ministry for two or three years. . . . Alas! my dear Abbé, who knows what in three or four years may become of Rome or of the Jesuits? Events pass so fast nowadays. Do kindly what I ask; resign this vicarage of St. Avenin . . . take an 'Exeat pro quocumque diocesi.' When calm has been restored, when events are more advanced, when perhaps, Garibaldi and his *chemises rouges* have had their way with Rome, and *The Index*, and the Jesuits, you will come back to some good post in the diocese."*

The Abbé yields to this gentle handling, takes his Exeat, returns to St. Avenin to prepare for his departure, and finds Louise gone, and no trace of her to be discovered.

Then follows what the Abbé M*** has entitled the *Odyssee of Julio*. He sets out to find his sister, whom the Marchioness had carried off and got safely conveyed to a remote convent in Italy. Julio's search for her exhibits many other traits of Jesuit power and management. He is perpetually dogged by one who enacts the character of a free-thinking and free-living Abbé, himself a victim of the Jesuits, but who is in reality their spy, set to watch Julio, and if possible to beguile him to Rome,

* *Le Maudit*, vol. II., pp. 332, 339.

and the yet remaining prison of the Inquisition. In the course of his search he at last discovers Louise, rescues her by a sudden abduction from the church in the services of which she is taking part, carries her safely to the mountains, there is parted from her, and wounded by banditti, and is rescued by the Jesuit guard, to be consigned safely to the cells of the Holy Office at Rome. Thence all efforts made by the French government and by private friends, stimulated by the efforts of Louise, who had reached Paris in safety, alike fail to relieve him, until Loubaire reappears on the stage, and, with the aid of some mountaineers, delivers him by force from the prison of the Inquisition. As soon as he had effected this, Loubaire hastens back to his mountain charge. But he is not allowed to resume it. His letters to Louise, while at Rome he was seeking to effect the liberation of his friend, had all been intercepted. He had been delated to the Archbishop of Chambéry, as the enemy of the Society of Jesuits and of the Papal Chair. On reaching his cure of Lans-le-Bourg he meets the news: "You are summoned before the Archbishop at Chambéry; you are no more vicar of Lans-le-Bourg, your successor is appointed" (p. 162). He obeys the summons to Chambéry, and is told that his powers to execute the functions of the priesthood in that diocese are removed, but that he will be granted an Exeat, but unaccompanied with a recommendation, without which he would in fact be admitted into no other diocese. He breaks away with the natural impetuosity of his character with the last words, "It is a sentence of death, Monseigneur." "It is all that I can do for you," replies the complacent prelate.

He betakes himself to Paris, where, as he says to his friend: "If your shoulders will bear this, you may carry burdens or accustom your hands to break stones for the macadamized streets of Paris."—Vol. iii. 160. We will not interrupt here our outline of the story, but we shall have hereafter to return for a little to this subject.

Loubaire finds work at a printing establishment, and to Paris in due time comes the Abbé Julio. Louise had met with noble and distinguished friends of her aunt's, and for a time had been ad-

mitted to their society. But even here Jesuit intrigue and influence had followed her, and forced upon her reluctant friends the breaking up of their old alliance. On reaching Paris Julio sought for employment as a priest in that Church which possessed all his affections and his trust, and for the reform of which, in its temper and administration, he longed so ardently. Through all his disasters he had retained the warm affections of one enlightened prelate, the Bishop of A.; and armed with his recommendation he applied to the Archbishop for employment. The Jesuits at once seek to bar the entrance to all sacerdotal work against the doomed man. At all hazards, with his oratorical powers, every pulpit must be closed against him. But at first they fail. They dared not approach directly the Cardinal Archbishop. It is not every Bishop, especially when the Cardinal's hat has been already won, who will suffer the reverend Fathers to govern his diocese for him, and his Eminence was known to be rigorously just as well as full of kindness; so they first try to reach him through M. le Promoteur, an official charged with the immediate discipline of the diocese—one who in Paris has need to be of the acutest intelligence, and endued with all the skill of the ablest member of the detective police; one who can deal with all the false bishops from the East, who with long beards and most doubtful pretensions come to collect in Paris alms for the poor Christians of Lebanon, or for the erection of a Carmel among the rocks of Mount Tabor.

This office, so little likely in its administration to breed charity in any spirit, was held at the time by the Abbé Baraminos (known among the young and gay curates of the metropolis by the sobriquet of M. Gare-à-Minos), a priest, large in stature, dry and sharp of aspect, and of very uncertain temper. The supplest of the reverend Fathers lodged, during the familiar intercourse of the salon of the Duchess de Chantenay, in the faubourg Saint-Germain, in the mind of M. Baraminos the most violent prejudice against Julio de la Clavière. But the commendation of the Bishop of A. prevailed for the time with the Archbishop against M. le Promoteur; he re-

ceived the Abbé with kindness and attention, and appointed him at once as second Almoner of the Lycée of St. Louis. But his Eminence lacked the firmness needful to maintain his appointment. The busy tongues of a multitude of well-trained instruments assailed the name of Julio with every conceivable calumny; and at length in full counsel M. Baraminos ventured to express the general feeling of horror with which the appointment of Julio to so distinguished a post had been received. "But what am I to do with him?" asked the Cardinal, "for there is really nothing against him as a priest." "Surely," replies the ready M. le Promoteur, "he would be well placed as *diacre d'office* in a parish church."

Now this is an office which the ritual of Rome and the luxurious habits of fashionable life have combined to create as it exists at Paris. You go into St. Roch or La Madeleine and see the gorgeous rites of the high mass proceeding in their splendor. You see the curé officiating between two priests with white hair, clothed with dalmatics as stiff and splendid with their gold lace as the chasuble of the Vicar himself. You suppose that the first pastor of a great Church is there in the exercise of his sublime function, surrounded by two high dignitaries, his clerical equals. But you are mistaken. They are two unhappy priests who are retained for this special office — and who must not eat anything till the late mass — at one perhaps on Sundays, at noon on ordinary days — has been concluded. These men are often poor priests exiled it may be from Poland for their religious opinions, or hunted down by the hatred of the Jesuits; they are men without a future: the least distinguished candidate for the priesthood may rise to any height in his profession, but the wretched *diacre d'office* can only sink lower as he grows older. From the splendors of the Madeleine or Sainte Clotilde he falls to La Villette, to Grenelle, even to Montrouge, and at last his bones are sent with those of the lowest of the populace to the common trench at Ivry or Clichy la Garenne.*

A curt announcement from M. de Baraminos informs Julio that to this hapless office, in the little church of

Notre Dame des Champs, he is degraded, and that even from this on the first complaint he might reckon on being removed. Julio received the blow with calmness, Louise with tears. She would have had him refuse the offered post. His reply reveals his heart. "The house of Christ at Nazareth was less distinguished; Pope, Archbishop, or Diacre d'office, what matters it in God's eyes? It is to fill a function of his priesthood. . . . Beloved sister, you are a tempter to your brother." With a suppressed sob she answered, "You are right; I spoke as a woman: it is great to make yourself little."*

But Julio had still friends with some influence, and through one of these he is appointed to preach a Lenten sermon at St. Eustache. The whole Jesuit class was convulsed by this announcement. It was what above all they dreaded, and what before everything must prevent. They besiege the Archbishop, but he stands firm in protecting the Vicars of Paris in their right to choose their own Lenten preachers, and it is plain that the pulpit must be open to Julio, and the sect is driven to its last and lowest machinations. The old Jesuit spy who had haunted him as an ever-present imp through Italy is employed to assemble a crowd of the charitable dependents of the body to fill the church, and as Julio mounts the pulpit, to raise a riot within it which shall not only prevent the sermon being preached, but suffice to warn every other vicar in Paris of the danger of allowing such a firebrand to climb the steps of his pulpit. The plan succeeds perfectly, and the orator's voice is drowned utterly in the disgraceful noise of the rabble.

Julio now turns to the attempt to utter through the press that voice which he is prevented speaking from the pulpit. The most triumphant success attends a religious journal which he edits, and in which contending earnestly for all the truths of the Church Catholic, he temperately combats the extreme views of the ultramontane section. This completes the measure of his crimes. An immediate ostracism on his sister and himself from all religious and from the higher social circles is his first visitation;

* *Le Maudit*, vol. iii. 212, 215.

* *Le Maudit*, vol. iii. p. 218.

his next the withdrawal of his powers to officiate in Paris, with a recommendation that he should return to his old diocese. Hardly through the strong influence of powerful patrons is the Archbishop of T. persuaded to restore him to a small country cure. There for a short time he labors with his former success, though haunted by a new and terrible anguish which we purposely pass over. Then he loses his sister, whose delicate frame could no longer support all the exposure, privation, and anxiety of the lot which the sharing her brother's sorrows had made her portion. While he is in this last anguish the ambitious views of Mons. le Cricq approach their highest fulfilment. He had sheltered Julio from the open attack of a certain bigoted prelate in a council at Limoux, and this incident had been so well used by his friends at Paris that the French ambassador was instructed to ask for the liberal Archbishop the coveted Cardinal's hat. The application was received with favor, when the Pope was assailed by the head of the Jesuit Society for intending such an honor to one who had sheltered so notorious an offender as Julio. When the Archbishop next saw the Holy Father it was evident that a storm had swept over the heavens of the Vatican. The Archbishop's discerning agent at the Roman court soon learned the cause, and suggested with admirable dexterity the only remedy. The Archbishop retires into a "retreat," to be accomplished at the Gesù, and to perfect his good work consents to place Julio under an interdict. He wins his hat; and Julio, suspended from his ministry, degraded, in fact, from his orders, broken in body, and worn out in spirit, retires to the southern slopes of the mountains to die in the Hospice de Bigorre, ministered to in his last moments by a friendly stranger priest, whom the hand of persevering bigotry strives in vain to banish from his dying chamber.

We have traced the first of these stories thus at length because without doing so it was not possible to display, with any clearness, the lesson it is framed to teach. We need not enter with the same fulness on the remaining volumes. Their plan is the same as that on which *Le Maudit* is constructed. The first of them relates to the story of a woman

given up to a life of charity and devotion; in the present state of the Church of France she is passed from religious house to house, and from order to order, to find the same repulsive features perpetually reproduced in every society she joins. Pettiness, intrigue, jealousy, and debasing superstition mar at every turn the fair professions of a "religious life," until she is driven from it to spend her fortune and her powers in organizing for the girls of France a system of education, which, by setting them free from the present dominant priesthood, shall fit them to be wives and mothers, instead of breeding them up in ignorance of themselves and of the world around them, to become hereafter free-thinkers or devotees. The third story is intended to reveal, by similar processes, the interior life of those terrible Jesuit priests—the Prætorian Guard of the Papacy, at once its defenders and its dread—of whose work the history of Julio is a specimen.

We should in a great degree repeat what we have already said if we followed out this story in detail, and we shall not, therefore, do so, but we are tempted to lay before our readers one passage from it, because it is pleasantly characteristic of a vein of genuine humor which is continually reappearing amidst the deep convictions, the profound sadnesses, and high hopes, which fill the volumes. The hero of these volumes is the younger of two sons of a father of high birth and large fortune, who would himself have given them a liberal education based on the idea of what, as an emigrant to our shores, he had seen as an English education. The mother, under Jesuit directions, opposes with all a woman's power the father's resolution. After incessant conflicts the matter is adjusted by the elder son going to the University, and the younger being handed over to the teaching of the "Reverend Fathers." The mother suffers in after years a bitter punishment for this early victory. The elder son dies in consequence of an accident, and she is then bent upon the younger taking his brother's place, and continuing the ancient line of his noble family. But the Jesuit yoke to which she had herself submitted him was not thus to be broken from his neck. As a rule the Jesuits, far less than any other order, seek to

make their pupils renounce the active world and choose the "religious" life. Their long-sightedness enables them to see that their power will be increased by their pupils holding high places in the world, and providing a new generation of youth for them to train. But there are exceptions to this rule. There are some whom they are most anxious to secure; and from three descriptions of men, when they can, they always seek to replenish their numbers: these are the nobly born, through whom they hope to spread their ramifications amid the higher ranks of society; the rich, because better than any other they know the value of possessing largely the sinews of war; and the men of intellectual power, through whom they can act upon every rank and class of society.

Our hero combined these three advantages, and they early marked him for their own, and held him with an iron grasp in spite of his dying father's sobs and his broken-hearted mother's shrieks. This, however, was at the close of his training. The incident to which we refer belonged to his boyish days in the Jesuit seminary. He is visited in the seminary of Saint Acheul by his father's friend, the great advocate, M. Dupin. The young Jesuit élève had himself already learned to entertain so doubtful a regard for the distinguished friend of his father as an enemy of the Company, that when he has to tell the reverend Père who it is that has come to see him, he makes the reluctant confession "rougissant jusqu' aux oreilles." But the Jesuit Fathers manifested their wonted discretion. As soon as they had learned who their visitor was, the ordinary Father who was in attendance on the young pupil was at once withdrawn, and the distinguished rector of the seminary substituted for him. Then begins the play between the two men. M. Dupin had recently uttered, in defending the *Constitutionnel*, the stinging mot, "l'Institut de Loyola est une épée dont la poignée est à Rome, et dont la pointe est partout." In the midst of their conversation he is playfully reminded of his mot by the courteous Father, who, when the utterer would apologize for it as the trip of an extemporaneous speaker, defends and justifies it as being no more than a deo-

laration of the universal watchfulness of the Company over the cause of truth. Their converse is followed by a dinner, in which the best seasoned viands and the richest wines are bestowed upon the honored guest; pleasant and seemingly impromptu honors are paid to his eloquence and fame; until at length, at the close of a religious service in their chapel, he is won to carry a wax taper in their procession, and to utter a complimentary oration.

After the oration in praise of his eloquence he is fairly conquered:

"Ce fut là le bouquet. Or les flatteries du recteur, les vins fins, les chants religieux de la chapelle, le sermon, peut-être les cordons du dais, et l'improvisation du rhétoricien, produisirent un tel effet que M. Dupin, transporté, ému, prit congé des Pères par un petit discours, où lui aussi prodigua l'encens, mais sans le moindre mélange épigrammatique."^{*}

And so the purposes of the wily rector were accomplished. Perhaps the great advocate had been in some degree taken captive by the Order; perhaps that stinging tongue would be found sweetened when the next great call elicited one of his forensic triumphs; but however that might be, Samson was exhibited to France as just released from the arms of the Philistine idolatress: "Le lendemain vingts lettres apprenaient à Paris, que M. Dupin avait diné chez les Jésuites à Saint Acheul, et porté les cordons du dais; les lettres moqueuses jetèrent un ridicule sur l'avocat."—(Vol. i. p. 98.)

This is a fair specimen of one of the humorous descriptions of the Abbé M. But it is not on these lighter traits that the volumes depend for their interest. They are, indeed, full of manifold and curious instruction. They exhibit, we believe, with studied fairness the strange working of religious opinion and principle, under the perplexing accident of the present wide spread of unbelief on the one side, and of a bigoted maintenance of the most extreme tenets of Papacy on the other.

Their testimony upon one point which has recently been discussed somewhat largely among ourselves is not a little curious. When the unhappy Curé Loubaire is driven for his support to under-

* *Le Jésuite*, tom. ii. 498.

take some lay pursuit at Paris, he is represented as taking no peculiar or unusual step, but that for which the French clerical mind was thoroughly prepared, and with the sight of which the Parisian world was perfectly familiar. He labors as a journeyman printer, and finds around him a multitude to whom similar causes had prescribed like employments. A recent statement in the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury that such things prevailed in Paris, woke up an angry rejoinder from a certain French Abbé, and appeared to many of our journalists to be probably exaggerated. The Abbé M***'s volumes would prepare us to believe in its entire accuracy, and to think that it probably rather understated than exaggerated the truth; for we see here the absolute dependence of the priests upon the mere will of their bishops: we become acquainted with the many just grounds, and the far more numerous personal and party motives which must multiply such interdicts. We see, too, that the interdicted priest has commonly no other resource by which to gain a livelihood than Paris and its menial occupations. Drawn as the French priesthood is almost universally at the present time from the lowest grade of social life, there is in it nothing so terrible as there would be in such a descent among ourselves. The French priest is almost always the child of some laboring man. If not raised by the school and the seminary to the priesthood, he would, like his father, have supported himself by the labor of his hands. When he falls from the priesthood there is no intermediate point at which he can stop. He is again, and naturally, an *ouvrier*; and as naturally it is in the great city that he seeks his bread. There he is unknown, and escapes the shame of being seen to fall; there he escapes the enforced celibacy which, wherever he is known, the law of France binds upon him as the remaining burden of his priesthood; there he is sure to find a company of like spiritual lepers, to receive him gladly into their disowned sodality of priestly Bohemians. We should therefore be prepared to expect what we think this recent controversy has proved even to demonstration. The matter socially and religiously is of so much moment that

we will place on our pages a concise statement of the question, abridged from a long resumé written by one thoroughly acquainted with the subject.

The discussion originated in a statement made by the Bishop of Oxford, on the authority of a friend, at a meeting of Convocation, with reference to the number of interdicted priests living in Paris, and pursuing all sorts of manual and menial occupations. The Bishop's statement was, however, misreported in the *Times*. He was made to say that there were eight hundred interdicted priests in Paris employed in driving cabs, whereas what he really did say was that there were eight hundred priests so interdicted in Paris, and pursuing secular and menial occupations, *some* of whom were engaged in cab driving. The mistake afforded Abbé Rogerson, who calls himself "Chaplain to the English Catholics at Paris," an opportunity to step forward and engage in a little controversy with the Bishop of Oxford, who contented himself by informing Mr. Rogerson that the statement actually made in Convocation, or something very much like it, had already appeared in print, and by referring him to an article published in the *Christian Remembrancer* a year and a half previously. In this article it was alleged, on high Roman Catholic and Parisian authority, that there were no less than "six hundred priests serving as coachmen, or connected with the public conveyances, or playing street organs, or serving as porters, or begging." The Bishop however added that the estimate supplied to him, apparently by the reviewer in the *Christian Remembrancer*, made these amount to some seven hundred and fifty. The Abbé was not however yet satisfied, and he went on writing. In the mean time an able Parisian Roman Catholic periodical, the *Observateur Catholique*, edited by a committee of learned clergymen and laymen of the Gallican school, published a short article on the controversy charging Mr. Rogerson with slandering the Bishop of Oxford, and terminating thus:

"Il est bien certain que les prêtres interdits se réfugient en grand nombre à Paris de tous les diocèses de France. Le nombre fixé par l'Evêque d'Oxford est *plutôt affaibli qu'exagéré*. Tous ces prêtres sont cochers de fiacre, cochers ou conducteurs d'omnibus, ca-

haretiers, vitriers ambulants, etc. Si l'Abbé Rogerson connaissait un peu mieux l'état où se trouvent les malheureux prêtres interdits et leur nombre, il ne lui aurait pas pris fantaisie de contredire M. l'Evêque d'Oxford."

Forth again came Mr. Rogerson, as well as "the knightly papal champion of all England," Sir George Bowyer, both of whom addressed letters to the *Times*. Sir George described the *Observateur Catholique* as a "newspaper," and its editor, the learned Abbé Guettée, as himself an interdicted priest, and as one who had "joined the schismatical Greek Church," and whose testimony was therefore unworthy of credit. He also stated that he had been "informed by a dignitary of the French church that the whole number of interdicted priests in France is under one hundred."

But Sir George Bowyer and the Abbé Rogerson called forth a formidable opponent in the person of the Abbé Guettée himself. In a memorable article in the *Observateur Catholique*, which is reprinted in full in the *Christian Remembrancer*, he answers his assailants for himself, and inflicts a well-deserved castigation upon these "néophytes Anglais de fraîche date." He denies having ever been interdicted, and says with reference to his own theological principles:

"Si le Sieur Bowyer avait lu nos ouvrages, il saurait que nous avons été constamment et que nous sommes encore Catholique, et que nous ne faisons la guerre à la papauté, qu'en nous plaçant sur le terrain catholique, c'est-à-dire, en enseignant la doctrine formulée dans les actes des conseils œcuméniques et dans les écrits des Saints Pères. Il paraît qu'en bon papiste, le Sieur Bowyer met la parole du Pape audessus de la voix traditionnelle de l'Eglise. Ceci le regarde, mais du moins, qu'il ne traite pas de *schismatiques* ceux qui sont avec la *tradition catholique*, et qu'il garde cette qualification pour le Pape et ses fidèles qui bouleversent toute la doctrine de l'Eglise, qui fabriquent de nouveaux dogmes, et qui sont assez impies pour attribuer à DIEU les fantaisies de leur pauvre intelligence."

The committee of the *Observateur Catholique*, so far from considering the number given by the Anglican prelate exaggerated, affirm that it is *under* the mark. Cavour, in a speech in the Italian Parliament, estimated the number of the Paris "unfortunates" at eight hundred; and so do other authorities given by the *Christian Remembrancer*. The learned

Abbé Guettée, who has resided many years in Paris, and who must be well informed, estimates them at some fourteen hundred: "Nous savons de *source certaine* que le nombre des prêtres interdits exerçant d'infimes professions à Paris, s'élève à environ 1400. Les Bowyer et les Rogerson pourront nier, tant qu'ils voudront, et tout ce qu'ils voudront, notre affirmation n'en sera pas moins d'une parfaite exactitude." The celebrated Abbé Migne, who is at the head of an immense printing establishment in Paris, and who publishes for a large number of French bishops, calculates that there are at least eight hundred of the fallen priests in Paris, and he affirms that many hundreds have applied to him at different times for work. The Abbé Rogerson asserted that he had been informed by the "chef of the bureau which charges itself with what concerns street conveyances," that "for the last eight years he had not known more than three cabmen that were in priest's orders." We now have it from an official source that no fewer than eighty-one have acknowledged that they belonged to the priesthood; but how many more are there who have not acknowledged?

It would, indeed, be easy to quote a whole list of distinguished names which would establish the unsparing tyranny with which priests of even the highest character and standing are at once placed under interdict if they resist the dominant superstition which is defacing their Church. All the priests who exposed the miserable imposture of Salette were marked out for persecution. The Abbé Guettée has shared it with the most ignorant member of the priesthood; the Abbé Prompsault and a host of others are witnesses to the same evil. "We ourselves," writes a well-known clergyman in a recent article, "are personally acquainted with an excellent clergyman, formerly a vicaire of one of the most important churches of Paris, who was *suspected* by the last Archbishop of reading the *Observateur Catholique*, and who was interdicted in consequence, and is now living on the alms of his friends in a wretched garret."*

It is only as one of the signs of the

* *Christian Remembrancer*, No. cxxii. p. 336.

whole state of religion in France that this particular question is of much moment. But it is important as being one among a multitude of symptoms that the deadly influence of ultramontane poison is everywhere threatening the very life of the faith. The same insane jealousy of all freedom has prevented any attempt to give a really liberal education to the French clergy. The spirit which has shown itself among ourselves, when it was proposed to give our Roman Catholics access to a college of their own in our University of Oxford—the spirit which has succeeded hitherto in thwarting every such attempt, even when advocated by Dr. Newman; which suppressed, by Papal command, the one periodical organ of Roman Catholicism in England which possessed any claim to intellectual merit—*The Home and Foreign Review*—and which we fear will only be strengthened by the appointment of Dr. Wiseman's successor, has triumphed absolutely in France. What has been the consequence may be read in the calm words of Döllinger, certainly no willing witness against, if not a biassed witness in favor of Romanism.

In his speech on "The Past and Present of Catholic Theology," he says:

"Better things, much better things, may fortunately be said of France [than of Italy.] There we find above all what is entirely wanting in Italy, a courageous, vigorous, and well-chosen band of learned laymen who defend the cause of the faith and the Church in literature with emphasis, dignity, spirit, and ability. And as for the clergy, I need only pronounce the names of Gerbet, Maret, Lacordaire, Gratry, Baintain, Dupanloup, Ravignan, Felix, and it will be admitted that there are men in the ranks of the French clergy who understand the wants of their age and nation, who know how to animate intellectually and to penetrate into the spirit of the doctrine which has been delivered to them by their school, and by that means to act mightily and successfully on the religious and moral feelings of their fellow countrymen. But if we ask, is there no Dalberg there? where are there in France the true theologians, the equals and followers of Petau and Bossuet and Arnauld? where the men of fundamental and comprehensive learning? there is no answer. France has no theologians because she has no high school of theology; not one school even which teaches the theological science. She has only eighty or eighty-five seminaries, which may be very good, even excellent, as pastoral educational establish-

ments, but which to German ideas, at least, can scarcely count as scientific institutes, and which furnish such scanty primary instruction that for the greater majority of their pupils it is quite impossible at a later time to rear the solid edifice of thorough and comprehensive theological learning on such a frail and faulty foundation. I do not know what reasons have deterred the French Church during the last fifty years from making any attempt at founding a common and central school for theology and the kindred branches of science. One main difficulty which no means have been found for obviating, may be the state of the institutions for the education of the lower and middle classes, as indeed it was lately found when the Catholic University of Dublin was established, that in the absence of good intermediate schools a University is like a ship without water. But things will not remain thus much longer. There is increasing anxiety that the French clergy will be driven more and more out of the bosom of society and national life, will be forced more and more into an isolated and caste-like position, and will forfeit more and more its influence on the male parts of the population which has already been so much weakened. Looking at such a state of things, we Germans have every reason to be thankful that Universities still exist among us, and that theology is represented at them."

This is the terrible alternative, we believe, before that nation. The great Church of France is being so weakened by the spread of this subtle poison of ultramontane principles that she can no longer witness for the truth of Revelation with her ancient power, before her sharp-witted and busy people. It needs long and careful thought to estimate the wonderful change which has passed over her before those spiritual heavens in which the Eagle of Meaux soared with so majestic a flight, could be overshadowed by such dark clouds as those which hang so thick around us everywhere now. We have ourselves, when arguing with a distinguished French ecclesiastic, been met, when we quoted Bossuet, by a shrug of the shoulders, and an assurance that the great champion of their faith himself was "Vraiment presque hérétique." At such a time it is well to be reminded what these Gallican Liberties were for which he strove.

He had just been promoted after the termination of the Dauphin's education to the see of Meaux when he preached the opening sermon at the assembly of the clergy of France in 1682. The ser-

mon was an omen of what followed, for it claimed the primacy for St. Peter, with an accompanying caution as to the humility with which the exercise of such a power should be accompanied. Under Bossuet's influence the assembly of the clergy passed the four celebrated propositions which are the basis of that claim for limiting the assumptions of Rome, which is so well known under the name of the Gallican Liberties. The first declares that the Papal power extends only to things spiritual which concern eternal salvation. The second, that it in no way derogates from the authority of the decisions of the Council of Constance, in its fourth and fifth Decrees on the authority of General Councils. The third, that it should be limited by the Canon, and by the rules and usages adopted by different National Churches, and so among others by the Church of France. The fourth, that though the Pope is expected to decide questions of the faith for all Churches, yet that his decisions can be revoked so long as they have not been sanctioned by the consent of the Church.

Innocent XI. utterly repudiated these propositions, and demanded of Louis XIV. their formal disavowal. His response, characteristic of the man, was to order by an edict that they should be registered by all the Parliaments and Universities and theological faculties, and that none should be made licentiate or doctor till he had maintained a thesis in support of them.*

Throughout the Pontificate of Innocent XI. there was no adjustment of the conflict. The short Pontificate of Alexander succeeded. On the 4th of August, 1690, he passed a Constitution, annulling all that had been done in the assembly of 1682. But he did not venture to publish the bull till the 30th of January, 1691, the eve of his death. The informal bull was simply overlooked by Louis. Cardinal Pignatelli, who succeeded as Innocent XII., was supposed to be far more favorable to France. But the conflict between the Regale and the Pontificale still continued. The new Pope, like his predecessors, refused bulls for the consecration of thirty-seven bishops

unless the king yielded. The necessities of Louis forced him to a certain amount of concession in the year 1693. Bossuet, the great author of the propositions, repaired to Rome, and, after three successive attempts, a form of so-called retraction was adopted, with which the Pope was satisfied. Each one of the bishops-designate wrote severally to the Pope the stipulated letter, in which he declared that he regarded all that was determined or ordered in the proscribed assembly with regard to the ecclesiastical power or action of the Pontiff as if it had not been ordered, and they bound themselves to deliberate no more on what had been by him held to be contrary to the interest of the Church.* The King suspended his order. With this Rome professed itself satisfied; though the claims to liberty which the French Church had always maintained, and which the four celebrated propositions only embody with greater distinctness, were never really disavowed, and were energetically repeated in the letter of Louis to the Cardinal de la Tremoill, in 1713.†

How different is this aspect of the great French Church from that which it exhibits now. Then the Episcopate, headed by Bossuet as its chosen chief, was doing noble battle for the freedom of their own communion. The same body is now seen bowing abjectly before the whisper of the Vatican, trembling before the secret threats of the General of the Jesuits, or flocking obediently to Rome to take their humble part in registering the infallible decrees of the occupant of the Chair of St. Peter in favor of the Immaculate Conception in 1854; submitting to have, by simple Papal power, a disputed opinion—against which none had stood more firmly than their own fathers—turned into an article of the faith; or declaring, in 1862, the absolute necessity of the temporal sovereignty of the Supreme Pontiff.

All this, moreover, is in exact accordance with every other change in this once famous Church; with the surrender of its ancient liturgy and the adoption of the Roman in its place; and lastly—

* Sismondi, *Histoire de la France*, xviii. 182.

* Sismondi, *Histoire de la France*, xviii. 25-28 (1842).

† See *Histoire de la Bossuet*, par le Cardinal de Bausset, 298-302.

though not least—with the new extravagance of its Mariolatry. It is most painful to see the growth of this terrible development. It possesses not only the frivolous and weak, but seems to subdue to itself all the most robust spirits of the existing French Church. How fearful is it to read that almost the last words of such a man as the Abbé Desgenettes were: “*La dévotion au saint et immaculé Cœur de Marie est le principe et le centre de toute dévotion!*”^{*} But so it is: this is the natural development of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, and it is stamping its revolting features on the literature, the devotion, and the art of Roman Catholic France. Dr. Wordsworth, in his *Tour in Italy*,[†] notes one instance of this which is too remarkable not to be repeated. The favorite Roman defence for the whole system of Mariolatry is, that it is nothing more than a high honor paid to the great doctrine of the Incarnation; that the Blessed Virgin is, as it were, the nimbus surrounding the humanity of the Eternal Son; that she is never contemplated in the acts which we condemn as separate from Him, but always as the shrine wherein HE dwelt when He deigned for our sakes to become man; that in this sense “the Glories of Mary,” and such offices, with which we reproach the present Church, would, if our minds were duly filled as theirs are with the great mystery of the Incarnation, be more fitly termed the Glories of her Incarnate Son. All men whose minds are properly endued with Christian charity will delight to believe that so indeed it has been with many devout souls who seem to those without to have drawn perilously near to creature-worship. Such an idea seems to be stamped upon many of the great creations of the ancient painters’ genius. In these the Virgin—beautiful and royal as she is in her simplicity—is felt to be the adjunct of the Divine Babe. Wonderfully is this expressed in Raphael’s noble picture in the Dresden Gallery. Even in that blaze of glory, the countenance of the Infant speaks of commanding majesty, that of the Virgin of faith and supplication. But it is not only in such vast creations

of matchless genius that this subordination of the Mother to the Child is expressed. It is the traditional rule of all the earlier Christian painters. Let any one cast his eye over the walls of our own National Gallery, and he will mark everywhere the same feature, running through every school, and more or less distinctly impressed on every picture. He will find it preëminent in Pietro Perugino, Francia, and Domenico Ghirlandajo; but he may trace it as essentially present in the Madonnas of Filippo and Filippino Lippi, of Pinturicchio, of Marco Basante, of Battista Cima, of Mantegna of Padua, and of Garofalo. It was, in short, then the rule which religion had imprinted upon art. “But now,” Dr. Wordsworth tells us his friend, “a distinguished French layman, a member of the *Institut*,” said to him, “now you see they have taken away the Divine Child from his mother’s arms, and they exhibit the Blessed Virgin *standing as a goddess* on the altars of our churches, with her hands outstretched towards the people, as if she alone were the Arbitress or the Dispenser of all graces and favor to man”—“*Comme dispensatrice de toutes les graces*,” were his words. “I observed this attitude,” says Dr. Wordsworth, “also in the *Maison Mère* of the ‘Sisters of Charity,’ in the Rue du Bach, No. 140. This change has been introduced since my former visit in 1854.”^{*}

What will be the end of this new course on which the Gallican church has entered it is most difficult to forecast. Its immediate effect, beyond all question, has been to alienate from her, to a fearful degree, the whole educated and masculine mind of the nation. Who can calculate what might not have been the return to faith and worship in that people on whose whole character of old the lines of religious belief and devout action were so deeply marked, if, in the first great réaction from the horrors of the infidel Revolution, the Church of their fathers had stood before them in the simplicity and love of the Gospel; if she, with God’s words and the ancient creeds on her lips, had shown them how to reconcile reason and Revelation, true liberty and ardent Faith? That oppor-

* *Vie de l’Abbé Desgenettes*, par M. Desfossés.

† Vol. ii. pp. 286, 287.

NEW SERIES—Vol. III. No. 3.

* Dr. Wordsworth’s *Tour in Italy*, vol. ii. p. 287.

tunity has been let slip; and let slip in spite of all the efforts of some of her noblest sons. Even of her bishops, some foresaw the evils which this blind exaltation of the Papacy was bringing on her; none, perhaps, with greater clearness than Monseigneur Claude - Hippolyte Clausel de Montals, the able and venerable Bishop of Chartres, and cousin of the eloquent and noble-hearted Frayssinous, Bishop of Hermopolis. It is touching to find the old man, in almost his latest publication, mourning over the depressed and divided condition of the Church which he had done so much to restore from its ruins; while it is not a little instructive to find him attribute all these evils to the spread of the ultramontane cabal, "Cabale," as he calls it, "nombreuse, pleine d'âpreté et de violence, qui s'est établie à Rome et qui a un grand nombre d'associés résidant en France et en Italie."* Such words may seem strong, but in his long life he had seen enough to justify their use. Who can say how far even the overthrow of the throne of Louis Philippe was not, in a great measure, to be traced to the intrigues of that ultra section? We cannot forget the strange sight exhibited by so many of the high French ecclesiastics at that troubled time. Among the turbulent utterances of these friends of revolution, no voice was clearer in its notes than that of the then Archbishop of Lyons (De Bonald), himself intimately connected with the Jesuits, who promised to the clergy, as the result of the Revolution, the liberty for which they had so often thirsted when they contemplated its enjoyment by their North American brethren. Surely burning words may be excused from one who had seen the acting of the "Cabal" under so many phases. And how sadly are all his auguries of evil being even now fulfilled. The men of France—and especially the thinking men who ultimately set the general tone of opinion—are, as a rule, severed from, if not hostile to the Church. If any one doubts this, let him go, as we have gone, in the early Sunday morning to the churches of La Madeleine or St. Roch in Paris, and stay there till the

midday mass, and note the proportion between the men and the women who have attended the various services. With all our own dangers—and we have shown repeatedly that we are not disposed to undervalue them—the difference in this respect between the congregations in the great Parisian churches we have named, and those which assemble every Sunday morning in St. James's and St. George's, London, is most marked. Everywhere are tokens of the same fact. The whole tone of French literature exhibits a like divorce between literature and religion. As a rule, all that is fresh, vigorous, and powerful is unchristian; that which professes to be religious, is trashy, meretricious, and effeminate. Here, again, the difference between the two countries is remarkable. There is, as we sadly know, sweeping over us too a wave of unbelief; the vial poured upon the air has tainted our own atmosphere; we have philosophers who sneer and even divines who cavil at eternal truths. But, with all this, there never was a time in our literary history when the best and strongest writers were more honestly pervaded by an outspoken faith in the Christian revelation. Only let any one compare the answers which have been drawn forth in the two countries by the recent assaults upon the Faith, and he will be able to estimate the marvellous difference which exists between them.

What then is to be the future of a Church so circumstanced? More and more alienated from all the commanding thought of the nation; more and more leaning first upon the immediate physical support of the Imperial government (which, however, is now markedly adverse to her ultramontane tendencies), and, secondly, upon Rome, which is carrying on daily her favorite work of denationalizing the vassal communion; becoming more and more a mere parasite of the Papacy—that Papacy itself to all appearance in the spasms which, while they lend it for the moment a preternatural and shocking strength, show like the surest tokens and the most immediate forerunner of a coming dissolution—what, we ask, is to be its end? Will it once again be swept away by some terrible storm of unbelief? Are all these evil symptoms signs of the approach of

* Coup d'œil sur la Constitution de la Religion Catholique, et sur l'état présent de cette Religion dans notre France, p. 5.

that day of which it is written, "When the Son of Man cometh shall He find faith on the earth?" Or is there yet before it the possibility of a mighty reaction? May it be, as we have hinted above, that Imperialism will yet restore the nationality of this once noble Church? If Dr. Wordsworth be right, Imperialism owes to it this retribution. He traces much of the ultra-Roman tendency of the present Gallican Communion to

"the inquisitorial interference of the State in religious matters, such as the erection of churches, which are dealt with in the same way as hotels de ville, bridges, prisons, and railway-stations. . . . This *patronage* of the government, which dates from the days of the Organic Articles and Laws of 1802, has estranged the affections of the Church from the government, and has placed the Church in an *extra-national* and *anti-national* attitude. It has made it anti-Gallican and *ultramontane*. It has produced a result which was never anticipated by Napoleon I., who framed the Organic Articles, nor by Louis Philippe, whose policy in church matters was in accordance with their spirit. It has given a predominant influence to the *Papacy* over the *French Church*. It has done more for the extension and triumph of Ultramontaniam than could have been effected by Hildebrand himself."*

There are not lacking signs which seem to show that among the deep purposes revolving in the mind of the present Emperor have been some which would indeed redress this wrong by reanimating the national character of the Gallican Communion. But we anxiously ask, can even he effect this mighty change? Can he roll back the wrongs of years? Can he arouse the French clergy to see that such a course would indeed secure, not as they now speak, their "servitudes," but their truest liberties? Can it be that future Bossuets shall arise within her, not as now to be frowned coldly down or persecuted even to the death, but to form, and guide, and enlighten the mind of her own people; to reform her developments and abuses; to give back, as he would fain have done, the communion in both kinds to the worshipper, and a reasonable Faith to the inquirer; and to stretch out the hand of welcome to every effort for the reünion of Christendom? Is there such a day

in store for her? God grant that it may be so, and that we may share the benefit: that with the two Reformed Churches, linked in loving alliance, France and England, the great twin arbiters of the world's destinies, may contend together against the Common Enemy, and maintain the Common Truth.

One conclusion, where so much is doubtful, seems, however, inevitable, and it is this: that those among ourselves who are lured away from their fathers' Church by the boasted profession that they will thus leave discord for unity are the victims of the very shallowest of impositions. The differences which exist within the English Church, and which all wise and good men will ever seek to reduce in their proportions and to clear of their bitterness, are the expression of differences in the mind of man, and must be found wherever all liberty of thought is not absolutely stamped out by the foot of arrogant assumption. The deep policy of Rome may throw around these differences such a veil of authority, and such a halo of devotion, that they seem to have disappeared; but they are just as certainly present beneath the veil, and the stumbling steps of him who enters ignorantly into the folds of that mist will soon strike heavily against them. He who quits the liberty of the English communion in order to find in that of Rome a perfect and unquestioning rest for his weary spirit will, unless he is essentially servile in his nature, meet undoubtedly with the heaviest disappointment. He will find that the concealed acting of old perplexities is more entangling than ever was their avowed presence, and that he has but increased the difficulties of believing when he has substituted for the Scriptures and the Creeds of the Universal Church the voice of an ultramontane director, requiring him to view with equal faith the impostures of La Salette and the Miracles of Christ; or the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin and the Incarnation of the Lord. He will have sheltered himself from the wind, but he will have fallen into the jaws of the whirlwind; or rather, to express it in the Prophet's words, it will be to him "as if a man did flee from a lion and a bear met him, or went into the house

* Dr. Wordsworth's *Tour*, vol. ii. p. 294.

and leaned his hand on the wall, and a serpent bit him ; " * the end, we fear, of many a wearied spirit, which for very hopeless weariness stays in the disappointing shelter it chose so blindly from its own perplexities.

Temple Bar.

J A M A I C A .

BY M. O'CONNOR MORRIS, LATE POSTMASTER-GENERAL OF THE ISLAND.

" et vitia, et modos,
Ludumque fortune, gravesque
Principum amicitias, et arma
Nondum expiatis uncta cruoribus,
Periculose plenum opus aleæ,
Tractas ; et incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso."

THERE are few countries in the world which serve better to point an historic moral than the two magnificent adjacent islands of Hayti or St. Domingo, on whose shores Columbus first introduced the baleful civilization of Old Spain, and the smaller and richly, though less richly endowed Jamaica, or the Island of Springs ; so called by its old Carib inhabitants, of whom it may be truly said, *stat nominis umbra*, and that alone. How Hayti, the richest colony ever owned by the French crown, became, *non sine sanguine*, dissevered from the *μητρόπολις* ; and how Napoleon lost a veteran army in vain efforts to recover this lucrative province, cast adrift to humor the ideologists of the day ; the story of the gallant Toussaint l'Ouverture, the one hero of the black race ; and how the despotism and strife of successive black Neros culminated at length in the overthrow of Souluque, and the establishment of a more enlightened *régime* under the presidency of a colored citizen, Geffrard, whose rule seems likely to restore some semblance of reviving prosperity to his fallen country — are matters of history too well known to require recapitulation here. Suffice it to say that the Negromisists invariably point to Hayti—the plague-spot of the Caribbean Sea—when they want to level a shaft against the destinies of that race ; and contrast complacently its past with its present, and that of the flourishing sister islands of Cuba and Porto Rico,

where black liberty has been neither won nor lavishly and unreflectingly granted. With the fate of Hayti, however, we nationally have been only mixed up incidentally ; and latterly our chief policy has been to prevent America from annexing or purchasing the splendid harbor of Samana, which might be converted into a "standing menace" to our interests in those seas.

Jamaica, however, from her questionable conquest by Penn and Venables, under the auspices of that great Protector to whom

"The wave

Sonorous witness to his empire gave,"

up to the present day has been indissolubly connected with our annals ; has shared in the triumphs of Rodney, Nelson, and the glorious galaxy of our great naval captains ; has been alternately a source of weakness and at the same time a magnificent outwork and base of operations to our colonial empire ; and till the last thirty years has at least had the advantage of being constantly either in war or peace under the vigilant surveillance and care of our executive—a place of importance and a constant theme of discussion in and out of Parliament, while her plantocracy carried themselves so bravely, and lived so luxuriously, in England, that even royalty complained of being eclipsed by the splendor of their Beckfords, while the extravagant fantasies of their Taylors and Haineses are matters of contemporary notoriety.

Since emancipation, however, the importance of this beautiful island, which rejoiced in calling itself by the proud titles of "Queen of the Antilles," and the "brightest jewel in the English crown," has been gradually but certainly waning ; and though the tradition of her greatness survived, and a government was actually turned out on a question connected with her interests in times comparatively recent, for the last decade she has passed almost entirely from the thoughts and discussions of men in England, unless specially connected with her by ties of trade, property, or commerce—a connection generally considered a misfortune, and to be severed on the earliest fitting occasion.

For on and after the memorable 1st of August, when freedom was granted to

* Amos, v. 19.

the blacks, and the period of apprenticeship was petulantly curtailed by the planters in their Assembly, a general panic among the "Jamaica interest" at home followed these legislative acts. Mortgages were foreclosed by the West-India merchants, who had been only too anxious to "get on" previously, knowing as they did full well that there was no better thing "out" than a mortgage on a coffee or sugar estate, with the large commission and shipping business such accommodation entailed. The compensation allowance, which for Jamaica amounted to the enormous sum of £6,161,927, was absorbed by voracious claimants in London, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Bristol. Proprietors hastily sought purchasers for estates that they feared could no longer prove remunerative; many properties in a very few years were abandoned to the "ruinate" from which they had been redeemed at so lavish a cost; while the purchasers were generally planting-attorneys, who had made money in a very easy *dégagé* fashion, and who in numerous instances overpurchased and impoverished themselves; or else men in business, who in many cases were totally ignorant of plantation-life and its necessities. And thus by slow but sure degrees the lordship of the soil passed from the old families, and a generation of proprietors arose that knew not England, and in whom England did not feel eminently interested, socially or politically.

Officially too, Jamaica lost her prestige and influence in England; and her government or satrapy, once deemed one of the prizes of the political arena, ceased to have any attractions for such families as the Montagues, Lindsays, Grevilles, Bruces, Brownes, and Phipps; and men very inferior in social or political calibre—mere *employés* of the Colonial Office—were of late years sent out to represent the majesty of England, and hold a mock court at the "King's House," coerce a polychrone and pig-headed House of Assembly, as jealous of its privileges as its prototype the English House of Commons, and retaining all the forms, ceremonies, and etiquette which, absurd in themselves, are wisely retained by our loving conservative spirit as sacred heirlooms and links between the various periods of our national progress

—the sticks, rods, wands, and swords of our own august assembly—and rejoicing in the very bauble which Cromwell commanded to be taken away, and withal entertaining the very "mixed multitude," who had, or supposed they had, some claims on the time and cellar of her Majesty's representative.

These and several other causes combined to withdraw Jamaica altogether from notice. The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, with its splendid fleet of steamers, had paralyzed her best trade in depriving her of her advantages as an *entrepôt* for all English goods for Central America—advantages which had filled her now rotting wharves with shipping, her warehouses with piles of dry-goods, and her streets with seroons of broad Spanish doubloons, which were literally wheeled about in barrows and drays through the then peopled, but now deserted, streets of her capital.

With the diminution of her exports in all kinds, as well as her imports, she ceased to be an object of importance in the eyes of British shipowners, while free-trade diverted part of her produce to the shores of America, to be replaced by American manufactures and "notions." British troops had been for some time—with the exception of a portion of a single regiment, cantoned in the Blue-Mountain ranges, far removed from perils of fever, and almost as far from any possible sphere of practical utility—withdrawn from the island, to the infinite disgust of the producers of fat bees, and the numbers who can make a good living out of a garrison *en permanence*.

A short-sighted and miserable act of parsimony on the part of a jobbing and corrupt House of Assembly had refused to repair the decaying admiral's residence, thereby depriving the inhabitants of the wonted presence of a large portion of the North-American fleet in the winter and spring months; thus throwing away at a *coup* a large source of income to an island already infinitely impoverished, and depriving the inhabitants of the south side of the social pleasure which a fleet always entails, and which none enter into with keener zest than young Creoledom, of whom it may be said, *pace* Dogberry, that waltzing and polking come by nature. On the other hand, it must be allowed that the Colo-

nial Office lately—jealous for the ascendancy of the State church—had granted a second or suffragan bishop to the island. But though a bishop very often lives up to that part of the canon laid down by St. Paul relating to hospitality and good living, still in temporal and merely secular and mundane matters it cannot be allowed that one bishop is equal to or compensates for two or three colonels, an admiral of no matter what hue, a flag-captain and lieutenant, and the minor stars of the hierarchy naval and military. Certainly not—at least in the feminine estimation; of whom, to paraphrase Lever, it may generally be said with truth in the Colonies as well as at home—if they like muscular and militant curates, they love the fighting services; and as for the staff, it is always idolized.

In fact, the white element, the *pur sang* of the unalloyed Caucasian, has been rapidly diminishing in each succeeding year. The Act of Emancipation, which, though it can hardly be said to have been a fatal blow to the prosperity of the island, most materially impaired its credit by revealing the rottenness of the foundations on which the fabric of its apparent wealth and prosperity reposed, and is generally referred to by the planters as the date of the decline of their sugar empire, of which the repeal of the sugar-duties marks the fall—sealed the doom of the descendants of Shem in Jamaica, and struck at the very keystone of their power; for when, as under the old system, a balance of power was kept up in the island by the compulsory importation by each estate of white men in proportion to the blacks and colored people employed upon it, who were generally selected from the mechanical classes, and who in many cases rose to positions of trust and importance in the island, the new *régime* at once relieved the planters from this expensive necessity, and at the same time opened new avenues to the enterprise of the better-informed and trained of the colored artisans, of which they were not slow to avail themselves. As the blue blood of the island thus died out and as it were evaporated, no fresh supplies poured in. Each estate that changed hands or lapsed into ruin was generally the severing of another link between the mother-country and her

colony; for motives of economy suggested the filling-up of vacancies in the estate staff from “natives” rather than from “home;” and besides, the policy of the Colonial Office in giving most of the official prizes to the *αὐτόχθονες* rather than to *advenæ*, steadily tended to drive the English element, disgusted at seeing what they considered their heritage given to their newly-patented brethren, to the more congenial shores of Australia and America.

Thus it will be easily seen how circumstances have been combining to assimilate the condition of Jamaica to that of Hayti, and how from a high rank in the colonial empire of Great Britain she has lapsed almost into insignificance, merely serving as a *cheval de bataille* for the warring factions of abolitionists and anti-abolitionists in America, and the similar parties in England: by the former belauded as a complete vindication of black autonomy; by the other scoffed at as the best illustration of the inevitable consequences of liberty, equality, and fraternity, when applied to inferior races.

From this apathy and indifference about her whilom prosperous and proud dependency, now comparatively steeped to the lips in poverty, the newspaper reading community were one day awakened by a telegram that a formidable insurrection had broken out in the eastern portion of the colony, hard by the very richest estates in the island, where exceptional circumstances had maintained an amount of material well-being, and a tonnage of sugar and rum, not very far below the old-time standard. The district is known as the Plantain Garden district; and its beautiful greenery, caused by the large acreage of canes, bordered by long fringes of cocoa-nut trees, and dominated by tiers on tiers of hills rising into the blue distance, forms a pleasant introduction to the traveller as he approaches the island, while the comfortable “great houses” and “works” a little distance off give the country an air of respectable opulence. Exciting as was the topic, and so fertile a theme for conjecture, it failed to stimulate the public curiosity to any great extent, or to fill the public mind as did the recent events in America, or the thrilling scenes in the Indian Mutiny. Nevertheless, the

over-due West India Mail was eagerly looked for ; but once relieved of the pressure of anxiety by learning that the killed and wounded hardly exceeded a score—that property had been generally respected—and that female honor was unsullied by the savagery of the rebels—we think every well-toned English mind recoiled instinctively from the recital of the terrible retribution inflicted by the avengers of blood, and that the feeling was intensified a hundred-fold by the levity and heartlessness with which “officers and gentlemen” wrote officially on the subject of the wholesale fusillades and floggings by which they were vindicating the outraged majesty of the dominant caste ; while it must be borne in mind that, so far as we can gather, not a shot, sword-cut, or pike-thrust was inflicted by the “rebels” so styled on a single individual in any of the flying columns which scoured the country, and earned a character for zeal by massacres which appall us in the reading, and which carry our minds in the search for parallels to the empire of Theodosius, or the monarchy (unlimited) of Dahomey. Truly we are reminded of the witty plebeian in Juvenile’s satire, who, talking of a “fight,” corrects himself by adding, “*Sirixa est ubi tu feris, ego vapulo tantum* ;” for never in modern times has so indiscriminate a vengeance been inflicted on a guilty but unresisting peasantry for what history will designate as simply a servile or rather a social insurrection, the reflux of a wave from the vast upheaving of the fountains of the great deep in America, of which another billow has just spent itself in angry menace upon the coast of Ireland under the name of Fenianism—a dangerous, nay a fearfully dangerous outbreak, we grant, and one which required the utmost vigor and energy to repress ; but we maintain that this result might have been attained by an infinitely smaller effusion of blood, without staining our annals with such fearful atrocities, or defeating the purpose and tendency of all our legislation for Jamaica for the last thirty years by widening and deepening the gulf between the two races, and retarding, so far as in us lies, the progress of humanity ; while, to narrow the consideration to the most selfish limits, we cannot help thinking that this policy of

more than Mosaic or Draconic severity, this substitution of martial law for the tribunals of justice, though it may have the immediate effect of cowering disaffection and silencing traitors, will, when *hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta* have passed away, be attributed to vindictive terror on the part of the white race, and be treasured up as a fearful precedent, should the day come, as it may, when the black race is dominant in Jamaica—the whites and colored people a feeble unprotected minority.

We are all familiar with the details of the outbreak and its suppression, as they have been so freshly before us ; but of the evidence of a vast conspiracy to extinguish the dominant race and appropriate the property of the island, the existence of agencies for its dissemination, and of the fact of traces of its ramifications through the length and breadth of the island having been discovered, we have as yet heard nothing. But as the governor and his councillors, and the custodes, or lord lieutenants of the several parishes seem unanimous in giving credence to this diabolical design, we may as well assume the facts to be so ; and while we cannot but be thankful that vigorous measures were adopted, we may fairly criticise the course of wholesale extermination which prevailed after all immediate danger and panic was over, and when there was ample time for consideration as to the measures dictated by justice and policy. By some the outbreak in Jamaica is compared to a mutiny on board ship, when measures of exceptional severity are not only permitted but encouraged : and yet, even granting in some respects the justice of the parallel, we think there are few instances on record of the decimation of a whole ship’s company by the commanding officer and his subordinates ; and the death of a few ringleaders generally marks the limits of retribution. Not many years have elapsed since Lopez and a gang of filibusters made a piratical descent upon the coasts of Cuba, and endeavored to light the torch of a fearful servile revolution. The danger was imminent ; for, though the military force at the disposal of the captain-general was numerous, there was the possibility of strong reinforcements from Florida ; and the tender mercies of a slaveholding

power when its institution is menaced are notorious. Yet even in these circumstances the extermination of these pirates though merited and almost justifiable, did not take place; and only the most prominent were garrotted. In the Ballingarry or cabbage garden rebellion, though a most extensive conspiracy was known to pervade the lower classes in the south and southwest of Ireland, no victims perished on the scaffold for their share in the "rising." Numbers, no doubt, perished in the battles of the barricades in Paris on the part of the insurgents; but then, on the other hand, the loss inflicted on the defenders of order was so severe, that eleven generals were either killed or wounded; and once the *émeute* was fairly suppressed, few suffered capitally for their share in it. But the most pregnant historical instance which occurs to us at the moment is that of the New-York riots in 1863, which it may be useful to recall here, as it furnishes us with the reverse side of the picture, wherein the whites figure as the rioters and plunderers; the blacks are the party of order, and suffer accordingly.

The jealousy and hatred of the Irish in America for their fellow-proletarians of color is notorious to all who know the Eastern cities of the States, and breaks out in acts of horrible persecution on the smallest provocation—for the Irish can only claim superiority over the free nigger there in virtue of his skin. He is generally neither richer, more civilized, nor much more industrious; hence he feels the imperative necessity of constantly vindicating his prerogative by the argument of brute force asserted by strong combinations. In this case the Irish exceeded their usual violence, burning institutions for colored orphans with the apparent design of immolating the inhabitants, sacking the houses of the blacks and bearing down all the force which the local authorities, denuded of troops at the moment, could oppose to their aggression. A colonel of volunteers who endeavored to resist the rioters was murdered brutally. Yet, this notwithstanding, we doubt much if even the ringleaders of these atrocities were hanged. Certainly most of those implicated in them escaped scot free.

Ireland from the days of Captain Rock up to those of the missing "centre"

Stephens, has been one great hotbed of sedition, treason, and conspiracy, stimulating the growth of such plants as Ribbonism, Whiteboyism, and Fenianism in apparently renewed vigor. And yet the bullet or the halter is seldom invoked by the executive; and even the massacre of Carrick-shock, in Kilkenny, now happily an old story of horror—was expiated but by few victims. And yet the atrocities committed recently in Jamaica when blood was up, and the stout resistance of those beleaguered in the court-house at Morant Bay and the bullets from their rifles and revolvers had stimulated the mob to fury, seem mild when contrasted with the cold-blooded assassinations of Tipperary, and the terrible torture of "carding" which was freely perpetrated in the King's and other counties in Ireland. As this barbarous practice may not be generally known, we may state that it is effected by beating the "carder" with which wool is combed into the flesh of the back, and then driving it downwards with a mallet or hammer till the flesh, fibre, and muscle is thus torn from the victim's back.

It is also only fair to bear in mind that every account which has reached us in England emanates from the whites in the island, who are naturally not a little *exaltés* from the perils they believe they have just escaped, and the retribution they have been just inflicting. Yet even these accounts of the outbreak are unanimous in recording the loyalty of black domestics and of laborers on estates in the immediate vicinity; and private letters tell of instances of devotion on the part of the blacks to their employers which we should be proud of and reward had they happened in Middlesex or Kent, and which we think doubly meritorious on the part of a race so easily swayed by panic-terror as the black is known to be. Let us now consider briefly the "*vitia*" in the words of our motto, and afterwards glance at the "*modi*."

It has been stated that distress was very rife among the negroes, and that this distress was aggravated by excessive taxation. We must allow that, while there is some truth in the assertion, we at once scout the idea that there was anything to cause an outbreak, or

that suffering was at all widespread or intense, though the people were incited to believe that they were cruelly wronged, and that government was bound to relieve them. The ravages of small-pox, which exhausted the resources of the blacks in furnishing better nourishment for their families through long periods of sickness, was the first of a series of heavy blows to the race. Latterly their yams and cocoas have been affected by a disease somewhat similar to our potato rot; while salt fish, the universal condiment, had of late, owing to a short take in Newfoundland, risen to an enormous price. Drought too had affected their grounds, gardens, and fruit trees; and altogether Quashie was, generally speaking, straitened in his circumstances, and the improvidence generated by the "*damnosa hereditas*" of slavery had made him neglect laying by or securing a provision for such calamities. Under these circumstances why did not he abandon his position as a proprietor, and turn laborer on the contiguous estates? Alas! in some districts such things no longer existed; in others, want of capital on the part of needy proprietors prevented, and still prevents, a liberal outlay for labor; while in others the payments were so irregular that the negro—naturally suspicious of the superior-witted white man, and stimulated to extra vigilance by his spiritual advisers—preferred bearing the ills he had to perchance toiling for nothing: for we say advisedly that, with some few exceptions, labor, when fairly remunerated, is abundant in Jamaica; and those proprietors who have had capital at their command, and overseers of probity, civility, and intelligence under them, have never echoed the cuckoo-cry of the poorer planters, that there was no labor to be had, and that the negroes would not work. We do not mean to assert that the blacks in Jamaica are as hardworking, thrifty, and industrious as our own laboring population; but we do utterly repudiate the farcical representation given of them by Carlyle, which, as coming from his gifted pen, is credited by many. Circumstances and climate, education and the example of their superiors, have no doubt prevented the development of their better powers, but we think that their progress, considering

all things, is astonishing; and we will venture to say that in many respects the Jamaica agricultural laborer and small proprietor may compare not unfavorably with his peers in England and Ireland.

The laziness of the nigger is being constantly inveighed against; but it should be recollected that the incentives of good and certain pay are too often wanting; and we may mention that in the hard work of coaling steamers, where the pay is good, the niggers bear the palm from the world.

It must, we fear, be conceded that the negroes have been left to very evil influences, and abandoned by those who should have been their guides, philosophers, and friends. The State religion in Jamaica is the Church of England; and it is most munificently endowed by the vote of the Legislature, which was always friendly to a Hanoverian Church, which preached strict obedience in the days of slavery. We should be sorry to say that the two bishops laid their holy hands suddenly or unadvisedly on any ministers; but we fear it is too true that while the island curacies average nearly four hundred pounds per annum, the work done is utterly disproportionate to the stipend, and the negro population is but little visited, comforted, or instructed. Thus the congregations of the Baptists are swelled by grateful worshippers, who throng to hear a gospel of contention and strife; for let it not be forgotten that on the very day of emancipation the chief rabbi of this sect had the good taste to select his text from that passage in St. James—"Go to, now, ye rich men; weep and howl," etc. Here we cannot forbear a slight tribute to the missionary zeal, ability, and success of the Moravians, whose Christianity is not merely theoretical but practical, and who have been a blessing to their neighborhood. But perhaps the greatest evil Jamaica has suffered from has been her own House of Commons, which has been a nest of jobbery and corruption, a bar to improvement, a thorn in the side of the executive, and a continual blister and source of quarrellings throughout the island, which does not yet contain the elements for such a body either in voters or representatives. We rejoice to find that Governor Eyre proposes to remodel it; but we hope

that, rather than that, it may be utterly swept away, and a government by council substituted for it. In the plain Saxon of Cromwell, we would say of it as he said of its symbol, "Take away that bauble!" for we should far exceed our limits were we to attempt a catalogue *raisonné* of even the more flagrant jobs perpetrated in that House which occur to our memory while we write. We have already said that *the want of Jamaica is capital*; for capital, credit is indispensable; and for credit, a strong government able to carry out comprehensive measures of practical utility is the best attraction. In vain has the machinery of the Encumbered Estates Court been applied to Jamaica, unless confidence can be restored and something like stability gained.

We believe that a united and unimpeded executive could do much in reducing the expenditure and taxation of the island to a scale more commensurate with its present fortunes and wants, while reproductive works of various kinds, tramways and roads, floating docks and slips, might be inaugurated. Arrangements might be made for receiving some portion of that negro population which is now so embarrassing to the American government, on terms favorable to our own colony, and at the same time equitable for the emigrants; while central mills might be erected to manufacture into sugar the canes of the smaller proprietors, and land banks might assist poorer proprietors, who are now struggling in the toils of usurers. Absenteeism, too, which has been the prolific cause of so much crime and ruin in Ireland, and which has in one sense indirectly led to the present rebellion, should be discouraged by stringent enactments, or rather by the plainer argument of taxation. Army, Police, and Coercion Bills are, of course, mere corollaries to the rebellion—which may, in God's providence, if wisely and temperately dealt with, prove the regeneration of the island, and be the commencement of a happier epoch in her history. In that case, in the words of the old Roman, we shall not despair about Jamaica. It will be something gained if, even at the eleventh hour, we can be brought to acknowledge that our splendid and costly experiment in Jamaica has proved an

utter failure; that we must retrace our steps, not by withdrawing liberty from those we have admitted to equality with ourselves, but by regulating it so that it shall not degenerate into license. It is a common saying, not wholly devoid of its share of truth, that it takes three generations to make a gentleman. We forgot that it takes nearly as long to educate a citizen for the full use of his privileges when we launched the slaves of yesterday into the arena of politics.

The planters, who were leavened with the old Puritan spirit of dogged resistance through traditional inheritance, had offended us nationally by refusing their coöperation in the work of manumission. We have resented this by steadily turning a deaf ear to their entreaties and applications even when fair, and more especially in the matter of the importation of African labor; while we have endeavored—as whilom in Ireland—to rule the island by arraying against them a new aristocracy (untitled indeed, like the "marmalades" and "lemonades" of Hayti) of color. The effect of this has been, that while we have alienated the whites and blacks, we have not even made firm friends of the "browns," though we gave them liberally the spoils of office and the wages of corruption.

If Jamaica were to become a Hayti to-morrow, the curious traveller five years hence would be puzzled to find traces of our imperial sway. A railroad of thirteen miles, an indifferent government house, and an ill-planned, ill-ventilated lunatic asylum, would be about the most salient features left: while good roads and streets—such as still can be found in Hayti—fine bridges, quays, docks, factories, churches, and the usual concomitants of wealth and luxury, would be sought in vain.

The island is rich in all good gifts: her pasture lands are unequalled for rearing and fattening stock of all kinds; her woods alone are a source of great wealth; her scenery, varying with each mile, is lovely as any in the world; her peasantry—a magnificent race physically—are capable of much good and of much culture; their instincts are loyal; and if they have become demoralized by the superstitions of "Obeah," and impelled to crime by cowardly firebrands, both Church and State must share in the

blame. We trust that England will awake to a sense of her grave responsibility, and that the grand motto of Rome will not be forgotten,

"Parcere subjectis, ac debellare superbos."

Temple Bar.

TWO POETS OF ENGLAND.

YEARS have passed since, one bright autumnal day, a friend drove me from Bowness to Rydal to introduce me to William Wordsworth. Quaint and irregular is that village of Bowness, built around Windermere's most beautiful bay. I was young then, and saw the world through a Claude glass, and wrote a poem about Windermere in the Spenserian stanza—which an enterprising Kendal bookseller printed as a pamphlet to sell on board the steamers—and imagined I was going to be at least as great a poet as the mighty old man who dwelt at Rydal Mount with his fame and his grief. Ah, buoyant foolish spirit of youth, so soon crushed by the inexorable years!

We drove along the wondrous terrace road to Ambleside, looking down upon

"Winding Winandermere, the river-lake;"

its opposite shores veiled in the mystic haze of the autumnal atmosphere. One incident of the drive amused me. Somewhere beyond Ambleside, as we slowly ascended a hilly road, we saw in front of us a group of three—all females. The leader was an elderly lady somewhat careless of attire, who walked rapidly, reading the *Times* as she walked. Her followers were a couple of buxom lasses who carried between them a large white basket big enough to contain a good dinner for a hungry family. To my surprise, my friend pulled up when we overtook them, and exchanged greetings with the lady who led the party. She informed him that she had just engaged two new servants unacquainted with the neighborhood, and that she was taking them out to spend a long day among its beauties. "I have shut up the house," she said; "and you see we have got our dinner with us." It has often since occurred to me that there would be less complaint of bad service, if there were

more mistresses capable of such kindness as this. Before we drove on, my friend asked her when she was coming to spend an evening at his house; and she rather surprised me by replying that she was going to Egypt. Need I tell my readers that this lady was no other than Harriet Martineau?

Rydal Mount—the cottage in which Wordsworth lived—was a part of the demesne of Rydal Hall, at that time belonging to Lady Diana le Fleming, and one of the few English estates in which there still existed a semblance of feudal tenure. I believe Lady Diana rigidly enforced certain rights of heriot, elsewhere entirely obsolete. Wordsworth told me that she was unable to alienate any part of the estate, otherwise he should have bought Rydal Mount; and he spoke with melancholy emphasis of the pain it gave him to think of the place he loved so well being inhabited by strangers. "I wonder who will come after me," he said more than once: "I wish I could be sure that they would leave it as it is." I have no idea whether that wish has been fulfilled, nor any desire to see Rydal Mount now that it is emptied of its glory.

Many a time since have I thought that the brief hours were almost wasted which I spent with Wordsworth. He had an intimate friend staying with him—a gentleman well known as among the most brilliant of modern conversers; but his friend and my friend paired off together, and the venerable poet kindly condescended to talk to me—a mere boy. It was a great opportunity, but I was at the age to be ignorant of its greatness; still, though the whole conversation cannot be recalled, its salient points are unforgotten. I remember his telling me that my name—which a poetical predecessor has made classical—would be an obstacle in the way of my gaining renown as a poet. I remember his indignant denial that Macanlay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*—which I boyishly admired—were poetry at all. I remember his mentioning Southey's verses on the Holly-tree as his most perfect poem; "but," he said, "the first line is bad." So I have not merely "seen Virgil"—I have listened to some of his lighter words.

Wordsworth took great pleasure in

showing me the glorious views commanded by the grounds of Rydal Mount—the shining waters, lake beyond lake, and the picturesque hill-summits. There is a sonnet of his, beginning

“Aërial Rock—whose solitary brow
From this low threshold daily meets my sight,
When I step forth to hail the morning light,
Or quit the stars with a lingering farewell.”

He introduced me to this rock as if it were a friend. Very proud was he too of his laurels—stately of growth; all planted by himself.

“I raised them all,” he said, “from slips which I cut at the tomb of Virgil. The laurels there were planted by Petrarch.”

Truly laurels worthy of a Laureate! Now should Mr. Tennyson plant from them a slip or two, to grow where the breeze over Freshwater Bay blows in upon his pleasant island dwelling.

Certes any stranger who had met William Wordsworth at the time when I saw him would not have suspected him of poetry. From the broad hat down to the heavy shoes he looked like an unusually grave and dignified yeoman. He was still a good walker—we must on that day have done several miles; and wherever there was a fine view or a spot which he favored, he pointed it out with ready kindness. I have never encountered a great man so apparently unconscious of his greatness, so simple and easy of access. Not only was he still a good walker, but he had not given up skating—one of his favorite amusements. Now Rydal Lake, being shallow, is soon frozen; and much “genteel company” was wont to assemble there for flirtation on the ice. But Wordsworth’s Muse was a serene and dignified goddess, by no means given to dainty coquetries and furtive exhibition of ankles. How should she who laved her white limbs in haunted mountain tarns deign to wear the red petticoats for which Kendal is famous? So the poet was wont to skate at night, binding to his cap a dark lantern which threw a brilliant path in front of him. Many a keen winter night was that flying flame to be seen by watchers on the banks of Rydal Lake.

It was hard in those days to walk through any part of the region of the

Lakes without meeting some one who bore a famous name. As my friend and I left Rydal that day we encountered two young people—brother and sister—off on a brisk walk to a tarn, whose name I forget. But I remember my friend warned the young lady that the tarn was deep and its edge slippery. These were two children of the great schoolmaster and historian, Thomas Arnold. We also met Wordsworth’s son-in-law—only recently a widower—Edward Quillinan, in whose memory Mr. Matthew Arnold has written some beautiful lines:

“Alive, we would have changed his lot:
We would not change it now.”

Quillinan once, in defence of his illustrious father-in-law, attacked, in an imaginary conversation published in *Blackwood*, the second poet of whom I now write, Walter Savage Landor. Landor retorted with a portentous pun about his antagonist’s *quill-inanities*.

Another delightful poet whom I was so fortunate as to meet subsequently in that poetic province was Hartley Coleridge. Of him, at six years old, Wordsworth wrote some marvellous lines, full of almost preternatural insight:

“O thou, whose fancies from afar are brought;
Who of thy words dost make and mock apparel,
And fittest to unutterable thought
The breeze-like motion and the self-born carol!
O blessed vision! happy child!
Thou art so exquisitely wild,
I think of thee with many fears
For what may be thy lot in future years.”

Who shall say the great poet has no prophetic power? I will not here turn aside for reminiscences of Hartley; but his father’s friend seems to have read his future life in some magic mirror. The seer and the child of whom he prophesied lie side by side in Grasmere churchyard.

William Wordsworth and Walter Savage Landor were born within a few years of each other, the former being the elder. Wordsworth lived to his eightieth, Landor to his ninetieth year. At this moment, when we have lost a statesman worthy to rank with Nestor, I couple these two Geranian poets by res-

son of their long life. They had no admiration for each other, I believe; though Wordsworth could not well avoid acknowledging the classical beauty and accuracy of the *Imaginary Conversations*. Landor's likes and dislikes were devoid of any intelligible law. He was constant in extravagant admiration of Southey. He calls Wordsworth "asthmatic." That he detested Byron, who, hitting mercilessly right and left, stigmatized him as a "deep-mouthed Bæotian," is not surprising.

Mr. Cardwell lately observed that Lord Palmerston was a member of the House of Commons for one tenth of its whole existence. This observation helps us to realize the brief duration of man's noblest works. If there be anything which at the present moment gives one an idea of permanent power, it is that very House of Commons. Yet only ten such careers as Lord Palmerston's would take us back to the undefined, uncertain establishment of that great assembly. Walter Savage Landor died last year at Florence. Ten such lives as his would take us—where? To days before the Danes conquered England—to the time when King Edgar made the Welsh pay him a tribute of wolves' heads, and Dunstan the monk was Archbishop of Canterbury; and only four such lives would land us in the reign of Henry VII.—an era whose manners and customs it is very difficult for an Englishman of these days to realize.

But Landor's life itself had something almost melancholy about its length. I do not know what people thought of his poetry in his youth; but he lived long enough to be almost forgotten, save by a very few. You might have seen him last year in Florence; only a year or two before in Bath, where his vivacities got him into trouble. But he was twenty-eight when a knot of brilliant young Liberals, most of them dead, commenced the great era of English criticism by establishing the *Edinburgh Review*. Lord Macaulay, destined to add brilliance to that great journal, was then a baby of two. Mr. Tennyson, now a poetic veteran, was not born till eight years later. Percy Bysshe Shelley was ten years old; and more than forty years have passed since the sea snatched him from a world which had not learned

his greatness or his goodness. Keats was six years old. Professor Wilson was a wild young athlete of seventeen. Byron and the late Sir Robert Peel were boys of fourteen, enjoying the school-life of Harrow-on-the-Hill. The late Prime Minister of England, although he was almost sixty years in Parliament, was but eighteen at that date. The present Prime Minister was eleven.

So Landor's early manhood belonged to a time whose deeds seem obliterated by later events—a time before the great actors whom this generation admires had even stepped upon the stage. In literature—and especially in poetry and fiction—a complete revolution has occurred since that date. Sir Walter Scott was a year or two older than Landor, who was forty when *Waverley* took the world by storm. So, at the establishment of the *Edinburgh Review*, which conveniently marks the commencement of a literary era whose end now seems near, there were no *Waverley* Novels, no poems of Byron—works whose greatness has long since been gauged and accepted, and, as it were, set aside. What a blank it leaves in English literature, if we imagine the extinction of these two writers only!

Walter Savage Landor's last two works are *Dry Sticks* (Edinburgh, Nichol, 1858) and *Heroic Idyls* (London, Newby, 1863). They present a curious typographical contrast. The former is accurately printed and admirably indexed; the latter, of which the ms. was sent from abroad, seems to have lacked all intelligent correction. It is a curious collection of every conceivable form of error. The chief poem narrates the death of Homer: between its first and second parts other poems are inserted; and at the end of the volume four pages of omissions from it are given. Then we have one poem printed twice over, though not exactly word for word. The aged poet must have felt extremely dissatisfied with the volume when it reached him in Florence. But, as he remarks in his melancholy dedication, all his old friends were dead: there was no one who cared to render him the loving service of correcting his proofs.

The two volumes contain some of his most characteristic writing. The chief idyl, *Homer, Laertes, Agatha*, imagines

Homer coming to Ithaca to visit Laertes, after the death of Odysseus, and dying on a mountain-summit there, with only a young maiden to attend him. It is inexpressibly pathetic in its simplicity. A writer in the *Saturday Review* some time ago described Mr. Tennyson's *Ænone* as "a classical subject drawn out in strict and clear outline, with every redundancy of modern thought and every modern complication of language and metaphor carefully pruned away." This critic's utter incapacity to understand Greek poetry is almost incredible. Almost every line of *Ænone* contains those "distilled thoughts in distilled words," which Mr. Arnold happily remarks are distinctively Tennysonian, and which certainly are anything but Greek. Take the very opening:

"There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills;
The swimming vapor slopes athwart the
glen,
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to
pine,
And loiters, slowly drawn."

This passage would have seemed to a Greek poet either unintelligible or grotesque. His severe simplicity of thought would have recoiled from a swimming, creeping, loitering vapor, which could moreover "put forth an arm." I do not say these ideas are unpoetic; I say they belong to the Tennysonian idiosyncrasy, and are as far as possible from the spirit of the Greeks—as far, in fact, as Shakespeare in *Troilus and Cressida* is from the spirit of Homer.

Now Walter Savage Landor is Greek. And when the simplicity of the ancient Greek style is thus rendered, we are inclined to doubt whether in the present day it would be possible to understand the extreme beauty of that style—whether the magic charm of the most musical of languages does not cause the delight which is communicated by reading Homer or Theocritus in the original. The preference which even scholarly critics are candid enough to confess that they feel for Pope's *Iliad* over Lord Derby's, supports this theory. Pope gives a modern something which is not in Homer. Mr. Tennyson, in such poems as *Ænone* and *Ulysses* and *The Lotos-Eaters*, adds to the Greek idea an exquisite and delicate "distillation" of thought which is

essentially modern—essentially the product and growth of nearly three millenniums of social development. Nothing could be less Homeric or more beautifully characteristic of that modern painting for the unseen, than the picture of the hero "always roaming with a hungry heart." Ulysses, "drinking delight of battle with his peers," resembles rather a knight of Froissart than a hero of Homer: it is the same feeling which made England's most chivalric poet write of "our sweet enemy, France." In truth, the Poet-laureate's hero is a transformed Ulysses—one whose Odyssey has undergone metamorphosis by reason of the revelation of Christianity, the institution of chivalry, the culture of universities, the miraculous mirage of romance.

Now listen to Landor. Laertes tells the attendant handmaiden to order a bath for his guest:

"Now leave us, child,
And bid our good Metampos to prepare
That brazen bath wherein my rampant boy
Each morning lay full-length, struggling at
first,
Then laughing as he splasht the water up
Against his mother's face bent over him.
Is this the Odysseus first at quoit and bar?
Is this the Odysseus called to counsel kings,
He whose name sounds beyond our narrow
seas?"

Odysseus, be it remembered, is dead. In the simple pathos of this recollection of the hero's babyhood there is just the Homeric spirit: it reminds one of the old nurse who recognized the long-lost chieftain, when she bathed his feet, by the scar which the boar's tusk had left in his leg. Again, here is the second day of the aged poet's visit to the aged king:

"HOMER.

Whose is the soft and pulpy hand that lies
Athwart the ridges of my craggy one
Out of the bed? Can it be Agatha's?

AGATHA.

I come to bring thee, while yet warm and
frothy,
A draught of milk. Rise now, rise just half
up,
And drink it. Hark! the birds, two at a
time,
Are singing in the terebinth. Our king
Hath taken down his staff and gone afield
To see the men begin their daily work.

HOMER.

Go thou to thine : I will arise. How sweet
Was that goat's milk !

AGATHA.

We have eleven below,
All milchers. Wouldst thou now the tepid
bath ?

HOMER.

Rather, when thou hast laid on the left-hand
My sandals within reach, bring colder lymph
To freshen more the framework of mine
eyes—
For eyes there are, although their orbs be
dark."

I suspect a good many readers of the modern day will doubt whether this has a right to be styled poetry at all. It differs from the Greek scenes of Tennyson as water from wine. Yet wine is only water, which has sunk into the soil and been drawn by the vine's root-fibres from the black earth into the purple bubbles of the grape, and thence by the force of fermentation—after being trodden by the white feet of laughing girls—has become the Lafitte or the Montrachet or the Yquem which outvalues gold. Only, costly and choice as are these delicious wines, we always revert to water—to the living spring that comes fresh from the heart of the rock. And, while tastes change—for the Romans liked Massic and Falernian, and put water and turpentine in their wine, and would probably have made grimaces over a glass of good claret—the thirsty palate has never rejected water, and the true lover of poetry has never been blind to the sublime simplicity of Homer. It is easy to imagine a period in which Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning may be almost unintelligible. They delight in a narrow current of thought, like that musical brook of the Laureate's which sparkles down "by Philip's farm," kissing the myosotis on its green banks: but Homer's song is like the sea, by whose margin his mightiest hero stalked up and down in his anger.

To pass, however, from Landor's Greek idyls to some of the minor poems which fill up his last two volumes. They all mark, with marvellous vigor for a man long past eighty, the strong and resolute principles and prejudices which pertained to him. He was an earnest and sincere lover of freedom, but his

love was impatient. Who does not remember his distinguishing himself by offering a reward for tyrannicide, whereupon Mr. Shirley Brooks wrote in a Tory newspaper a brilliant imaginary conversation between Lord Palmerston and the poet? Here is Landor on political parties :

"Tories don't like me, Whigs detest;
Then in what quarter can I rest?
Among the Liberals? most of all
The Liberals are illiberal."

Here upon statesmen :

"People like best the patriots who betray 'em;
They trusted Russell and they trusted
Graham:
Past folly's last extreme they now are gone,
And pant, and halt, and cling to Palmerston."

As he gives no reason for his dislike and distrust of Lord Palmerston, we may assign them simply to prejudice; but his abhorrence—for it was nothing less—for Sir James Graham arose from the famous Post-Office scandal, when one of the proudest men England ever produced out of the Seymour family deigned to open Mazzini's letters. To this affair he dedicated some of his most stinging epigrams. He is equally severe on the Earl of Derby for his connection with the turf.

Turning, however, from these, the personalities of impregnable prejudice, or of an exaggerated indignation, let me take one or two other examples of his latest verse. Thus he writes to the Emperor of the French :

"Pleased was I when you told me how,
In hat that buffeted the brow
And mason's loose habiliment,
With masons through Ham's gate you went.
Heartily glad was I to see
A prisoner, though a prince, set free.
'Prince!' said I, 'you've escaped two worst
Of evils.'

'I have known a first,'
Said you, 'but that is only one.
Tell me the other.'

"'Tis a throne."

I could not add what now I might,
It keeps the worthy out of sight,
Nor lets the sinner sit upright."

I do not think it would be easy to find keener and simpler satire than this, even in the writings of the awful Dean of St. Patrick's himself. There is a

weight of terrible truth in it which shows vast power.

The following is a pleasant reminiscence of Lord Lyndhurst, whose age differed from the poet's by a year or two only:

"Lyndhurst came up to me among
The titled and untitled throng,
And, after a few words were said
About the living and the dead
Whom we had known together, more
Than half a century before,
He added: 'Faith, your choice was best
Amid the woods to build a nest.
But why so seldom wing' it down
To look at us who toil in town?'
'Would you change place with me?' said I.
To this a laugh was the reply."

An able critic in the last *Quarterly* refers to Goethe's remark to his friend Eckermann, that the young poets of the day, instead of trying to produce epics, should write "occasional poetry." "But by Goethe's phrase," says the reviewer, "we must understand, not the verses which make a facile rhymers one of the valuable men of his time in rendering society pleasant, real as is the merit of one who does so; but rather those verses which, based on real incidents in his own life, and not drawn from nature at second-hand, flow from the soul of some genuine poet, until what were trifles light as air become joys for ever. Catullus, Burns, Goethe himself when he is most delightfully Goethe, Heine when he touches our hearts as well as our intellects, Shelley wherever he is intelligible, Wordsworth when we wish for more of him—all are examples." This is true. Reference was made in the article on *Two Poets of Rome* to the highest form of such "occasional poems"—the *Lesbia* series of Catullus. When a poet has the lyrical faculty in its supreme form, and can throw his thought into divine song, where the bitterness of passion mingles inexpressibly with the sweetness of melody and rhythm, the result is perhaps the highest poetry can attain. We know it in certain lyrics of Shakespeare and Shelley, of Goethe and Heine, in the "Break, break, break!" of Tennyson. Often we recognize it in Robert Burns: not so often in Robert Browning, by reason of a ruggedness and obscurity which he can conquer when he will, but

which he obstinately refuses to conquer. I don't know whether Mr. Browning, greatly as I admire him, fully as I believe him to be *almost* on the highest stair of the throne of Poetry, is not too learned. Mr. Matthew Arnold, in his essay on Heine, perorates thus: "Look at Byron, the Byron whom the present generation of Englishmen are forgetting; Byron, the greatest natural force, the greatest elementary power, I cannot but think, which has appeared in our literature since Shakespeare. And what became of this wonderful production of nature? He shattered himself, he inevitably shattered himself to pieces against the huge, black, cloud-topped, interminable precipice of British Philistinism. But Byron, it may be said, was eminent only by his genius, only by his inborn force and fire; he had not the intellectual equipment of a supreme modern poet; except for his genius he was an ordinary nineteenth-century English gentleman, with little culture and with no ideas." O eloquent Matthew, queer is the path you tread in your critical exposition. And the *Quarterly*, already quoted, is with you. "Granting, of course, the existence of an original or instinctive genius, nine tenths of success in all the fine arts are demonstrably due to education—education in the Oxford and Cambridge sense, old-fashioned, conventional, literary, classical, limited, if you will:—Lay on and spare not.... but it is this which has given us England's poetry! Shakespeare, always exceptional, is the one just possible exception." This eloquent critic is as wrong in his theory as unscientific in his punctuation. I may leave him in Dr. Inglesby's hands, as to Shakespeare's being uneducated. I certainly do not believe that Byron would have been improved by a fuller scholastic education. Mr. Arnold would probably be the first to admit that Mr. Browning has "the full intellectual equipment of a supreme modern poet." My belief is that, as a poet, he would have found his work easier with an intellectual equipment (happy phrase!) no weightier than that of Robert Burns. Great poets do not want heavy armor in the battle of life. Achilles would not encounter Hector without metal mail: but the son of Thetis was only half divine.

Neither Wordsworth nor Landor possessed that lyrical faculty which crowns the supreme singer. But, *without it*, they entirely justified Goethe's theory of "occasional poems." I have already quoted one or two of Landor's which sufficiently prove this. Very brief shall be my future extracts. Only the last two lines will I cite of his exquisite epigram on an alabaster hand presented to a lady by Lord Elgin :

"Elgin presents the only hand
That throbs not at the slightest touch of
thine."

The following is dedicated, I believe, to the same lady :

"Your pleasures spring like daisies in the
grass,
Cut down, and up again as blithe as ever :
From you, Ianthe, little troubles pass
Like little ripples on a sunny river."

What can exceed the sad beauty of this, one of his latest thoughts ?

"To my ninth decade I have tottered on,
And no soft arm bends now my steps
to steady :
She, who once led me where she would, is
gone ;
So, when he calls me, Death shall find
me ready."

Wordsworth was wont to call those "occasional poems" of his, "moods of my own mind." Conscious that his attempts to be lyrical were clumsy and awkward, he preferred the sonnet as the form in which to express those moods. This noble sonnet strikes the key-note of Wordsworth's poetic thought :

"The world is too much with us ; late and
soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our
powers :
Little we see in nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid
boon !
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flow-
ers ;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune ;
It moves us not. Great God ! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less
forlorn ;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

NEW SERIES—Vol. III., No. 3.

But neither to him nor to any man can glimpses such as these come again. The day of dreams is past. We must find for its delight a substitute in the unimaginable glory of the far future.

And this how nobly Wordsworth recognizes in that great Ode of his, the greatest of its kind in the literature of the world ! Not a perfect poem in rhyme or rhythm ; prosaic merely, sometimes ; otherwise could it be Wordsworth's ? But of him may most truly be written what he wrote of the Shepherd Lord :

"Love had he found in huts where poor men
lie,
His daily teachers had been woods and
rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

In those eternal solitudes he learnt that

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar."

Fifty may my notice of these two aged poets close with the pathetic lines, full of sublimity and tenderness, wherewith, fifty-eight years ago, William Wordsworth ended that immortal ode :

"The clouds that gather round the settingsun
Do take a sober coloring from the eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;
Another race hath been, and other palms
are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we
live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that grows can
give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for
tears."

Popular Science Review.

EPIDEMICS, PAST AND PRESENT—THEIR ORIGIN AND DISTRIBUTION.

EPIDEMICS, derived from the two Greek words *ἐν*, *among*, and *δῆμος*, *people*, are those diseases which for a time prevail widely among the people of any country or locality, and then, for a longer or shorter period, either entirely, or for the most part, disappear. There are few diseases to which the human

race is liable that may not, under favorable circumstances, take on the epidemic form. For example, diseases of the organs of respiration are very apt to become epidemic, in seasons characterized by extreme coldness or dampness of the atmosphere, or by great and sudden alternations of temperature. In a strict sense, however, the term epidemics is not usually employed in reference to the diseases of individual organs of the body, but is restricted to those derangements of the entire system depending upon the absorption of some poison, or the action of some "influence" from without. In the latter class of maladies, the individual organs may become diseased, and the derangement of their functions may modify the symptoms resulting from the primary poison or "influence;" but then the local diseases are the secondary result of the general disorder of the constitution, and not the source and origin of all the mischief.

Some epidemic diseases possess the power of self-propagation, that is to say, the poison or influence may be communicated by infected persons to persons in health, and the disease is then said to be contagious,* while others are entirely destitute of any such property. Scarlet fever and small-pox are familiar examples of the former class; ague and influenza, of the latter.

It is still a vexed question whether a disease that is capable of self-propagation can ever be generated *de novo*. It is maintained, on the one hand, that such an occurrence is as impossible as the spontaneous generation of plants or animals; while, on the other hand, it is argued that the poison of certain diseases capable of self-propagation may, under certain favorable conditions, be produced independently of any preëxisting cases of the disease. The comparison of a fever-poison with a spore or ovum is an ingenious, but a most delusive, argument. An epidemic disease springing up in a locality where it was before unknown, and where it is impossible to trace its introduction from without, is

said to be not more extraordinary than the development of fungi in a putrid fluid. The argument, however, is founded on a pure assumption, for there is not a tittle of evidence to show that a fever-poison is of the nature of a spore or ovum. Air saturated with the poisons of various contagious diseases has been condensed and submitted to the highest powers of the microscope, but nothing approaching to a small-pox spore, or a typhus ovum, has yet been discovered. It is true that certain contagious diseases, such as scarlet fever and small-pox, can in most instances be traced to contagion; but, with regard to others, such as typhoid or enteric fever, it is in most instances utterly impossible to account for the *first cases* in any outbreak on the theory of contagion, while, at the same time, there is direct evidence that the contagious power of the disease is extremely low. The question is no doubt beset with many difficulties, and constitutes one of the most intricate problems in medical science. It is one, however, which can never be solved by entering on the discussion with a preconceived theory as to the close analogy, if not identity, of a fever-poison with an animal or vegetable ovum, nor by assuming that the laws which regulate the propagation of one contagious disease are equally applicable to all. Nature's facts are too often interpreted by human laws, rather than by the laws of nature. In the case before us, the natural history of each disease must be studied independently, and our ideas as to its origin and mode of propagation must be founded on the evidence furnished by that study alone, and irrespective of the laws which seem to regulate the origin and propagation of other diseases with which it has no connection whatever, except in the human mind.

At the present moment, when the subject of epidemics is attracting so much attention, it may be interesting to call attention to the more important diseases comprised under that head, and to point out some of the main facts connected with their origin and distribution. The principal epidemic diseases then are, small-pox, scarlet fever, measles, typhus, relapsing fever, Oriental plague, yellow fever, diarrhœa, typhoid or enteric fever, cholera, dysentery, ague and remittent

* The terms "contagion" and "contagious" are here used in their widest signification, and are applied in this essay to all diseases capable of propagation by infected individuals to persons in health.

fevers, influenza, the sweating sickness, and the dancing mania.

1. *Small-pox*, the most loathsome of all diseases, is believed to have prevailed in India and China from time immemorial. About the middle of the sixth century it is supposed to have been conveyed by trading vessels from India to Arabia, and the Arabian army at the siege of Mecca, in the year 569, was the first victim of its fury. From Arabia it was imported into Europe by the Saracens, and there is evidence of its existence in Britain before the ninth century. Before the introduction of vaccination, small-pox was one of the chief causes of mortality in all the countries where it prevailed, and even now it occupies a prominent place in our mortuary returns. During the twenty-four years 1838-61, 125,352 of the population of England and Wales, and 21,369 of the population of London, died of small-pox; or, in other words, 1 in 75 of the total deaths in England and Wales, and 1 in 63 of the total deaths in London, were due to this disease. Small-pox is not confined to any race or quarter of the globe. At the present day, its appearance can, in the great majority of instances, be traced to contagion. It is evident, however, that it must at one time have had an origin, and it is reasonable to infer that what happened once may happen again. Small-pox is known to attack many of the lower animals as well as man, and there are grounds for believing that it originated among the former, and by them was communicated to the human species. A careful study of epizootics—our ignorance of which has been disclosed by the present cattle plague—may ultimately reveal the mode of origin of the poison of small-pox. The disease varies greatly in its prevalence at different times. In other words, it is sometimes epidemic, at others not. Some of these epidemics are local; others are widely extended. All exhibit a gradual rise, culmination, and decline, the decline being always less rapid than the advance. It is difficult to account for the occurrence of these epidemics. They are independent of hygienic defects, season, temperature, or any meteorological conditions of which we are cognizant. They are probably due to causes tending to depress the general health of the population, and so to pre-

dispose it to the action of the poison. For nearly two centuries it has been a common observation that epidemics of small-pox have coëxisted with epidemics of other contagious diseases. The gradual accumulation, in a district, of unprotected persons, owing to the neglect of vaccination, will also predispose to the occurrence of an epidemic, after the introduction of the poison. In fact, to the neglect, or careless performance of vaccination, is entirely due the occurrence of epidemics of small-pox at the present day.

2. *Scarlet Fever*.—The early history of scarlet fever is obscure, for the disease was long confounded with measles and small-pox, but it is generally supposed that, like small-pox, it came originally from Africa, and was imported into Europe by the Saracens. It has been known to prevail in Britain for the last two centuries; but although it is only of late years, from the reports of the Registrar-General, that we have been able to form an accurate idea of the extent of its prevalence, there can be no doubt that it has increased greatly during the present century, and that it now occupies that preëminence among the causes of mortality in childhood which was formerly held by small-pox. During twenty-four years (1838 to 1861 inclusive) 375,009 of the population of England and Wales, and 53,663 of the inhabitants of London, died of scarlet fever; or about 1 in every 24 deaths that occurred in England during the period in question, was due to this disease. The mortality from scarlet fever, in fact, exceeds the mortality from small-pox and measles taken together. Scarlet fever is known to prevail over the whole of the continents of Europe and America, but it is nowhere so common as in Britain. In France it is a rarer disease than either measles or small-pox. In India it is said never to occur. In most instances it is not difficult to trace the occurrence of scarlet fever to contagion; and from the remarkable indestructibility of the poison and its tendency to adhere to clothes, furniture, and even to the walls of houses, there can be little doubt that the disease has a similar origin in many instances, where the mode of transmission of the poison cannot be traced. How the poison first originated is yet a mys-

tery; but there is some probability in the view, which has many able advocates, that it originated in horses or cattle, and by them was communicated to man. If this be so, it is reasonable to hope that investigations as to the occurrence of the disease in the lower animals may lead to a discovery productive of as great benefits to the human race as vaccination. At intervals of a few years, scarlet fever spreads as an epidemic; but its ordinary prevalence in this country is greater than is generally imagined. The causes of these epidemic outbursts are unknown. Many circumscribed outbreaks can no doubt be traced to the importation of the poison into a population of persons unprotected by a previous attack; but why the poison should be introduced into numerous localities at one time, and not at others, is difficult to determine. It is tolerably certain, however, that at all times the prevalence of the disease is independent of overcrowding, bad drainage, or of any appreciable hygienic or meteorological conditions.

3. *Measles* was long confounded with scarlet fever, and, like it, is supposed to have been originally imported from the East. During twenty-four years (1838-1861) this disease destroyed 31,595 of the population of London, and 181,868 persons in England and Wales. It is known to occur in all parts of the world, and is highly contagious. There is no evidence that any hygienic defects or meteorological conditions can generate the poison of measles. Hildenbrand, a great authority, thought it might arise where numbers of men and cattle were confined together in close unventilated buildings; and in later times American and Irish physicians have described a disease corresponding in every respect with measles, which appeared to arise from sleeping on old musty straw, or from the inoculation of the fungi of wheat-straw. Measles in England is much less of an epidemic disease than either small-pox or scarlet fever. The number of deaths which it causes in years when it is most prevalent is rarely much more than double what it causes in years when it is least prevalent. Although often most fatal in winter, there is no proof that its prevalence is influenced by season.

4. *Typhus Fever* has been well known

for upwards of three centuries, and there are grounds for believing that from remote ages it has prevailed in most parts of the world under favorable conditions. It is impossible to estimate the precise extent of its prevalence, inasmuch as many other diseases are included under the designation "typhus" in the reports of the Registrar-General; but it is the acknowledged scourge of the poor inhabitants of our large towns. There is no evidence that typhus, such as we see it in this country, has as yet been observed in Australia, New-Zealand, Asia, Africa, or the tropical parts of America. Even in Britain it is confined, for the most part, to the large towns, and to the poorest and most densely-crowded parts of them. It is a disease almost unknown among the better classes, except in the case of clergymen and doctors who visit the infected poor. It is undoubtedly contagious; but in a spacious dwelling with a free ventilation it almost ceases to be so. There is also ample evidence that the poison may be generated *de novo*; and the circumstances under which this occurs are overcrowding, with defective ventilation and destitution. Hence it is that the disease was formerly so apt to show itself in prisons and ships, and that, even at the present day, it is so common an attendant on warfare and so prevalent in the wretched hovels of the poor. This was the disease that before the days of Howard was never absent from our prisons and hospitals, and that decimated the armies of the first Napoleon and of the allies in the Crimea. "If," says an able writer on fever in the last century, "any person will take the trouble to stand in the sun, and look at his own shadow on a white plastered wall, he will easily perceive that his whole body is a smoking dunghill, with a vapor exhaling from every part of it. This vapor is subtle, acrid, and offensive to the smell; if retained in the body, it becomes morbid; but if reabsorbed, highly deleterious. If a number of persons, therefore, are long confined in any close place not properly ventilated, so as to inspire and swallow with their spittle the vapors of each other, they must soon feel its bad effects. Bad provisions and gloomy thoughts will add to their misery, and soon breed the *seminium* of a pestilence."

tial fever, dangerous not only to themselves, but also to every person who visits them or even communicates with them at second-hand. Hence it is so frequently bred in jails, hospitals, ships, camps, and besieged towns. A *seminium* once produced is easily spread by contagion." But if overcrowding produces typhus, why is it that the disease prevails in the epidemic form, and then in a great measure disappears? The explanation is in this way. All the great epidemics of typhus have occurred during seasons of famine or of unusual destitution. One of the most common consequences of general destitution is the congregation of several families in one house, in consequence of their inability to pay their rents, and of the concentration in the large towns of many of the inhabitants of country districts. Famine predisposes to typhus, by weakening the constitution; and it also tends to produce it, in so far as it causes an unusual degree of overcrowding. It has been the custom with many writers to refer epidemics of typhus to some subtle "epidemic influence;" and thus, where a failure of the crops has been followed by typhus, both of these disasters have been ascribed to a common atmospheric cause. But of such atmospheric influences capable of producing typhus we know nothing; their very existence is doubtful, and the employment of the term has too often had the effect of cloaking human ignorance, or of stifling the search after truth. If typhus be due to any "epidemic influence," why does this influence select large towns and spare the country districts? Why does it fall upon large towns in exact proportion to the degree of privation and overcrowding among the poor? In large towns, why does it infect the crowded dwellings of the poor and spare the habitations of the rich? And why did the varying prevalence of typhus among the French and English troops in the Crimea correspond exactly to the varying degree of overcrowding in either army? Moreover, famine *artificially* induced by warfare, by commercial failures, by strikes, or by any cause that throws large bodies of men out of employment, is equally efficacious in originating epidemics of typhus, as famine from failure of the crops.

5. *Relapsing Fever* is so called from the fact that after a week's illness there is an interval of good health for a week, followed by a second attack. It is contagious, and is epidemic in a stricter sense than even typhus. Although sometimes more prevalent in this country than any other fever, it may disappear for so many years, that on its return it has more than once been thought to be a new malady. For upwards of ten years not a case of it has been observed in Britain, but it has constituted the chief component of many of the greatest epidemics of fever which have devastated this country and Ireland, and it was one of the diseases composing the "Russian Plague," which in the spring of the present year caused such unnecessary alarm in this country. It usually prevails in the epidemic form in conjunction with typhus, and it is connected in its origin more directly with protracted starvation and the use of unwholesome food than even the latter disease. Hence, in this country it is familiarly known as "Famine Fever," and in Germany as "*Hungerpest*."

6. *Oriental Plague* is still met with in Egypt and in other Eastern countries; but in the Middle Ages it frequently overran the whole of Europe and invaded England, and from the extent of its ravages it was known as the "*Black Death*," and the "*Great Mortality*." The Great Plague of London, of 1665, is a familiar fact in history. Since then the disease has not been met with in this country. But British typhus is merely a modified form of Oriental Plague, or, in other words, plague is merely typhus complicated with numerous abscesses beneath the skin. Cases of typhus are occasionally met with in this country, corresponding in every respect with true plague. Both diseases appear under similar circumstances, but those which generate plague are of a more aggravated character than those which suffice to produce typhus. The disappearance of plague from London, notwithstanding our vastly increased communications with Egypt, has been chiefly due to the better construction of our dwellings since the "Great Fire" of 1666. "It is probable," says an able writer on the plague, "that if this country has been so long forsaken by

the plague as almost to have forgotten, or at least to be unwilling to own its natural offspring, it has been because the parent has been disgusted with the circumstances under which that hateful birth was brought to light, has removed the filth from her doors in which it was matured, and has adopted a system of cleanliness fatal to its nourishment at home. But if ever this favored country, now grown wise by experience, should relapse into former errors, and recur to her odious habits, as in past ages, it is not to be doubted that a mutual recognition will take place, and she will again be visited by her abandoned child, who has been wandering a fugitive among kindred associates, sometimes in the mud cots of Egypt, sometimes in the crowded tents of Barbary, and sometimes in the filthy kaisarias of Aleppo."

7. *Yellow Fever* is a contagious fever with a limited geographical range. Its geographical limits, as regards the New World, are from about 43° N. lat. to 35° S. lat.; and in the Old World from 44° N. to 8° or 9° S. lat. It is a common disease on board our ships stationed in the West Indies and off the west coast of Africa. As in the case of typhus, overcrowding and defective ventilation are the main causes which favor its origin and propagation, and, indeed, it is still a subject for investigation whether yellow fever may not be typhus modified by climate and other circumstances. One of the most recent and best authorities* on the disease thus writes: "Overcrowding in the between-decks of steamships seems to be the principal cause of the extreme fatality of the disease in the navy. What in this respect is true of typhus may with equal force be said of yellow fever. There is no such powerful adjutant to the virulence of the poison, and to its power of propagation, as an unrenewed atmosphere, loaded with human exhalations."

8. *Diarrhœa* is always more or less prevalent in this country during the summer and autumn. There is no reason to believe that epidemic diarrhœa is contagious, but there is a direct ratio between its prevalence and the temperature of the atmosphere and the

absence of ozone. As the temperature rises, the cases increase in number, and as it falls they diminish, and the disease is always most prevalent in very hot seasons. Diarrhœa may be due to many different causes, but its epidemic prevalence in autumn is chiefly accounted for by the absorption into the system of the products of putrefaction of organic matter, either in the form of gaseous effluvia or through the vehicle of drinking-water.

9. *Typhoid or Enteric Fever* is very commonly confounded with typhus, with which, however, so far as its origin is concerned, it has nothing in common. It is not, like typhus, confined to the poor, but it prevails among rich and poor alike; and, indeed, there are some reasons for believing that the rich and well-fed are more prone to be attacked by it than the destitute. It is the fever by which Count Cavour, several members of the royal family of Portugal, and our own Prince Consort came to their untimely end. It differs also from typhus, in the circumstance that its origin and propagation are quite independent of overcrowding with defective ventilation, and are so intimately connected with bad drainage, that by some physicians the fever is now designated *pythogenic*, or fever born of putridity. It is asserted by some writers that the poison of enteric fever is never generated in obstructed drains, but that the drains are merely the vehicle of transmission of the poison from an infected person. But if this were so, enteric fever must needs be a most contagious disease, whereas all experience goes to show that it rarely spreads, even under the most favorable circumstances. The disease, in fact, is so slightly contagious that many excellent observers have doubted if it be so at all. It is probable that certain meteorological conditions, such as a high temperature, a defective supply of ozone, or a peculiar electrical state, may be necessary for the production of the poison of enteric fever; and thus, nuisances which are offensive to the senses may exist for a long time without producing the disease. The necessity of a high temperature is undoubted, and is itself a strong argument against the view which makes drains merely the vehicle of transmission of the poison. It is well known that enteric

* Dr. Gavin Milroy, President of the Epidemiological Society.

fever, like ordinary diarrhœa, becomes epidemic in this country every autumn, and almost disappears in spring, while the autumnal epidemics are always greatest in seasons remarkable for their high temperature. Enteric fever is much later in commencing and in attaining the acme of its autumnal prevalence than diarrhœa, showing that a longer duration of hot weather is necessary for its production; but, when once produced, a more protracted duration of cold weather seems necessary for its destruction.

10. *Cholera*.—Epidemic cholera is generally described as having originated at Jessore, in the delta of the Ganges, in the year 1817, and as having spread thence over Hindustan, and ultimately to Europe. Since 1817, Europe has been visited by three great epidemics of cholera; namely, in 1832, in 1848–9, and in 1854; and at the present moment it is threatened with a fourth. During the past autumn the disease has appeared at Ancona and Marseilles, and at many other places in the basin of the Mediterranean. In England and Wales, cholera destroyed 53,273 lives in 1849, and 20,097 in 1854. Although the great epidemics of cholera have appeared to take their origin in India and gradually to have spread to Europe, following often the lines of human intercourse, the evidence in favor of its being a very contagious malady is small. The attendants on the sick are rarely attacked; and, on the other hand, the disease has often appeared in isolated localities, where it was impossible to believe that it was imported. It is a remarkable circumstance, also, that some of the greatest epidemics which have occurred in India, as that of 1861, have shown no tendency to travel to Europe, notwithstanding the constant communication that exists. Even on the supposition, then, that cholera is of necessity imported from India, there must be something as yet unknown to us that favors its transmission at one time, and not at another. But it is very doubtful if the disease is imported in the manner generally believed. Unequivocal cases of "Asiatic cholera" have been met with almost every year in the intervals of the great epidemics; and, as Dr. Farr has observed, it is highly probable that true cholera has always existed in England.

The researches of the late Dr. Snow render it highly probable that the disease often arises from drinking water impregnated with the *fermenting* excreta of persons suffering from the disease; and if this be so, from what we know of other diseases, it is not unreasonable to infer, that, in certain conditions of the atmosphere, the poison of cholera may be generated during the fermentation of the excreta of healthy persons. It can readily be conceived how the necessary meteorological conditions might originate in the East and gradually extend to this country, and thus lead to the supposition that the disease has been propagated by a specific poison.

11. *Dysentery*.—Epidemics of dysentery are confined to tropical countries, and need not occupy much attention at present. Atmospheric states which unduly or suddenly depress the temperature of the surface of the body are the most common exciting causes. They are most apt to take effect in the case of persons whose constitutions have been weakened by long exposure to extreme heat, to malaria, or to other debilitating causes. There is no positive evidence that dysentery is contagious.

12. *Agues and Remittent Fevers* are now but little known, and scarcely ever fatal, in this country. Many years ago, however, they were among the most common and the most fatal diseases of Britain. James I. and Oliver Cromwell both died of ague in London. The disappearance of ague has been in direct relation to the drainage and cultivation of the soil, and this remark applies not only to England, but to all parts of the globe. The fens of Lincolnshire and Cambridge are almost the only parts of England where agues are now known; but in many countries, and particularly in the tropics, where the vegetation is very rank, they are still the most common of all diseases. Agues are not contagious, but result from the *malaria* given off during the evaporation from marshy uncultivated land. These malaria may be wafted to a considerable distance by the wind. A high temperature and rank vegetation seem to favor their production and to increase their virulence.

13. *Influenza*.—Severe and widespread epidemics of influenza have been

observed in various parts of the world from time immemorial. In the present century the disease has been epidemic in this country in 1803, 1831, 1833, 1837, and 1847. On each occasion, it has been particularly fatal in aged and debilitated persons, and it has often been followed by an increased prevalence of other epidemic diseases. Influenza is not contagious, but depends on some unknown condition of the atmosphere. Sudden alternations of temperature have been thought to favor its origin.

14. *The Sweating Sickness*.—This remarkable and very fatal disease is happily now unknown in this country; but in the Middle Ages many great epidemics of it were observed, and nowhere were they more common than in England. Many of the epidemics were in fact confined to England. There are records of five distinct visitations of the disease during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; namely, in 1485, 1500, 1517, 1529, and 1551. The disease attacked all classes alike, and was often fatal within a few hours. From the accounts handed down to us, it is impossible to form any accurate idea as to the causes of its origin and extension; but the prevalent opinion at the time seems to have been that it was due in the first instance to atmospheric influences.

15. *The Dancing Mania*.—The present brief summary of the principal epidemic diseases would not be complete, without alluding to the dancing mania of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The effects of the *Black Death* of the fourteenth century had not yet subsided, and the graves of millions of its victims were scarcely closed, when, we are told by Hecker, a strange delusion arose in Germany, which took possession of the minds of men, and, in spite of the divinity of our nature, hurried away body and soul into the magic circle of hellish superstition. It was a convulsion which in the most extraordinary manner infuriated the human frame, and excited the astonishment of contemporaries for more than two centuries, since which time it has never reappeared. It was called the dance of St. John or of St. Vitus, on account of the Bacchantic leaps by which

it was characterized, and which gave to those affected, while performing their wild dance, and screaming and foaming with fury, all the appearance of persons possessed. It was propagated by the sight of the sufferers, like a demoniacal epidemic, over the whole of Germany and the neighboring countries. While dancing, the infected persons were insensible to external impressions, but were haunted by visions, their fancies conjuring up spirits, whose names they shrieked out. Some asserted that they felt as if immersed in a stream of blood, which obliged them to leap so high; while others saw the heavens open, and the Saviour enthroned with the Virgin Mary. The accounts of the dancing mania collected by Hecker at first sight seem almost fabulous, but cease to be so when we recollect the practices of certain modern religious sects and the accounts of the so-called "revivals" in the middle of the nineteenth century.

From the preceding summary, it is obvious that epidemic diseases vary greatly in their nature.

1. First, we have diseases, such as small-pox, scarlet fever, and measles, which at the present day can only be traced to contagion, and some of which probably took their origin in the lower animals.

2. There are diseases, such as typhus, relapsing fever, enteric fever, and probably also plague, yellow fever, and cholera, which are capable of propagation by contagion in varying degrees, but which may also originate from the neglect of sanitary laws, aided by certain meteorological conditions.

3. A third class, including agues, remittent fevers, and diarrhœa, are not at all contagious, but arise from malarious exhalations.

4. A fourth class, including influenza, dysentery, and, perhaps, the sweating sickness, are also not contagious, and arise from certain atmospheric conditions.

5. The dancing mania differs from all other epidemic diseases, in being purely mental, and in depending on the mere sight of a disagreable nervous malady.

THE CUP: A FAIRY TALE.*

TO MY FRIEND, ALEXANDER MANCHEAU.

"THERE are three things which God cannot possibly fail to accomplish: what is most beneficial, what is most necessary, what is most beautiful for everything."—*Mystère des Bardes*, tr. 7.

BOOK I.

I.

THE child of a prince wished to take a walk high upon the mountain, and his tutor followed him. The child wanted to go near to the beautiful snow and the grand, never-melting glaciers, and his tutor dared not prevent him. The child played with his dog on the edge of an icy cleft. He fell, he screamed, he disappeared, and his tutor dared not throw himself after him; but the dog sprang into the abyss to save the child, and the dog, too, disappeared.

II.

FOR several minutes, which seemed like hours, the dog was heard to howl and the child to cry. The sound descended, more and more stifled, into the unknown depth; and then it was vain to listen—the depth was silent. Then the attendants of the prince and the mountain shepherds tried to descend with ropes, but could see nothing except the verdant cleft descending lower and lower, and growing more and more precipitous.

III.

THEY risked their lives in vain, and went to tell the prince what they had done. The prince had them hung for having left his son to perish. He cut off the heads of more than twenty noblemen who might have pretensions to the crown, and who must surely have signed a compact with the mountain spirits for the destruction of the ducal heir. As to Master Bonus, the tutor, it was written on all the walls that he was to be burned by a slow fire; seeing which, he ran away beyond reach of seizure.

IV.

THE child was much frightened and very cold in the depths of the glacier. The dog could not prevent his falling to

the lowest depth, but held him tight by his belt, and so kept him from descending too rapidly, and from being bruised against the ice. Dragged by the weight of the child, he struggled so much that his paws were covered with blood and his nails almost torn off. But he did not let go his hold, and when at last they found a hole where they could rest, the dog lay down upon the child to warm him.

V.

AND both were so tired that they fell asleep. When they woke, they saw before them a lady so small and beautiful that they could not imagine what she could be. Her dress was as white as snow, and her long golden hair spread around her like flames. She smiled upon the child, but without speaking to him, and taking him by the hand, led him away from the glacier into a great wild valley, where the dog, lame as he was, followed them.

VI.

THIS valley, hidden in one of the mountain clefts, is unknown to man. It is defended by high granite walls and impenetrable glaciers. It is both horrible and smiling, as is fit for the beings who inhabit it. On its sides eagles, bears, and chamois have hidden their refuges. Its lowest depths are warm, where flourish the most beautiful plants. There the fairies have established their abode, and the young Zilla brought to her sisters the child whom she had found in the cold depth of the glacier.

VII.

WHEN the child saw the bears passing near him, he was afraid, and the dog growled and trembled; but the fairy smiled, and the wild beasts turned away from her path. When the child saw the fairies he wanted to laugh and talk, but they looked at him with such bright eyes that he began to weep. Then Zilla took him upon her knees, and kissed him on his forehead, which made the fairies angry, and the oldest of them said to her in a menacing way:

VIII.

"WHAT you are doing is shameful; no fairy who respects herself ever embraces a child. The kisses of a fairy belong to doves, to young fawns, to flow-

* By MDME. GEORGE SAND. Translated for THE ECLECTIC from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

ers, to delicate and inoffensive beings; but the impure, bad animal that you bring here, soils your lips. We do not want it here. And as for the dog, we can endure it no longer; he is the friend of man, he has destructive instincts and rapacious habits. Take these creatures back to the place where you found them."

IX.

Zilla replied to the old Trollia: "You are as passionate and wicked as if you had been born of a viper or a vulture. Do you forget that you were woman before you were fairy, and dare you hate and despise the race you sprang from? When, upon the last altars of our old divinities, you drank the magic potion which made you immortal, did you not swear to protect the family of man, and to watch over their posterity?"

X.

Then the old Trollia answered: "Yes, I swore, like you, to make the science of our fathers conduce to the happiness of their descendants; but men have released us from our vow. How have they treated us? They have served new gods, and have called us sorcerers and demons. They have chased us from our sanctuaries, and, destroying our abodes, burning our ancient forests, renouncing our laws and ridiculing our mysteries, they have broken the bonds which united us to their accursed race.

XI.

"For myself, if I have ever regretted having, by that fatal drink, freed myself from the dominion of death, it is when I think that I have lost the power of giving death to man. Formerly, thanks to science, we could sport with it, hasten or retard it. Now it eludes us and smiles at us. The implacable life which holds us condemns us to respect life. It is a great good that we are no longer obliged to destroy life in order that we may live, but it is a great evil thus to be obliged to let live what we would wish to see dead."

XII.

As she said these cruel things, the old magician raised her arm as if to strike the child, but the arm fell powerless; the dog sprang upon her and tore her robe, stained with black spots, which were said to be the vestiges of human blood

once shed in sacrifice. The child, who had not understood her words, though he had seen her horrible gestures, hid his face in the bosom of the gentle Zilla, and all the young fairies laughed at the rage of the sorceress and the audacity of the dog.

XIII.

The old fairies rebuked and abused the young ones, and so much was said that the bears growled in their dens from vexation. And so many cries, menaces, laughs, mockings, and imprecations rose in the air, that the highest peaks shook off their plumes of snow upon the trees of the valley. Then the Queen arrived, and all was hushed; for the Queen of the Fairies, it is said, can take away the gift of speech from those who abuse it, and to lose the power of speech is what fairies dread most of all things.

XIV.

The Queen is as young as upon the day when she drank the cup, for in obtaining immortality the fairies can neither grow old nor young, but must remain as they were at that supreme moment. So the young are always impetuous or merry, the mature always serious or melancholy, the old always decrepit or peevish. The Queen is tall and beautiful, the most powerful, the loveliest, the gentlest, and the wisest of the fairies; she is also the most learned, as it was she who in old time discovered the great secret of the cup of immortality.

XV.

"Trollia," said she, "your wrath is but an empty sound. Men are what they are. It is very foolish to hate. But, Zilla, you have done a foolish thing in bringing this child hither. How is he to live? Do you not know that he must breathe and eat after the manner of men? Will you permit him to kill animals, or contend with them for eggs, milk, and honey, or even for the plants which feed them? Do you not see that you have brought death into our sanctuary?"

XVI.

"Queen," replied the young fairy, "does not death reign here as well as elsewhere? Have we been able to banish it from our sight? And because fairies do not feel it, because the aroma of flow-

ers suffices for their nourishment, because their light step cannot crush an insect, nor their ethereal breath absorb an atom of life in nature, does it follow that animals do not devour and tear each other? What matters it if, in the midst of beings whose lives are nourished by destruction, I bring hither two more?"

XVII.

"The dog I yield you," said the Queen. "But the child will bring to us sorrow of heart and tragic death. He will take life with intelligence and premeditation; he will show us fearful sights; he will add to the thoughts of murder and hate which some of us already feel; and the sight of one so like us, committing acts which are odious to us, will disturb the purity of our dreams. If you keep him, Zilla, endeavor to modify his terrible nature, or I must take him from you and set him among the snows, where death will find him."

XVIII.

The Queen said no more. She counselled but did not command. She departed and the fairies dispersed. Some of them remained with Zilla and questioned her: "What will you do with the child? He is beautiful, it is true, but you cannot love him. A consecrated virgin, you have spoken the terrible vow. You have known neither husband nor children; every remembrance of mortal life has brought you regret, and the dream of maternity. Moreover, immortality frees us from these weaknesses, and whoever has drank the cup has forgotten love."

XIX.

"It is true," said Zilla, "and my dreams concerning this child have no resemblance to the dreams of human life. He is a curiosity to me, and I am surprised that you do not share in the amusement he gives me. During the ages since we broke all bonds of friendship with his race, we have known nothing of him but his works. We know that the race has become more ingenious and learned; their works and inventions astonish us; but we do not know whether itself is the better for them, and whether its bad instincts are changed."

XX.

"And you wish to see what will be-

come of a human child, separated from his kind, and left to himself, or instructed by you in the higher knowledge? Try it. We will help you to guide or watch him. Only remember that he is weak and not yet wicked. You must take more care of him than of the bird in its nest, and you have undertaken a great charge, Zilla. You are amiable and gentle, but you are more capricious than resolute. This chain will tire you, and perhaps it would be better that you should not assume it."

XXI.

They spoke thus from jealousy, for they liked the child, and more than one of them wished to adopt him. Fairies do not love with the heart, but their minds are full of desire and curiosity. They are restless, and anything coming from the human world, into which they cannot openly penetrate, is a matter of surprise and agitation. A jewel, a domestic animal, a watch, anything which they cannot make, anything which they do not need, has an engrossing charm for them.

XXII.

They have a profound contempt for humanity, but they cannot help dreaming and prattling incessantly about it. The child turned their heads. Some of them coveted the dog, also; but Zilla was jealous of her captures, and finding that there was too much disputation about them, led them away to a grotto at a distance from the fairy sanctuary, and there she showed the child the circumference of the forest, into which he must not venture without her permission. The child wept as he said, "I am hungry." And when he had eaten, and saw that she was leaving him, he said, "I am afraid."

XXIII.

Zilla, after finding the child voracious, found him stupid, and, not wishing to become his slave, she showed him where the goats nursed their young, where the bees hid their hives, where the ducks and wild swans laid their eggs, and said to him: "Seek your own food. You must steal these things secretly, for the animals would become frightened or malicious, and the old fairies would not like to have their ways of life disturbed." The prince's child was astonished

when he found that he must help himself to such meagre fare. He pouted and wept, but the fairy paid no attention to it.

XXIV.

She paid no attention to it, because she recollected only vaguely the tears of her own childhood, and because she could no longer appreciate the suffering of which these tears were the symbol. She went to the fairy council, and the next day the child was hungry and did not pout. The dog, who never pouted, caught a rabbit and ate it, hide and hair. At the end of three days the child thought that he could easily collect dead wood, light a fire, and cook the game caught by his dog; but as he was indolent he contented himself with other food, and liked it.

XXV.

After a short time he forgot that men cooked their food, and seeing that his dog eagerly ate it raw, he tasted it so, also, and satisfied himself. When Zilla returned from the fairy council she found the child full and healthy, but savage and dirty. His teeth were white and his hands bloody, and his countenance was dull and fierce. He scarcely knew how to talk. Weary of questioning where he was and why his life was so changed, he thought only of eating and sleeping.

XXVI.

The dog, however, was in good condition. His intelligence had grown in the devotion of his friendship. The fairy wished to abandon the child and keep the dog. And then she remembered the past, and resolved to civilize the child in her own way; but she must decide to talk to him, and she did not know what to say. She knew his language; she was not unlearned; but she had no idea of the reasons which should be given to a child for changing his instincts.

XXVII.

She attempted. At first she said to him: "Remember that you belong to a race inferior to mine." The child remembered who he was, and answered: "You are an empress, then, for I am a prince." The fairy replied: "I wish to make you greater than all the kings of the earth." The child answered: "Give me back to

my mother, who is seeking me." The fairy replied: "Forget your mother, and obey me only." The child was frightened, and did not answer. The fairy continued: "I wish to make you happy and wise, and to raise you above human nature." The child did not understand.

XXVIII.

The fairy made another attempt. She said to him: "Do you love your mother?" "Yes," replied the child. "Will you love me, like her?" "Yes, if you love me." "What do you ask of me?" said the fairy, smiling at such audacity. "I have rescued you from the glacier where you would have died; I have defended you from the old fairies who hate you, and hidden you here, where they will not think of you more. I have kissed you, although you are not my equal. Is it not a great deal, and would your mother have done more?" "Yes," said the child, "she kissed me every day."

XXIX.

The fairy kissed the child, who kissed her in return, while he said, "How cold your mouth is!" The fairies are joyous and childlike, as if they had nothing to do with their bodies. Zilla tried to make the child run and leap. He was agile and resolute, and at first liked to make trial of his powers with her; but soon he saw some extraordinary things. The fairy ran as swift as an arrow, her strong limbs knew no fatigue, and the child could not follow her.

XXX.

When she invited him to leap, she gave him an example by leaping over a cleft in the rocks. But too strong and too secure against harm in falling, she leaped so high and so far, that the frightened child went and hid himself in a bush. She then wished to teach him to swim; but he was afraid of the water, and asked for a boat; at which the fairy laughed, and he, seeing that she ridiculed him, feeling himself despised, and too much her inferior, told her that he no longer wanted her to be his mother.

XXXI.

She found him weak and cowardly. For some days she forgot him; but when her companions asked what had become of him, and reproached her with being capricious, and having left him to die in

a corner, she ran to find him, and showed him to them alive and well. "It is well," said the Queen; "since it is possible to end this affair without much harm, I consent that he remains here as an animal, living like the others, for I see very well that you can do nothing better with him."

XXXII.

Zilla understood that the good and wise Queen blamed her, and felt that her honor was at stake. She returned daily to the child; passed every day more and more time with him; learned to speak gently to him; caressed him a little more; took more pleasure in teaching him to improve his powers and exercise his courage. She taught him also to feed himself without bloodshed; and she saw that he was capable of being educated, for he wearied of solitude, and, to keep her with him, he obeyed all her wishes, and even had showed caressing graces which flattered the self-love of the fairy.

XXXIII.

Winter approached, however, and although the child dreamed not of it, although he played with the snow, which gradually approached the grotto where the fairy had lodged him, the dog began to bark and howl at the encroachments of this insensible, ever-advancing snow. Zilla saw that the child must be removed, if she did not wish to see him die. She took him to the most sheltered part of the valley, and begged her companions to assist her in building a house for him; for it is false that fairies know how to do everything with a stroke of their wands.

XXXIV.

They know only how to do what is necessary for themselves, and a house is very useless for them. They know nothing of cold or heat except what is agreeable to them. They leap and dance a little more in winter than in summer, entirely free from suffering in body and in mind. They gambol upon the ice as gladly as upon the turf, and if they wish to feel the warmth of April in January, they lie down with the bears in their snowy dens, and sleep there for the mere pleasure of dreaming; for they have very little need of sleep.

XXXV.

Zilla could not trust the child to the

bears. They were not bad animals, but in consequence of feeling and licking him they might have liked to taste him. The young fairies, whom she invited to build him a lodging, undertook it willingly, and put themselves to the work, pell-mell, with a great noise. They meant that it should be a more beautiful palace than man could build, and having no resemblance to his miserable inventions. The Queen sat down and looked at them silently.

XXXVI.

One wanted to have it very large; another, very small. One that it should be like a ball, another, that it should end in a point; one that they should use only precious stones, another, that it should be made of the feathers of thistle seeds; one that it should be uncovered like a nest, another, that it should be under ground like a den. One brought boughs, another sand, one snow, another rose leaves, one little pebble flint stones, another cobwebs; the greater number brought nothing but words.

XXXVII.

The Queen saw that nothing would be decided, and that the house would never be begun. She called the child and said to him: "Cannot you build a house for yourself?—it is man's work." The child tried. He had seen houses built. He found stones; he made mortar as well as he could out of clay mixed with moss; he raised the walls in a square; he made partitions; he interlaced boughs; he made a roof of reeds, and furnished the house with stones and a bed of ferns.

XXXVIII.

The fairies were at first astonished at the child's intelligence and industry, and then they ridiculed him, saying that bees, beavers, and ants were much better workmen. The Queen replied to them thus: "You are mistaken. Animals who can only live in a community have much less intelligence than those who can live alone. A bee dies if she cannot regain her hive; a company of beavers dispersed will lose the art of building, and are contented with rough dwellings. In your world of animals, there is no person, no being that says 'I.'

XXXIX.

"These beings who live by a mysterious

tradition, continually transmitted without change or improvement, are inferior to the most miserable and destitute being who investigates and combines. Therefore man, our ancestor, is the chief among animals, and his works, as they are the most varied and changeful, are the most beautiful of all. See what his memory can accomplish; how he can invent experience, and how he can accommodate to his uses the roughest materials."

XL.

"Would man, then," asked Zilla, "become better and more skilful if he lived in solitude?" "No, Zilla; society is necessary for him, but not a forced companionship. Alone he must contend against all things, and there, where other animals succumb, his mind conquers; but he has a desire for another happiness than mere bodily preservation, and this is why he seeks for intercourse with his fellows, that they may give his soul sustenance; and his need of others is still a freedom."

XLI.

Zilla tried to understand the Queen, whom the other fairies did not at all understand. They preserved barbarous notions of the time when they were of our nature upon the earth; and if, by their science, they understand better than formerly, and better than we, the grand universal laws of reiteration, they cannot estimate the progress of the human race in this little world, which is wearisome to them, because they have no power to change anything. They have chosen to become themselves unchangeable, and they must console themselves by despising all that changes.

XLII.

Zilla, thoughtfully, resolved to procure everything for her adopted child which he desired, that she might see what course he would take. "See, your house is built," she said to him, "what would you like to embellish it?" "I would like my mother," said the child. "I will try to bring her to you," said the fairy; and knowing that she had the power to do very difficult things, she went, leaving the child in the Queen's protection. She started for the world of men, suffering herself to be borne along by the torrent.

XLIII.

This torrent, from which flows a great river whose source is unknown to men, proceeds from the glacier where the child had fallen. It separates into a thousand silver threads, which water and fertilize the Valley of the Fairies, and these reunite at the entrance of an enormous rocky mass which forms the natural barrier of their kingdom. There the torrent, swollen into a river, falls into frightful abysses, is engulfed in sunless caverns, and by successive falls, reaches at last, in unknown ways, the country inhabited by men.

XLIV.

The fairies, to whom no barriers are insurmountable, can leave their abode by way of the snowy heights, by the spires of the glaciers, or by the clefts of the rocks; but they like best to be borne along by the river, which can harm them no more than it could harm a wreath of foam, by dashing them into its depths. In a few minutes Zilla was among cultivated lands, and approached a village of shepherds and woodcutters, where she saw a man in singular clothing, who, mounted upon a large stone, addressed the crowd.

XLV.

The man said: "Serfs and vassals, pray for the grand duchess, who died to-day, and pray also for the soul of her son, Herman, who perished last year among the glaciers of Mont Maudit. The duchess was inconsolable. God took her to himself. The duke sends alms to you that you may pray for both." Thereupon he threw gold and silver to the shepherds and woodcutters, who fought for it, and thanked God for the death which had procured them this windfall.

XLVI.

The fairy, too, was glad of the death of the duchess. "The child will torment me no more," she thought, "by begging me to take him back to his mother. I will carry him something to console him;" and, spying a sack of grain, she made a sign for it to follow her, and the sack of grain, obedient to the mysterious power which dwelt in her, obeyed. A little farther on, she saw an ass, and commanded him to carry the sack of grain. She also brought a little plough, thinking, after what she had seen around her, that these

playthings would please the little Her-
man.

XLVII.

That, however, was not what was most valued by the men before her. She beheld them still fighting for the pieces of money scattered on the ground. She followed the herald as he went on, with a white mule loaded with a box full of gold and silver, intended for the largess of the duke's devotion. She made a sign to the mule, who followed the ass and the plough, and the herald did not heed it. The fairy had thrown a charm over him and his attendants, which made them sleep on horseback for more than fifteen leagues.

XLVIII.

The fairy had no conscience in stealing these things. They were for the prince's child, and the whole country belonged to him. Besides, fairies do not recognize our laws, nor share our ideas. They consider us as the greatest thieves in creation, and what we steal from nature they think they have a right to take back from us. As they have little need of our riches, it must be said that they do not harm us much. However, their whims are dangerous. More than one unfortunate has been hung for being accused of their rapes.

XLIX.

Zilla, followed by her booty, returned toward the mountain, and knowing of a path in the forest, by which she, with her suite, could enter the valley of the fairies, she penetrated through the thickest of the pines and larches. There she stopped in astonishment, as she discovered under her feet a strange-looking being, for whom she felt a certain aversion. It was an old, withered man, bearded as a goat and bald as an egg, with a monstrous nose and a black robe all in tatters.

L.

He was apparently dead, for a vulture had just descended and was beginning to devour his hands; but, feeling the bite, the dying man uttered a cry, seized the bird, and strangled it; then bit it at the neck, and sucked the blood with a horrible and grotesque eagerness. It was the first time the fairy had seen such a sight—the vulture eaten by the corpse. She

thought it must be an act prophetic of his powers, and asked him why he did it.

LI.

"Good woman," said he, "do not betray me. I am a proscribed man, who am hiding, and hunger has brought me exhausted and dying to the ground; but heaven has sent me this bird, which I am eating, half alive, as you see, having no time to feed myself in a less savage manner." The poor man thought that he was speaking to an old wood gatherer, for if it is not proved that fairies are able to take any shape, it is at least certain that they can cause any kind of hallucination.

LII.

"Rise, and follow me," said she; "I will conduct you to a place where you can live without being discovered by man." The banished man followed the fairy till they came to a rocky cornice, so narrow and frightful that the ass and mule recoiled in fear; but the fairy charmed them, and they passed it. As to the man, so strong was his desire to escape his pursuers, that he needed no charm. He followed the animals, and as soon as he had set foot in the Valley of the Fairies, he recognized in his guide a fairy of the highest rank.

LIII.

"I am neither a novice nor an ignoramus," he said to her, "and I have studied magic enough to know what I have to do with. I know very well that you lead me to a place which I can never leave against your will; but whatever lot you may design for me, it cannot be worse than that to which I am condemned by man. So I obey without a murmur, knowing too that resistance would be useless. Perchance you will have pity on an old man, and may be curious to see him die the beautiful death which must soon come."

LIV.

"You boast of being learned, and you are foolish," replied Zilla. "If you were acquainted with fairies, you would know that they can do you no harm. The great spirit of the world has permitted them to gain immortality only on condition that they respect life, otherwise your race would have been extinct long

ago. Follow me, and talk no more nonsense, or I will take you back to the place where I found you." "God forbid," thought the old man, and, assuming a more modest air, he arrived with the fairy at the new abode of the little Prince Herman.

LV.

The fairy had been absent an entire day, and during that time the affectionate child had neither worked, nor played, nor eaten. He expected his mother, and thought of nothing else. When he saw the old man coming, he ran to him, believing that he announced and preceded the duchess. "Master Bonus," said he, "you are welcome;" and recalling his princely demeanor, he gave him his hand to kiss; but the poor tutor was ready to drop from the excitement of finding the child whom he never expected to see again, and wept with joy, while he embraced him as if he had been the son of a peasant.

LVI.

Then the fairy told the child that his mother was dead, not knowing that it would give him great pain, and not comprehending that a being who is subject to death should not submit to the death of another as an entirely natural event. The child wept much, and told the fairy that since she had brought him only evil tidings, she might have spared herself the trouble of bringing back his tutor. The fairy shrugged her shoulders and left him in anger. Master Bonus was not angry. He sat down by the child, and wept to see him weep.

LVII.

Seeing this, the child, who was very affectionate, embraced him, and told him that he would be glad to keep him as a companion, and have him live in his house, on condition that he would never mention his studies. "Indeed," said Master Bonus, "since we are always to remain here, I do not know what use there would be in studying. Let us employ ourselves in finding out how to live. I confess I hold to that, and if you will believe me, I should like to eat a little, as I have fasted for a long time." At that moment the dog returned from hunting with a fine hare between his teeth.

LVIII.

The dog made friends with the tutor, and willingly gave up his prey, which Master Bonus set himself to cook; but the fairies, who were looking on, caused a frightful hallucination. As soon as he began to broil the hare, it grew larger, and assumed his own form, so that he seemed to be broiling himself. Horrified, he put the animal upon the coals, hoping to free himself from his fancy in perceiving the odor of the broiling meat; but it only seemed to be himself that was broiling, and he even believed that he felt his own flesh burning.

LIX.

He remembered that he had been sentenced by men to be burnt alive, and feeling that he must not displease the fairies he gave back the meat to the dog, and renounced it forever. Then he went out to collect roots, fruits, and grain, and made so ample a provision for winter, that the house was filled, and there was hardly room left for them to sleep. And then, afraid of being robbed by the fairies, and imagining that he knew enough of magic to inspire them with respect, he made some symbolical figures out of earth, and placed them upon the roof.

LX.

But his science was false, and his symbols so barbarous that the fairies paid no attention to them, except in thinking them very ugly, and laughing at them. Seeing them in good humor, he gained courage to ask where he could procure some working tools, without which, it was impossible, he said, to do anything. Thereupon they led him to a grotto, where they had piled up a mass of articles stolen by them in their excursions, and abandoned when they had satiated their curiosity.

LXI.

Master Bonus was astonished at finding there all kinds of utensils and articles of luxury, mixed up with things utterly worthless. What he first sought was a copper pan, dishes, and tongs. He drew them forth from among the mass of jewels and costly stuffs. He also discovered bags of meal, some dried sweetmeats, and a ewer and basin. He scarcely looked at the books and writing desks. "We will take care of the body

first," he said to himself; "after that the mind may claim its nourishment, if it likes."

LXII.

In company with Herman, he made several journeys to the grotto, which the fairies considered their museum, but which he called simply the storehouse. He there found everything required for making butter, cheese, and pastry. Herman discovered quantities of delicacies, which he carried away; and Master Bonus, after numerous attempts, learned to make dainties at which a bishop might have licked his fingers. And in the sweet employments of good sleeping and good eating, the tutor forgot his days of misery, and did not trouble the young prince with teaching him to read.

LXIII.

The Queen of the Fairies came to see the establishment, and, as several of her companions were displeased at seeing two human beings instead of one, she said to them: "I do not know why you should trouble yourselves; the man is old, and will live no longer than he is needed by Herman's childhood. Besides, he is a curious animal, and the care which he takes of his body seems to me worth our study. Observe all this man's inventions for self-preservation. But he lacks neatness, and I wish that he were comfortably clothed."

LXIV.

She called Master Bonus, and said to him: "Your worn-out robe and this child's tattered garments offend my eyes. Busy yourself a little less with kneading cakes and inventing creams. If you cannot sew or spin, search in the grotto for some new clothing, so that I shall not see you again in these rags." "Certainly, madame," replied the pedagogue, hiding his fear under an air of gallantry; "it shall be as you wish, and I will spare no pains to make myself agreeable to you."

LXV.

But he found no garments for his own sex in the fairy storehouse, and, not knowing what to do, he begged Milith, an old fairy, almost idiotic, having drank the cup at the moment of her dotage, to help him clothe himself. Milith was pleased at being consulted, and, as no

one else did her this honor, she took the tutor into her friendship, and gave him one of her new dresses, made of good colored wool, and a cap of the same, with a red border; and, thus dressed like a woman, Master Bonus looked like a tall and very ugly fairy.

LXVI.

Then little Regis, who passed by, thought him so ridiculous that she laughed an hour; but, still laughing, she persuaded him to let her take the child, whom she wished to wear one of her own dresses; and when she had him in her own hands, she washed and perfumed him, arranged his hair, crowned him with flowers, put on him a necklace of pearls, and a gold belt, in which she fastened the thousand folds of his rose-colored petticoat, and then thought he was so beautiful, that she wanted to make him sing and dance, while she admired her work.

LXVII.

Herman, too, thought himself beautiful, and was delighted with his perfumed robe; but he knew nothing of obedience, and refused to dance, which made Regis angry. She snatched off his necklace, tore off his robe, and, like the fantastic fairy that she was, she rumbled his hair, stained his face with the juice of a black grain, and left him thoroughly ashamed, almost naked, and furious at being utterly impotent to injure the fairy in return.

LXVIII.

Master Bonus, however, seeing the anger of little Regis, ran away. Herman, rejoining him, reproached him for having fled from such a tiny fairy, and for having no more courage than a chicken. "I should be courageous and bold if I had not you to defend," replied the tutor. "You know very well that you cannot defend yourself. Fairies, even when no bigger than mice, are very formidable beings, and the best way is to endure their caprices without opposing them."

LXIX.

"As to myself, I, who should be roasted at a slow fire if I left them, have determined to bear all the caprices of these ladies, and if they had ordered me to dance, I would have done it, and cut up capers along the way." The child felt

that there was reason in what his tutor said, but despised him none the less: reason does not always advise what is most beautiful. He ran to find Zilla and tell her of his mishap, and show her how he had been abused. Zilla turned red with indignation, and led him to the Queen to make complaint against Regis.

LXX.

"You have deserved it all," said the Queen to Herman. "You sustain so poorly the dignity which your race attributes to you, that no one would credit it. You live less nobly than a wild beast, for he is contented with what he finds; but your preceptor and yourself care only to whet your appetites in order to enhance your natural hunger. You think no more of nourishing your souls than if you were nothing but mouth and stomach. You are really despicable, and do not excite in me the slightest interest."

LXXI.

The child was mortified, and Zilla understood that the Queen's lesson was meant for her more than for the child. She told Herman that, if he wished to learn, she would take the greatest pains with him, and then taking him away with her, she selected for him a white woollen tunic, in which she dressed him in a worse fashion than Regis had done, and then she gave him a coat of skins to wear when running in the forest, and arms to defend himself from the wild beasts, who might menace him as he grew larger; but she made him swear never to shed blood except in defending his life.

LXXII.

And then she gave him a book, and told him that when he could read it, she would take pains to teach him delightful things, which would make him happy. Herman went to find Master Bonus, and, with a truly heroic kick, threw the cakes he was making into the fire. "I do not want to be despised any longer," said he. "I wish no longer to make a god of my stomach. I want to be handsome and proud, and receive compliments. I order you to teach me to read. I wish to be taught to-morrow."

LXXIII.

Master Bonus obeyed with a sigh; but

the child did not know how to read on the morrow, and was angry, and said: "You do not know how to teach me. Perhaps you are ignorant. If so, retain these servant's clothes, which befit you, do the cooking, and call yourself Mistress Bona. I will come back and sup and lodge at your hotel, but I will go elsewhere to seek the honor of my race and the learning which gives happiness." And he departed with his dog, leaving the tutor stupefied at such language.

LXXIV.

When Zilla saw the child so resolute and submissive, full of pride and ambition, repeating without understanding the words which he had heard the Queen address to her, she was astonished at seeing the power which self-love exercised over his youthful soul, and she wished to try herself to instruct him. She found him so attentive and so intelligent that she liked the task, and keeping him longer with her day by day, she could hardly do without his company.

LXXV.

When the sun shone, she walked with him, and taught him the secret of the divine things of nature, the history of light and its marriage with plants, the mystery of stones and the language of waters, the way of governing the wildest animals, of making trees and rocks follow her, of evoking by song immaterial powers, of making sparks fly from her fingers, and of talking with the spirits hidden under the earth.

LXXVI.

By moonlight she taught him the symbolical language of night, the history of the stars, and the way of mounting clouds in dreams. She taught him how to separate himself from his body, and to see with the magic eyes which she made him find in drops of meadow dew. She told him also what the milky way is made of, and sometimes she made him forsake his own real self, and walk in the silent spaces under the highest mountains.

LXXVII.

When the wind and snow and rain threatened to stupefy the mind of her pupil, she led him into the mysterious grottos, where the fairies who preserve the mystic fire consented to admit

him to some of their interviews. There he learned to converse with the spirits of the dead, to read the thoughts of the absent, to see through the thickest rocks, to measure the height of heaven without looking at it, to weigh the earth and the plants in an invisible balance, and a thousand other marvellous secrets which are child's play to fairies.

LXXVIII.

When Herman had learned all these things, he was fifteen years old, and he was so handsome, so amiable, so well educated, and every way so agreeable, that, if the fairies had been capable of loving, they would every one of them have been in love with him; but their appetites are so well regulated by the impossibility of dying, that they cannot aspire to any deep human sentiment; even friendship is denied them, as causing sorrow and disturbing the perfect and monotonous equilibrium of their being.

LXXIX.

What remains to them of humanity is proportioned exactly to their power of feeling emotion without pain or duration. Thus they are imperious and irascible; but they soon forget, and are only the better for it. They have many coquetries and jealousies, but, being always at liberty to forget if they like, and to lay aside their care and spite when they are tired of them, they trouble themselves about nothing, and rejoice at nothing. They know nothing of happiness, and consequently do not seek it. What could they do with it?

LXXX.

They do not enjoy science as we do, because they use it only in defending themselves from the misfortunes of ignorance, without knowing the joy of defending others by it. When they had taught little Herman they congratulated themselves, because he had become a companion and almost an equal, but they were every moment saying to each other, to prevent loving him, "Do not forget that he must die." However, if he complimented one of them, another pouted, and he had to console her by complimenting her still more.

LXXXI.

Which does not prove that they were silly or vain, but they prided themselves

highly on having conquered by science a mode of existence which renders them proof against our sufferings. Zilla was the most jealous of them all, because she had claims upon Herman, or thought she had; and when he praised the gayety of Regis or the wisdom of the Queen, Zilla treated him coldly, and recollected what a trifling thing a human child was in comparison with herself.

LXXXII.

Herman, however, loved her more than all the others, and looked upon her as his mother; but he was timid and proud, and heard around him so little of the language of love, that he had not dared to dream of loving any one more than himself. He went from time to time to see Master Bonus, who kept on inventing dainties, and was not unhappy in his solitude, except that now and then the fairies amused themselves by tormenting him.

LXXXIII.

They caused all sorts of ridiculous hallucinations. Sometimes he thought himself a woman, and imagined that an Ethiopian wanted to sell him to the Eastern caliphs. Then he hid himself in the rocks till he was hungry, which was a great evil for him. At another time, Regis persuaded him that she was in love with him, and enticed him to a rendezvous, where he was tossed and beaten by invisible hands. All this was to punish him for pretending to magic, and for allowing himself gross and puerile incantations.

LXXXIV.

For the rest, he fared well, and grew fat, and did not look very old, for fairies are good at heart; and when they had tired or frightened him, they gave him sleep and appetite to make up for it. Herman tried to feel interest in his condition, but finding him so selfish and so positive, he left him in disdain. The only being who showed a true friendship for the child was his dog, and when the eyes of this faithful creature seemed to say, "I love you," Herman wept, he knew not why.

LXXXV.

But the dog became so old that one day he could not rise to follow his master. Herman was frightened, and ran to find Zilla. "My dog is going to

die," he said; "we must prevent it." "I cannot," she replied; "everything on earth must die, except fairies." "Prolong his life a few years," said Herman; "you can do more difficult things than that. If my dog should die, what would become of me? I love him better than anything on earth except you, and I cannot live without his friendship."

LXXXVI.

"You speak like a fool," said the fairy. "You may love your dog, since men must be foolish enough to love something, but I do not wish you to say that you love me, since you apply the same words to your dog. If your dog dies, I will find another, which you will love as much." "No," replied Herman; "I do not want another after him, and since I must not love you, I will henceforth love nothing but death."

LXXXVII.

The dog died, and the child was inconsolable. Master Bonus could not comprehend his grief, and the fairies despised it. Then Herman in his irritation felt what was wanting in this fairy kingdom. He was fondled and instructed, protected and loaded with benefits, but he was not loved, and he loved no one. Zilla endeavored to divert him, by leading him with her to the most beautiful places in the mountain. She admitted him with herself into the marvellous palace which the fairies build and destroy in an hour.

LXXXVIII.

She showed him pyramids higher than Himalaya, and glaciers of diamond and carbuncle, castles whose walls were made only of flowers interwoven, porticos and colonnades of flame, gardens of jewels, where the birds sang songs which ravished the mind and senses; but Herman was already too wise to take these things in earnest, and one day said to Zilla: "These are only fancies; and the things you show me have no reality."

LXXXIX.

She tried to charm him by a still more beautiful dream. She led him to the moon. For a moment he was pleased, and then wanted to go to the sun. She redoubled her invocations, and they went to the sun. Herman felt no inter-

est in what he saw. He said continually to the fairy: "You make me dream, you do not make me live." And when he awoke, he said: "I remember nothing; it is as if I had seen nothing."

XC.

He was seized with melancholy. The Queen saw that he was pale and depressed. "Since you cannot love heaven," said she, "at least try to love the earth." Herman meditated on the meaning of these words. He remembered that Zilla had once given him grain, a plough, an ass, and a mule. He labored, sowed and planted, and took pleasure in finding how fertile, tractable, and motherly is the earth. Master Bonus was delighted at having daily to grind grain and make bread.

XCI.

But Herman did not understand the pleasure of mere eating; and, after seeing what the earth gave back in return for what man lends her, he asked no more of her, and returned to what she freely gave him. The Queen said to him: "The torrent is not always clear. Since the last storms, it wears away its banks; and there, where you like to swim, it is full of rocks and slime. Try to direct its course. Endeavor to love the water, since you no longer love the earth."

XCII.

Herman directed the course of the torrent, restored its beauty, its harmonious voice, its light motion, its sweet repose in the little cup of the lakes; but, at last, having no more orders to give it, he found it too submissive. He tore down the sluices he had made, and took pleasure at seeing the water resume its freedom, and begin its ravages again. "What caprice is this?" asked Zilla. "Why," said he, "should I tyrannize over the water? *Because I cannot be loved, need I be hated?*"

XCIII.

Zilla thought her son very ungrateful, and, for the first time in many centuries, was seriously dissatisfied. "I wish to forget him," she said to the Queen, "for he gives me more trouble than he is worth. Permit me to take him hence, and restore him to the society of his equals. You said, truly, that I should become tired of him, and old Trollia was

right in reproving me for my protection and caresses."

XCIV.

"Do what you wish," said the Queen; "but remember that the child will now be unhappy with man, and that you cannot forget him as quickly as you hope. We have no right to destroy anything, yet you have destroyed something in his soul." "What is that?" asked Zilla. "Ignorance of the good which he cannot possess. Try to banish him, and you will see!" "See what, since I wish to see him no more?" "You will see him in your mind, for he will reproach himself, and this phantom will cry after you, day and night."

XCV.

Zilla did not understand what the Queen said to her. Never having done wrong, even before drinking the cup, she had no fear of the remorse of which she had no knowledge. At liberty to carry out her fancies, she said to Herman: "You are not happy here; do you wish to return to your own people?" Herman had wished it a thousand times, but had never dared to speak of it, lest he should seem ungrateful and displease Zilla. Surprised at the proposal, he doubted if she were in earnest.

XCVI.

"Your will," he replied, "shall be mine." "Very well," said she, "go and find Master Bonus, and I will lead you forth from our domain." It was impossible to induce Master Bonus to leave the Valley of the Fairies. He threw himself at the Queen's feet, saying: "Do you wish me to go and end my life in suffering? Have I offended any one here? I live only on vegetables and meal. I respect your mysteries, and never come near your altars. Let me die where I am."

XCVII.

He was permitted to remain, and Herman, who had grown to be a man, declaring that he had no need of his tutor, set out alone with Zilla. When they came to the frightful rocky parapet, which no man dared attempt from without, she wished to keep him

from dizziness by a charm. "No," he said, "I am familiar with this path. I have followed it more than once, and I could have escaped long ago." "Why have you remained, then, against your will?" said Zilla. Herman did not answer.

XCVIII.

He was sorry that the fairy asked him this question. She ought to have divined that nothing but respect and affection had detained him. Zilla understood his proud silence, and grew sad at the thought of the sacrifice she was making; but she had resolved to make it, and kept on walking before him. When they reached the bound where they were to separate, she gave him the gold which she had once stolen from the herald of the duke, his father, and offered to the child as a plaything. Then he had disdained it, and now he smiled and took it without pleasure.

XCIX.

"You could not do without it," she said. "Here you have no right to take anything upon the earth. You must observe the conditions of exchange." Herman did not understand her. She had disdained to teach him the laws and usages of human society. It was too late to warn him of the evils awaiting him in this new world. Besides, Herman did not listen to her. He was like one intoxicated, for his soul was impatient for its flight; but his intoxication was full of bitterness, and he restrained himself from weeping.

C.

If the fairy at this moment had said to him: "Will you return with me?" he would have loved and blessed her; but she hardened her heart against all weakness; her eyes were dry and her words cold. Herman felt that it was only a shadow which he had loved, and, doing violence to himself, he bade her farewell. When she had disappeared, he sat down and wept. Zilla, turning, saw it, and was about to call him back; but must she not forget him, since she could not make him happy?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Fraser's Magazine.

THE MILITARY SITUATION IN INDIA.

THE most conflicting opinions appear to exist on the subject of our military requirements in India. Some speakers in the House have contended that the number of British troops ought to be reduced; others maintain that no reduction is possible; and some even go so far as to advocate an increase of the British establishment. We propose, in this paper, to offer some remarks on what is really an important subject, and endeavor to suggest some data to enable Englishmen who have no personal acquaintance with India to form their own opinions on it.

Like most matters connected with India, this has probably been looked at hitherto too much from an exclusively Indian point of view. We were so long accustomed to think of India simply as the preserve of the East India Company, that even now, when the old régime has passed away, and we have been compelled to acknowledge practically that we ought to legislate for India as an integral part of the British Empire, we still unconsciously relapse into the old grooves, and look at Indian questions as if they could concern India alone and be without influence on national interest. This mistake strikes an observer more strongly in India than at home. The Court of Directors has been replaced in London by the Indian Council, under a Secretary of State; but the local government is to all intents and purposes the same as it was formerly. It is composed in great measure of the same men, and is animated almost wholly by the old ideas. The reorganization of the army since the mutiny is the work of these men, and bears very strongly the impress of the old mischievous notion of legislating for India with little or no regard to imperial interests.

Our proposed subject, then, embraces the consideration of the military requirements of India, (1) with reference to the country itself, (2) with reference to the empire at large.

The physical features of Indian geography are sufficiently remarkable. The peninsula is completely bounded by mountains; from near Kurrachee on the west to the Malayan peninsula on

the east, our frontier is everywhere marked by ranges, in great part extremely lofty, and generally difficult and nearly impracticable. The peninsula itself consists of the plain country traversed by the huge water-systems of the Indus on the west, and the Ganges and Brahmapootra on the east; and of an extensive tract of more or less elevated and broken table-land which fills up the quadrangle bounded by the Ganges and Indus, the Bay of Bengal, and the Indian Ocean.

The country presents nowhere material obstacles to communication, except where a large river has to be crossed. But the Indian rivers are generally very serious difficulties in the way of communication. They are, as a rule, violent and uncertain in current, and they either cut through rock, or flow over loose and shifting soil. Navigation is accordingly rendered difficult, either by rapids or sandbanks. Permanent bridges do not exist, with the few exceptions created by railways; the rivers are crossed by ferry, except that during some five months of the year bridges of boats are available on the principal roads.

The coast line is deficient in good harbors. There are four, which alone deserve mention in a rapid general sketch. Of these Bombay is the only really good one; Kurrachee is the next best, and capable of improvement; Madras is only an open road; and the approach to Calcutta is difficult, not to say dangerous. A better and safer harbor has been proposed in another branch of the Ganges, at Port Canning, about thirty miles from Calcutta; but the deadly nature of the climate has, as yet, prevented it from being generally adopted.

The richest and altogether most important part of the country is that which extends from Calcutta to Peshawur, and comprises the whole valley of the Ganges and the Punjab. The grand trunk road, before railways, the most important line of communication in India, traverses this whole region, and is kept in admirable order. The communications between large and important places are, as a rule, very fair throughout the country; but the cross and by-roads are imperfect, and liable to very serious damage in the rains.

Considerable progress has been made

in Indian railways; though far less than might be wished. Those lines which principally demand notice in a military point of view are:

1. The East Indian railway, from Calcutta along the valley of the Ganges.

2. The Scinde and Punjab line, from Kurrachee to Lahore, and thence eastward, to connect with the East Indian railway.

3. The Great Indian Peninsula, from Bombay, joining the East Indian railway, through Central India, at two points, near Benares and Agra, and the Madras lines through the Deccan.

4. The Madras railway, connecting Madras with the western coast, near Calicut.

The last-named line is complete; the remainder are in a more or less advanced state of progress.

These lines are, however, we believe, at present only single; and the rolling stock is, in some cases at least, inadequate even for the ordinary traffic. The Scinde line, which is, for military purposes, perhaps the most important in India, as giving us the most direct communication between England and the Punjab, is the most backward of all. One portion, from Kurrachee to Kotree on the Indus, has been at work for some time; and another, from Mooltan to Lahore, has been completed in the last year. But between these points, a distance of some four hundred miles, including the passage of the Indus and Lower Sutlej, intervenes, which forms a tedious and troublesome march. The steamers on the Indus afford a very unsatisfactory substitute for the railway over this important gap.

When this entire railway system is completed, we shall have communication between each of the four main harbors of India by a network of lines, which will place every part of the country within reasonably easy marching distance from the rail at one point or other.

Fortresses, in the European sense, do not exist in India. At Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, there are small bastioned forts, but not intended for large garrisons, or calculated to offer any prolonged resistance to regular attack. And, besides numerous old native forts scattered about the country, we have strong places of more importance—as at Delhi

and Allahabad. But we are so thoroughly superior in the field to any native enemy, that fortified places have far less importance in India than they assume in European operations.

As regards the political geography of India, there is only one native State of any consequence (the Nizam's dominions) within our territory; but there are various minor principalities, independent or protected. None of these, however, not even the Nizam, have any military power which can virtually affect our position, or need be taken largely into account in estimating our military requirements.

Of our neighbors there are two, besides the Burmese Empire, powerful enough to demand special consideration—the kingdom of Nepal, which from the slopes of the Eastern Himalayas overhangs our main line of communication from Calcutta to the northwest; and Afghanistan, on our extreme northwest frontier. The inhabitants of these countries are remarkable for warlike qualities among our mountain neighbors, who again distinguish themselves from the people of the plains by aptitude for war. Either power, united in spirit and formally at war with us, would require a very considerable display of force; for it must be remembered that in a war against our Indian neighbors, we are obliged to meet them very much on their own terms and in their own difficult country. It is this fact which has given such large dimensions and factitious importance to such small wars as those of Umbeyla and Bhootan. It is not the actual relative strength of the enemy, which would be insignificant enough, if we could bring it fairly face to face with us, but the impracticable nature of the ground, where we must fight them very much when and how they please, and the considerations of supply, transport, and communication, which make these little wars so expensive and troublesome. And these things must in reason be borne in mind, whether in estimating the services of those who have brought such wars to a successful issue, or the standard of our future requirements.

Our most formidable foe in India, however, is the native of India. We have no desire, in this purely military sketch,

to touch on political matters more than necessary ; but it is a fact which cannot be denied, and which must not be evaded, that our administration of the country has not reconciled the people to our rule. The bulk of the population is sullenly and passively disinclined towards us ; the fanatical portion is bitterly and implacably hostile ; and there is a large seething mass of crime and turbulence, which finds its account in ordinary times in suppressed disaffection, and would on occasion seek it but too readily in open hostility.

But here again we are the favorites of fortune. From the hills of Hagara to Cape Comorin, from the half-Thibetan inhabitant of the Himalayas to the wild Belooch, among all the varied races which throng the plains and mountains of Hindostan, there is probably none which does not hate us. But if they hate us well, they hate each other better ; and what is more to the purpose, they distrust each other cordially. The native potentates whom we have discrowned in fact where not in name ; the native aristocracy, whose privileges we have interfered with, and whose pleasant practices of extortion and oppression we have interrupted ; the peasant, whom we have vainly tried to raise—all hate us with more or less intensity. But they, each and all, seek their own ; and they, each and all, know this of their brethren. So that, even setting aside the old animosities of race and religion, there is little chance of any general combination against us.

We have, then, undisturbed communication with India, while we hold our present position as a maritime power. We have at least four available harbors, as bases of operation, whence we can push our forces into the country. We have fairly good, and daily improving, lines of operation from those bases to all parts of the interior. We hold various strong points in the country itself. We are singularly little exposed to attack from without. And we have to deal with a divided, if disaffected, population ; which is, moreover, under our actual rule. These facts are to give the measure of our requirements, in a military point of view, as regards India itself ; and it appears from them—1, That a very moderate number of troops would suffice

to occupy the strategically important points in the country ; 2, That, in consideration of the hostile spirit of our subjects, a considerable reserve force, in addition to the garrisons of the points which we must occupy, should be maintained.

We have said above, that this, as all other questions relating to India, should not be looked at exclusively, or even principally, from a local point of view. India is only a portion of our empire, and general national interests claim primary consideration. We are obliged to keep garrisons in various other parts of the East. We maintain them at the Cape, Australia, New-Zealand, Mauritius, Ceylon, China, and Japan, and we shall probably before long have to occupy Vancouver's Island with a military force. In one or other of these countries we are almost always engaged in war, which requires an addition to the ordinary garrison. We ought, therefore, to have ready at some convenient spot, a reserve force from which we may rapidly detach reinforcements to the scene of operations. India is, except on sanitary grounds, the most convenient point for the station of our reserve for the whole East.

The principal consideration, however, in a national point of view, is that our Eastern possessions must not absorb an undue proportion of our necessarily small army. Not only is the strength of our standing army limited by our general financial necessities, but there is difficulty in these days in obtaining recruits under the voluntary system. It would be preposterous, therefore, for English statesmen to allow the national power to be straitened, and its prestige imperilled, by locking up in India more troops than are absolutely necessary. Local interests are too apt to assume exaggerated proportions from a local point of view ; and none but the most obvious and well-proved requirements should be admitted in fixing the number of our troops for Eastern service.

National interests, then, and national considerations, fix the maximum limit to which our forces in the East should be carried, while the minimum is determined by the positive necessities of our position. And as it is impossible to foresee what chances may put a strain upon our

power in Europe, it is necessary that every measure of economizing our forces in the East should receive the earliest and most careful attention.

We have thus endeavored to establish the general principles which should determine the amount of our military force in India and we believe that those principles will be accepted as sound, and calculated to make a comparatively small army sufficient for our requirements. It is not our province to go into all the details of the question; but our remarks would be very incomplete without some further and more particular consideration of our absolute necessities, and the present state of things. And as our remarks on existing arrangements must of necessity be more or less critical, we should premise that the decision of military questions in India rests, not with military authorities, either in that country or at home, but with the Supreme Government of India. This sounds so anomalous that it will appear almost incredible; but it is not less the fact. Everywhere else it is the custom to leave the responsibility of military arrangements to military men. They are instructed what they have to provide for, and what means are at their disposal; they make their arrangements, and bear the responsibility of success or failure. But it is different in India; the choice of a station, the construction and armament of a fortress, the distribution of troops, the constitution of a force for active operations, the means of military communication, are all matters of primary military importance; but they are not in India determined primarily on military grounds or by the military authorities. These are indeed generally consulted at some stage of the proceedings, but rather as a matter of form, and their opinions are allowed little weight. It should be clearly understood that the government of India is wholly responsible for all arrangements affecting the amount of force we keep up in the country.

It will be at once conceded that that amount must be very largely affected by judicious or injudicious arrangements in regard to the composition of the force; its distribution through the country; the sites and character of the men's

barracks; the means of rapid communication and artificial defence.

The composition and organization of the native army is a most important element in determining the minimum to which the British part of the force can be safely reduced. We must assume that the population from which the native troops are drawn is more or less disinclined to our rule; and, as a consequence, that the native army is not wholly reliable. It is, then, essential that we should seize every means in our power to neutralize this dangerous element in a force, which, to be worth entertaining, must be trained to a high degree of military efficiency. The means, fortunately, lie largely to our hand. We know that the differences and antipathies of race and religion in India almost secure us from any universal combination against our rule; that, in an outbreak of Mohammedans, we could reckon with some confidence on the fidelity of Mahrattas, Sikhs, and Goorkhas; that the Pathans, Goorkhas, and Beloochees would be ready enough to go with us against the Sikhs; and, in general, that we can scarcely conceive the circumstances which would unite all races against us.

If anything could smooth over the natural hostility of race, and combine natives of all sorts against us, it would probably be the *esprit de corps*, the *kameradschaft*, which is very apt to grow up among men of the same regiment. For this reason, among others, it seems very questionable if the present system, of each regiment being composed of men of different castes, is a wise one. Certainly it is not approved by some very high authorities — men who combine good practical sense with Indian experience.

Another point which seems open to remark in the constitution of the native army, is its militia character. The men are enlisted with too much view to local service. The armies of the three presidencies serve, as a rule, only in their respective presidencies; and, when there is occasion for service out of India, volunteers have to be specially called for. That the natives of India, to some extent at least, are not averse to foreign service, especially where there is any prospect of plunder, has been sufficiently shown

in China and Japan. It is probable that, if a slightly higher rate of pay were given to corps enlisted for general, than for local service, the objections of natives would be found to yield before the practical argument. The advantages of the change in national interests are too obvious to require remark.

Indian officers are at variance as to the relative advantages of the regular and irregular systems—that is, that formerly prevailing in the army and that which obtains since the mutiny in Bengal and Bombay. The fact probably is that under the present system corps have too few officers, while under the old one the powers of commanding officers over their men were not sufficiently direct and despotic. There seems no reason why both objections should not be avoided.

Since the mutiny the artillery is exclusively British, and no portion of the native troops is armed with the Enfield—arrangements which call for unqualified approval. But we must not omit to notice, and most emphatically to condemn, the organization of the Punjab irregular force. This force, intended for service beyond the Indus, is composed of the three arms, is entirely native, and almost wholly Mohammedan. It is a comparatively late creation, and one for which no valid military cause can be shown; while it is open to all the objections which were urged against the old Bengal army, and has the additional disadvantage that the men are a very superior description of fighting animal.

What has been said of the native army holds equally with regard to the police, with the addition that the latter force, being more loosely disciplined and less isolated from the population, is more open to adverse influences than the former. It bears a very indifferent character, even in India, and its thorough reorganization on a sound footing is very much to be desired.

The strength at which the native army should be maintained is closely connected with financial considerations. There is no apparent reason just now why the number of native troops and police should not be fixed simply with reference to the state of the revenue.

The British force must be in proportion to the native; but, if the latter is

judiciously constituted, it may safely be in considerable excess of the former—perhaps some three to one; and the military requirements of the country are little likely to demand so large a native army as to make it a matter of difficulty to keep the British contingent up to the necessary strength. The duties of the latter should be to occupy, in requisite force, all important strategical points; while the former should be used for the detached duties all over the country, the necessity of which is still a cardinal article of faith with the Indian civilian.

British troops ought to be reserved exclusively to hold, in no greater force than is essential, such points as are of primary strategical importance—such as the harbors which form the means of communication with England—the bridges, where main roads or railways cross large rivers—fortresses and arsenals—and the strong forts which may occasionally be desirable for controlling large native cities. The stations of all English soldiers, which are not required for these purposes, should be selected with exclusive regard to sanitary considerations, and the facility for rapid concentration on points of permanent military value.

The correctness of these principles will scarcely be questioned by military men; they have been recommended by the highest military talent, and accepted by the good sense of the English public. Yet they are wholly disregarded by the Indian government. And it is not too strong language to characterize this disregard as evidencing a wanton waste of the resources of England no less than of the life of the English soldier. There are at present some seventy thousand British troops in India. In the Bengal presidency there are thirty-three regiments of infantry distributed at thirty-three principal stations, besides detachments; of these only two and a half regiments are in the hills, and at three stations only does the infantry garrison consist of more than one regiment. There is not one hill station in the presidency for British cavalry or artillery, which are scattered about the face of the country even more than the infantry, in utter defiance of all sound military principles. Nor is this arrange-

ment an old one, which we might hope to see shortly revised; it is one only just introduced and not yet wholly carried out. These facts distinctly fix upon the Indian government the charges of wasting the resources of the mother country by neglect of strategical principles, and imperilling the life and ruining the health of British soldiers by a disregard of the sanitary measures urged from home.

It would be easy to illustrate by facts the consequences of keeping English soldiers in the plains—we will only quote one case at present. In a certain station, one of the healthiest in the Bengal plains, an English regiment* has this year been stationed. As it is one of the best-conducted corps in the army, the health of the men is not injuriously affected by intemperance. There were in that regiment a short time ago two hundred men, or about twenty-five per cent., in hospital; there was one officer fit for duty, the remainder being on the sick list, and the whole of the medical officers succumbed to the fatigue and anxiety entailed upon them. All this occurred at a healthy station, and in a regiment already acclimatized and in no way predisposed to disease; nor was it the result of any unusual epidemic. The season has certainly been more than commonly hot; but such seasons are of periodical recurrence in India; and the circumstance is not an unfair specimen of what takes place in India, little as people at home probably realize the fact.

The system of dispersing British troops in small bodies about the country is an old tradition of the Indian government, and appears to be a relic of the antiquated strategy which sought to secure a long line by posting a corporal's party at every milestone. It has been adhered to with extreme pertinacity in India, in spite of the representations of such men as Sir Charles Napier; and one is forced to believe that Indian authorities imagine it to be necessary. No reason for it has ever been given, so far as we are aware; but it is so palpably opposed to all sound military principle, that the reasons for maintaining it ought to be distinctly and publicly stated. An able and eloquent writer has urged, in

a recent article, that England should withdraw, as far as possible, from European politics, and confine her mission to the East. He argues that we have in India a faithful and entirely trustworthy ally, which has no aims of her own, and whose resources are wholly at our disposal. This ought undoubtedly to be the case; and if it is not, it argues a waste of the national power. But, practically, India is at present a source of weakness rather than strength to England. As long as it is pretended that seventy thousand British troops must be kept in the country, solely for the security of our rule, it is vain to look to India for assistance, or to see in her any thing but a heavy drag upon our resources. And as long as the deplorable system of dispersing British troops in small bodies about the country is allowed to continue, so long must we keep an extravagantly large force in India, and so long must we be content to stand before the world with our right arm tied, and to pocket the affronts which our powerless attitude may provoke.

Circumstances have recently placed in very strong light the tenacity with which the Indian government clings to this system. The Sanitary Commission on the army in India, whose report was published in 1863, laid down the principle that one third of the British troops should be in the hills. This recommendation is of course incompatible with the practice which has hitherto prevailed, and it has accordingly been entirely ignored. Not a single measure can be pointed to which even indicates any intention of giving effect to it. On the contrary, there would be no difficulty in citing instances of action the very reverse of that contemplated. Judging from its acts, we should conclude that the Indian government must have reason to believe the climate of the Indian plains to be especially salubrious, unless, perhaps, to the highest functionaries. It appears to be desirable that the Commander-in-Chief should spend the hot weather at Simla, but that all other ranks, from generals of division downwards, are far better in the plains. We do not pretend to understand the peculiarities of the Indian climate, which seems to respect the rules

* Second Battalion Rifle Brigade, Meerut.

of precedence obtaining in the country ; and should have been inclined to suppose that the same sanitary conditions which affect the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief, and render it desirable for them to spend the hot weather in the hills, would have held, though possibly in a minor degree, of their subordinates of all grades. But as there is no public opinion in India, the wisdom of the Supreme Government escapes question ; and we may content ourselves with mentioning one instance, which will enable people at home to judge of its mode of dealing with matters which affect the British soldier.

It appeared lately that the space in barracks allotted for the men's sleeping rooms was so confined that their health must inevitably suffer. It naturally suggested itself to ordinary men that the readiest and most effectual remedy would be to remove a number of men to the hills. The measure actually ordered by government was to divert the space intended for the recreation and improvement of the men—their reading rooms, libraries, etc.—from these most necessary purposes, and turn them into dormitories. Such a measure could never have been contemplated, much less ordered, by men who knew or cared anything about the soldier's welfare. Barrack life in India is necessarily tedious, and, in the hot season, almost insupportable. Occupation out of doors is impossible ; and the only means the soldier had of breaking the hideous monotony of the long exhausting day he sought in these places of recreation. To close them was to condemn him to an existence which was simply intolerable, and almost to force him to seek refuge in drink. Such a proceeding as this, taken alone, proves its authors utterly unfit to be trusted with authority over British soldiers ; it is sufficient, by itself, to condemn the Indian government as reckless of the soldier's life and efficiency ; and demands that the management of all military matters should be withdrawn from it.

We do not imply that there is, on the part of the Indian government, a deliberate wish to deprive the soldier of what is necessary to his comfort and well-being ; but it is impossible to avoid seeing that there is a culpable amount of

ignorance of and indifference to his interests. The British soldier is precious to England, if not to India ; and it is not to be endured that his health and welfare, his efficiency, and often his life, should be at the mercy of a system of habitual mismanagement. Were the instance which we have just quoted a solitary one, we should be slow to draw so strong a conclusion from it ; but it is no unfair specimen, though a striking one. Everything that has been done for the soldier's good in India — and a great deal has of late years been attempted — has originated with, and been urged by, the military authorities ; by the Indian government his interests are habitually misunderstood, and treated as of secondary importance. Not only is he kept unnecessarily in the unhealthy plain, but his barracks are for the most part badly situated and badly built ; and any expense, having his welfare for its object, is scrutinized in an illiberal spirit and grudgingly doled out. No one who has seen the manner in which this subject is dealt with at home can fail to be painfully struck with the indifference, to use the mildest term, which prevails in India. We do not believe that any thorough and sufficient reform in this direction can be expected from the Indian government. Pressure from home might produce, for a time, a certain amount of action ; but it is vain to look for such a changed spirit as would insure habitual and systematic attention to the matter. The only effectual remedy must be sought in withdrawing from the local authorities the entire control and management of military matters.

It only remains to offer a few observations on the last subject which we have indicated as influencing the amount of the English force to be kept in India—the means of communication and artificial defence. With respect to the first, we have already observed that the means of communication in India are generally fair. We must look anxiously to the progress of the railways which are to perfect our military position. But, as they are in the hands of private enterprise, they are less likely to suffer unnecessary delay than if they were under construction by government. Only it is essential that the direction of the lines with reference to military purposes

should be determined by competent military authority; that of the lines already planned, has, we believe, been judiciously selected.

Arsenals and fortresses must of course be in the plain country for the sake of ready accessibility. And for this reason, as they must be garrisoned by British troops, they must be as few as possible. The considerations which should be attended to in fixing their sites are strategical, sanitary, and lastly political. They should never be near large native cities. A greater military mistake could hardly be committed than that of placing them in a position where they would incur even the slightest risk of falling into hostile hands. Large native cities are the hot-beds of disaffection in the country; and, however great the expense of the change might be, our arsenals ought, for the sake of security, to be removed from their neighborhood. This point has not, we believe, received the attention it deserves. It is one of great moral and material importance.

Our military position in India is remarkable, then, for combining more than common strategical advantages with a wide margin of possible danger. We have uninterrupted communication with England and throughout the country; we hold all the points of military value in it; and we are infinitely superior in military qualifications to our possible foes. On the other hand, the country is of enormous extent, and we must be prepared to meet an outbreak of uncertain dimensions in any part of it at any time. It is not possible to conceive a combination of circumstances in which the difference of good or bad military arrangements would tell more. Under the conditions given, a good general would obtain perfect security with a moderate expenditure of the national power, while a bad one would waste the latter and miss the former.

The difference is far too serious to be a light matter to England. She totters, as it is, on the lofty pinnacle of European influence, which was her inheritance from a former generation. The shadow of her power has grown less, because its strength and substance are no longer in the same proportion to the demands on them. Friends and foes alike are well aware that her purposes nowadays are

less direct and decided than they were, her will less independent, and her bearing less commanding. It is not to the growth of a love of peace that this change can be wholly attributed. It is true that we are less disposed than formerly to war, but this is owing rather to the much wider extent of our present interests, the larger claims on our resources, and the greater difficulty we have in manning our fleets and armies, than to any extraordinary progress of peace principles. It is not now that England, looking to the steady tide of emigration from her shores, the enormous extent of her possessions scattered over the face of the globe, and the compact strength of her rivals, can afford to waste her soldiers, or accept, without narrow scrutiny, the claims for men which India makes.

The subject is professional, but its importance is national. It must be technical in its details, and therefore unattractive to the general reader. But the broad question is, whether England shall or shall not be able, on an emergency, to withdraw forty thousand of her troops from the East. We believe that under certain arrangements it is perfectly possible. But we also believe, and we must not hesitate to express our belief, that it is not possible so long as the control of military matters in India is left to the local government.

One remark more, and we have done. It would naturally be expected, from what we have seen of the mismanagement of ordinary military matters in India, that the conduct of active operations would be little satisfactory. The present war with Bhootan furnishes an instance to our hand. We state a fact, which is notorious enough in India, that the Commander-in-Chief not only did not approve, but opposed with all his power, both the plan of operation and the constitution of the force which made the late unfortunate expedition. His opinion was disregarded: the government of India decided on a line of action, singularly little calculated to attain the desired object, and certain to expose our troops at the most unhealthy period of the year to perhaps the most unhealthy climate in India. The inevitable consequences have followed; and, when the bill for this little war comes before Parliament, some inquiry may well be made

as to the expenditure of human life which has taken place, and the extent to which it might have been avoided.

London Quarterly Review.

THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND.*

THE third great church of this period is Worcester Cathedral, the existing choir and lady chapel of which were begun in 1224. The Norman church had been greatly injured by fire in 1202. It was afterwards restored; but during a great storm of wind in 1221, its "lesser towers" fell, and probably ruined the choir. Rich offerings, however, had been pouring in at the shrine of St. Wulfstan, before which King John had been buried in 1216; and the wealth thus acquired was sufficient, at any rate, to commence the rebuilding. There are some peculiarities at Worcester, especially the ornamentation of the tympana in the triforium arches, their double arcade, and the sculpture in the spandrels of the wall arcades, which strongly recall Lincoln, and render it highly probable that its architects had sought inspiration from the work of that cathedral, then nearly approaching completion. Worcester is hardly entitled to take rank among English cathedrals of the first class; but it contains many portions of extreme interest, and its Early English work especially has never, we think, received all the attention it deserves.

Thus, through all the tumult and distraction of the thirteenth century—that great century which saw the gaining of so many steps towards the constitutional liberties of England, and which was so fruitful of results throughout Europe—Pointed or, as it seems better to call it, "Gothic" architecture won its even way, gradually developing itself from the plate tracery and stiff leafage of Salisbury and Lincoln, to the elaborate mouldings and natural foliage which characterize the change from Early English to the first period of Decorated—a change which first becomes distinctly evident after the accession of Edward I. "With all its grace," says Mr. Beresford Hope, "Early English

has about it an indescribable primness. It may remind the poet of Pallas Athene; but Pallas Athene never suffered herself to be wooed."* This is no doubt true of Early English in its first development, and especially true of Salisbury. The grace may occasionally predominate over the "primness," as it certainly does in Bishop Eustace's most beautiful Galilee porch at Ely, built probably in the latter years of his episcopate, which extended from 1198 to 1215; and perhaps in Bishop Godfrey de Lucy's (1189–1204) work in the retrochoir of Winchester, which at any rate calls for notice as one of the earliest examples of the style. We must refer our readers to the admirable woodcuts of both Galilee and Retrochoir, which Mr. Jewitt has furnished to the *Handbooks*, and leave them to form their own conclusions; but he would be a daring critic who should venture to assert the superiority of Early English to the style of the following period, into which it slowly developed. Still, we would by no means seek to undervalue the vigor of thought and of imagination which produced the Gothic of the thirteenth century. The fresh, exuberant life—the daring and the devotion of the age—found one means of expression, among many others, in its architecture; and it may well be doubted whether the invention of an entirely new style does not suggest higher qualities than the carrying onward of that style to new development and to more entire perfection.

The transition from Early English to Decorated was so gradual that it is not possible to mark any distinct period of change. The north transept of Hereford Cathedral (1282–1287) is one of the many examples which we scarcely know whether to assign to the close of the first division, or to the commencement of the second. The unusual (nearly triangular) form of its arches, and its pure, lofty windows, give an especial interest to this transept, in which once stood the shrine of St. Thomas Cantilupe (Bishop of Hereford, 1275–1282), the last Englishman canonized before the Reformation.

The two cathedrals which most entirely belong to the Decorated period are Exeter (choir and nave, 1308–1369) and

* Concluded from page 235.

* *Cathedral of the Nineteenth Century*, p. 44.

Lichfield (nave, lady chapel, and presbytery, 1250-1325). Much of York Minster (nave and chapter-house, 1285-1345) is of this period, as are the choir, lady chapel, and chapter-house of Wells (1293-1326); and Ely, besides its famous octagon (1322-1328), has one portion (the western bays of the choir, the building of which was begun in 1338, of which Mr. Jewitt gives us an admirable woodcut showing the minutest details) so wonderfully rich and graceful as to make us doubtful whether it be not the most exquisite piece of Decorated work to be found in England. But all these cathedrals have other portions which either overshadow the Decorated work by their importance, or are far more extensive. The Early English transepts and the stately Perpendicular choir of York dwell on the recollection far more than its nave. Ely has its colossal Norman piers and triforium; and Wells the remarkable Early English work we have already noticed. Exeter and Lichfield alone are mainly, almost entirely, Decorated. Bishop Walter Brounecombe, a native of Devonshire, began, in the latter half of the thirteenth century, a series of new works which led to the gradual removal of the Norman cathedral of Exeter, and to the erection of the present church. Bishop Brounecombe built part of the existing lady chapel, which was completed by his successor, Bishop Quivil or Wyville (1280-1291). The Norman choir and nave disappeared as the works of Bishop Walter Stapledon (1308-1326, the founder of "Stapledon's Inn," now Exeter College, in Oxford, and the murdered treasurer of Edward II.) and of Bishop Grandisson (1327-1369, the most magnificent prelate who ever filled the see) advanced and were completed. The west front of Exeter, with its ranges of apostles, saints, and kings, must probably be assigned to Grandisson's successor, Thomas Brantyngham, 1370-1394). The work was thus in progress throughout nearly the whole of the fourteenth century, during which the Decorated style not only underwent great changes but the Perpendicular was fully developed; yet it is not a little remarkable that the work of both Stapledon and Grandisson (we must except Brantyngham's west front) represents only the first or geometrical

period of the style. This agrees best with the date of Bishop Quivil's episcopate; and although he is only recorded as the builder of part of the lady chapel, we believe that he furnished plans for the entire cathedral, which were scrupulously adhered to by his successors. The "minute sumptuousness" (by which expression Mr. Beresford Hope characterizes the cathedral) of Exeter must at once strike every observer. The exquisite windows of the nave, said to exhibit a greater variety of (geometrical) tracery than can be found in any other building in the kingdom; the minstrel's gallery, nowhere so perfect or so rich, although other examples do occur, at Wells and at Winchester; the carved bosses of the roof, which extends unbroken from the western door to the east end of the choir; and, above all, the matchless corbels of leafage which support the vaulting shafts, contribute to produce such an impression of graceful beauty as we shall look for in vain in many a church of far more important dimensions; and Bishop Grandisson was scarcely wrong in declaring to the Pope (John XXII.) that the "Church of Exeter, when completed, would exceed in beauty every other of its kind (*in genere suo*) in France or England."

Exeter is, perhaps, a unique example of the retention of geometrical forms so long after the style had completely changed. This is sufficiently remarkable in its window tracery; but it is even more striking to find that the sculptured foliage, for which this cathedral is especially distinguished, the greater part of which must have been worked during the episcopate of Bishop Grandisson in the middle of the fourteenth century, retains that exact imitation of nature which is characteristic of sculpture executed during the last years of the thirteenth and the earliest of the fourteenth. The use of really natural foliage, Mr. Scott tells us, is very seldom found after this period; and it marks, he continues, "if I may so say, the resting-place between the conventionalism of *approach* to, and the conventionalism of *departure* from, nature; the conventionalism of strength and of weakness, of vigor and of lassitude."* In Exeter Cathedral,

* *Gleanings from Westminster Abbey*, p. 63.

however, nothing can be more exquisite than the imitation of nature in the long corbels which carry the vaulting shafts of both nave and choir. The oak with its acorns, the filbert with its nuts, the vine with her clusters and tendrils, are copied so exactly and arranged with such perfect grace (witness once more Mr. Jewitt's woodcut), that the modern sculptor may well be referred to them as examples, not indeed to be directly copied—he must seek his objects of study, like the workmen of that best age, in forest and in field—but of the admirable results which follow such careful imitation of nature in the hands of a true artist. We will add to Mr. Scott's remark—that the sculpture of leafage was by no means the only class to which the mediæval “naturalists” gave their attention. Animals and birds, executed with wonderful spirit and fidelity, twine and perch among the delicate sprays and branches; and the human face and form were never, during the whole lifetime of Gothic architecture, produced with so much accuracy and variety of expression as at this period. We may instance the Chapter-house of York—the date is uncertain, but it may probably be fixed between 1290 and 1320)—the “domus domorum,” which, as its well-known inscription implies, is, indeed, the queen rose of its order. Besides the beautiful foliage which chiefly forms the superb mass of enrichment incrusting canopies and cornices, small figures of men fighting with monsters and with each other, and heads, in which various classes and professions are sharply indicated, fill every available space, and sufficiently prove that the sculptors did not confine their study to branches of oak or of maple. A like spirit of truth is evident in the oaken stalls (now as black as ebony) of Winchester Cathedral, which date about 1296, and in purity and grace of design are altogether unrivalled. In this work, and in all the sculpture of this period, we find the same intense love of nature—of the “yonge freshe grene” of the forest, and of the flowers of the meadow or the cloister-garden—which delights us in the pages of Chaucer. These early fourteenth-century sculptors are to English art what Chaucer is to English poetry. Both “sparkle in the dew of

morning.” Chaucer, indeed (born 1328, died 1400), belongs to a somewhat later period; but the carver's handicraft, nurtured by Benedictines in their cells and by Cistercians in their lonely monasteries, may very well have preceded by a few years the expression of the poet; and, at all events, Chaucer synchronizes with the late “naturalistic” sculpture in Exeter Cathedral.

The “Decorated” rival of Exeter is Lichfield, which suffered more, perhaps, than any other English cathedral during the civil war:

“when fanatic Brooke
The fair Cathedral spoiled and took;
Though, thanks to heaven and good Saint
Chad,
A guerdon meet the spoiler had.”

In spite of the destruction which then came upon it, and in spite of the mischief wrought by the hands of Wyatt at a later period, the ancient Cathedral of Mercia is a church of extreme beauty and interest. The west front (circa 1275) is now, indeed, a mass of Roman cement; but the general design remains unaltered; and it may still be studied as perhaps the most graceful and harmonious composition of its class in England. The nave—all the details and tracery of which are early Decorated—is of singular beauty, perhaps exceeding that of Exeter in general effect, and the view from its western end has become, since the late restoration, such as Exeter at present—(let us hope the spirit of emulation may shortly visit that cathedral)*

* But let us also hope that the spirit of destruction may first be thoroughly exorcised. In the nave of Exeter Cathedral was (until quite recently) the high tomb, with effigies, of Hugh, second Earl of Devon, of the house of Courtenay, and of his Countess, Margaret, daughter of Humphrey de Bohun, and granddaughter of Edward I. On the pavement beside was the brass of their son, Sir Peter Courtenay, standard-bearer to Edward III. These tombs were formerly inclosed within a chantry, which has long disappeared. The brass is now removed to an adjoining aisle. The high tomb has been placed in the transept; and the effigies (which it is quite true were much mutilated and shattered) have been entirely reworked, so that (as Mr. Bostell has pointed out in a communication to *Notes and Queries*) they are in effect new effigies carved from the old stone, to the complete destruction of the original monument, which, even if it had escaped the hands of the spoiler, would have lost half its interest by removal. There

—cannot possibly rival. Through the nave and beyond the light choir-screen, gilt and colored, the eye ranges to the elaborate reredos of the altar, a mass of precious marbles and alabaster, and finally rests on the stained glass of the lady chapel, glowing with the splendor of jewels between dark lines of tracery. Wyatt's "improvements" have been removed from the choir, which Mr. Scott has brought back, as nearly as possible, to the condition in which it was left by its builders of the fourteenth century. How truly happy the change has been, is evident from two woodcuts in the *Handbook*, one of which shows the choir as it existed in the days of Dr. Johnson and Miss Seward, the other, as it is at present, after Mr. Scott's admirable restoration. The lady chapel (still Decorated), which is in effect a continuation of the Presbytery without its aisles, terminates in a polygonal apse—an arrangement, as Professor Willis has remarked, unique in England, and in this instance of singular beauty in detail. Its windows are filled with some of the finest stained glass in the country, designed possibly by Lambert Lombard in the sixteenth century, and brought (about fifty years ago) from the dissolved Abbey of Herckenrode, in the bishopric of Liège. This apsidal chapel is one of the unique features of Lichfield. Its three spires—"the sisters of the vale,"

can be no excuse whatever for such work as this. In the actual fabric of a church, decay of the stone (as at Hereford and Worcester) sometimes renders it absolutely necessary to replace the old work with new. But this can never be the case with tombs or sepulchral effigies. Nothing is easier than to protect the most shattered monument from additional injury; and it is far better (if such things must be) to erect an entirely new memorial than to lay sacrilegious hands on the old.

Almost as bad as the destruction of ancient monuments is the introduction of new ones in violent want of keeping with all that surrounds them. Such is the extraordinary memorial of the Ninth (Queen's Royal) Lancers, which covers the wall of a bay on the north side of the nave of Exeter Cathedral; and which, from its size and obtrusiveness, is necessarily the first object to catch the eye of the entering visitor. The design (two mounted lancers and two palm trees—it is by Baron Marochetti) is utterly without meaning, and is precisely such as a child would draw on a slate. The best criticism on it we have heard was that of a little boy who asked "whether the horses were buried there with the men?"

NEW SERIES—Vol. III, No. 3.

as they are called—form another; since such a group occurs in a complete state nowhere else in England.

The Decorated style grew, as we have seen, very slowly out of the Early English; so slowly that we can find no building which we can possibly mark as the turning-point. It is not so with the style that succeeds. "Perpendicular" seems to have broken forth almost suddenly, in great strength and in decided character, in the first half of the fourteenth century, and in Gloucester Cathedral. The great mass of Gloucester is Norman. The Norman nave remains untouched. The Norman walls of the transepts and choir were overlaid, in the course of the fourteenth century (1330–1400), with most elaborate tracery and panelling, entirely of Perpendicular character. The first part of the church to be thus treated was, according to the chronicle of Abbot Froucester, the south transept, called by him the "aisle of St. Andrew." This was recased by Abbot Wygemore (1329–1337); and although the design is wanting in one chief characteristic of true Perpendicular, since the mullions are not carried straight up to the head of the main arch, but branch off into arches before reaching it, the tendency to change is sufficiently marked; and Professor Willis suggests that Wygemore's work in this transept may be regarded as the earliest approach to Perpendicular in England. In the north transept and the choir (1337–1377) the mullions are carried up to the roof, and the Perpendicular style is completely developed. "It must," says Professor Willis, who at the meeting of the Archaeological Institute at Gloucester in 1860 was the first to point out the early date of this Perpendicular work, "have begun somewhere; in some place the mullion must have been carried up for the first time, and no place is so likely as Gloucester to have produced the change of style."

The effect, especially in the choir, of the great Norman arches (for it must be remembered that they remain unaltered, as is seen at once from within the triforium) thus ceased and covered by paneling and open screen-work, is very singular and unusual. It should be compared with the very different "transformation" of the nave of Winchester from Norman to Perpendicular. In that in-

stance the earlier work was thoroughly amalgamated with the later; so that, unless he had other sources of knowledge than his eyesight, the visitor would never be aware that a core of Norman masonry still remained in both piers and walls. This was the work of later, but scarcely of more skilful, hands than those which overlaid the walls of Gloucester. The "school of masons" which devised the network of graceful tracery, so admirably fitted to its purpose, and the lierne-roof of the choir, with its lines of ornamentation thrown out in every direction, like those of a spider's web, could have been of no common excellence. Mr. Willis suggests that it is to them we are indebted for the origination of fan-vaulting—a style entirely peculiar to England—the richest example of which occurs in Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster; but the earliest, in the magnificent cloisters of Gloucester, commenced by Abbot Horton (1351–1378), and completed by Abbot Froucester (1381–1412).

The work at Gloucester may have had considerable influence in spreading the new style. But we are inclined to turn northward for the source of far more important results in that direction. After the Decorated nave (1291–1345) of York Minster had been completed, it was determined to replace the late Norman choir of Archbishop Roger with one of greater size and magnificence. Accordingly Archbishop Thoresby laid the first stone of the new work, at the extreme eastern end, in the year 1361. The Presbytery was completed before his death in 1373. The choir proper was begun about 1380, and its walls seem to have been finished shortly before 1400. The retrochoir and presbytery of York are therefore Perpendicular, early in the style. The choir shows a certain advance and development, but the general design is still the same. Indeed the design of both repeats that of the nave. "The Percy and the Vavasour" supplied much wood and stone for the work of the choir, as they had done for that of the nave; and their mail-clad figures—one bearing a block of wood, the other an unwrought stone—were once to be seen at the eastern end of the minster, as they still are above the western portal.

On entering the choir of York, the

visitor is first struck by the great eastern window, the largest in England which retains its original glazing. (The east window of Gloucester, of which the dimensions slightly exceed this, is partially unglazed.) This superb wall of glass (78 feet by 33), rich in design and color, and the stained windows, of equal height, filling the ends of the transept-bays; the lofty clerestory lights, also masses of solemn color; the double plane of the triforium passage below, producing grand effects of light and shade; and, above all, the vast height (102 feet) and width (99½ feet) of the choir, impress the mind with a sense of grandeur which steadily increases as the building becomes better known. Other English choirs are more picturesque; none is more majestic than this of York. It was this part of the church which seems to have especially struck Æneas Sylvius (afterwards Pope Pius II.), who passed through York about 1430, and declares that its minster, with its "glass walls" and slender columns, was "worthy of a world-wide renown" (*toto orbe memorandum*.)*

The choir and presbytery of York were, perhaps, the most magnificent works which up to this date had been attempted in England; and it is quite possible, as has been suggested by Mr. Raine,† that William of Wykeham at Winchester (1367–1404), and Walter Skirlaw at Durham (1388–1405), both of whom were connected with the church of York, and were intimate friends of Archbishop Thoresby, were encouraged to undertake similar works in their own cathedrals by the beautiful structure they saw gradually rising from the ground at York. It is pleasant to picture to ourselves the "comely person" of Wykeham—already the great architect of Windsor Castle—wandering among the gathered stores of wood and stone, and gazing on the half-completed glories of the Archbishop's presbytery. We do not know that he visited York after his elevation to the see of Winchester; but he may very well have carried to his church there an impression of what promised to be, when finished, one of the most stately choirs in the

* *Commentarii Pii II.*, Lib. I.

† *Lives of the Archbishops of York*, i. 482.

world. His own nave at Winchester is, perhaps, says Mr. Fergusson, "the most beautiful nave of a church either in England or elsewhere, wanting only somewhat increased proportions." The proportions were of course ruled by those of the Norman nave which Wykeham "transformed" instead of pulling it down; but whatever defect may have thus been caused, it is certain that the nave of Winchester produces the same almost overwhelming impression of grandeur and dignity that we experience in the choir of York. Both show of what Perpendicular was capable in the hands of its greatest patrons.

The nave of Winchester should be compared with that of Canterbury, begun about 1380, and completed, it is probable, before the death of Prior Chillenden (who superintended the work) in 1411. It was therefore in progress of building at the same time as that of Winchester, although Wykeham's work was probably begun earlier. Lanfranc's Norman nave at Canterbury was, however, removed altogether; and the Perpendicular work is consequently of a lighter character here than at Winchester, since there were no massive Norman piers to be cased with new stone. Canterbury has not, perhaps, the extreme dignity of Winchester; but it has some features—especially the stately "escaliers" leading into the choir, and rendered necessary by the height of the crypt below—which have always produced their effect, even in the darkest anti-Gothic periods. "Entering in company with some of our colonists just arrived from America," says Mr. Gostling, writing about 1770, "how have I seen the countenances even of their negroes sparkle with raptures of admiration!"* Taken as a whole, indeed, the fabric of Canterbury is exceeded in interest and importance by no other English cathedral; but as the resting-place of the long series of Archbishops, nearly all of whom before the Reformation are buried here—and still more from its possession of the greatest English shrine—for if St. Cuthbert maintained his ground in the North, while the shrines of other saints were greatly honored in their respective localities, there was not one

of which the reputation was more widely and generally spread throughout Christendom than that of St. Thomas of Canterbury—the hold which the Metropolitan Cathedral has on the imagination is unrivalled, unless we choose to except Westminster Abbey. The stranger who enters it for the first time still feels something of the pilgrims' glow and excitement when they first caught sight of the "Angel Tower" rising far away at the end of the long forest-vista.

How far Chillenden at Canterbury was stimulated by Wykeham's great undertaking at Winchester we cannot tell; but the example of that great prelate, whose "benefaction to learning," as Fuller asserts, "is not to be paralleled by any English subject," was certainly imitated elsewhere; and if we cannot assign to him the "invention" of the Perpendicular style, it is probably to him, and to the reputation of his noble works, that the diffusion of it throughout southern England, as well as the zeal for building which characterized the fifteenth century, were greatly due. The number of churches, large and small, but many of them of great size and importance, which were partly or altogether rebuilt during the Perpendicular period, far exceeds that of any former age. The causes of this great outburst—which continued throughout the most troubled times, and seems to have been little affected by even the wars of the Roses—have never been altogether explained. It is paralleled, indeed, by the zeal and devotion which, during the last forty years, have almost doubled the number of churches in England; but, while many influences have been at work in our own time, the example of the bishops and church lords must have had no small effect in producing the widespread church-building of the fifteenth century. Thus, at Wells, Bishop Beckington (1443–1464), the tutor of Henry VI., educated at Winchester and at Oxford by the especial care of Wykeham, whose attention he had early attracted, was an indefatigable builder—in the cloisters of his cathedral, in his palace, and in the College of Vicars Choral. "This bright beacon," says Fuller, alluding to the rebus of the Bishop's name, a beacon on a ton (Beckington), which remains on his gateways, and other portions of his work

* *Walks through Canterbury*, 1770.

at Wells, "doth nod and give hints of bounty to future ages;" and no doubt it "nodded" to effectual purpose throughout the diocese of Wells; the stately church-towers in which may, many of them, be due to Beckington's example. At Gloucester, the abbots from Seabrooke (1450) to Farley (1498) carried on the magnificent series of Perpendicular works which had been begun there more than a century earlier. Seabrooke completed that most beautiful central tower, the open parapet and pinnacles of which, projected against the glow of a sunset sky, present one of those architectural "effects" which the memory retains longest, and with the highest pleasure. Abbots Hanley and Farley built the lady chapel, with its projecting chantries. At Peterborough, the retrochoir, or "new building," as it is still called—an eastern transept on the plan of those at Durham and at Fountains Abbey; and, with its groined roof, buttresses, and windows, almost a miniature of King's College Chapel—was begun by Abbot Ashton in 1438, but was not completed until nearly a century later. At Norwich, the rich lierne vault of the nave is due to Bishop Lehart (1446-1472); and the light and graceful clerestory of the choir was the work of his successor, Bishop Goldwell (1472-1499). It is worth remarking that these important Perpendicular works were executed in those cathedrals or conventual churches which had most entirely retained their Norman architecture and ground plans. Want of space and of shrine-room, and the desire of lightening the ancient work by the airier and more magnificent architecture of the century, were, perhaps, among the causes which in these cases led to such additions.

The Perpendicular, in its full development, must be regarded as the central ridge—the "watershed"—from which, highest ground as it is, we look down instead of gazing upwards, as we have done in climbing towards it. It sets before us more completely than any other style, two main features of Gothic—its continuity and verticality; but it contained within it elements which at all events readily lent themselves to a union with the renaissance, the "fashion of proud Italy," which had been slowly

spreading northward. It is at this time, when the earlier cathedrals—Lincoln, Salisbury, Exeter, Lichfield—stood in their finished beauty; when the Perpendicular had been fully developed, and the magnificent works of Thoresby, of Wykeham, and of other prelates, had been completed; before the renaissance had affected Gothic, and while the indications of a coming religious change were still faint and indistinct, that we conceive the splendor of English cathedrals and of the great churches scattered throughout the land to have attained its highest perfection. When Erasmus made his famous pilgrimages to Walsingham and Canterbury, the stroke of the axe had not, indeed, yet fallen, but it was close at hand. Fifty years earlier, shrines and altars were still unthreatened; and there was probably no country in Europe in which the pilgrim, wandering from shrine to shrine, would have found the churches set forth with greater richness, or with a more lavish display of treasure. Even such magnificent restorations as Mr. Scott has just completed at Ely, at Hereford, and at Lichfield, present us with but a portion of the splendor which a great mediæval cathedral must have displayed, after it had been growing, through long centuries, in wealth and architectural grandeur. The color which has been so happily applied, in wall and pier illumination, and in both the construction and decoration of retables and choir-screens, gives but a faint idea of the ancient glow and enrichment, when every carved boss and bracket throughout the fabric shone in gold, azure, and vermillion; when every wall-space had its painted scenes from scriptural or legendary story, or was hung with gorgeous tapestries; when every window shed its "dim religious light" through such storied panes as those which still remain at York or at Gloucester; when the altars themselves, plated frequently with gold or silver, blazed with treasures of incalculable value; when the tombs of kings and barons, and the closed chantries of great prelates, colored and enamelled, or towering in tier above tier of tabernacle work, rose in their perfect and solemn beauty beneath the arches of nave and choir; and finally, when the great shrines—St. Cuthbert's at Durham, St.

Etheldreda's at Ely, St. Thomas's at Canterbury, the Confessor's at Westminster—each such a mass of gold and of jewels as might serve to “ransom great kings from captivity,” lighted up the space at the back of the high altar by the very splendor of the offerings that everywhere hung about them.

Of the treasure and architectural enrichment which went to make up this magnificence, much—jewelled pyx and crucifix, rich altars, saintly effigies in massive gold or silver, shrines blazing with jewels—has altogether disappeared. But much—sometimes in fragments, sometimes in more perfect examples—remains, and is of only less interest and importance than the fabric of the cathedral itself. In all cases the actual feretory of the shrine has vanished; but a shrine consisted of four distinct parts: a stone basement; an altar at the west end of it; the feretory or chest, either including the remains or an ornamental covering for them, enriched with gold and jewels; and the “cooperculum” or wooden covering, suspended from the vaulting above by ropes. Of these, the basements of three important shrines remain—that of the Confessor at Westminster, of St. Thomas Cantilupe at Hereford, and of one of the sainted abbesses (possibly St. Etheldreda) at Ely. The shrine of the Confessor has been thoroughly illustrated in one of the excellent papers contributed by Mr. Burges to the *Gleanings*. The basement which exists is that which was constructed in the reign of Henry III. by a certain Peter, “civis Romanus,” as an inscription tells us; and the relics of St. Edward still remain in the upper part, within a space inclosed by panels of mosaic. This was the position also occupied by the body of St. Cuthbert at Durham; and in such cases the magnificent feretory which surmounted the basement was only an ornamental covering for the body. At Hereford, the basement of Cantilupe's shrine remains in the north transept, and is remarkable for the figures of Knights Templars (with which order the sainted Bishop was connected) in its lower panels, and for the exquisitely sculptured leafage laid into the spandrels of its arches. The basement of the shrine at Ely has been despoiled of much of its sculpture, and its history is

very uncertain. The entire history of English shrines—not only of the greater but of those lesser relics and places of pilgrimage which enjoyed a more local celebrity—is so full of interest, that we hope to return to it on some future occasion. One, and that the greatest—the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury—has been described by Dean Stanley in such a way as to leave little for any future investigator. All the circumstances connected with it—the mode of pilgrimage, the riches of the shrine itself, the watching chamber (which was attached to all great shrines, and of which the best examples are those at St. Alban's and in Oxford Cathedral)—are illustrated with ample details in his most valuable paper.

Although high tombs and chantries have fared somewhat better than shrines, there is probably not one which retains uninjured its original ornament and detail. From some the effigies have disappeared altogether. Nearly all have lost the color with which they were once entirely covered; and more precious adornment, plates of gold and silver, or of Limoges enamel, has of course vanished. The metal work which in almost all cases protected the tombs, and which was frequently a work of the highest art, has been too often removed—in earlier days for the value of the metal, and more recently from a mistaken notion that such a screen interfered with a full view of the monument. Even the beautiful iron grille which surrounds the tomb of Queen Eleanor in Westminster Abbey had been displaced, and has only of late been restored to its proper position, under Mr. Scott's direction. But all such spoliation is less to be regretted than attempts at so-called “restoration” of effigies, or than such destruction, reconstruction, and reërrangement, as Wyatt was permitted to carry out in the nave of Salisbury Cathedral. The most interesting monument loses infinitely by a removal from its original position; and there are some resting-places of the dead now unmarked but by the slightest memorial, which affect us far more powerfully than the monuments of more important personages, no longer covering their remains. Such is the plain tomb in York Minster of the “noble prelate, well-beloved,” Archbishop Scrope—

the Archb. shop of Shakespeare's Henry IV.—who, after a form of condemnation in his own hall at Bishopthorpe, was beheaded between that place and York, and was interred beneath the monument which still exists; and such, still more, as the plain blue stone which in Peterborough Cathedral covers the grave of Catherine of Arragon:

. . . "although unqueened, yet still
A queen, and daughter to a king" . . .

This tomb should indeed be looked on with no ordinary interest, since it is probably to it that we are indebted for the preservation of the noble Minster that canopies it.

Did space permit, we might trace the long series of monuments through the successive changes of style, in the same manner as we have done with the cathedrals themselves. Noble relics of this class are scattered throughout the parish churches of England; but the finest, beyond a doubt, are those which still remain in our cathedrals, and they alone would supply admirable illustrations for a history of mediæval sculpture. Nor is the interest of these monuments at all diminished when they are regarded from a point of view more strictly historical. As the centre of its diocese, each cathedral was often the chosen resting-place of the great baronial houses of the district. Accident—such as the neighborhood of a battle-field—led to the interment of other great personages within its walls; and the reverence for a particular shrine, as in the cases of the Black Prince and Henry IV. at Canterbury, and of King John at Worcester, sometimes induced kings and princes to choose the saint's cathedral for the place of their grave. William Rufus was buried at Winchester and Edward II. at Gloucester, from other causes. The abbot of the Gloucester Benedictines was far-sighted enough to be aware that the body of the murdered king would prove a treasure to his house, although other convents had refused it. The beautiful tomb which remains in the choir soon became a place of pilgrimage; and the offerings which poured in enabled the monastery to carry through that series of remarkable Perpendicular works which has already been noticed. Thus the whole eastern portion of Glou-

cester Cathedral is in one sense a memorial of Edward II. The bishops were of course, for the most part, buried in their own cathedrals. Exeter affords a very interesting and important series of effigies, of the last years of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth centuries. Canterbury is rich in monuments of its archbishops, each one of which suggests a page from English history; but the cathedral which retains the most stately memorials in the highest perfection is, beyond a doubt, Winchester. Besides the great chantry of Wykeham in the nave, there is one point in the retrochoir from which seven chantries and chapels—including those of Waynflete, the founder of Magdalen at Oxford, of Cardinal Beaufort, whose death-bed has been painted, it would seem, in such untrue colors, by Shakespeare and by Reynolds, and of Gardiner, the "hammer of heretics"—are visible at once, their rich and elaborate details giving a wonderful splendor to the scene. "How much power and ambition under half a dozen stones!" wrote Walpole, after a visit to this cathedral.

One curious fact with regard to cathedral monuments deserves to be mentioned here. There are two instances, widely separated in date, of the fabrication of effigies for a long series of bishops, whose memorials had either disappeared or had never before existed. In Wells Cathedral are the effigies of seven bishops, all of Early English character, and all apparently of the same date, assigned to prelates of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, but in all probability executed in the time of Bishop Jocelyn (1206-1239). In Hereford Cathedral there are ten episcopal effigies, all executed at one time, in the fifteenth century, and assigned to bishops of earlier date.

We can dwell but briefly on such other relics of ancient magnificence as have been preserved in our cathedrals. York has retained more completely than any other its gorgeous stained glass; thanks, it is said, to the care of the Fairfaxes, who, after the city fell into the hands of the Parliament, interfered to prevent all injury to the Minster. Much of this glass, in the nave and in the vestibule of the chapter-house, is Early Decorated, of the same period as the architecture. The glass in the choir is

of course Perpendicular; and the most interesting is that which fills the great east window, already noticed as the largest window in England which retains its original glazing. It was the work of John Thornton, of Coventry, "glazier;" and the contract for its execution is dated December 10th, 1405. The series of minute figures—subjects from the Old Testament and from the Book of Revelation—which fill this most stately window, are admirably executed, and have been commented on, after his peculiar fashion, in one of the rarest and most characteristic volumes set forth by Thomas Gent, the old York printer. Of earlier date than this is the glass which fills the east window of Gloucester Cathedral, larger, in fact, than that of York, but not entirely glazed. The late Mr. Winston—whom we cannot mention without an expression of regret for the loss of so able an art critic, and so kindly a man—has shown that this fine window was in all probability the offering of Lord Bradeston, castellan of Gloucester from the fifth year of Edward III.; and that its heraldry commemorates certain barons connected with the county, who had taken part in the French campaign of 1346–7, famous for the victory of Cressy and the successful siege of Calais.* The main subject of the window is the Enthronement of the Blessed Virgin. The fine silvery tone of its white glass, and the rich hues of its colored, sufficiently account for the great reputation of this window, which, nevertheless, in the drawing of its figures, is very inferior to its rival at York. There is hardly a cathedral which does not preserve some remains of its ancient glass; but we can only here refer to the scanty fragments of Early English glass at Salisbury (from whence Wyatt removed whole cartloads, which he flung into the city ditch), and to the more complete windows, of nearly the same date, at Canterbury. This glass, some of which represents certain miracles of Becket, is by far the finest of its period in England; and in depth and splendor of hue it may safely challenge comparison with the more famous

French glass of the thirteenth century, at Bourges, Troyes, or Chartres. It must be acknowledged that so far as color is concerned the glass of this age is not exceeded in brilliance by that of the late Perpendicular period, to which, in design and execution, we agree with Mr. Winston in assigning the palm, in spite of the high authorities, which, as we are well aware, are ranged against us.

The carved woodwork of the cathedral choirs, stalls, and misereres, brings before us another branch of art, of which the remaining examples are numerous and most admirable. The earliest misereres are those in Exeter Cathedral, dating from the first years of the thirteenth century. The leafage has the true Early English conventionalism; and their figure-subjects are knights fighting with monsters, and animals, chosen no doubt from the "bestiaries" then popular. Among them is an elephant. There is one subject from the *Knight of the Swan*; but the singular illustrations of Æsop's Fables and of mediæval romances which, as Mr. Wright has pointed out, were such favorites at a later period, do not occur here. They will be found at Hereford, at Norwich, at Winchester, and elsewhere; and some curious examples of ancient manners, besides some very exquisite leaf-carving, will there greet the explorer who turns up the "subsellia." The most perfect carving, however, was reserved for the stalls themselves. Winchester, as we have before mentioned, boasts of the finest, and with justice; but there are superb examples, though of somewhat later date, at Gloucester, at Norwich, and at Lincoln. We should here mention the episcopal throne in Exeter Cathedral, towering to the roof, and rivalling, in the lightness of its stages, the famous "sheaf of fountains" of the Nuremberg tabernacle. It is of the fifteenth century; the gift, probably, of Bishop Bothe (1465–1478).

In one of the late cathedral restorations—that of Wells—an arrangement of the choir-stalls has been ventured on, which is in all respects an innovation. The ancient woodwork ranged everywhere in an unbroken line in front of the great choir piers. At Wells the stalls (the canopies of which are of Douling-stone, supported on Purbeck

* Mr. Winston's paper on this window will be found in the *Journal of the Archaeological Institute*.

shafts) are arranged in groups of five between each pier. The greater width thus gained for the choir, as well as the display of the piers, otherwise hidden, seem to recommend this arrangement in certain cases; and at any rate it need not be condemned merely because it is a novelty. The grace and finish of the modern work at Wells may safely be commended; but it is infinitely to be regretted that the restorers did not so arrange the church as to make the nave available for congregational purposes at the same time as the choir. This object has been strictly kept in view in those great restorations at Ely, at Lichfield, and at Hereford, over which Mr. Scott has presided; and the very beautiful choir-screens in all three cathedrals, while they are works of which modern art may well be proud, sufficiently prove that it may be attained without the slightest confusion of the due ecclesiastical divisions. At Lichfield the choir is exclusively retained for the use of the clergy and choristers. This would not always be possible; but it is a point to which the endeavors of cathedral restorers might most advantageously be directed.

No country in Europe can point to such a series of restorations so admirably conducted for the most part, and so little deserving to be classed among the destructive renovations of which England can also show too many examples, as those which have been completed, and are still in progress, in so many of our cathedrals. From a desecrated ruin—the expression is hardly too strong—Ely has again taken her place among the stateliest churches of Christendom; and the late Dean Peacock, who inaugurated the work, almost deserves to be ranked as her second founder. There is, perhaps, no architectural view in England more striking than that across the great octagon of Ely, from the eastern end of the nave aisles. Alan of Walsingham's noble composition, "perhaps," says Mr. Fergusson, "the most beautiful and original design to be found in the whole range of Gothic architecture," here groups admirably with the superb Decorated bays of the choir beyond; and the beauty of the whole is wonderfully enforced by the color which has been introduced wherever it was pos-

sible. We would send to Ely any one who might doubt the propriety of such introduction. All the gloom and coldness of neglect and whitewash have disappeared; and the eye rests contentedly on the rich glass of the windows, and on the golden diapers of the roof and corbels, set forth and relieved as they are by the neutral tints of the oak choir-screen and stalls, the gray stone of the walls, and the dark marble of the Purbeck shafts and capitals. The choir-screen is a noble work, differing of course from the light metal screens at Hereford and Lichfield, although it fulfils quite as well as they its office of division without entire separation; but the greatest work of modern art in Ely, and we are inclined to think in any other English cathedral, is the reredos, designed by Mr. Scott in the truest spirit of ancient examples. We refer our readers to a most admirable woodcut by Mr. Jewitt, which illustrates the *Handbook*.

The example of cathedral restoration was set by Ely; but it was so speedily followed by Dean Merewether at Hereford that the praise of inaugurating the movement must fairly be shared by both deans, whose names should never be mentioned without honor in their respective cathedrals. The great works which Dean Merewether began at Hereford have only just been brought to a close: and, although that cathedral is not one of the largest, or of the first rank, it is now, in its restored condition, one of the most interesting in the country. Lichfield, Gloucester, Worcester, and others, have followed in the rear. The spire of Chichester, which fell while the restoration was in progress there, is rising under the auspices of another dean, whose many services to the Church of England will be remembered so long as that Church endures. We are far, indeed, from asserting that all these restorations have been effected without cause of regret, or without the occasional commission of what we ourselves regard as decided errors; but such mistakes are rare, and will hardly be discovered where Mr. Scott, the great "restorer" of the century, has been uncontrolled master of operations. The manner in which, both at Lichfield and at Hereford, Mr. Scott laboriously traced the original design of such portions as

had been most completely mutilated and shattered, making the smallest remaining fragment tell its story clearly and decisively, is duly recorded in the Handbooks, and affords the best possible example to all church restorers. The history of his researches in the Chapter-house at Westminster, showing the manner in which, from slight but certain indications, Mr. Scott was enabled to complete the design given in the *Gleanings*, is even more interesting and instructive.

The adoption of light open choir-screens in some of the restored cathedrals, permitting the whole extent of nave and choir to be visible at once, has given fresh interest to the question of the comparative length of English churches. Many Gothic churches on the continent cover infinitely more ground, but, with the exception of St. Peter's, at Rome (which is not a mediæval church), the longest cathedrals in the world are Winchester, Canterbury, and Ely. The difficulty of obtaining a fair comparison is considerable, since it is rarely stated whether the measurements, as they are usually given, are taken from within or without the walls. A review of the Handbooks in the *Times*, however, in the autumn of last year, brought forth a series of letters, which enables us to determine the length of Winchester and Ely, at all events, with certainty. Mr. Colson, architect to the Dean and Chapter, gives the *exterior* length of Winchester as 555 feet 8 inches; and Mr. Dickson, Precentor and Sacrist of Ely, gives the *interior* length of that cathedral (from inside the western gates of entrance to the glass of the eastern window) as 520 feet 7 inches; and the mean *external* length (for the north and south walls are not precisely equal) as 537 feet. Mr. Becket Denison, in a table of comparative lengths, afterwards published in the *Times* (December, 1864), gives the internal length of Canterbury at 514 feet. Winchester is thus, beyond a doubt, the longest English cathedral, and probably the longest church in the world. Milan, the largest of all mediæval cathedrals, covers one third more ground, but is not so long by nearly one hundred feet. But it must be remembered that the retrochoir and lady chapel of Winchester (far inferior in height and width to the nave and choir) are not visible from the western portal;

whereas at Ely, the whole length, unbroken by any solid screen or wall, is commanded by the eye of the spectator standing at the threshold. At Canterbury also the roof is maintained at one uniform height, with the exception of the round termination known as "Becket's Crown"—to which we believe the only existing parallel is the tombhouse of the Norwegian kings in the Cathedral of Drontheim (figured in Mr. Fergusson's *History*).

Such open choir-screens as those of Ely, of Lichfield, and of Hereford, perfectly agree with the idea of an "English cathedral of the nineteenth century," set forth by Mr. Beresford Hope in his very interesting book. After discussing the various divisions of a cathedral church, and the two great forms which it has taken—the basilican, and that which is now almost universal, except in Spain; and after pointing out by the way the especial feature which should distinguish a cathedral or a great collegiate church, Mr. Hope arrives at the conclusion that, in building an entirely new cathedral (for this is the point to which his argument is addressed, and not to a mere adaptation of churches already existing) it is best to "tread in the old paths," so far as they agree with the teaching and ritual of the English Church. As its compilers only rearranged old materials in the production of "that wonderful work of man's wisdom and piety, 'the Book of Common Prayer and of the Administration of the Sacraments,' by their possession of which the English speaking races are privileged beyond all other people to worship Almighty God, day by day, if they like, in words that unite heaven with earth, the past with the present, the voices of inspiration with the holiest offspring of men's wit,"* so, in constructing a new English cathedral, the old forms should be adopted, those portions alone being changed or rejected which are not in harmony with the teaching of the Prayer-Book. The grand distinctions between a modern and an ancient cathedral are, that the former must contain but one altar, and that the choir and clergy must not, as was often the case in the latter, be entirely sepa-

* *English Cathedral of the Nineteenth Century* p. 188.

rated from the congregation by a closed division. Bearing these distinctions in mind, little further alteration becomes necessary. Chapels and chantries are, of course, not admissible, and the open choir-screen should everywhere be adopted; but Mr. Hope would retain the ambulatory, or retrochoir, and insists, with great force, that it might be made available for the reception of monuments, often (however beautiful) out of place and in the way in other parts of the church. We must refer our readers to the book itself for the store of facts and of carefully wrought out argument on which Mr. Hope builds up his conclusions. Is it too much to expect that one of the great manufacturing cities of the north, which increase so rapidly, and have of late responded so nobly to the demands of church builders, may one day witness the completion of such a cathedral as he has here suggested? But, however this may be, there are numerous churches already existing—such, for example, as St. Peter's, at Leeds—which, if not cathedrals, have at least all the dignity of great collegiate churches, and, in the case of St. Peter's, all the efficiency. Such churches as these in the greater towns, or as the great monastic churches—Bury St. Edmund's, St. Alban's, Selby—forming centres for extensive districts, may be looked upon as cathedrals waiting for their dioceses. Mr. Hope gives us a long list. There is, we trust, some prospect of the erection of new episcopal sees at Southwell, for part of the great diocese of Lincoln, and at St. Columb's, or Bodmin, for Cornwall. To render such churches worthy of their new dignity, and to provide a sufficient endowment for the staff of clergy necessary for the due working of them, or of the collegiate churches which might be established with infinite advantage in all large towns—a subject on which Mr. Hope has strongly insisted in this volume and elsewhere—powerful appeals must be made to the liberality of Churchmen, quite as powerful as for the erection of an entirely new cathedral. And in all cases the words with which Mr. Hope concludes his very interesting book are sufficiently applicable:

"I feel conscious that money spent on rearing and endowing such buildings in the right places will not be money wasted away, either

in a higher or a more material aspect. As an offering to the majesty of the Creator of all good things, and as an expression of public faith, they would of course witness against selfishness and faithlessness. But in the next place they would, I am convinced, and I dare to say so, be eminently practical and useful. They would give to Christianity that of which the utility is recognized in all human enterprises—order, system, power, and magnitude of operation. The millions crowd together where work and wages call them; they toil and marry, and are born and die. They see the joint stock firms of trade, with their stupendous manufactories, created for their own scene of action, and sustained by their own industry. But, whenever they have time to turn their thoughts to the concerns of their eternal state, the contrast is at once apparent. There, with partial exceptions, they never are confronted with any of those qualities, which in their everyday life, had arrested and held possession of their respect. Physical magnitude and self-reliant scope of coöperative energy are equally deficient in the lowly Bethel, and the pinched Peel church, with its overtaxed perpetual curate. Neither of these is borne in upon them as an external power of which they may become component elements. All the while the artistic and the refined classes of society meet in their own circles, and praise the old cathedral system of our Church, and the old cathedrals of the land, scattered up and down the ancient cities—to them I say very seriously: If that system has any reality about it—and the annals of all centuries of Christianity speak to that reality—if these buildings have any use or beauty beyond the sensuous exhibition of outward form, do not brand your own generation and your own country as the time and the scene of niggard faith, outworn creeds, and paralyzed energies for the great and the good. Be up and stirring; and plant the Gospel in conspicuous guise, with well-adjusted organization, as the means sufficient for so great an end, where the throng is thickest—and God speed the work."*

From the *Athenæum*.

BRUCE'S COWPER.†

IN matters of taste and judgment, the men who are apparently the best qualified to pronounce often greatly err. Cowley very much surprised the Earl of Leicester when he declared Chaucer to

* *English Cathedral of the Nineteenth Century*, pp. 281, 282.

† *The Poetical Works of William Cowper*. With Notes and a Memoir, by JOHN BAUM. 3 vols. Bell & Daldy, London.

be "a dry, old-fashioned wit, not worth reviving." Hannah Moore, treating of murder, in the De Quincey fashion, as a sort of fine art, was more than half-inclined to look upon the Newgate Calendar as a more interesting book than Sydney's *Arcadia*. Handel confessed that he was totally insensible to the alleged excellence of Purcell's compositions; and Cowper looked upon Handel's "Messiah" with something of the feeling which John Kemble had for Mont Blanc—a feeling that more admiration was wasted on it than was at all justifiable. When Sir Egerton Brydges said that Cowper's taste lay in "a smiling, colloquial, good-natured humor," he meant that Cowper's *humor* was good-natured, pleasant, chatty, and marked by good taste. It was, however, often under the reflection of that melancholy which Sir Egerton also describes as being "black and diseased rather than partaking of a rich and grave contemplativeness." However this may be, there is no question about Cowper's merits or his popularity. Editions of his works succeed each other, and all find ready purchasers. Editor follows editor, and each furnishes fresh intelligence, for which there is ample appetite. It is a good sign of the times, when people are accused by moralists of being influenced by low motives, that there is always a very large audience for Cowper. His letters and poetry have taken a distinguished place among English classics. Mr. Bruce does not over-rate them when he remarks that "their reputation is derived from their truthfulness and absence of affectation, and will last as long as it is admitted that those qualities are the foundation of all excellence, whether in life or literature."

Cowper belongs to two periods. He was born a hundred and thirty-four years ago, when men were living who had, in their boyhood, seen Cromwell's funeral. He died in 1800; and there are some among us who, when sprightly youths, may have looked upon the poor crazy poet, as he moved towards the grave which, from the time of the poet's own boyhood, had always seemed to lie open at his feet.

In the works of a minstrel singing on domestic themes, and belonging, as it were, to two ages, there must necessarily be Old World illustrations denoting social

change. Thus, no one now, in the remotest part of England, listens for the postboy's horn, harbinger of tardy news. Coachmen now take their elderly mistress on little excursions without carrying a supply of grease with them, to ease and silence the strident wheels. There is no Vestris now, with merits so paramount as to force even a Cowper to notice him; for those odious male dancers are "gone out." Smoking, which had yielded to "snuffing" in the poet's days, has recovered its preëminence. The then new slang word, "pitch-ketled," has given way again to the older word, "bamboozled." Even German students in these days would hardly subdue themselves to the quality of gallantry which distinguished the ardent British youth of the last century, who drank Tokay to Miss Bridget's health, out of Miss Bridget's slipper. The men "who wear a coronet and pray" are not so rare now as in Cowper's time, when he gave the solitary distinction to the Earl of Dartmouth; whose son, however, Lord Lewisham, was one of the hard-drinking fellows of the Prince of Wales. Finally, the most simple-minded of country parsons would probably hesitate now to do what—as Mr. Bruce informs us in one of his many brief and intelligent notes—Newton did in the rainy seasons at Olney, namely, trudge through the mud, from the parsonage to the church, in pattens! We have changed manners without changing natures, yet with a little more refinement; just as Monmouth-street is converted into Dudley-street, yet it is still the mart for old clothes and the exchange for singing birds!

Poets of nature are contemporary with all time, because they address themselves to human sympathies, which do not undergo much variety of sensation. It is when Cowper rushes into politics that his sentiments seem of the old, out-of-season quality. His ideas of Gaul and Frank were those which Nelson, in war time, instilled into his midshipmen. His views and his prophecies touching America were of the old ultra-Tory class; and yet there are two lines in the rhymed epistle addressed, in 1782, to his friend Bull, which might have been written any day last year, and to which we should all have said *Amen!*—

"And so may smiling Peace once more
Visit America's sad shore."

The time is past when criticism on Cowper's works is called for. Summarily, we may say that we agree with those who acknowledge him as the most refined of didactic poets, who see dignity in his "Table Talk," discernment in his "Progress of Error," earnestness in his "Truth," benevolence in his "Expostulation," and a pure Christian feeling in those and all his other poems—with some exceptions. He wrote of Madan as no man should write who had been indebted to Madan for his first comforting views of religion and peace of mind; for, as Mr. Bruce very properly emphasizes the fact, Cowper did not go mad through excess, but through lack of, true religious feeling; and this should never be lost sight of, in judging of Cowper's character. Madan saved him from all the horrors into which a man might not merely fall, but plunge, who could pen such awful Sapphics as Cowper did, with much method in his madness, to illustrate the insanity of his condition.

But men, with Cowper, were only good when they walked as Cowper walked. Chess was frivolous, billiards were sinful, field sports ignoble, and travelling was perilous to virtue; but to hold thread for ladies to wind on their bobbins, to walk in shady groves, to take change of air by change of parish, to dine on the game and venison he would not shoot, to partake of the halibut he would not catch, and the oysters he would not have had the heart to open, were things right, proper, and imperative, not only for himself, but for all men.

Throughout his life he relied for support entirely on women. The shoe-buckles of the tyrant of his school seemed twice as dreadful to his mind when he thought of the soft, sweet eyes of his loving mother. When he went into the world, a law student, he was as a ship rudderless on the wild ocean of life, till he was welcomed to his uncle Ashley Cowper's house, and there found a bright, happy home, with the tenderest of friends in one of the daughters, Theodora Cowper, to whom he addressed his early manuscript love ditties, and who, among all the ladies whom poets have loved, is to our thinking, the most interesting, interesting, mysterious, and

In the *Early Poems*, after every allowance for poetical exaggeration, there is satisfactory evidence of the depth and truthfulness of the young poet's affection for Theodora, and there are also some materials toward the poet's biography. From these we learn that Cowper was a sort of London Cymon, whose rougher qualities, born of inexperience, underwent refinement beneath the sweet influence of the Iphigenia of Southampton Row. He makes record of his new sensations in rhyme, yet he is, at first, too timid to show his verse to his mistress, lest "Delia" should be offended by the bold aspirations of his muse. But this reluctance, real or affected, passed away, and each piece was doubtless sent to her by whom it had been inspired. The remainder of the poetic record is thoroughly natural. Now and then we can see that the nymph may have been a little wayward, the swain perhaps a little exacting. There were lovers' quarrels between them occasionally, which the poet thought a loss of precious hours, and he sang to that effect; but he grew wiser, and found the process of reconciliation so delicious, that little disagreements, well feigned, became portions of the young delight, and the enraptured bard cherished

"The thousand soft disquietudes of love,
The trivial strifes that cause a real pain,
The real bliss when reconciled again."

Not many glimpses does the poet-painter afford us of the personal attractions of his "love." His grief at her pretty cruelty in refusing to bless him with a lock of her hair, has, however, exhibited to all time

— "the snowy neck,
The Eden where it grew;"

and once, and once only, we catch a glance of those soft eyes,

— "where soft complacence sits,
Illumin'd with the radiant beams of sense."

The nearest approach made by our modest lover to the "strictly private and confidential," is in allusion to the tears Theodora shed at one of their partings. "Theodora, sweet William does not refer to, but to what the future and opportunity might bring; then, he her trembling tears on his

lips; and he, naturally, with such an object in view, bids her weep on,

"Nor think it weakness when we love to feel,
Nor think it weakness what we feel to show."

We may believe that absence from her who had first set the pure pulses of his manly heart in quickened motion, reduced him to despair, for it was of his nature throughout life to hold as lost some of the dearest gifts of God that were close to his hand. He has then no joy but "the dear hope of meeting" Delia; and that hope, of course, in such an organization as Cowper's, "subsists but to prolong my pain." He even imagines cases, self-torturer as he was, in which her very presence would make him sad. If she were to be at his side, in sickness or sorrow, she would be touched by sympathy, and to behold her pain would but increase his own. In one of the seasons of absence she may have asked how he came to love this wayward yet intelligent cousin of his, for the apparent answer comes in the words—

"First, from necessity we own your sway,
Then scorn our freedom, and by choice obey."

And this obedience is marked by a fidelity in absence, which he alludes to at some length, and which is characterized by his total unconsciousness, he says, of what is being said or done around him in any society. It is only when Theodora is praised that

I attend, and, at once, inattentive appear."

But society has its duties as well as privileges, and his convivial co-mates will challenge him, at the festive board, to pledge in a brimming glass to the name of the girl of his heart; but Cowper, cautious even at high festivity, remarks:

"And lastly, when summoned to drink to
my flame,
Let her guess why I never once mention
her name,
Tho' herself and the woman I love are
the same."

It was a name too dear and sacred to him to be tossed on the lips of even such temperate tavern banqueters as Cowper drank with, in the neighborhood of the Temple. For such a woman we may suppose that the young lover would have expressed himself not merely ready and willing, but determined, to surmount

any difficulty that lay in the way of that success in life which should raise her and him far above the level on which they stood before they met the perils and pleasures of a married existence. When his great ancestor and namesake, William Cowper, married Judith Booth, the young couple lived upon labor, hope, and the happy, but modest, results. When Mary Clavering succeeded the deceased Judith, the energetic husband worked his way to the woolsack, made her a countess, enjoyed his leisure hours at home, and smartly birched the little Cowpers who marred his leisure by their exuberant gayety. Our poet Cowper was of those whose object is the woolsack too, but he had no energy for the struggle of which it is the prize. He left struggle and prize to his fellow-student, Thurlow, but he would make prize and fellow for life of his beautiful and intellectual cousin, Theodora, yet with no higher expressed ambition, as far as the early poems show—with nothing more attractive to win her consent, nothing more lively to quicken her in the giving of it—than desire with her to

"Gently spin out the silken thread of life."

All his nature is in that very candid line. The expression of it might have made many a high-spirited girl hesitate; but Theodora loved him as true woman loves, as he himself said he loved his country, with all faults included; and, for better for worse, she was ready to spin the thread of life, however entangled it might have become, or however gently it might have run off the reel, in unison with Cowper's very silken nature.

Joyously she would have gone through a glad, and patiently through a darkened, career; faithful, in either case, to him to whom she owed her triumph or her sorrow. Her very reply to her father, when he asked her how she was to live if she married her cousin—the reply of a young lady whose hand had the dainty sense of no labor, and who was daily familiar with carriage luxury—that she could take to the laundry by day, and have a great dog to ride at night, was the expression of a courageous spirit. It seems to have been mirthfully made, to obviate objection, or to imply that no solid objection could exist. But the father, on good grounds, we think, re-

fused his consent, and Theodora showed the worth of the great heart which Cowper lost by silently submitting to her father's will. Love, fidelity, obedience, she gave them all where the daughter acknowledged them to be due. She would have yielded them all a thousand times as gladly could she have seen them due to her cousin, as his wife. To *him*, and to the memory of the time of their young affection, she remained true, loving, and faithful, and, indeed, obedient to what she deemed the obligation of her love. Theodora's thread of life was spun in single blessedness; and so was Cowper's silken thread; but then his task was made pleasant by the gentle aid of Mrs. Unwin.

It was not in the nature of Cowper that he should be insensible to a blow which deprived him at once of a mistress and of a home—for his uncle's house was the only happy substitute for a home which Cowper had in London, and he had none elsewhere. We accept what he has recorded in verse, on this subject, as the unexaggerated description of his feelings; and we believe that, for a time, he daily mourned the disappointment of his hopes, in the loss of the fair cousin who was

—“through tedious years of doubt and pain,
Fixed in her choice, and faithful—but in vain.”

Cowper had done nothing to give immortality to the name of Theodora; but that of Mrs. Unwin, as Mr. Bruce remarks, “he has made known for all time, and throughout the world.”

The poet, not yet, however, with recognized brotherhood among great singers, had, through nervousness or honesty, thrown away some of his best chances of life, and had hardly recovered, if he ever fairly recovered, from his first attack of insanity, when the Providence which men call Chance, of which it certainly had all the appearance, made him an inmate of the Unwin family, at Huntingdon. In Mrs. Unwin, a bright, handsome, intelligent, and God-fearing woman, cheerful and pious to the utmost extent of two such excellent qualities, Cowper saw at once the earthly staff on which he would willingly lean during the remainder of his life. The lady was only the daughter of a draper of Ely;

but she was, nevertheless, a thorough lady in carriage of mind and body, and even in an English county town she had the homage of respect, and in the county itself was recognized by those immensely superior folk, the “county people.” When Mrs. Unwin became a widow, she and Cowper still kept house together; that is, the lady kept the house, and the poet relied on the lady. At such a domestic arrangement now, prudery would probably hint objection. However this may be, Cowper found in Mrs. Unwin, a nurse, guide, encourager, friend; and something more than merely friend, for she saved him from suicide, and helped him to fame. “It was inevitable that their attachment should become of a more tender kind,” says Mr. Bruce, “than one of ordinary friendship.” And he adds: “It seems a pity that they did not marry; but there were, no doubt, reasons against, with which we are unacquainted.” Mr. Bruce disbelieves altogether the old tradition, that Cowper made Mrs. Unwin an offer, which was accepted, and that the marriage was broken off, in consequence of mental excitement and illness which followed the acceptance of the offer.

Some of Cowper's anxieties, at least some of his difficulties, arose from his limited pecuniary means; but a few of his friends and kinsmen, Earl Cowper at their head, subscribed a sum sufficient to level the difficulty without arousing his pride, which, however, was not to be so offended. There was a strong dash of the Cowper eccentricity in the Earl who subscribed his not illiberal contribution towards the annuity of his cousin, the poet. He was sent, early in life, with a tutor, to make the *grand tour*, in course of which young men often added foreign vices to those they had learnt at home. This precocious pupil fell in love with a lady at Florence, lived with her there, and refused to leave her, even when his dying father entreated him to return to England. After that passion was scattered in cold ashes, he clung to Florence still, married a Miss Gore, and, in 1781, sent his children to England for education, but would not himself stir from the banks of the Arno, where he died, in 1789, and his widow in 1826. Much as he affected to despise honors, this English Earl was glad to receive the

Italian decoration of St. Hubert. Walpole called it "peddling lunacy," and added that "an English Earl stooping to be Knight of St. Hubert is as if a tiger should be proud of being admitted into some order among cats."

Succor from his friends Cowper accepted with much complacency, and he had not the slightest curiosity to learn the names of those who desired to remain anonymous. Yet one of these he *must* have suspected—the faithful Theodora, whom he never again saw after her father had refused consent to their marriage. To her, Mr. Bruce is inclined to attribute an anonymous letter addressed to Cowper in one of his seasons of difficulty; one couched "in the kindest and most benevolent language imaginable," writes Cowper to Lady Hesketh, the married sister of Theodora. The writer promises him that whatever lacked in his income "should be supplied by a person who loved me tenderly and approved my conduct. I wish I knew who dictated this letter. I have seen, not long since, a style most excessively like it." From this benevolent friend, who "loved him tenderly," Cowper subsequently received many gifts in money and kind; and the same friend sent to Mrs. Unwin, who had made his life at all times tolerable, and often agreeable to him, little gifts which would contribute to that lady's personal comfort. When Lady Hesketh resided with Cowper and Mrs. Unwin for several months, she must have satisfied Theodora's curiosity by her detailed descriptions of their way of life during every hour of the day. Lady Hesketh rendered full justice to Mrs. Unwin's self-denial, and to her invaluable services to "one whom she certainly loves as well as one human being loves another. I will not say that she idolizes him, because that she would think wrong." Mrs. Unwin had made the spinning of the silken thread of life as much a delight to him as it could be; and Cowper rewarded her by lines in "The Task," which speak of her kindness and their love. Theodora anonymously helped in the gentle spinning of the same thread by annuities and well-devised gifts; but in Cowper's poems, written for publication, there is no need of thanks, even to a nameless donor. Poor Theodora!

While this fair cousin, who had inspired his earliest muse, is in the background, or prominent only in the evidences of her sympathy and some natural curiosity about Mrs. Unwin, the latter amiable lady, authorized to show more active sympathy still, suggests to Cowper "The Progress of Error," one of her many kind acts to a man to whom authorship was an elixir of life. Then there was Lady Austen, with whom he fell in love after his way, and he was never in love, as he says, without being too much so. This lady worked ruffles for him, and there was innocent gallantry and tenderness between them, with some jealousy on Mrs. Unwin's side, and wearisomeness, at last, of the *too* brilliant lady, on the part of Cowper. But she, too, helped him to spin his thread of life as he would have it, by suggesting the subjects of "John Gilpin" and "The Sofa." To Mrs. Throckmorton—all "papist" as she was, and who would therefore not have been tolerated for a moment by the orthodox bard, but that she, too, lent an active hand in the spinning of that same thread—to her, rather than to her bulfinch, we owe the lines on her dead bird. Theodora again, when he was in fear touching the success of his "Homer," cheered the poet by her promise of his renown, and helped the somewhat needy minstrel with what minstrels only care for after fame, her gold. Both were sent anonymously, and were received with apparent indifference as to the source from whence they were derived, by the not too grateful Cowper.

It was, indeed, of his weaker nature to take things, or to wish to be able to take things, easily. When his most constant benefactor, Mrs. Unwin, was dying, Cowper, on awaking one morning, simply asked the servant, "Sally, is there life up-stairs?" In the course of the day, as his friend Johnson was reading Miss Burney's *Camilla* to him, the fact of Mrs. Unwin's death was broken to him by the reader. The "intelligence" was received by Cowper, though not entirely without emotion, yet with such as was compatible with the resumption of the reading." This looks like want of feeling, but Cowper's emotions are not readily to be interpreted; for instance, when he was on his return from a visit to Hayley, he passed a day at Rose's, in

Chancery Lane. The whole morning, we are told, "overwhelmed, he sat at the corner of the fire-place in total silence." This is supposed to have arisen from mental infirmity; but he was in the footpath of his youth, within a stone's throw of the home of the young girl whom he had loved, and whom he had never seen since he asked for the reward of his love. The thought was enough to keep the old man silent. That he had cherished the remembrance of that home in his mind is most certain, for, when Ashley Cowper died, his nephew furnished an epitaph in which are traces of the fond remembrance. In a letter to Lady Hesketh he speaks of the probability, when he and his uncle ceased to be friends, that he should never see that uncle again; and adds, that spite of the many years that had passed since then, he remembered his uncle's face better than that of people he had more recently seen; and then, in allusion to the father's death, he expresses "a warm hope that you and your sister" (not "*Theodora*," not "*my dear cousin*") "will be able effectually to avail yourselves of all the consolatory matter with which it abounds." After all, that cousin to whom he seemed afraid to allude, after their long divorce, by any affectionate epithet, had done her woman's work by soothing, as far as in her lay, always with true womanly delicacy, Cowper's vexed, and yet triumphant life. She survived him nearly a quarter of a century, dying in 1824. His letters to her, and his manuscript poems of which she was the youthful inspiration, she placed for safety with a friend, and the latter are included in this edition. Mr. Bruce speaks of this interesting woman as being somewhat stricken with the hereditary melancholy of the family, and as unhappily falling, at last, "into a condition of crazy oddity, very nearly allied to madness." As Mr. Bruce intends to publish a more enlarged life of Cowper than he has been able to give in the memoir of nearly two hundred pages with which he introduces this new edition of the poems, we will hope that he may have found, or may yet find, materials for telling the whole romantic story of William and Theodora Cowper. Meanwhile, there only remains for us to testify that in the volumes before us Mr. Bruce has

performed his task of biographer with the utmost grace; and of editor with the utmost care, zeal, and fidelity. No edition of Cowper, equal to this, has yet been issued from the press.

London Society.

ANGELICA'S BETROTHAL.

A CHRISTMAS STORY OF THE "OLD COURT."

CHAPTER I.

A CHRISTMAS SCENE AT THE OLD COURT.

"REMEMBER our conversation, my dear!"

The young girl to whom these words were addressed by her mother, stood cloaked, softly and warm, in the hall of her rectory home, waiting for the carriage which was to convey the family party, consisting of herself and her father and mother, to the scene of Christmas festivity at the "Old Court," the baronial residence of Lord and Lady Hautain, who held their Christmas revels in the fashion of the good old times.

They were a childless couple, and this fact had been the only cross which their tranquil lives had known.

The poor relations, however, who sprang with rapid offshoot growth from the original parent tree, and who, if not coming exactly under the head of "the blind, the halt, and the lame," might still have been summed up under the expressive modern adjective of "seedy," profited considerably by the absence of nearer and dearer ties, and more legitimate objects of affection, in the case of the representative of the house of Hautain, in whose breast hospitality was a rampant virtue, delighting in an excuse for excess.

Weasel-like old bachelors, who looked ill at home in their creased dress-coats, and thin, bird-like old maids, some of them with "honorable" attached to their names—a make-up for the miserable pittance, the portion of the younger scions of many a noble house, giving the mysterious privilege of "position," dear to the heart of honorable women of a certain age—and young married couples struggling with the gaunt wolf of poverty and the annual addition of another little Hautain to the family circle—these

were the sort of guests which the worthy old couple delighted to see assembled at the "Old Court" on each returning celebration of our highest and holiest feast.

Mr. Temple, the rector of the parish, was an easy-going clergyman of the old school; and his wife was a bustling, worldly-minded woman, the daughter of a neighboring baronet, who had just made the crowning success of her life, by introducing into society the really beautiful girl whom, by a master-stroke of diplomacy, not often practiced by mothers nowadays, she had kept strictly immured in the school-room until the chrysalis was ready to be cast and the butterfly wings to spread in all their glory to the gaze of an admiring world.

Angelica, or "Angel Temple," as she had been christened on her first appearance in the county, was no common character; but with much that was really noble, she had imbibed a deep strain of worldliness from the education she had received from her mother; and the remark of the latter with which this chapter opened was the result of a conversation, which I will quote here for the benefit of the reader, and to explain the footing on which mother and daughter stood.

"I wish you would not be so reserved with me, Angel," began Mrs. Temple, who had adopted the popular abbreviation of her daughter's name; "you will meet Mr. Hautain again to-night, and it is quite necessary that I should be informed whether this growing intimacy between you is likely to lead to anything or not."

"I think I am able to take care of myself, mother; and I do not exactly know what you mean, by 'leading to anything.' Of course you know that I could marry Reginald to-morrow if I liked; as far as he is concerned in the matter, there would be no difficulty in bringing it to anything at once."

As she said these words with an air of defiance, Mrs. Temple looked quickly up in her daughter's face. "Angel," she said, in the sharp, peremptory tones natural to her, "you will not be such a fool as to throw away such a chance as this. Why did you not tell me before?"

"Perhaps, because I do intend to be the fool you take me for. Perhaps, be-

cause, loving another man, a penniless man, as I do, I do not intend to sell myself to that untamed cub, Reginald Hautain, as the highest bidder in the marriage market as yet. Perhaps, because I am so well suited to live on a hundred a year, that I am not likely to throw away such a chance as *that*. What say you, mother? You shall decide for me in this difficult matter. I promise to abide by your decision. Shall I marry Reginald, or Stephen Hautain? Either of them would have me to-morrow."

Angel's countenance, to tell the truth, belied her name as she uttered these words, standing opposite to her mother, with a lurid light in her fine eyes, and the demon spirit of scorn sitting on her short curled lip. Mrs. Temple, who did not understand her daughter's temper in the least, or see how fiercely the two opposite currents of worldliness and nobility were struggling for the mastery in her breast, only recognized the fact that, in leaving the matter to be decided by her mother, she was reaching out her hand to grasp the proffered coronet, which had so many charms for the matronly heart; and she answered rather coldly, for she despised the imputed motive—

"It is a mere farce your asking me to decide, Angel, between Reginald and Stephen. You know *that I would rather see you in your grave* than mated with poverty and disgrace."

"You know, mother, how widely our notions differ on this point; if you wish me to obey you, you must not shirk the point. If you wish me to sell myself to Reginald Hautain, for the prospect of a coronet and ten thousand a year, you must say so in so many words. I am not of age—it is not my own doing. You must say distinctly, 'Angel, it is my wish that, without entertaining a spark of affection for him, and loving another man from the depths of your soul, you marry Reginald Hautain for the sake of the rank and the wealth that will one day be his.' Why should we not all say exactly what we mean? I have said my say, but nothing will alter my determination. The choice remains with you, *mother*." (The last word was said with a dash of that bitterness which Byron has thrown into it, when on the lips of the deformed boy,

"I was born so, mother.") The crooked and distorted body, or the crooked and distorted mind, should be the last infirmities with which a mother should reproach her child; and, in Angel's case, the stress she laid upon the word seemed to say, "If I am base, it is to a mother's influence that that baseness is to be attributed; let her be the last to condemn."

"Angel," said Mrs. Temple, looking her young daughter straight in the face as she spoke the words, "you have placed the responsibility on my shoulders in this matter, and I have no objection to take it. I lay my commands upon you to accept Reginald Hautain's offer if he proposes to you to-night, or at any subsequent time; and in saying so, I know that I am echoing your papa's wishes. He has spoken to me on the subject more than once."

"Very well."

This was all that Angel Temple said. Her mind had of course been made up before, to reject the man who loved her, as she had herself affirmed, as his own soul, and to take for her husband one, against whose coarse and brutal nature her own revolted, merely because he was an elder son, and heir to the barony of Hautain. Angel was naturally ambitious, and she had been brought up by a worldly mother; but that "very well" cost her the anguish of a heart too noble to reconcile itself at once to the disgraceful rôle assigned to it to play. I have said that her mind had been distorted by the faults of her education, and she had cajoled herself into the miserable belief that she had now placed her future conduct, with regard both to Stephen and Reginald, on the score of duty to her parents and to herself. Miserable sophistry! that had not balm enough to heal the slightest wound among the many that followed upon those simple words. Poor Angel! least angelic, when you sacrificed yourself on the altar that was not the altar of duty, and bound yourself with cords to the horns of the shrine of Mammon—despicable in the sight of God, and of yourself, in all, saving your beauty, you were little of an angel then.

It was on Christmas Eve, that the Temples were about to join the large party of guests assembled to keep Christ-

mas at the "Old Court." The two brothers who have been mentioned above, Reginald and Stephen Hautain, were the nephews of the old lord, and the elder of the two was heir to the barony and the estates of Hautain. He was rough and uncouth, a man of about thirty-five years of age, selfish, and egotistic beyond the usual limits of selfishness and egotism common to elder sons and the heirs to ancient titles and estates. He had fallen (for him) desperately in love with Angel Temple on the occasion of his meeting her, for the first time since she had sprung up into womanhood, at the "Old Court" on the Christmas preceding the one of which I write; and the acquaintance had been renewed when he came down for partridge-shooting to the same place in September. Stephen, or "Steenie," as he was called by his aunt, Lady Hautain, of whom he was prime favorite, was a very different character, and it was he who Angel Temple affirmed to her mother loved her with his whole soul and strength. The acquaintance between those two was not the acquaintance of a day, and the attachment, which existed on both sides, had grown with their growth and strengthened with their strength, for they had known and loved each other as boy and girl. He was in a cavalry regiment, his commission having been bought, at his own request, by the modest patrimony left him by his father. Reginald and Stephen were orphaned of both parents, enough being reserved to purchase his captaincy, a negotiation which had just been effected, and he had come down to the "Old Court" that Christmas for the first time as Captain Hautain—a penniless captain, for his last shilling had been swallowed up in the purchase, and he would have to perform the almost unprecedented feat in a cavalry regiment of living upon his pay.

No wonder that a worldly-minded woman like Mrs. Temple looked upon her daughter's attachment to "Steenie Hautain" in the light of a madness and a disgrace. Angel herself had, after a fierce struggle with her own better self, decided in favor of the elder brother, who, as she truly remarked to her mother, needed but the slightest encouragement on her part to throw himself and

his prospects at her feet. She had not met Steenie since his elder brother had openly declared himself as her suitor, and the idea of the meeting on that memorable Christmas Eve was full of bitterness to her bruised and aching heart.

"Oh, Steenie! Steenie! why were not you the eldest?" she had said fiercely, in the anguish of losing him after the cold "very well," which we have heard her pronounce, had sealed her destiny for life; for Angel was not one to look back when she had once put her hand to the plough, either for evil or for good. She had told herself repeatedly that their mutual attachment could never lead to happy results. If their union ever took place at all, it must be a clandestine one, for both her father and mother were people violently opposed to the idea of their only daughter and heiress allying herself to a young penniless adventurer, as they called him, with nothing but his handsome face and chivalric nature to recommend him. She thought she had counted the cost before the conversation with her mother which she had determined should decide her fate; and she went up to the "Old Court" that evening, knowing that she would leave it the affianced bride of a man whom she detested and loathed, but who would have it in his power to make her eventually a baroness, and the mistress of that stately old home.

She had never, perhaps, looked more beautiful than she did on that occasion as she entered the drawing-room of the "Old Court," and Lady Hautain looked admiringly and even lovingly upon her, and thought what a handsome couple she and her adored nephew Steenie would make. She had with a woman's penetration long ago discovered their secret, and had made provisions in her will that her favorite should not always be a penniless captain, and, under certain provisos, had generously remembered Angel herself.

"Come and sit by me, my dear," she said to our heroine, after having affectionately kissed her on the cheek. "You look like a white rose. Steenie has just arrived," she added in a whisper; "you know he is a captain now."

"Yes, I know it, Lady Hautain; Reginald told me so the other day."

Lady Hautain looked surprised. Stephen had always been "Steenie" on Angel's lips, who had known him as a boy, but she had never heard Reginald called anything but "Mr. Hautain" by her before.

"I wish Reginald had only a tithe of his good looks," said the kind aunt, who loved the younger and more worthy nephew with her whole heart. "I never saw two brothers so totally unlike, both in person and mind."

"They are a great contrast, certainly," was the young lady's reply; "but it has passed into a proverb, you know, the fascinations of younger sons. Reginald would scarcely change places with his brother if he were twice as uncouth and ugly, and Steenie twice as handsome as he is."

"I should not like to be too sure of that. Steenie possesses one advantage over his brother, for which I think Reginald would give much. You know what I mean, Angel, and none better than you."

"On the contrary, I know of none, dear Lady Hautain," replied the girl quickly, blushing over neck, face, and brow at the allusion to her own love, more than hinted at in the kind woman's words. "Steenie is poor; he cannot afford any advantage over his elder brother. I do not think that Reginald would give much for any one that Steenie possesses now."

"You are too diffident, child. I know better than that. I am sorry for Reginald sometimes, although it will be good for him to find out that he cannot carry everything before him. He has been dreadfully spoiled."

"He is a selfish fool," thought Angel herself, although she did not allow this mental verdict on her future husband's character to pass her lips; and she gave a slight start, as a well-known voice at her side caused her to look quickly up at one of the handsomest faces that she had ever beheld. Steenie was greatly improved since she had seen him last; he was ten years younger than his brother Reginald, and only just arrived at the maturity of his manly beauty. As he bent over Angel's hand—the pretty little traitress hand which was about to be bestowed on a rival—Lady Hautain might have been excused for her exulta-

tion over the matchless beauty of the pair, whom I will here describe to the reader, before that fiat goes forth which is to separate them for ever and a day.

Angel Temple was tall and slight, with delicately - moulded limbs, of oriental grace, and a skin that was almost dazzling in its alabaster whiteness and transparency. Her small shapely head was crowned with the finest raven tresses in the world, and her large gazelle-like brown eyes were deep, earnest, and tender, or haughty, disdainful, or indifferent, according to the varying moods of the owner of the lovely head, in which they burned like lamps in the temple of Diana.

Those wonderful eyes eclipsed all the other charms of the face, and fascinated the beholder with their basilisk spell. Stephen Hautain looked into what he believed to be their true pure depths, and felt that they had bound him to their service either for life or death; and she looked into his, deep, gray (and fathomable to those whom he loved), and felt that she had set the seal to his death-doom. "He will be faithful," she thought, "faithful through all to me;" and a sharp pang, like the sting of a steel weapon, shot through her heart, and left her cheek paler than the white flower in her hair. He looked, as Lady Hautain had told her, handsomer than ever, and his slim but firmly-knit figure was cast in the mould of an Apollo.

Stephen Hautain was reckoned the handsomest man of his day, and was adored by the women of his acquaintance who had not daughters to marry; and Angel Temple, in whose perverted nature satire was a crowning gift, said to herself, as Reginald entered the room at the same moment, and gazed sulkily round it till his eye lighted upon her own face, "Look on this picture and on that," and did not spare the lash in the bitterness of her own self-contempt. Mr. Hautain, as the world called the man whom we have introduced to our readers as simply "Reginald," was not going to allow his fascinating brother to engross the attention of the woman whom he (Reginald) had honored with his notice; and bringing his ungainly person to her side by a series of awkward evolutions (which always, by the way, mark the progress of that odious anom-

aly, a man shy through egotistic self-consciousness), he commenced a conversation quite irrelevant to the one which she had begun with Stephen, and which had not, as yet, overstepped the usual conventional observances.

"I have been trying to get up to you, Miss Temple, before they announced dinner; it is my privilege to take you in, you know, now."

"You have cleared quite a passage for yourself among Lady Hautain's tables and chairs," she replied, "and might claim a Victoria Cross for the way in which you charged poor Miss Clementina's hoop. She is vainly trying to look unconscious of the rent in her gown now. Have you no remorse, Mr. Hautain?"

"Confound her gown!" was the chivalric reply, and, "I wish you would call me Reginald, Angel," Mr. Hautain added in an under tone, as he stuck out his arm awkwardly to her as dinner was announced; "it's rather hard on a fellow," he added, as they traversed the long corridor together, which led into the banqueting hall, "to be always snubbing one as you do."

Miss Temple gave rather an irrelevant answer to this leading remark on the part of her uncouth adorer. She could not help listening to the ringing tones of Captain Hautain's voice, who was talking gayly to one of the honorable spinsters before mentioned, who had been boiling over with indignation at being taken into dinner after "that chit, Angelica Temple," but who was cooling again under the genial influence of Captain Hautain's lively conversation.

He was so happy, in such buoyant spirits, in the radiant presence of his beloved, that he made himself more than usually agreeable—a circumstance which the Honorable Clementina Hautain put down to the credit of her own charms. She had been the beauty of the family a day long passed away, but had been too wayward and capricious in her treatment of her adorers, a fact which in her dreary spinsterhood, supported upon mythical means, and an occasional *coeur* from the generous head of her house, she now bitterly regretted. She was always throwing out ominous hints to her young nieces and cousins, especially those remarkable for their good looks, about not being "too particular, say

dear;" and frequently repeated one or two stanzas of an old-fashioned song, of which the first lines were :

"When I was a girl of eighteen years old,
I was as handsome as handsome could be;
My hair o'er my neck in ringlets flowed,
And lovers came courting to me."

It went on to show the danger of caprice and indiscriminate rejection of the whole army of lovers, described at length, beginning with the "Duke, with his coronet of gold, whose face, like his family, was so very old, that he would not do for me." It was a great day for the juvenile members of the family when Aunt Clemmy could be persuaded to favor the company with this song, to the accompaniment of a thrumming guitar, suspended round the withered neck by a ribbon of cerulean hue. To this ancient siren Captain Hautain's conversation was addressed, and the flowers which decorated the poor palsied old head were tremulous with the pleasurable emotion which agitated her breast.

"The Captain made himself most agreeable, my dear, I assure you," she remarked to a bevy of young ladies, whose society this lively young creature greatly affected, much to their concealed disgust. "I really shall begin to feel it *here*," she added, coquettishly placing her hand upon the region of her heart. "I really think I cut *you* out in that quarter, Miss Temple, for although he sat between us he certainly devoted all his attention to your humble servant."

"I am sure he showed his discrimination," replied that young lady, satirically; "he is so grateful for the kindness you showed to his mother at school, when she was a little delicate child, and you were the eldest parlor boarder; she never forgot it, and told Steenie never to forget it either. It was very kind of you, Miss Clementina."

Miss Clementina got very red, and the permanent flush which afflicted her aquiline Hautain nose turned like a danger signal, greatly to the amusement of the Angel, whose behavior was so little angelic on that Christmas Eve of 186-. Poor girl! Little as the reader will be inclined to pity her, she underwent a fiery ordeal when she consented, as she did consent that night, to become the af-

fianced wife of Reginald, the heir of the Hautains.

This was how it fell out. After dinner the two brothers entered the drawing-room at the same moment, and both approached the sofa on which Miss Temple was seated, apparently lost in the contemplation of her bouquet of hot-house flowers, which had been left at the rectory that morning by Reginald himself—a great stretch of politeness on his part, who would have thought twice before undertaking the exertion of so much as wagging his little finger in the service of the best friend he possessed. Intruding his ungainly form between Captain Hautain and the object of his adoration, he placed himself, with something of the assumption of ownership, at her side, and remarked coarsely to his brother, whose countenance lowered at this cavalier treatment at the hands of his rival:

"There is the old girl you flirted with at dinner, winking at you, Steenie, so you had better go and flirt with her again. You're just one too many here, I can tell you; isn't he, Angel?"

The young lady so addressed neither spoke nor moved a muscle of her countenance; she seemed as though she were turned to stone, and her beauty, always statuesque, became almost terrible in its outward calmness. Mr. Hautain, however, whose voice was thick, and whose ideas, unconnected as they often were after dinner, which was to him the one object in life, stood in little awe of Angel in her new mood. She was to him nothing more than a "deuced pretty girl," quite ready to jump down his throat, and to whom he meant to throw the handkerchief that night, having primed himself for the occasion with two or three more glasses than usual of Lord Hautain's old port.

It was not a romantic wooing; I do not wish to degrade my pen by a description of a tipsy man's proposal to a girl who had made up her mind to sacrifice herself to the highest bidder for her beauty of person and face. We can have but little pity for her who forged the fetters of her own fate. Dazzled by the blaze of a coronet in perspective, marred by the essentially worldly nature of her education, Angel Temple cast the fatal die, to which act, in the madness

of her infatuation, she seemed to be actually spurred on by the presence of the man whom she really, fondly loved. She did not trust herself to look at him—she had nobility enough to feel how contemptible she must ever after appear in his eyes. None knew better than he the dislike which she entertained for the man whom she had just promised to marry. Essentially noble himself, she felt that she had forfeited the last claim to his love, and the conviction struck her like a death-blow. He had turned sharply on his heel when Angel had maintained silence in answer to the rude appeal of Reginald Hautain for her consent to his brother's banishment from her presence. He was not a man to take such an affront tamely; but believing in her truth above all things, he was not a man long to bear malice for the wayward caprice of a spoiled beauty, even when it was exercised upon himself. The opportunity at last presented itself for a few moments of conversation with her privately, although it might sound like an anomaly to say that the time chosen was that during which he and Miss Temple were, to all outward appearance, engrossed in attention to the dreary meanderings of a quadrille.

"At last," began Stephen Hautain, bending his handsome head to place it more on an equality with that of his beautiful partner—"at last I have an opportunity of a word with you. We have exchanged no Christmas greeting as yet, and, Angel, you have never congratulated me."

"I do so now with all my heart," was the reply, "and for more reasons than one, Captain Hautain."

"I do not understand you; you are not like yourself, and your cold words cut me to the heart. If this is to be our Christmas greeting, Angel, I wish to heaven I had never come!"

"Hush, hush, Steenie," said the girl, alarmed by the violence of his language and by the expression of his face, over which a deadly whiteness had suddenly spread: "you must not excite yourself in this way about a shadow; my coldness must be nothing to you henceforth. *I am to marry your brother Reginald!*"

A sort of angel, that was not an angel of light, seemed to possess her as she pronounced the cruel words: it was as

though she had gathered all her strength to inflict a deadly wound with the greatest amount of possible pain. She had no wish to spare him, no intention of doing so; she looked up at him as she said the words to see if the shaft had told home.

It had done so, but there was but little outward sign; he only dropped her hand suddenly, which he had held in his own but a moment before, and he addressed no further word to her until he led her back to her seat on the sofa on which his brother Reginald lounged with apparent unconcern, but with a hatred of his brother in his heart, born of jealousy, and of what stood with him in the place of love, for the woman who had a few minutes before promised to become his wife.

"Don't let us have too much of this, Angel," he said, thickly, with his breath hot with the fumes of wine, almost on her cheek. "No larking with handsome cavalry captains now: Steenie was always rather too sweet upon you to suit my taste, and I am not going to stand any nonsense with him, I can tell you. I hope you'll tell him at once that you and I are going to be married shortly. By Jove, it sounds jolly, doesn't it? I'm not going to wait long, I can tell you."

This was rather too much for Angel's sore heart to accept without some sign of resentment, and of the rage and remorse that was burning in her soul.

"I am afraid you have been drinking, Mr. Hautain," she answered haughtily; and rising from her seat, she crossed the room, and was looking for Mrs. Temple to ask her to take her home at once, pleading a headache as the ostensible cause, when Lady Hautain intercepted her in mid-career, and taking her hand affectionately, said: "You will give us one song before you go, my dear, won't you? I make it my particular request."

"Anything to oblige you, Lady Hautain," Miss Temple said, and she went dreamily to the piano, which was open invitingly, and seemed to court the touch of one of the most accomplished musicians that had ever swept its chords. Her voice, like Annie Laurie's, was "low" and very "sweet," and she sang an English ballad with a feeling which few could equal, and none eclipse. The words which she selected on this occasion thrilled through the hearts of her hear-

ers; they were those of Byron's, beginning:

"When we two parted in silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted to sever for years;
Pale grew thy cheek, and cold, colder thy
kiss,
Truly that hour foretold sorrow to this."

When she had concluded there was silence in the room for some moments, and then the voice of her affianced bridegroom broke the spell, as he exclaimed enthusiastically, "Bravo! bravo! but give us something livelier now to cheer us up a little. That was but a dismal Christmas ditty, Angel, after all."

"I must wish you good-night," that young lady said, addressing her hostess, and sweeping haughtily past Reginald without condescending to speak to him; and "good-night" she said also to Stephen Hautain, who returned the adieu with an expression in his eyes which smote to Angel's heart like a knife.

"I shall see him to-morrow," she thought, as they drove home, "and he shall not look at me so again; for once I will break my resolution: I will never marry *that cub*."

She comforted herself with the reflection, but it came too late; the next day her eyes anxiously sought one "curled and comely head" above the Christmas decorations of the manor pew, but they sought it in vain. Stephen Hautain had left the "Old Court" early on that Christmas morning.

CHAPTER II.

FOUR YEARS LATER.

It was Christmas Eve at the "Old Court" once more, but circumstances had sadly changed during the four years which had elapsed since we saw the happy party assembled there, under the auspices of the hospitable old lord.

Since that time his soul had been summoned away from this earth, and sorely missed at Christmas time. Among all that wide circle of friends and relatives, to whom he had endeared himself by the kindness of his heart and temper, there was one poor widowed soul who felt that each recurrence of the holy feast was only to be kept now for her as celebrating the arrival at another milestone towards the "house not made

with hands," whither what she most cherished in this world had gone before her to his home. Lady Hautain was what the world calls broken-hearted; but it was merely a figure of speech to express that her affections had been weaned from this world, and fixed on a better one. But there was still balm in Gilead for the wounded heart even here; there was no bitterness in her sorrow; she had only laid up her treasure for a time; she mourned, but she did not repine. One constant loving companion had she in her sorrow and with her by her side, to read with her, pray with her, and hope with her. Lady Hautain hoped ere long to pass peaceably to the fair land of promise, which she now seemed to realize even in her day-dreams.

There was one thorn, however, that she prayed, if it were God's will, to see removed from her breast before she died; and to be permitted to stretch her feeble hands in blessing over the head of her beloved nephew Stephen, was the one hope of her life. He was now Lord Hautain—that is, if he were still alive; but no word or tidings of him had reached the "Old Court" since the Christmas Eve of 1860, when he received at Angel's hands the stroke which had blasted his life.

Reginald, his elder brother, had died from the effects of an accident in the hunting-field one year after the old lord departed this life, so that at his decease Stephen had become Lord Hautain. But these events had occurred two long years ago, and nothing had been heard of the missing heir. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon on Christmas Eve, as I said before, when the widowed Lady Hautain and her now constant companion, whom I will only designate for the present by her Christian name of "Angelica," or "Angel," sat together in the drawing-room at the "Old Court," both dressed in deep mourning—both musing sadly over their retrospective gaze into the past.

"Angel," said the elder lady at last, "perhaps I ought not to say so to you, but I begin to give up hope. We must have heard something during these two years if—if he had been alive," she added, while sobs choked her further utterance. "Oh! how I have prayed to see him once

again," she went on after a pause: "then I could say indeed with truth, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'"

"Oh, spare me, spare me, dear Lady Hautain!" said the young girl at her side, down whose colorless cheek the tears refused to flow, and on whose pallid lips the words trembled like leaves at the approach of a storm; "there is a sting and a reproach to me in every word you say, and I would give all that remains of my wretched, wasted life to call Steenie back from his grave, for you say he is dead! You say, 'If he had been alive.' O my God! my God! my heart is broken at last."

Lady Hautain was shocked and alarmed; this was a burst of hysterical grief on the part of her companion which she had never witnessed before, and the violence with which it now manifested itself very much frightened her. She took her to her heart, and soothed and caressed her as she would have soothed a child; and as the hysterical frenzy of her grief began to abate, she sobbed upon the good woman's breast.

"If I had but had a mother like you, we might have both of us been spared this; but I have never realized before that it was possible that he was lost to us for ever."

"You must teach me to hope still, Angel; it is the privilege of youth. I must go and lie down now. Will you come with me, or stay here?"

"I will stay here unless you want me: it was in this room, and on this very day, that I sealed my own fate; it is here that I will pray Heaven that, if possible, it might not have included his in its own bitterness. He must have forgotten me now, surely, Lady Hautain?"

"I cannot say, my love. Your fault has been repented of and cruelly atoned; it is not for us to forestall the judgments of Heaven. Pray for him, dear child, for yourself, for us all, and I will pray that your prayers may be heard."

So Angel was left in her solitude to shed bitter tears over the fate of the man whom she had never ceased to love more madly than ever since the time that her own wicked and ambitious act had driven him from her side for ever.

The evening of the day, which had been bright, frosty, and seasonable,

closed upon the "Old Court" in the splendor of a winter sunset, and still Angel lingered in the oriel window; not, however, gazing out upon the scene, which in all its beauty was full of sadness for her. She was on her knees, with her slender white hands crossed on the black folds of her dress, and her head bowed in self-humiliation, while from her beautiful eyes the heavy tears fell like rain upon the polished oak boards on which she knelt. "Oh, Steenie, Steenie!" she murmured softly under her breath, "come back to me, or I shall die; my heart is breaking fast. If he is dead, I am his murderess. Oh, Steenie! I cannot pray!"

As she uttered the last words, the door opened softly, and a voice said: "Here is Lady Hautain, sir; if you take the responsibility upon yourself, I can only warn you not to startle her suddenly, for she is a great invalid."

It was the voice of Mrs. Merthyr, the housekeeper, and the words were pronounced slowly and distinctly, as though to give time to the inmates of the chamber to prepare themselves for a surprise, and the warning was intended for the aged Lady Hautain, whose absence from her usual position in her arm-chair the deepening darkness prevented from being apparent.

The door closed as softly as it had opened—closed upon the newly-found possessor of the barony of Hautain, upon Stephen, the long-lost heir, whose eyes, keener than those of the old housekeeper, discovered at once the sable-draped figure in the window, and recognized the well-known outlines of her form.

"Angel," said a low voice, that seemed to speak to her in solemn tones from beyond the region of the grave—"Angel, I am come back! Have you a warmer welcome for me than you had four years ago, or is even sisterly love dead within your bosom? You need not shrink from me; I am your brother now."

She had not shrunk from him, as he interpreted the sinking movement of her slight and wasted frame, that, after a reed-like swaying motion to and fro, sank upon the floor at his feet. She had fainted; the sudden realization of her hopes had been too much for her in her weakened state of health, and she

had fallen into a tearless swoon. Then the words of warning which he had neglected came too late to his ears, "for her ladyship is a great invalid," and filled him with remorse, he believing that they had been applied to her, to his brother's widow, the youthful Lady Hautain; for dearly as he loved his aunt, it had not been to her that his thoughts had flown on the occasion of his first visit to his unexpected inheritance.

"I have killed her at last!" he uttered aloud. "My love! my darling! Oh, speak to me, Angel, once again! I will be a true brother to you, I will never speak again of the love that is killing me! Oh, Angel, say that you forgive me! Speak to me!—look at me!" And he pressed his lips on that cold, statue-like brow, as though his own passionate eagerness could endow it with the flush of life. He would not ring, or call for assistance; those precious moments were too dear to him to waste—once more with his beloved alone. He laid her tenderly on a sofa, against the crimson draperies of which her white face shone with an unearthly lustre, and taking a silver flask from his pocket, he proceeded to touch her lips with the contents.

Often in his wild prairie life had the contents of that little flask restored vital power and energy to his own exhausted frame, and he knew from experience the best remedies to apply in a case of what modern doctors have mystified by the name of "syncope." After a few moments a quiver agitated the thickly-fringed lids, that had hitherto lain in the stillness of death on the marble cheek beneath them, and a slight flush of color spread itself over the pure pale face. Angel was returning to life. The first word that came to her trembling lip was "Steenie!" and her first action was to cover the hand that lay in her own with kisses and fast-rushing tears; and not until then did Lord Hautain withdraw it from her keeping, with an expression on his face that was almost stern. "Angel," he said, in a low, firm voice, "do not send me from you again. I will be a brother to you, if you will let me. But it must rest with you; I cannot promise to withstand this from you again."

"You will forgive me all, Steenie,

when you know all. I have deserved this from you. I will take anything from you—I was going to say, even a broken heart; but that is already mine. But God has forgiven me, for he has sent you back to me before I die."

"Do not talk of forgiving, Angel," he said, kissing her on the forehead; "I forgave you, my poor child, long ago; but now all that is left for us is to be true to ourselves."

The young and singularly lovely girl raised her dark, wondering eyes to the face of her beloved. Suddenly it flashed upon her mind that he was trying to break to her that some insuperable barrier still existed to their future union; and putting her hand into his, and looking into his eyes, she said: "You have something to tell me, Steenie—that there is something between us still. Tell me at once; it is the punishment of Heaven for my faults towards you. But it is almost too bitter to bear; tell me gently, but tell me at once."

It was now Lord Hautain's turn to look wonderingly at that fair upturned face before him, which he believed to be the face of a sister, as he said, "Anything between us still, Angel? Why do you mock me in this way, when there is everything between us, as you must best know—you who fixed the immutable barrier by your own free will? You must let me be a brother to you, or nothing, *Lady Hautain*."

The last words were said in so sad a tone, that they sank deeply, painfully into poor Angel's heart, for they told of years of weary suffering, like those she had herself undergone. With her they had purified and elevated; with him they had strengthened, and perhaps a little embittered; but then he had been cruelly injured, and his nature was loyal to the core.

Such natures are embittered, when they are betrayed as his had been, when the noblest emotions of his soul had been concerned. But she had balm to heal all these deep heart-wounds now; and her eyes shone with a new light that illuminated her pale face as she answered: "Steenie, you are mistaking me for some one else; I am not your sister; I am not Lady Hautain. Is it possible that you have not heard that *I am Angel Temple* still? I broke off my engagement of

one day with your brother, even before you had left England and me. I could not give you up so easily as you thought. Oh, Steenie! you do not know how sore my punishment has been, but I fully deserved it all."

As the poor girl pronounced the words—the talismanic words—*I am Angel Temple still*, her lover sprang quickly to his feet, while his whole frame shook with the strength of his new-found joy; and tears streamed down his cheeks for the first time since the paralyzing stroke which had fallen on his heart in that very room four years ago.

They had both suffered much, owing to the fault of one; but Angel—as it was just that she should—had suffered the most. She had lost her mother and her lover in those few years, and the sable robes which she wore for the former were the emblem of the desolation which the loss of the other had caused. She had mourned for him as few can mourn and live, and her sorrow was now telling upon her health. In Lady Hautain she had found another mother, one who had directed her thoughts to the only fountain of consolation for such sorrow as hers; but the place of the long-lost lover would never be filled by other than himself.

He had been living a wild life in the far distant prairies of the west, cut off, as it were, from the land of the living, as regarded those who loved him and whom he loved, and chance only had revealed to him the fact that he had become the possessor of the barony of Hautain—a circumstance which he heard with unfeigned regret.

She was lost to him still! What were titles and lands to him now? He would have to meet Angel next, as a brother, with an immutable barrier between himself and her. But his duty called him to England; and duty with him was a power stronger than death. It took him home; it took him to the side of one who, as a sister, he would have prayed never to see again; and in the end it brought him his reward. There was nothing between them, after all; they were free; they were each other's; they were blessed indeed.

Words could not paint the rapture of those two tried hearts, united now for ever, without a cloud or a speck on the

dim horizon of their future fates. It was a Christmas of the truest rejoicing that the "Old Court" had ever known, for it was joy that trod upon the very heels of death and despair; and as the morning of that holy day dawned upon their waking eyes, two fond and thankful hearts offered up mute adoration to the giver of all earthly good. Stephen said to his beloved on that day, "I have thought of you sometimes when I gazed up at the star-lit sky, and a voice has whispered to me, 'She is your Angel still;' and the thought has kept me from bitterness, and perhaps from worse. The newspaper which at last reached me said that Lord Hautain had died childless, but it did not say unmarried; how could I guess that your engagement to him had been broken off? My last hope failed when the housekeeper said, 'Lady Hautain is in the drawing-room, sir;' for I never thought it was my aunt that she alluded to; and when I saw you kneeling there, Angel, in your black robes, how little did I imagine that you were still free, and praying for me!"

"Do not say praying, Steenie; I could not pray. I was yearning for you, and you came back to me, that was all. I am only an angel in name, as no one knows better than you; but I will try to be an angel to you for ever—evermore," she said, looking up fondly into his face. And all I can add is, that up to the time being she has kept her word.

Macmillan's Magazine.

"PEACE ON EARTH."

BY THOMAS HUGHES, M.P. FOR LANCETER.

THE last time that the season of "peace on earth and good will to men" came round, the great struggle between the free and slave powers in America had not yet come to death-grips. Here, at least, many people still believed that the Southern States could not be subdued, and were sure sooner or later to establish their independence, and a new polity which would act for the rest of time as a corrective to the dangerously popular institutions and ideas of New-England. The year has passed, and the great revolutionary epic of our time has closed.

Perhaps some of us may still stop short of Mr. Seward's triumphant summing up: "Death," he says in his yearly address to his fellow-citizens at Auburn, "death has removed his victims; liberty has crowned her heroes; humanity has crowned her martyrs; the sick and the stricken are cured; the surviving combatants are fraternizing; and the country—the object of our just pride, and lawful affection—once more stands collected and composed, firmer, stronger, and more majestic than ever before, without one cause of dangerous discontent at home, and without an enemy in the world." We may think him somewhat too hopeful in the breadth of his assertions, and may have our fears that it may take a generation yet to weld again into one brotherhood all the States of the Union. But, when he predicts so fearlessly that "under next October's sun he shall be able, with his fellow-townsmen in Auburn, to rejoice in the restoration of peace, harmony, and union throughout the land," we cannot but own that earlier prophecies of his, which seemed at least as rash, have been fulfilled almost to the letter. In any case, we do all willingly now admit, and honor, the marvellous energy and constancy with which the great game has been played out by the American people. As one of the many Englishmen whose faith in that people never faltered during the contest, I do most heartily rejoice to see that all classes of my countrymen are at last not only ready to appreciate, but hearty in their appreciation of, what has been done for freedom in America in this revolutionary war. I am sure that we now only want further knowledge of facts to honor our kith and kin across the Atlantic as they deserve to be honored, for the glorious sacrifices which they made of all that was most precious and dearest to them in a struggle upon which not only their own life as a nation, but the future of at least one third of the world, was at stake.

In this belief, I think that Christmas is the right time for bringing out into somewhat clearer light a side of the drama which has not been as yet fairly presented to us here: I mean, first, the strain on the resources of the Northern States while the war lasted; and, secondly, the heroism of the men of gentle birth and

nurture, who, so far from shrinking from the work, and fighting by substitute (as was asserted by some of our leading journals), took at least their fair share of all the dangers and miseries and toils of those dark years.

First, then, as to the people's work; and, highly as we may value the men who have come to the front, and whose names as soldiers and statesmen are now known over the whole world, we must acknowledge that the true hero of the war is, after all, the American people. In proof of this I will take one or two of the Northern States, and look for a moment at what the call was which was made on them, and how they answered to it. Let us look, as a first instance, at the smallest in area of all the States, and the smallest in population of all the free States. Little Rhode Island, at the census of 1860, just before the breaking out of the war, contained a population of 174,620. As usual in the Eastern States, the females considerably exceeded the males, and of the latter there were 82,304 altogether. Up to December 1st, 1862—that is to say, in less than two years from the first call of the President for troops—Rhode Island furnished 14,626 men to the army, and 1400 to the navy, or almost 1 in 5 of her total male population, and, of course, far more than that proportion of her men of fighting age, between 18 and 45. In the first enthusiasm, when the call for 500,000 men came in the summer of 1861, the quota of Rhode Island was 4057, and she furnished 5124. I do not give the later returns, because there appears to have been a large number of substitutes among her recruits after 1862, and I have no means of knowing whether these were or were not natives of the State. There is no need to overstate the case, and I should, on every account, shrink from doing so. Rhode Island, though the smallest, is tenth in rank of all the States as a producer, and her people are consequently rich and prosperous. If, in the later years of the war, they found substitutes in large numbers, it must be, at the same time, remembered that they contributed more largely than any other State, in proportion to numbers, to that noblest of all charities—the Sanitary Commission.

But Englishmen will very likely say.

"Give us an instance of any but a New-England State; they are exceptional." Let us take Indiana, then, one of the mighty young Western sisters, a community scarce half a century old. A stronger contrast to Rhode Island could scarcely have been found. Indiana, in 1860, possessed 8,161,717 acres of improved farming land; Rhode Island but 329,884. Indiana was fifth of all the States in agricultural production, and thirteenth in manufacturing—Rhode Island standing tenth, or three higher than her gigantic young sister. Yet we find the same readiness of response to the President's call to arms among Western farmers as among New-England mechanics and merchants. The population of Indiana is returned in the census of 1860 at 1,350,428, and her males at 693,469. On the 31st of December, 1862, she had furnished 102,698 soldiers, besides a militia home guard when her frontiers were threatened. When Morgan made his raid into the State, 60,000 tendered their services within twenty-four hours, and nearly 20,000 were on his track within three days. I do not happen in this case to have the later returns, and so must turn back to New-England, to the old Puritan Bay State, to give one perfect example of what the American people did in the great struggle.

Massachusetts, at the outbreak of the war, held a population of 1,230,000, or thereabouts, out of which there were 257,833 males between the ages of 15 and 40. The first blood shed in the war against the slave power, as in the Revolutionary war against England, was Massachusetts blood. The Sixth Massachusetts was fired on in the streets of Baltimore on April 19th, 1861, and had to fight its way through the town, losing 4 killed and 30 wounded in the operation. Well, the number of men demanded of Massachusetts during the war was 117,624. The number furnished by her (reducing all to the three-years' standard) was 125,437, being a surplus over all calls of 7813. Besides these, 6670 were mustered in answer to a call for three-months' men in 1864, which were never credited to her by the Government. Look at the meaning now of this other fact, that she has actually sent more men to the war than are now to be found in the State liable to do military duty. How

does this tell as to wear and tear of the human material in those Southern campaigns? The last assessors' return gave these at 133,767; while the total number who served (including three and nine months' men, and not adhering to the three-years' standard) was 153,486. Out of these, how many does the reader (who has probably heard more or less of "stopping the war by prohibiting emigration from Ireland," and of "New-England hiring foreign mercenaries to do the fighting") think were foreign recruits? Just 907. This does not include men born out of the States, but resident or naturalized there before the war broke out. These latter, however, I suppose, could not come within the definition of foreign mercenaries; and, of foreigners arriving in America during the war, Massachusetts enlisted, as I have said, 907 out of 150,000. While on this point, I may add that the most reliable statistics as to the whole forces of the North show that of native-born Americans there were nearly 80 per cent., of naturalized Americans 15, and of foreigners 5 per cent. only, in the ranks.

I can honestly say that I have chosen these States at hazard, and that a scrutiny of the remaining free States would give a very similar result. And now let us consider what that result is. Rhode Island, Indiana, and Massachusetts may perhaps equal in population this metropolis with its immediate suburbs; while one of them alone actually sent to active service, in the four years of the war, an army equal in numbers to the total volunteer force now under arms in Great Britain. Rhode Island is not so populous as Sheffield; and in eighteen months she armed and sent South fifteen thousand of her citizens. I know that England in like need would be equal to a like effort. Let us honor, then, as they deserve the people of our own lineage to whom the call has come, and who have met it.

I need scarcely pause to note how the Northern people have paid in purse as well as in person. Let one instance suffice. In 1864 the assessment of Massachusetts for taxes to support the general government amounted to fourteen millions, every fraction of which was collected without impediment or delay. Add to this the State taxation, and the amounts

contributed to the Sanitary Commission, and other organizations for distributing voluntary contributions in support of the war, and we should reach a figure almost exceeding belief. I have no means of stating it accurately, but am quite safe in putting it as high as twenty-five millions of dollars, actually raised and paid, by a State with a population less than half of that of our metropolis, in one twelvemonth.

And now for my second point—the example set by the men of birth, wealth, and high position. Here too I feel sure that a few simple facts, taken at hazard from the mass which I have under my hand, will be more than enough to satisfy every just and generous man among my countrymen; and I am proud to believe that, whatever our prejudices may be, there are few indeed among us to whom such an appeal will be made in vain.

I have said above that the mass of materials is large; I might have said unmanageable. It is, indeed, impossible to take more than an example here and there, and to bring these out as clearly as one can in the limits of an article. Let me take as mine a family or two, with some one or more of whose members I have the honor of friendship or acquaintance. And, first, that of J. Russell Lowell, the man to whose works I owe more, personally, than to those of any other American. It would be hard to find a nobler record. The young men of this stock seem to have been all of high mark, distinguished specially for intellectual power and attainments. Surely the sickle of war has never been put more unsparingly into any field! First in order comes Willie Putnam, aged twenty-one, the sole surviving son of Lowell's sister, a boy of the highest culture and promise, mortally wounded at Bull's Bluff, in October, 1861, in the first months of the war, while in the act of going to the help of a wounded companion. At the same bitter fight his cousin, James Jackson Lowell, aged twenty-four, was badly hurt; but, after a short absence to recruit, joined his regiment again, and fell on June 30th, 1862. "Tell my father I was dressing the line of my company when I was hit," was his last message home. He had been first in his year at Harvard, and

was taking private pupils in the law-school when the war broke out. Warren Russell fell at Bull's Run, in August, 1862. Many of us here may remember the account, which was reprinted in the *Times* and other papers, of the presentation of colors to the Second Massachusetts Infantry, by Mr. Motley, at Boston, in the summer of 1861. It attracted special notice from the fact that the author of the *History of the Dutch Republic* had been so, lately living among us, and was so well known and liked here. The group of officers who received those colors were the very *jeunesse dorée* of Massachusetts—Quincy, Dwight, Abbot, Robeson, Russell, Shaw, Gordon, Savage, Perkins. Such a roll will speak volumes to all who have any acquaintance with New-England history. Those colors have come home riddled, tattered, blackened; but five sixths of the young officers have given their lives for them, and of the one thousand rank and file who then surrounded them, scarcely one hundred and fifty survive. This by the way. I refer to the muster, because Robert Shaw was among those officers—a name already honored in these pages, and another nephew of Lowell's. Shaw's sister married Charles Lowell, of whom more presently. We all know how Robert Shaw, after two years' gallant service, accepted the command of the first black regiment raised in Massachusetts (the Fifty-fourth); how he led them in the operations before Charleston, and was buried with his "niggers" in the pit under Fort Wagner—the grandest sepulture earned by any soldier of this century. By his side fought and died Cabot Russell, the third of Lowell's nephews, then a captain of a black company. Stephen George Perkins, another nephew, was killed at Cedar Creek; and Francis Dutton Russell at one of the innumerable Virginian battles.

I pass to the last on the list, and the most remarkable. Charles Russell Lowell, the only brother of the James who died "dressing his line," was also the first scholar of his year (1854) at Harvard. He had visited Europe for health, and made long riding-tours in Spain and Algeria, where he became a consummate horseman. On the day after the Sixth Massachusetts were fired on in Balti-

more streets, Charles Lowell heard of it, and started by the next train to Washington, passing through Baltimore. All communication between the two cities was suspended, but he arrived on foot at Washington in forty-eight hours. In those first days of confusion, he became agent for Massachusetts at Washington, and brought order out of chaos for his own State before joining the army. His powers of command and organization gained him rapid promotion. He served with distinction in the Peninsula campaigns of McClellan, and, after Antietam, was selected to carry the captured standards to Washington. He raised a second cavalry regiment at home in the winter of 1862. He was placed in command of the cavalry force which protected Washington during the dark days of 1863. In Sheridan's brilliant campaign of 1864, he commanded the cavalry brigade, of four regular regiments, and the Second Massachusetts volunteer cavalry. He had thirteen horses shot under him before the battle of Cedar Creek, on October 19th; was badly wounded early in that day, and lifted on to his fourteenth horse to lead the final charge, so faint, that he had to give his orders in a whisper. Urged by those round him to leave the field, he pressed on to the critical point of attack; and himself led the last charge which ended one of the most obstinate battles of the war. It is the death of this nephew which wrung from his uncle the lines which occur in one of the last "Biglow Papers," published in one of last winter's numbers of the *Atlantic Magazine*:

"Wut's words to them whose faith and truth
On War's red techstone rang true metal;
Who ventured life, an' love, an' youth
For the gret prize o' deth in battle?
To him who, deadly hurt, agen
Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,
Tippin' with fire the bolt of men
That rived the rebel line asunder?"

"'Ta'n't right to hev the young go fust,
All throbbin' full o' gifts and graces,
Leaving life's paupers dry as dust
To try and make b'lieve fill their places;
Nothin' but tells us wut me miss;
Ther's gaps our lives can't never say in,
An' that world seems so fur from this,
Lef' for us loafers to grow gray in."

He died next day of his wounds, leaving a widow of twenty, himself not thir-

ty. The *Gazette*, in which his commission as general was published, did not reach the army till after his death. Sheridan, with the generosity which most of the great Northern captains have shown, declared that the country could better have spared himself, and that there was no one quality of a soldier which he could have wished added to Charles Lowell.

My first example, then, gives us one family, in which there was no soldier in 1860, losing eight young men under thirty in little more than three years' fighting.

I have mentioned the name of Motley above. Let us see how it fared with his circle. He has assured me more than once, that of his own immediate family there were fewer than the average in the ranks; but he had at least five near relatives serving—three Lothrop's, one of whom was killed in Louisiana; Major Motley, badly wounded in Virginia early in 1864; and Major Stackpole, another highly-distinguished graduate of Harvard, who served through the whole war, and has now resumed his practice as a barrister. Miss Motley married Captain Ives, a gentleman of fortune in Rhode Island, who was travelling in Europe when the war broke out. He volunteered into the navy, commanded the Potomac flotilla, and accompanied Burnside's expedition to South Carolina, where he contracted the illness of which he has since died. His cousin Robert Ives, also a man of large fortune, volunteered into the army, and was killed at Antietam. I believe they were the two last men who bore the name of Ives in their State.

The name of Wadsworth is better known here than most American names in consequence of its English connection. The head of the family was a country gentleman living on his estates at Genesee, in New-York State, up to 1860, with a family of three sons and three daughters. At the news of the attack on the Union troops in Baltimore he instantly chartered a steamer, loaded her with provisions, and sent her up the Potomac—a most timely aid to the capital. He acted as aide-de-camp to McDowell, and was his right-hand man in the Ball Run campaign, his "youngest as well as his oldest aide;" was made a general

soon afterwards; and, after several campaigns, was placed in command at Washington. His reputation as an officer had now become such that at the beginning of the last campaign every corps commander of the Army of the Potomac applied to the War Department to have him with them as brigadier. He was killed in the Wilderness in the last advance on Richmond. His three sons have all served, the youngest having enlisted at sixteen. Thus every man in the family served; and the only married daughter is the widow of Colonel Montgomery Ritchie, one of two brothers, both of whom served with distinction, one to the sacrifice of his life by the same subtle disease which struck down Captain Ives.

I could go to any length, for my acquaintance with Americans is large, and I scarcely know a man who has not lost some relative in the war. But, apart from one's own acquaintance, there is scarcely one of the famous colonial and revolutionary names which has not been represented. The Jays, Adamses, Schuylers, Livingstons, Van Rensselaers, have not failed their country in her second great need; and have fought well, and worked hard, though the present holders of these honored names, mostly quite young men, have not had time to reach their ancestors' places. The bearers of great names, I take it, do not get such a start in the States as with us at home. A descendant (grandson, I believe) of Alexander Hamilton, however, became a general, while several of his cousins remained in lower ranks. Colonel Fletcher Webster, only surviving son of Daniel Webster, was killed in Virginia. Perhaps the man who excited most the hopes and martial enthusiasm of Americans in the first months of the war was Major Theodore Winthrop, grandson of the famous Governor John Winthrop, scholar, traveller, poet, athlete, who was killed at the disastrous battle of Great Bethel, June 10th, 1861. A son of General Porter, who was distinguished in the last war with us, fell as a colonel in the spring campaign of 1864. Even the families famous, as yet, for wealth only have not shrunk from the fighting; one Astor, at least, and Cuttings, Schermerhorns, Lydigs, and others, having held their own in the volunteer ranks.

Or, let us come to names more familiar than any other Transatlantic ones to us—the Boston group. Longfellow's young son (Charlie, as I hear all men call him) has managed to fight a campaign, and get badly hit in Louisiana, at an age when our boys are thinking of their freshman's term at Oxford. Oliver Wendell Holmes (junior), poet, artist, Greek scholar, virtuoso, has been twice—I was going to say killed—well, shot through the body and neck, and again in the heel; and, having fought through all to the end of the war, is again busy with brush and pen. Olmstead has fought, with mightier weapons than rifled cannon, at the head of the Sanitary Commission. Of four brothers Dwight, two were killed, and a third fought his way to general. Whittiers, Appletons, Lorrings, Crowninshields, Dehons—but I will tax my readers' patience no longer with rolls of names which, perhaps, to most of them will be names, and nothing more! Let this last summing up of the work of men of birth and position in one State suffice: (I choose Massachusetts again, because, thanks to Governor Andrew, we have more accurate returns as to her, over here, than as to any other State). Since the declaration of war, four hundred and thirty-four officers from Massachusetts have been killed—nine generals, sixteen colonels, seventeen lieutenant-colonels, twenty majors, fifteen surgeons, two chaplains, one hundred and ten captains, and two hundred and forty-five lieutenants. Of the thirty-five general officers from that State, ten only have escaped wounds.

Of all the living graduates of Harvard (the university of highest repute in America), one fifth, or, to be as accurate as possible, nineteen and some fraction per cent., have served with the army. At Yale College, the percentage has been even higher. Conceive a struggle which should bring one in every five of men who have taken degrees at Oxford and Cambridge under fire, and which should call on us, besides our regular army, to keep on foot and recruit for three years a volunteer army five times as large as our present one!

Such plain facts and returns as these will, I am sure, convince the last skeptic—if there be one left among us at this Yule tide, 1865—that New-England has

not spared of her best blood in the great day of the Lord, under the burden and heat of which the whole North has reeled and staggered indeed, but without ever bating heart or hope, and always gaining fresh power, through three years of war which have seemed—nay, which have been—a lifetime. In such crises time is not measured by years or days. The America which looked on, paralyzed and doubtful, when John Brown prophesied all these things on his way to the scaffold, kissing a negro child as he passed along, while Stonewall Jackson and his pupils guarded the gibbet—the America of State sovereignty and Dred Scott law, in which the Gospel news meant avowedly "Good will to *white* men," and abolitionism was loathed as a vulgar and mischievous fanaticism—is as far behind us to-day for all practical purposes as the England of the Stuarts, or the France of the Regency. What this means, for the Old World as well as for the New, I will not pause to consider. My estimate might raise smiles or provoke criticism among us, both of which (good as they are in their right time and place) I am anxious here to avoid.

I prefer at parting to endeavor to put my readers in sympathy with the spirit, the heart, and conscience, of the North, in the presence of their astounding success. I cannot do this better than by a glance at the Commemoration of the living and dead soldiers of Harvard University. Commemoration Day at Harvard, in July, 1865, must indeed have stamped itself indelibly on the memories of all those sons of the first of American universities who were present at the gathering. To me, I own, even the meagre reports one got over here in the American papers were unspeakably touching. The irrepressible joy of a people delivered, after years of stern work and patient waiting, from an awful burden, almost too heavy for mortal shoulders to bear, tempered, as it was, by the tenderest sympathy for the families of the fallen, and a solemn turning to give glory and thanks with full heart to that God who giveth victory, and healeth wounded spirits, and standeth above his people as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land—the mingled cry of triumph, and agony, and

trust, and love, which went up from the very heart of that meeting—must ever, to my mind, rank among the most noble, the most sublime pieces of history of the century in which we are living. Let the reader consider the following as compared with ordinary commemoration poetry. The first is the hymn written for the commemoration service by Robert Lowell:

"Thy work, O God, goes on in earth,
With shouts of war, and harvest songs:
A ready will is all our worth;
To Thee our Maker all belongs.

"Thanks for our great and dear, who knew
To lavish life great needs to earn;
Our dead, our living, brave and true,
To each who served Thee in his turn.

"Show us true life as in Thy Son;
Breathe through our flesh the Holy
Ghost;
Then earth's strongholds are stormed and
won;
Then man dies faithful at his post.

"They crowd behind us to this shade,
The youth who own the coming years;
Be never God, or land, betrayed,
By any son our Harvard rears!"

My second quotation shall be a stanza from the Commemoration Ode, by the best-known member of the family, James Russell Lowell, author of the "Biglow Papers":

"Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found
release!
Thy God, in these distempered days,
Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of
His ways,
And through thine enemies hath wrought
thy peace,
Bow down in prayer and praise!
O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
And letting thy set lips,
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know,
Among the Nations bright beyond com-
pare?

What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee;
We will not dare to doubt thee;
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!"

Was ever truer, or braver, ring struck
out of the metal of which English-speak-
ing men are made? If so, I for one have

yet to learn when, and where. And now at this Christmas time, when their tremendous storm-cloud has broken up, and nothing but a light streak or two of vapor is to be seen in their heavens, let us seize this precious moment, never to recur again in their or our history, and, by graceful and loyal word and deed, show them that we honor, as it deserves, the work they have done for the world since the election of 1860, and can sympathize with their high hopes for the future of their continent with no jealousy or distrust, as brethren of the same stock, and children of the same Father.

Cornhill Magazine.

THE ANCIENT FENIANS AND FENIAN LITERATURE.

HITHERTO there has been but little interest taken in Celtic history. Late events, however, have excited a certain degree of curiosity about a very remote period of the Celtic history of the sister island. Who are the Fenians? has been in almost every mouth. Who the Fenians *are*, it is not easy to define: who the Fenians *were*, any Irish scholar can easily explain. They were a number of tribes or men kept as a standing army, or military caste, solely for purposes of war in Celtic Ireland about a couple of centuries before the conversion of that country to Christianity.

We must begin at the beginning. Respectable Irish history, commencing with the *S'ann Tosach* of Genesis, usually starts with the account of the coming of the daughters of Adam to Ireland, with an exactness of detail interesting, but hardly credible. We, however, cannot even go so far back as Noah; time and space forbid. The ancient history of Ireland divides conveniently enough into four great periods. The first of these extends from no one knows what time to the Christian era, and includes the invasions and occupations of the country by the Firbolgs, Nemedians, Tuatha De Danann, whoever they were, devils or Druids, and lastly Milesians; all of which are mythical, but standing on a basis of facts very hard to get at now. The second period is less mythical, and, embracing men and things of which we

have historical knowledge in addition to legendary accounts and local mementoes, stretches from the beginning of the Christian era until the conversion of the country to Christianity—from the first to the fifth century. This might justly be termed the heroic or romantic period of Hiberno-Celtic history. In it Conn of the Hundred Battles, and Niall of the Nine Hostages, lived and fought; in it flourished Finn Mac Cumhail, Osgar, and Ossian, the heroes of Irish romance. The next, or the Christian period—from the fifth to the ninth century—was that in which religion and learning flourished: then Ireland obtained her most noble name, *Insula Sanctorum*. From the ninth century the Danes made continual attacks on the country; they pillaged the colleges and churches, burnt the houses, killed the inmates, and (as they said themselves) *drowned* the books (in the rivers). As in England, they gained, and for a short time held, undisputed sovereignty in the country: often vanquished, they were never completely extirpated. A colony of them remained in Dublin, governed by a prince of their own, somewhat in the same manner as their compatriots had held Northumberland. At the end of this period the Norman flood that had deluged England overflowed into Ireland, and submerged “the leavings of the Danes”—the last remnants of Celtic civilization and religion. Thus ends the ancient history of Ireland.

There are, then, four periods: the mythic, extending to the Christian era; the heroic, from the beginning of Christianity until the conversion of the country to Christianity—four centuries; the Christian, from the conversion of the country until the beginning of the Danish incursions—three centuries; and the dark or Danish period, which extended to the Norman or English invasion in the twelfth century—three centuries. We can now see whereabouts we are. We have only to do with the heroic, or, as it is sometimes called, the Fenian period of Irish history.

There have been many derivations given for the name *Fiana*, from which the English form, Fenians, is easily deduced; but the only one which seems to us to be worthy of a moment's consideration is that which derives the name

Fiana from Fionn, or Finn, the name of their most celebrated chieftain. The word Fiana, and the English Fenian from its genitive, means neither more nor less than "Finn's men," or "the people of Finn." This Finn is the same whom Macpherson has dubbed Fingal, and whom the modern Irish call Finn Mac Cool. In ancient writings he is styled Finn Mac Cumhaill, after his father, Cumhall (*pr.* Coole). The name Fiana, or Fenians, was given, as we have said before, by ancient writers to a number of the Celtic tribes of Ireland which were permanently kept on military service, and had in return a certain allowance of the public lands, and some peculiar privileges. They were the military caste, so to speak, at one time in Celtic Ireland. The chieftainship of them seems to have been hereditary in certain families, and by the names of those families they were usually denominated. Those of Connaught, for instance, were called the Clann of Morna. There seems to have been a tribe or body of them attached to each provincial kingdom. The chief of those at Tara had the command of all, and he himself was under the immediate orders of the monarch. This functionary, often called the King of the Fenians, had great influence, and sometimes thwarted and even resisted the royal power *vi et armis*. The Fenians of Tara and those of Connaught make the greatest figure in history; of those of Ulster and Munster, there is comparatively little recorded. In the institution of the Fenians, we have the same phenomenon which presents itself to us in almost every community in the tribe state. Some tribes, or members of tribes, devote themselves to war, and take or receive from the rest, support and honor, and have sometimes developed into a pure caste, as in India. This did not take place in Ireland. Like other great military orders of history, the Prætorian Guards and the Janissaries, they became too powerful for the royal authority, and were in consequence crushed by it on the first favorable opportunity. A rivalry existing between two divisions of the Fenian body, and taken advantage of by the ruler, effected its destruction, and Celtic Ireland was saved from the curse of a military caste. The *Book of Ballymote*—a book compiled about 1391—

mentions (Ossianic Soc., vol. v., p. 210) Cumhall as the head of the Fenians circa A.D. 190. This Cumhall, father of the great Finn, was slain by one of the Clann of Morna, or Connaught Fenians, whence arose an undying hatred and continual rivalry between them and the Clann of Baisgne, to which Cumhall belonged. Finn was chief of the Fenians in the reign of Cormac the Great. He seems to have brought the organization to its greatest perfection, and he was able by his commanding talents at least to smother up the elements of discord during his life. The contention between the two great clans broke out again after his death, and ultimately caused the destruction of the force. Of Finn, Pinkerton says, in his *Inquiry into the History of Scotland* (Ossianic Soc., vol. v., p. 210), that "he seems to have been a man of great talents for the age, and of celebrity in arms. His formation of a regular standing army, in which all Irish accounts agree, seems to have been a rude imitation of the Roman legions in Britain. The idea, though simple enough, shows prudence, for such a force alone could have coped with the Romans had they invaded Ireland." Keating, the historian, gets very solemn over Finn and his Fenians. He says: "From this Fiana, the established militia of the kingdom were called *Fiana Éirionn*; and if it should be asserted, either through ignorance or prejudice, that there were no such standing body of troops in the island as those trained bands, to evince the contrary, let it be considered that this part of history is supported by evidence not to be opposed. In some records, which treat of the old militia of Ireland, it is asserted that they were a body of men so strong, and so tall of stature, as is really incredible; for it is certain, though they were a brave and undaunted number of troops, yet the size of their persons did not exceed the common proportion of those times. Their business was to guard the country against foreign or domestic enemies, to support the right and succession of their kings, and to be ready, at the shortest notice, upon any surprise or emergency of the State. They were to watch the sea-coasts, and to have a strict eye upon the creeks and havens of the island, lest any pirates should be lurking there, to plan-

der the country and infest the inhabitants; and they were established for the same purpose as a standing body of forces are kept up in any nation—to defend it from invasion, to support the right and prerogatives of the Crown, and to secure the liberty and property of the people.” What more could Keating have given them to do?

We must, however, return to Finn. He married one daughter of King Cormac, after he had failed to get another, Grainné, who eloped when she heard of his intentions towards her. One of the best of the Celtic romances is the Elopement of Grainné with Dermuid. This Dermuid was a young and good-looking officer of the Fenians, for whom the Princess took a sudden fancy when she found out that Finn was coming to ask her in marriage in his old age—of which, however, more hereafter. Finn is the great hero of this period. At the present day he gets the credit of making or using almost every great natural curiosity in the whole land. It is said that he made the Giant’s Causeway as a highway to Scotland. His profile is to be seen on many mountain outlines. He has increased in size and physical importance every century since his death, while his intellectual greatness has been forgotten. From being an ordinary mortal with an extraordinary brain, he has developed, in the imaginations of the people, into a giant—a mere physical monstrosity, and (how are the mighty fallen!)—into a bugbear for naughty children. There is hardly a hillside in Ireland that does not preserve a legend of him. Of all Irishmen, he is the best known to tourists—they meet him everywhere. Finn, however, perished at last—as even the heroic must do. He was treacherously slain on the bank of the river Boyne, when unarmed and unattended. The following is the notice of his death in the great *Annals of Ireland* by the Four Masters:

“Age of Christ, 283, the sixteenth year of Cairbre: Finn, grandson of Baisgne, fell by Aichleach, son of Duibdreann, and the sons of Uirgreann of the Luaighui Teamhrach (Tara) at Ath-Brea, upon the Boinn, of which it was said:

‘Finn was killed—it was with darts,
With a lamentable wound:

Aichleach, son of Duibhdreann, cut off
The head of the son of Mochtamun (i. e.
Finn).

Were it not that Caoilté took revenge,
It would have been a victory over all his
true battles:

The three were cut off by him,
Exulting over the royal champion.’”

This King Cairbre, surnamed “of the Liffey,” was a son and a successor of Cormac above mentioned. He, after Finn’s death, disbanded and outlawed the Clann of Baisgne, hitherto the most powerful division of the Fenians, and that to which the commanders had belonged, retaining in his service the Clann of Morna, the Fenians of Connaught. Thus exiled, they repaired to the dominions of the King of Munster, Mogha-Corb, who was a grandson of Finn. He espoused their cause, and retained them in his service, contrary to the orders of his supreme king, the monarch. This brought on a war, and a bloody battle was fought at Gaura between the monarch and the King of Munster, in which the monarch lost his life by the hand of a man whom he had driven into exile; and the two great clans of the Fenians slaughtered each other almost to extermination. Whence the very next entry in the *Annals* is:

“Age of Christ, 284: After Cairbre Liffeachair (‘of the Liffey’) had been seventeen years in the sovereignty of Ireland, he fell in the battle of Gabhra-Aichle (‘Gaura’) by the hand of Semeon, son of Cearb, (one) of the Fotharta: Fearcorb (‘Mogha-Corb’), the son of Cormac Cas (‘King of Munster who married Finn’s daughter’), having brought the Fiana with him, against the king, to defend Leath-Mhogha (‘the southern half of Ireland’) against him.”

Thus ends the history of the Fiana or Fenians, and thus the monarch died, not, however, until he had slain in single combat Osgar, their commander. The legends still existing about the Fenians and their great chief are numberless. It is said that there were in times of peace three battalions of them, which could be increased to seven when the necessities of war required, each battalion numbering three thousand men. Keating says, that before a man was enrolled, he had to subscribe to several articles, curious enough in all conscience: “The first,

that when he was disposed to marry, he should not follow the mercenary custom of insisting upon a portion with a wife; but, without regard to her fortune, he should choose a woman for her virtue, her courtesy, and good manners; the second, that he should never offer violence to a woman, or attempt to ravish her; the third, that he would be charitable and relieve the poor who desired meat and drink, as far as his abilities would permit; and the fourth, that he would not turn his back or refuse to fight with nine men of any other nation that set upon him, and offered to fight with him." It is surely no wonder that the modern Irish are so pugnacious and so fond of a row, when their ancestors were willing to fight against such odds rather than miss a good shindy. We must, however, go back to the Fiana. Keating says that there were several rules to be observed in the admission of recruits to the Fenian ranks. The parents must give up all right to revenge or compensation for the candidate's death—a very necessary regulation in a state of society when the punishment for a death was either revenge or *eric*. He must be able to compose verses. He must be expert with his weapons, and he was exposed to a very good test—he had to defend himself from the javelins of nine soldiers thrown at him at once. He was obliged to run through a wood pursued by some of the Fenians, in order to test his fleetness and agility. He must be able to hold his weapon without shaking; if his hand shook he was rejected. He must be so swift and so light of foot as not to break a rotten stick by treading upon it; and, hardest of all to do, he must be able, without stopping or lessening his speed, to draw a thorn out of his foot. We would very much like to see the crowd who call themselves by the ancient name of Fenians trying these tests; very few of them, indeed, would pass muster. Many people now hear for the first time of the emblem called "the sunburst of Erin." The innocent original for this now treasonable device was Finn Mac Cumhaill's standard.

In addition to the legends still existing among the people there is a great mass of *ms.* in the great libraries of Ireland taken up with the exploits of Finn and the Fenians. O'Curry, in his anal-

ysis of existing Celtic *msa.* (Lectures on the *MS. Materials of Irish History*), makes a division of them into five principal classes, namely: the *Annals*; the *Books of Genealogies and Pedigrees*; the *Historic Tales*; the *Imaginative Tales and Poems*, and the *Ecclesiastical Writings*. The fourth of these divisions, the *Imaginative Tales and Poems*, are mainly about the Fenian period, and have for their subject Finn and the Fenian heroes. Whence they are often called *Fenian Tales and Poems*, and still oftener *Fenian Tales and Ossianic Poems*. O'Curry says: "The purely imaginative literature of the ancient Gaedhils still existing in *ms.* which have been handed down to us in safety, may be divided into distinct classes, some of which are compositions yet more ancient than the others. The earliest of all—if we regard merely the authors to whom they are attributed—are the poems or metrical tales called the *Fenian Poems*, many of which are attributed to Oisín (Ossian) and Fergus, the sons of Finn Mac Cumhaill, some of them to Finn himself, and some to his cousin Caoilté. After these may be placed the prose recitals, probably founded on similar poems now lost, but probably also themselves compositions of as early a date; I mean those stories commonly called *Fenian Tales*. Finally, after the *Fenian poems and tales*, in point of date, we find a great number of romantic legends and tales, both in prose and verse, many of which were certainly composed at a very remote period, but of which the various dates of composition extend down almost to our own times. And it is within my own memory that in Clare, and throughout Munster, the invention and recital of such romantic tales continue to afford a favorite delight to the still Gaedhlic-speaking people." He considers the *ms. tales* of later than the twelfth century, of comparatively little value. He divides the more ancient into four classes: the first, comprising those ascribed directly to the Fenian chiefs, Finn, Oisín, Fergus, and Caoilté; the second, consisting of tracts made up of articles in prose and verse, ascribed to some one of the same personages, but related by a second person; the third, containing miscellaneous poems, descriptive of passages in the life of Finn and his warriors, but not ascribed

to any author; and the fourth, consisting of certain tales in a romantic style relating to the same. To Finn are ascribed five existing poems, to Oisín but two, which can be traced so far back as the twelfth century, to Fergus, "the eloquent," one, and to Caoilté one. To the second class belongs the "Dialogue of the Ancient Men," namely, Oisín and Caoilté, who, the legend states, outlived the rest of the Fenian chiefs, and even conversed with St. Patrick, and related to him the exploits of the Fenians. The third class are often called "Ossianic," since the legend gives them as conversations between Ossian and St. Patrick about the Fenians. As a specimen of these poems, we give a few stanzas from the opening of the well-known "Lamentation of Oisín after the Fenians." (Ossianic Soc., vol., iii. p. 230.)

"Alas! O Fionn of the Fenians and of the hosts!

O Oscar of the fight, my son!
Are ye living, or in what land,
While Oisín is without action or strength?

"Alas! I am a withered old man,
Lacking food, drink, and sleep;
Suffering the oppression of Patrick and his clerics,
In pitiful want and gloom.

"Alas! it is a piteous tale,
That I am now hidden from the Fenians:
Listening to the drowsy noise of a bell,
I grieve now, and rejoice not.

"Alas! O tribe of the mighty battles,
Great was your love of valor once:
Whither is your rightful nature gone,
That ye care not whether it be well with Oisín?

"Alas! sorrowful is my end,
Since I have lost my strength and vigor;
Without the chase, without music by me,
While I muse on the beauty of the men.

"Alas! whither go the men that were mighty,
That they come not to succor me?
O Oscar, of the sharp blades of victory,
Come and release thy father from this bondage."

Oisín then goes on to bewail his hard fate, living on the pitiful dole of Patrick and his clergy, and compares his present woeful plight with his former condition as a Fenian chief. The last class of Fenian literature recognized by Professor O'Curry is the Fenian tales. One of the

most celebrated of these is the one before mentioned, the Elopement of Dermuid and Grainné. Finn, in his old age, wants a wife, and is recommended the King's daughter, the Princess Grainné, but not being on good terms with King Cormac, is afraid that he would get a refusal if he made a personal application, so he sends two of his friends to ask Cormac. Cormac has no objection; but as Grainné had upset all previous arrangements of the same kind, and Cormac had got the blame, he would have nothing to do in the matter, but told them to apply to the Princess herself. She told the King her father: "If he be a fitting son-in-law for thee, why should he not be a fitting husband and mate for me?" Finn and his retinue come to Tara, and are right royally received. A splendid banquet is laid out, at which the Princess herself is present. Getting a certain Druid beside her, she finds out from him the purpose of the visit and the names of the principal Fenians at the banquet (Ossianic Soc., vol. iii., p. 49). "There sat there a Druid and a skilful man of knowledge of the people of Fionn before Grainné, the daughter of Cormac, that is, Daire 'of the poems,' son of Morna; and it was not long before there arose gentle talking and mutual discourse between himself and Grainné. Then Daire arose and stood before Grainné, and sang her the songs and the verses and the sweet poems of her fathers and of her ancestors; and then Grainné spoke and asked the Druid: 'What is the thing or matter wherefore Fionn is come to this place to-night?'

"If thou knowest not that," said the Druid, 'it is no wonder that I know it not.'

"I desire to learn it of thee," said Grainné.

"Well, then," quoth the Druid, 'it is to ask thee as wife and mate that Fionn is come to this place to-night.'

"It is a great marvel to me," said Grainné, 'that it is not for Oisín that Fionn asks me; for it were fitter to give me such as he than a man that is older than my father.'

"Say not that," said the Druid, 'for if Fionn were to hear thee, he himself would not have thee, neither would Oisín dare to take thee.'

"Tell me now," said Grainné, 'who

is that warrior at the right shoulder of Oisín the son of Fionn?"

"'Yonder,' said the Druid, 'is Goll Mac Morna, the active, the warlike.'

"'Who is that warrior at the shoulder of Goll?' said Grainné.

"'Oscar the son of Oisín,' said the Druid.

"'Who is that graceful-legged man at the shoulder of Oscar?' said Grainné.

"'Caoilté Mac Ronain,' said the Druid.

"'What haughty, impetuous warrior is that yonder at the shoulder of Caoilté?' said Grainné.

"'The son of Lughaidh of the mighty hand, and that man is sister's son to Fionn Mac Cumhaill,' said the Druid.

"'Who is that sweet-worded man with the dimple, upon whom is the curling dark-black hair, and [who has] the two ruddy, berry-red cheeks, upon the left hand of Oisín the son of Fionn?"

"'That man is Diarmuid, the grandson of Duibhne, the white-toothed, of the lightsome countenance: that is, the best lover of women and of maidens that is in the whole world.'

The Princess then sent for her own 'jewelled, golden-chased goblet,' and, as was the custom, sent it round with her handmaiden to whomsoever of the guests she chose specially to honor. She did not send it to Diarmuid and some others of the younger warriors, but sent it to Finn, to her father, and to the rest. Gradually these sank into a profound slumber, for the cup had been of course drugged. She then made her case known to the young warriors, but from fear of Finn's revenge they refused to assist her. She then went to the extremity of laying *geasa*, or bonds of honor, upon Diarmuid, that he should relieve her; and from this, according to the Celtic laws of honor, there was no escape. All the rest advised him to go with her. She left the palace by a wicket gate, to meet him outside the town. He went over the palisade.

"After that Diarmuid arose and stood, and stretched forth his active warrior hand over his broad weapons, and took leave and farewell of Oisín and of the chiefs of the Fenians; and not bigger is a smooth crimson whortleberry than was each tear that Diarmuid shed from his eyes at parting with his people. Diar-

muid went to the top of the fort, and put the shafts of his two javelins under him, and rose with an airy, very light, exceeding high bird-like leap, until he attained the breadth of his two soles of the beautiful grass-green earth on the plain without, and there Grainné met him. Then Diarmuid spoke, and what he said was: 'I trow, O Grainné, that this is an evil course upon which thou art come: for it were better for thee to have Fionn Mac Cumhaill for lover than myself, seeing that I know not what nook, or corner, or remote part of Erin I can take thee to now. Return again to the town, and Fionn will never learn what thou hast done.' 'It is certain that I will not go back,' said Grainné, 'and that I will not part from thee until death part me from thee.' 'Then go forward, O Grainné,' said Diarmuid."

Diarmuid, thus carried off *volens volens*, falls in desperate love with the brave woman, and the two set out, pursued by Finn and her father; and their adventures through Ireland, hunted by the two old gentlemen, and assisted by the young officers of the Fenians, forms the plot of this old Celtic romance. The reader must excuse our wandering from history into romance, even though it is concerned with the Celts in the third century.

Chambers's Journal.

THE DIPLOMATIST'S STORY.

I WAS an attaché at Mexico; but as the work of diplomacy, in that half-civilized region, was more nominal than real, I easily obtained leave of absence for two months. My holidays, of which our good old chief was as liberal as the rules of the service allowed, were always spent at the city of Chihuahua, which to me at least possessed an attraction that made me regardless of the rough road and the lawless condition of the country. Among the British residents at Chihuahua was a certain Mr. West, and it was for Lily West's sake that I rode unpiningly those many leagues of dangerous and toilsome wayfaring that lay between the capital and that remote northern city. Yes, I loved pretty Lily very dearly; her blue eyes haunted me in my dreams far off in Mexico; and I had reason to

think that the lovely little English girl was not indifferent to me.

But Mr. West was a terribly rich man; and Charles Carey, unpaid attaché at her Britannic Majesty's Mexican Legation, was too poor to ask for the hand of so wealthy an heiress as Lily had unluckily become. Her father had been singularly fortunate in his investments—all he touched turned to gold, and some neglected mines, which he had purchased in the heart of that silver-producing district, were bringing him in a great revenue. It had been otherwise during the earlier portion of my stay in Mexico, when I had been accustomed to pass my vacations at the merchant's hospitable dwelling, and when I had fancied that Mr. and Mrs. West were disposed to encourage my attachment to their daughter. Mr. West was an old friend of my family; my grandfather, I believe, had once rendered him an important service, and I had been welcomed in the most cordial manner, and pressed to renew my visits as often as the routine of the legation permitted. But by ill-luck, as I thought, viewing the occurrence with a lover's selfishness, the mines of Rio Seco and Cerro del Cruz suddenly began to yield great quantities of virgin ore, and my chance of winning Lily sank to zero as the silver shower poured in.

I was not a little pleased and surprised when the merchant's letter of invitation arrived, good-humoredly chiding me with neglecting old friends, and urging me to come to Chihuahua before the fine weather should come to a close. But when I reached my destination, and returned the genial squeeze of the hand with which my host welcomed me, it struck me that his reception of me, though as hearty as ever, had a tinge of awkwardness about it that sat very ill on the bluff jovial Englishman.

"Sit down here a minute or two, Carey, my boy," said my entertainer, pushing one of the American rocking-chairs towards me, and offering me the choice of a collection of rare Havanas—"sit down a moment, and tell me about your journey. My daughter is up stairs with her mother, and Mr. Larpent is with them: better let them settle their affairs before we join them, perhaps."

And the merchant tried to laugh, but failed dismally, and appeared very nervous and confused; but I scarcely noticed this, so busy was I in endeavoring to make out the purport of his words. "Mr. Larpent!" Who, in the name of all that was mysterious, could be this unknown personage, and what affairs could he have to settle with Lily and her mother? I had never heard of him before, and the English community at Chihuahua was small. The merchant saw my perplexity, and he cleared his throat by a desperate effort, and blurted out the truth. "Look here, Carey; you are an old friend, and may as well hear the state of the case at once. Mr. Larpent has made my girl an offer of marriage, and she—that is, we—I mean it is agreed that she is to accept his proposals. That's the long and short of it. You see Lily will come into a great deal of money when I die; and this Mr. Larpent—he is a nephew of old Mr. King's, at Durango—turns out to be the eldest son of Sir Joseph Larpent, and will be the baronet in due time; and there's a tolerable estate, mortgaged over head and ears, which my cash would set clear. And so, as Lily's mother thought the match a good one"—

I think Mr. West must have said a great deal more to the same purport, but I only heard his voice sounding in my ears without catching the sense of a single syllable. I felt as wretched as a young man of twenty-three, sincerely in love, had a right to feel under the circumstances; for, although ever since the discovery of the fresh veins of silver, I had felt that a barrier was raised between dear Lily and me, I had half unconsciously trusted to the chapter of accidents to smooth away this obstacle; and it was not until I heard that an accepted suitor was in the house that I realized the sad truth that Lily was lost to me.

It may have been a very poor-spirited proceeding on my part to remain as the merchant's guest at Chihuahua, instead of remounting my horse, and starting on the return journey to Mexico, as in the first bitterness of my feelings I was tempted to do. But I stayed. Though hope was dead in me, I could not tear myself away, the rather that Lily seemed to be anything but happy in her new engagement. More than once I surprised

her in tears, and her temper seemed to be growing wilful and capricious; for she was sometimes in extravagantly high spirits, and at others, sad and spiritless. Larpent, my successful rival, had been no choice of hers; but she was a gentle, plastic creature, used to obey her parents, and she had yielded to her mother's urgency in the matter. As for Mrs. West, she was a good woman, and a well-meaning one, but she was also one of those didactic matrons who love to spare their children the trouble of thinking for themselves in the most momentous concerns of life, and she had a foible for rank, which made the Larpents' Bloody Island appear a prize worth the winning.

Mr. Larpent himself I did not like, nor was my antipathy to him wholly due to the natural jealousy of a rival. I should have viewed him with some distrust had we met as casual acquaintances, and I felt, in the midst of my own pain, an unselfish regret that Lily's happiness should be given into the keeping of such as he. Yet there was no denying that in some respects he was an eligible suitor. He was a handsome, well-bred fellow, with a showy manner, and a good many superficial graces and accomplishments. He had travelled much—had been at foreign courts, and in all sorts of societies, from the *hochwohlgeboren* circles of Vienna, to the art colony at Rome, and talked well on all subjects. He had a good temper, and was really a pleasant companion. But I put no faith in him. There was something shifty and restless in his manner that displeased me, and his quick black eye always avoided meeting mine openly, and drooped when I looked him full in the face. His antecedents, too, were of a nature that did not augur well for his stability of purpose. He had been in the army, and in India with his regiment, but had suddenly returned home on sick leave, and sold out. He was, indeed, never very willing to talk about his military career, though I gradually learned he had been at Oxford for two terms, then at the Temple as a law student, and afterwards in Jamaica as a manager of an estate. But nothing prospered with him, and he stuck to nothing. It was this unsteadiness of nature and purpose that occasioned my

repugnance to him; and I believed that the merchant liked him as little as I did. But Mrs. West was bent upon hailing her daughter as Lady Larpent.

I had plenty of time upon my hands, for, of course, I could not have remained constantly to play the awkward part of a third party to the betrothed couple, and I was not sorry to be spared the sight of Larpent's victory. So I resigned the drawing-room to him, and devoted myself to long rambles about the country, visiting the silver mines, exploring Mexican tombs for buried antiquities, and sometimes absenting myself for days to hunt on the northern prairies, in company with some wild herdsmen, whose acquaintance I had made on one of my former visits, and who were always ready to leave their half-savage cattle, and teach the English stranger how to chase the bear or the panther of the sierras.

But in the mean time a great change had come over Chihuahua, usually a dull place, sleeping quietly in its torpor and decay, like most Mexican towns. This was the period of the great confiscation, or, as the clerical party termed it, spoliation of the church lands of Mexico; and the priestly faction, unable to keep the field, were using every indirect influence in their power to influence the policy of the republic. Among other engines for acting on the popular mind, a species of Romish revival had been inaugurated with some success, and nowhere was this more the case than at Chihuahua. The most fervid preachers, week after week, made the church aisles ring with their florid eloquence, and their fierce denunciations of the sacrilegious policy of the Liberals. But the reactionists were far from trusting to eloquence alone. They had enlisted music, incense, gorgeous decorations, dazzling floods of artificial light—all, in fact, that could appeal to the senses—on their side of the argument, and town vied with town, convent with convent, in the magnificence of their processions, and the novelty of their ecclesiastical ceremonies.

Chihuahua, as it so happened, possessed, what is rare among the slothful monks of Mexico, an ecclesiastic of considerable ability and shrewdness, as well as of a restless and ambitious turn, and this was Father Diego, the sub-prior of

the Capuchins. Don Diego had taken the lead most energetically in the present movement. Thanks to him, new relics had been purchased or discovered, new shrines built; and the cathedral of Chihuahua, splendid with theatrical decorations, far outshone in the number of its lamps, garlands, banners, and hangings of every hue, stiff with embroidery of gold and silver, its eclipsed competitor of Durango. Not content with all this, with all that music, and incense, and rich clothes, and the pomp of reredos, and screen, and dais could effect, it was understood that the sub-prior and the priests were in treaty with a celebrated French pyrotechnist, then at Mexico, to come with a cargo of his perilous wares to Chihuahua, and to prepare a succession of "effects" of the most startling and brilliant description, for a grand festival of the church.

The time selected was Christmas Eve, or as it is there styled, the Vigil of the Nativity, and the place was the high church or cathedral of St. Jago, the principal of the churches of Chihuahua. All the female population of the city had long been in a ferment of excitement, and the few French and Spanish milliners of the place worked night and day to deck out their customers for what it was declared would be better worth seeing than a *tertulia* or a bull-fight, *muy esplendido!*

"Lily—Miss West," said I, meeting Lily in the garden, and for a wonder, alone—"I wish, I do very much wish, that you would stay away from this show of theirs—the Feast of the Nativity, I mean. I feel pretty sure that some evil will come of it. The monks and their French ally are utterly reckless in their vanity and mad passion for display. I have just been to watch the preparations, and I feel convinced that the whole affair is not only a silly display, in the worst possible taste, but full of danger as well. The great church, full of combustibles of all sorts, and crowded with ladies in thin gauzy finery, such as Mexican belles *will* wear, will be at the mercy of the first spark that falls among all that muslin and lace and silk and gilded pasteboard. I wish you would take my advice, and"—

"What advice may that be? Won't it benefit me, too?" interrupted Larpent

in his gay way, as he came strolling down a side-path, fringed with magnolias. "I have come as the ambassador of half a score of dark-eyed señoras, who are waiting impatiently for Miss West to go in and speak to them. There is Madame Muñoz, and the Marqueza, and Inez and Rosalie Perez, and the rest of Lily's fan-flirting very dear friends. They have come to arrange about going together to the Vigil—a great compliment to us heretics."

All that I could say was in vain after this, for Larpent took the opposite side in the argument, bantering me with easy flippancy as a prophet of misfortunes that could not occur, and insisting that Lily ought not to be the only lady in Chihuahua who should lose the magnificent spectacle of the illuminated cathedral. The Mexican girls and matrons, too, whom we found in Mrs. West's drawing room, and who were all members of the local aristocracy, joined in ridiculing my cautious warnings, and in entreating Lily to accompany them to the show. I soon found that my labor was lost, and that even Lily was learning to regard me as a croaking kill-joy, while I could get no one to take the same view of the projected festival as myself.

The evening of the twenty-fourth of December came at last. In that soft climate, where, unless the Norte is blowing, cold is unknown, the winter's day had been golden, clear, and bright, like some fine still day in the early English autumn. I found myself, soon after dusk, pacing to and fro in the Plaza, anxiously looking at the black windows and dim front of the great cathedral, where as yet only a few solitary candles burned dimly before the shrines of saints. It is a huge, misshapen pile, that cathedral of St. Jago at Chihuahua, the nave of which is said to have been part of a heathen temple, while above the massive walls of Aztec brickwork rises the Gothic tower, planned by Spanish architects. The edifice is a strange mixture of the rival styles of Goth, Moor, and Mexican; partly of brick, partly of masonry; but it has a front handsomely inlaid with foreign marbles, and its windows of stained glass were reputed the finest in Mexico. It was very still and quiet as yet, rising stern and gray in the

last gleams of the sunset; but I could see tapers moving and flashing around the high altar, as acolytes and sacristan came and went, preparing for the coming splendors of the festival.

An hour before midnight I was there again, in the great square, no longer empty, but full of groups, from which rose a constant hum of conversation, while every now and then fresh streams of spectators poured from the streets into the shadowy Plaza. I noticed that by far the greater number of these gazers were men, though there were many Indian females, as well as white women of the lower class, in their gaudy kirtles and striped serapés, chattering and whispering together in knots. But still the gigantic church loomed darkly out through the night, with its tall windows, black and blank; and the one or two feeble points of yellow light that showed the position of the high altar seemed actually to deepen the gloom of the vast interior.

And yet I knew that within the cathedral were massed more than a thousand worshippers, nine tenths of whom were ladies of the wealthiest families in the state, waiting in silence, rosary in hand, till the clock should tell that the Vigil was over, and the Feast of the Nativity begun. For at the last stroke of midnight it was known that the dark, silent church would suddenly be glorious with light, and resonant with pealing music; that the thunders of the silver-tubed organ would blend with the sweet voices of the choir, and the floods of artificial radiance pouring from oriel and casement would make a fictitious day where all was now black and moonless night. In the cathedral, too, as spectators, were Lily West and her affianced husband, Larpent, in company with several others of the English at Chihuahua, but neither Mr. nor Mrs. West had cared to be present at the ceremony. And I hovered around the great building, so ghostly in its stillness and its gloom, with a heart heavy with the bodings of coming evil. It was in vain that I argued against myself, in vain that I derided my own fears, that I blamed myself as a dull marplot, seeing harm in all things. My apprehensions clung to me, deepening as the night waned, and would not be shaken off.

Hush! hark! there it is at length, the first clanging stroke of the great bell in the clock tower. With sonorous note it told the hour, but to me, in my then state of nervous disquiet, every blow of the deep-toned hammer had the hollow sound of a knell. Eleven—twelve! Before the echo of the last stroke had died away, the interior of the huge, dark cathedral had begun to blaze and glow with leaping light, fierce, vivid, sudden, as the dawn of a magic sun bursting abruptly forth. The high altar was a pyramid of light; lamps flashed along the aisles, the nave, the chancel; the pillars were wreathed with gleaming lamps; the vaulted roof was fretted with fire, that broke forth in a thousand little golden points and tongues of flame. The whole body of the cathedral, all its chapels, the galleries aloft, were at once robed in a light like that of day; and as pools and lakes of yellow lustre poured through the painted windows, and shone like liquid fire on the ground without, the gorgeous casements gleamed like monstrous mosaics of precious stones, and the saints and angels sparkled with the hues of the ruby and the topaz, the sapphire and the emerald, dazzling the eye that beheld them.

Nor was this all; for as the rich full notes of the organ began to mingle with the silver notes of fresh young voices raised in a hymn of praise and triumph, so did an army of priests in splendid vestments of green, purple, scarlet, white, and gold, stiff with embroidery, and draped with costly lace, suddenly surround the lofty altar, while acolytes in scarlet caps and snow-white robes swung censers, from which rose clouds of burning incense; and all the innumerable rites which mark the high ceremonial feasts of the Ancient Church were repeated with bewildering intricacy of detail and pomp.

Above, the stonework of the walls and columns was almost hidden by draperies of velvet and brocade, and cloth of gold; by long bannered scrolls, embroidered with sacred symbols; by waving flags, gilded screens, garlands of fresh flowers, glistening shrubs, tinsel, and lace. Lamps hung everywhere. It might have been a fairy palace glittering in its elfin magnificence—that grim Mexican cathedral; and tawdry and meretricious

as the display seemed to my English eyes, I could see that the crowd of worshippers, kneeling, or even prostrate on the floor, felt the full power of this ephemeral splendor with all the intensity of which the passionate southern nature is capable, for their sobs and prayers, and incoherent utterances, reached me through the solemn swell of the music.

What a change! The organ plays quicker; all the church blushes with rosy light, now pink, now crimson, then of the deep hue of blood. The red fire makes the place glow like an enchanted hall, and through its lustre, priests and altar are seen as if through an unnatural atmosphere of tinted light. Whir! What was that? A hundred many-colored rockets shooting upwards into the sky from the top of the great tower; and now the shouts of the populace are loud, for the stars, and circles, and pyramids of pyrotechnic device, fastened to the pinnacles and gables of the cathedral, break one by one into spangled glory, and still the rockets hiss upwards, droop, and fall in fiery rain. The sub-prior and the French firework manufacturer were doing their work well, and rapturous cries of "Mucho bueno!" "Gloria!" and "Magnifico!" rose from the crowd without the cathedral. The red glow died away, and a ghastly effect was produced by the blue fire that succeeded it—blue lights burned on tower and roof, and the faces of the multitude in that pale lustre showed like those of a crowd of the dead. Then the cold blue glare changed to warm orange, and again the red radiance gushed forth, and mimic stars and suns, and flaming wheels that revolved amid showers of sparks, and orreries of mock planets whirling around a luminous centre, appeared as if by enchantment; and still the hymn swelled higher, and the grand notes of the great organ floated like a wave of music through the still air.

Suddenly there was a shriek, then a confused stir and a clamor of voices, and then another shriek, taken up, echoed, swelled by hundreds of terrified creatures in the first shock of a dreadful discovery. The screams came from within the cathedral, and the cause of them was but too manifest. A spark from the fireworks, or perhaps the careless adjustment of one of the countless lamps, had

ignited the decorations; and garlands, tapestry, flags, screens, festoons, all the frippery and finery of the festival, were at once in a blaze. The fierce flames rioted at will, devouring the gaudy trumpery of the show as if hungry for prey, and the vaulted roof and long aisles were converted into a glowing furnace, whence fell showers of burning fragments upon the shrieking, shrinking mass of worshippers below. The church was lit up with a lurid glare, and we could see the frightened groups within as they rushed wildly about, tossing up their arms in despair, and crying for help, vainly, to Heaven and earth! Most of them, as I have said, were women, and the light gauzy dresses which the majority of them wore had taken fire, so that cries of pain mingled with those of horror and dismay, as the conflagration widened.

I had feared that something like this would occur—I may say that I had expected it; but the dreadful reality of the catastrophe so far exceeded my anticipations in its undisguised horror, that I stood stupefied like the rest. Then the remembrance that Lily was there in that flaming pyre nerved me to exertion, and I was one of the first who reached the great doors of the cathedral. But alas! those doors opened inward, and they were closed, and could not now be opened, for the mad rush and frantic pressure of the terrified throng within had jammed them so tightly against the door-posts that they were held as fast as if the strongest bolts and bars in the world had secured them. The doors themselves were of strong Honduras timber, studded and clamped with iron like those of a jail, and they resisted all our efforts. In vain did we, through the grating, implore and urge those within to stand back and allow those fatal portals to be opened. There was no reasoning with selfish terror. Blind, deaf, mad with fear, they trampled down the weak, and with bleeding and bruised hands and tattered garments, they dashed and beat themselves against the massive woodwork.

At the very first alarm the song of the choristers had changed into a confused babel of cries; but it was dreadful, for some minutes, to hear the rich-toned music of the organ rolling forth its sweet

thunder over that hideous scene of agony and horror. Then the organ stopped. But before this the priests were in full flight. From their position on the steps of the high altar, they were the first to perceive the peril, and they made their escape through the small side door of the vestuary, closing and locking it behind them, in their selfish fears, and thus cutting off the poor wretches in the body of the church from all hope of rescue. Cries of execration and contempt burst from the crowd without as they saw the cowardly fugitives, in their rich stoles and robes, hurry across the Plaza, while with them were several men, who had not scrupled to secure their own safety by abandoning the women to their fate, and among these, to my horror, I beheld Larpent! I caught him by the arm. "Where is Lily?" I asked hoarsely.

"I—that is—she is—I could not save her," he stammered out, trembling; and with a curse I flung the craven from me, and joined a group of men who were doing their best to prize open the doors with hatchet and crowbar.

By this time the drums were heard beating the alarm-call in the streets, and the bells of every church clanged out the tocsin, while a battalion of troops came hurrying up at the double, and worked zealously enough under the orders of their officers, in the attempt to extinguish the flames. All the woodwork of the cathedral—stalls, screens, and panels—were now on fire; the magnificent painted windows had been cracked by the heat, or shattered by those without in their eagerness to give help to the sufferers, whose cries were heartrending as the conflagration spread and fastened on fresh victims. Water was thrown upon the flames, but in vain; and the strong doors held out against the frantic assaults of those who in many cases were struggling to save wife, or child, or mother, shut up within that fiery prison-place. The shrieks were getting weaker now, and though I saw several women saved by a prairie herdsman, who was on horseback in the Plaza, and who flung his lasso through the broken window nearest him, and dragged out such of the poor creatures as contrived to grasp the tough hide rope, I had little hope of ever seeing Lily alive, when I felt a light grasp on my shoulder. I looked

round, and saw the swarthy, impish face of an Indian lad, a crooked, clever little scamp, who was the sacristan's servant. I had once saved this boy from a severe beating, which a rawboned Yankee teamster, on whom he had played some trick with reference to the exchange of American gold into Mexican small coin, was about to bestow upon him; and I had often purchased such humble curiosities, as Aztec pottery, obsidian spear-heads, or bead necklaces, which Zeco sometimes found in the rubbish heaps and mildewed nooks of the great church, once a pagan temple.

"Hist! Señor Don Carlos! Come this way. Zeco show door!" whispered the boy hurriedly; and under his guidance I was soon at the foot of the great bell-tower, then half-way up the steep stone staircase, and presently stumbling in the dark among broken stairs and damp passages that seemed to dive into the earth below the cathedral, and the air of which was heavy and unwholesome. Zeco held me fast by the hand, and pushed on, unerringly threading his way through crypts and underground vaults, in many of which the stagnant water was ankle-deep among the broken paving stones, till suddenly he stopped, and pointed to a small trap-door. I could see the light of the fire through the chinks. "Now push!" cried the boy; and though he aided me with all his strength, it was only by a great and despairing effort that I lifted the heavy trap, and sprang out into the burning church. Where was she whom I sought? Instinctively I lifted up my voice to its fullest pitch. "Lily—Lily—I am here to save you—Lily!" and to my unutterable joy she broke, with a cry of inarticulate joy, from the centre of a panic-stricken group, and ran towards me. In the next instant I had caught her up in my arms and sprang down into the crypt below, just in time to avoid a mass of flaming rafters that came thundering down upon the pavement, and the sparks and hot vapor from which encompassed us like a fiery atmosphere, as, under Zeco's guidance, I bore my precious burden safely to the outer air.

I have little more to tell. Larpent never again showed his face in China; and Lily West, with her parents' full consent, in due time became my

wife. They say it was a frightful sight that presented itself when at length the fire was got under, and the people forced an entry to that smouldering charnel of a church; but there is no free press or free inquiry in Mexico, and how many perished on that dreadful night was never known.

Translated from the Arabic for THE ECLECTIC.

WOMAN'S CRAFT VS. MAN'S DISHONESTY.

BY C. V. A. VAN DYCK, M.D.

THERE lived, in the ancient city of Hamdhan,* a grocer who had a small stock in trade, and by care and economy had laid up a sum of money sufficient to enable him to make the holy pilgrimage to Mecca the honored, according to the divine command, which says, "And God requireth of men that they visit the (holy) house; every one who is able to do so."† Accordingly he arranged all his affairs, sold out his stock, made his will,‡ and taking what money he should want for the journey, he put the rest, amounting to some five thousand dirhems, into a bag, which he intended to deposit in some safe place, that he might

* The ancient Ecbatana, the summer residence of the Perso-Medean court, its winter residence being Susa or Shushan.—(Rawlinson's *Herodotus*.) The present inhabitants have not a very enviable reputation, if we may judge from the following couplet by one of their own poets:

هذان لي بلد اقول بفضلٍ لكنهُ من اقع البلدان
صيانهُ في القبح مثل شيوخه وشيوخه في القبح كالصبيان

"Hamdhan is my town, which is its best commendation; yet, it is the meanest of towns: Its boys in wickedness equal its old men. And its old men in mind equal its boys."

† Koran, 3: 91. Mohammedan doctors differ as to what constitutes ability to make the pilgrimage. The Hanefis maintain that money and health of body, sufficient to make the journey, are necessary. The Shafais maintain that he who has money, if he have not health to go himself, must hire a substitute. The Malekis maintain that bodily health sufficient to bear the fatigue of the journey on foot, if the individual be not able to hire a beast to ride upon, is all that is required to constitute ability and render the command obligatory.

‡ This is the common practice of those who go on pilgrimage. The dangers of the journey from various causes are so great (but mostly from disease), that pilgrims arrange their worldly affairs before leaving home.

have some capital with which to reöpen his business if he should live to return, or to be given to his heirs in case he should die by the way. Now while he was thinking about a place to deposit his money, it occurred to him that he could do no better than to deposit it with the Kadi; "for the Kadi," said he to himself, "is the legal depositary for the property of orphans and unprotected persons, and he will take care of it till I return, or see it justly distributed among my heirs if I do not return."

So he went to the Mahkemeh (Kadi's court), and after the usual salutations he said: "Oh, my lord the Kadi, I am going on a pilgrimage to God's holy house, and I wish to leave with you this sealed bag containing five thousand dirhems; and if it please God that I return in peace, I will call for it, and if I do not return, you will make such a disposal of it as you think proper;" for he had full confidence in the Kadi's integrity.

"Very well, my son," said the Kadi; "deposit your money in this closet just behind where I am sitting." So he laid the bag in the closet, and went his way.

The man then went on pilgrimage, and it pleased God that after the expiration of several months he should come back safely; and when he arrived at home he remained quiet several days, receiving the visits of his friends who came to congratulate him upon the happy and safe termination of his long and wearisome journey. He then bethought himself of the money he had deposited with the Kadi, with which he intended to reöpen his business; and it was all the capital that he had left in the world. So he went to the Mahkemeh and saluted the Kadi, and said to him: "Oh, my lord the Kadi, if you please, give me the bag of money which I deposited with you."

"What bag of money?" said the Kadi, with feigned surprise.

"Why, the bag of five thousand dirhems I deposited with you."

"I know nothing about any bag, nor any five thousand dirhems."

"My lord the Kadi, I am so and so, the son of so and so; I have just returned from the pilgrimage to God's holy house."

"Very well, my son; God be praised for your safety."

"But, my lord, don't you remember that before going on my pilgrimage I deposited with you a sealed bag containing five thousand dirhems?"

"No, my son; I have no recollection of any such thing."

"Bethink yourself, my lord; on such a day I came here and left the money with you in that closet just behind you."

"It is quite evident, my son, that your head is turned; you left no money here, nor have I any knowledge of any such thing, and you had better go about your business."

Upon this the poor man left the Mahkemeh, and walked along the streets very sorrowful, scarcely knowing whither he went; for he had no witnesses, and it was quite evident that the Kadi meant to keep the money; and then how was he to get capital to begin his business again, and how was he to support his family; and as he thought on these things, the tears trickled down his cheeks. In this sad state, he chanced to pass by the door of a house which had a seat on each side of it, and the ground in front of it was sprinkled and swept, and, as the day was hot and he was very sorrowful, he sat down upon one of the seats by the side of this door, wringing his hands and weeping. Just then a woman, closely veiled, came out of the door, and when she saw him wringing his hands and the tears running down his cheeks, she said: "What is the matter, my brother?" He replied: "Alas, my calamity! Woe is me, my calamity!"

"What has happened to you?" said she; "has any one of your friends died?" But he only replied: "Woe is me, my calamity!" Then she invited him into the house, and he entered and threw himself upon the floor, wringing his hands and slapping his face, and saying: "Woe is me, alas! my calamity!" And the woman spoke comforting words to him as well as she could, not knowing what was the cause of his grief, until at length he told her the story from beginning to end, and how it ended by the Kadi's denial of having received any money from him.

"Is that all?" said she. "All!" replied the man; "is not that enough? What am I to do? How am I to get any capital? How am I to support my family?"

"Listen to me," replied the woman, "and I will show you how to recover your money from the Kadi."

"I am all attention," said he; "but I have no witnesses and can prove nothing; so I see no way to bring any action against the Kadi."

"It would be easy enough," said she, "to make a thole-pin out of a mast; but what will you say to him who can make a mast out of a thole-pin? If there had been witnesses to the transaction, the Kadi would not have denied the deposit; but we shall find a way to make him give it up of his own free will, without any reserve or denial. Only do as I say."

"I am your servant and your slave."

"To-morrow, then," added she, "is Friday, and after the noon prayers the Kadi will go directly to the Mahkemeh, and the principal men of the city will, as usual, call upon him. Now you be on the watch, and when you see me enter the Mahkemeh, wait till I have engaged the Kadi in conversation about five minutes, and then enter boldly and ask for your bag of money as if it were the first time and as if nothing had happened, and you shall see which will conquer, the craft of woman or the dishonesty of man."

The man promised to follow her directions explicitly, and went his way.

The next day the woman gathered up all her own jewelry, consisting of necklaces and earrings, and bracelets, and anklets, and borrowed some more of her neighbors, until the whole amounted to the value of several thousand dirhems, and she put the whole into a small box which she could carry under her arm, and about noon she put on her ~~scar~~ veil, and took the box under her arm and went to the Mahkemeh, so timing her arrival as to enter soon after the Kadi and his retinue had taken their seats. When she entered, she saluted the Kadi and all present in a respectful manner, but in a sad tone of voice, and laid the box on the floor at her feet; but as she did so she allowed her veil to be drawn aside, as if by accident, just enough to let those present, and especially the Kadi, see that she was comely to look upon and still youthful in her appearance. The Kadi then asked her to be seated on the divan, and to state the reason of her coming to the Mahkemeh.

"Oh, my lord the Kadi," said she, "and all you my honorable lords, know ye that my husband went on a long journey for purposes of trade and gain, and left me in charge of a large property. But a few days since I heard that he had died in a distant city, and now his two sons by another wife wish to claim more than their share of the property, and I have come to deposit this jewelry (opening the box as she said so) with my lord the Kadi, and to make a statement of the property left by my husband, that my lord the Kadi may be my protector and see justice done. Please note down, two houses in such a street; two store-houses in such a street; three farms in such a village; four boats on the river."

Now while the Kadi was writing down these statements, inwardly rejoicing at the opportunity of laying his hand on so large a property, and perhaps of making the woman his wife, the poor man, the owner of the bag of five thousand dirhems, stepped in at the door, and, after the usual salams, said quietly: "Oh, my lord the Kadi, if you please, I'll take the bag I deposited with you."

"Of course, of course, my son—here it is in this closet, just where you deposited it. Take it, and God give you success."

No sooner had the man seized his bag of money, and retreated towards the door, than the slave girl of the woman rushed into the Mahkemeh, clapping her hands, and shouting at the top of her voice: "Tidings, O my mistress, tidings! My master has come! my master has come! and he asks for you." Upon which the woman seized her box of jewelry and began to clap her hands and dance for joy, and the owner of the bag danced, and the slave girl danced, and presently the Kadi jumped up and began to snap his fingers and dance with them.

Then one of the lookers-on, who saw through the affair, said to him: "We can understand that the man should dance because he has recovered his bag of money, and the woman because her husband has returned, and the slave girl because her master has come back; but why should *you* dance?"

"I dance," said he, "at the thought of how completely that woman has outwitted me."

So they all three went their way, and as they went the woman said to the owner of the bag: "Which has conquered, man's dishonesty or woman's craft?"

Cornhill Magazine.

RECOLLECTIONS OF WATERLOO BY A SURVIVING VETERAN.

I WELL remember the morning of the 18th. The heavy rain during the night had chilled the air, the dark clouds overhead cast a gloom upon the field, and altogether the morning was unusually cheerless for the month of June. But I perceived no reflection of that gloom upon the faces of our men, and as column after column of the French came in sight, they maintained the same undaunted aspect. For my own part, I felt anxious—but not wholly on my own account. I had been pretty well seasoned to the smell of powder on the eastern coast of Spain; but I had a brother, quite a young fellow, who never had worn a red coat until two days before. This youth, being appointed to my own corps, I had smuggled away to join the regiment in place of the dépôt. I did it without leave, and the act was a rash one; but I thought it might perhaps be the making of him if he could see a little service. I now deplored my rashness. The lad appeared so unnerved that I feared he might disgrace himself, and bring ruin upon me too. If he ran off the field, what would follow? I shuddered at the thought. He would be stigmatized for life as a coward and a deserter, while I should be tried by court-martial, and perhaps dismissed the service, for the breach of discipline I had committed.

"Oh, R——, this is fearful!" said my hopeful protégé, as the shots began to tell. "Did you see poor —— fall? And there's —— killed! And I don't see ——; he must be gone too! We shall all soon be knocked over at this rate!" I called the sergeant of my company (poor fellow, he was numbered with the dead ere nightfall): "Sergeant ——," said I, "you see my brother; he is quite a boy, unused to service. I intrust him to you; don't let him out of your sight a moment dur-

ing the day. If I should fall, and he survives me, hand over my watch and purse to him ; but mind and keep your eye upon him."

As it drew towards mid-day, the heat became oppressive, and it was truly painful to watch our brave troops bearing up against it under the ponderous accoutrements of those days. But none succumbed to the heat, and our gallant fellows handled Brown Bess (a weapon that weighed fourteen pounds) with as good a will as the lucky chaps of the present day do the Enfield or the Whitworth.

We had now remained stationary some hours, drawn up in square, our ranks as yet not materially thinned, when a huge column of the enemy, bearing down all before it, opened so murderous a fire upon us, that our corps lost half its men. We retired to another position, where we re-formed square—a small square now, and in this attitude, on the defensive, we continued until the issue of the great fight was virtually decided.

Those only who have experienced what it is to be kept in an attitude of defence know how it tries the patience of the soldier. Our men were literally thirsting for a charge, but necessity forbade it. It was not so much our exposure to the fire of musketry or grape-shot that induced this longing to prod the enemy ; but it was the charges, or rather the attempted charges, of the cavalry which provoked the feeling. Again and again came up the cuirassiers, but it was no go. The horses liked not those shining bayonets, and the bayonets never flinched ; so, with bitter imprecations, they were compelled to turn tail. Many a brave cuirassier was brought to the ground while thus retracing his steps, our men having orders to fire at the horses as they retreated.

It was just after one of these charges, during a few minutes' respite, that I looked around me to see who was gone, or rather who was left, when to my dismay I could nowhere discern my brother. "Where was the sergeant under whose charge I had placed him?" "He was down," they told me. "And my brother?" "He has left the field." "Left the field!" exclaimed I, in agony. "It's all right," replied a brother officer ; "he was wounded—not badly ; see, here is

his shako." And sure enough, on examining the shako, I found it to be his ; and, what was more satisfactory, a ball had smashed the peak and damaged the front ; moreover, the inside was stained with blood.

It may seem strange, but the sight of that blood afforded me intense relief, especially when I heard that the wound was no way dangerous. The apprehension and self-reproach under which I had been laboring since the dawn, all left me, and I commenced forthwith congratulating myself upon my own temerity, and to frame congratulations for my brother, if I should live to meet him.

To us it seemed the day was going dead against us. To be sure, we could see but a section of the field ; but if that presented a sample of the fight, there was but one conclusion to arrive at, that we were outnumbered and overpowered by the enemy.

But the day was wearing away. In a few hours the sun would set, and if victory were denied us, there was comfort in the thought that darkness would, at any rate for a space, terminate the combat. Doubt and speculation prevailed among us : the night's campaign was, indeed, beginning to be discussed, when a staff officer was descried galloping up toward us. He was evidently the bearer of an important communication. What was it? That the army was routed? That immediate retreat was ordered? Listen. "The body of the French army was in full retreat—we were to follow up the enemy!"

It would take an abler pen than mine to convey a notion of the effect this intelligence produced. The enthusiasm of our men sought vent in shouts, and with all speed we commenced carrying out the welcome order. Shots of all sorts and sizes were still flying about us, and in quitting the ground where we had passed so many weary hours, I received a wound in the knee : a rascally rifle-ball had lodged and stuck fast between the small bones, putting me completely *hors de combat*. This was really too bad, being disabled just as the best fun was coming ; but it was in vain to grumble, and truly glad was I to be lifted on to the back of a stray horse, which they caught and brought me. Declining any escort, I set out alone, telling my com-

rades I should make my way unassisted to the rear, if not to Brussels. I soon, however, became painfully aware of my error, for when out of reach of help, the poor brute that carried me staggered and fell, having, I conclude, received some wound which had escaped detection.

My plight was now a sorry one. My knee was growing stiff, and swelling fearfully. Pain and weakness were increasing every moment, and I felt I must soon lie down among the dying and the dead. Still, on I limped, dragging after me the stiffening limb. I leaned upon my sword, but it bent beneath my weight, and I resolved, if I could, to change it for one that would better support me. A few paces off lay the body of a French officer, awfully mangled by a round shot which had struck him in the bowels. As I glanced at his countenance it seemed quite calm, and beyond the pallor on the cheeks there was little in the features to characterize his present slumber as the sleep of death, or to indicate preceding agony. No feeling of solicitude was it which brought me to the side of this poor fellow. I was attracted by his sword, a cavalry one with a steel scabbard—the very thing I wanted. To this I thought to help myself, and with what strength I could summon, I proceeded to detach the coveted sabre. While so engaged, it seemed to me that the body moved. Surely it was fancy. But the head *had* moved; and conceive my horror when the eyes I had supposed fast closed in death, opened feebly, and met mine. My fingers instinctively let loose their hold. Unnerved and ashamed, I stammered out an apology: "*Mille pardons—mal blessé—ne desirais que l'épée,*" when the Frenchman, with that native politeness which not even approaching death could restrain, tried to smile, and gasped just audibly: "*De grâce, Monsieur, prenez tout!*" His all was at my service. No further use had he for sword or aught else now. His accoutrements were an evident incumbrance to him; so I eased his stock, unbuttoned his coat, and unhooked his waist-belt. He seemed relieved, and as I was taking leave of him he asked whether I could give him anything to drink. Luckily I had a flask of brandy. So raising his head I put it to

his lips. He drank it off and strove to thank me. He then closed his eyes, and muttered something I could not catch, while I gently replaced his head upon its dreary pillow. I then rose, feeling much saddened by this affecting incident, and as I stole one last look at the expiring soldier, the lips were still in motion, though whether with the words of prayer or of mere gratitude to me, I could not tell.

Leaning on the Frenchman's sword, I began once more to creep towards the rear; but, faint and exhausted, I soon broke down in the attempt, and as I lay down among the tall rye-grass, I began to think my end was drawing near. I may have lain thus half an hour, when I heard the tramp of cavalry approaching the spot where I lay hidden in the herbage. Was I then to be trodden to death? The thought was horrible. On and on they came. It must soon be all over with me. I resolved, sooner than submit to such a death, to make one more effort. Accordingly I took off my cap, and placing it on the point of my sword, waved it to and fro as best I could. Providentially the waving cap attracted notice. The gallant fellows (it was a squadron of the —th Dragoons) made way for me, and gently raising me on the back of one of their horses, consigned me to the care of two troopers, who conveyed me safely to the rear. It was late in the afternoon of the following day before the cartload of wounded of whom I formed one reached Brussels; and among the first that welcomed me on my arrival was my wounded brother. His head was bandaged so plentifully that a Turk might have envied him his head-dress. His delight at seeing me, if anything exceeded mine at meeting him. I asked him what he thought of the army. He said it was a fine service, but he had had enough of it; and from that day forth, as it happened, he never served again. He still lives, a hale old man of seventy. His forehead has an ugly scar, but it has paid him fairly, and I have never heard him grumble at the mark.

It took the surgeon just six weeks to extract the ball from my knee—six weeks of desperate suffering. Soon after this my wound healed up, and I was on my feet once more. By way of

blood money, Government paid me down £500. This I handed over to my agent, but he, poor man, got somehow into difficulties, cut his throat, and I lost all.

After five-and-thirty years of active service, I became a martyr to the pains and aches which my campaigning had induced, and I found myself compelled finally to lay aside my sword. Verging on fourscore, I still have strength to limp along, supported by a crutch on either side. I hope, ere long, to be summoned to the land of peace; meanwhile may I be thankful that I live to tell the tale of Waterloo.

The Saturday Review.

THE BEAU-MONDE AND THE DEMI-MONDE IN PARIS

THE Paris journals lately surprised their French, and startled their foreign, readers by an announcement for which, after all, both should have been prepared. No one who is at all conversant with the ordinary course of Parisian life—we do not say familiar with its inner mysteries—ought to have been astonished at hearing that certain *grandes dames* of French society had sought for invitations to a masked ball which was to be given by a distinguished leader of the *demi-monde*. We have had, in our own country, certain faint and partial indications of the same curiosity, revealed in an awkward and half-hesitating sort of way. English great ladies once made an off-night for themselves at Cremorne, in order to catch a flying and furtive glance, not of the normal idols of those gay gardens, but of the mere scenic accessories to their attractions and triumphs. But as yet we have never heard that the matrons of English society have sought an introduction to the Lais of Brompton or the Phryne of Mayfair, even under the decorous concealment of mask and domino. Nor has it yet been formally advertised here that the motive of so unusual a request was a desire to learn the arts and tactics by which the gilded youth—and, it might be added, the gilded age—of the country is subjected to the thrall of venal and meretricious beauty.

That such a rumor should be circulated and believed in France is—to use the

current slang—"highly suggestive." It suggests a contrast of the strongest, though it is far from a pleasing, kind between the society of to-day and the society of other days. It was long the special boast of the French that with them women enjoyed an influence which in no other part of the world was accorded to their sex, and that this influence was at least as much due to their mental as to their physical charms. The women of other nations may have been more beautiful. To the French woman was specially given the power of fascination; and it was the peculiar characteristic of her fascination that its exercise involved no discredit to the sense or the sensibility of the men who yielded to it. A power which showed itself as much in the brilliance of *bons mots* and repartee as in smiles and glances, a grace of language and expression which enhanced every grace of feature and of attitude, a logic which played in the form of epigram, and a self-respect which was set off rather than concealed by the maintenance of the most uniform courtesy to others—such were the arts and insignia of the empire which the most celebrated French women, from the days of Maintenon and De Sévigné to those of Madame Deffand and Madame Roland or those of Madame Recamier, exercised over the warriors, sages, and statesmen of France. The homage paid by the men to the brilliant women who charmed the society which they had helped to create may not always have been perfectly disinterested. The friendship of the women for their illustrious admirers may not always have been perfectly Platonic. There may have been some impropriety—or, as our more Puritan friends would say, some sin—in the intercourse of some of the most celebrated Frenchmen and Frenchwomen. Yet even this could not have been predicated of all. Madame de Sévigné's reputation comes out clear and spotless even from the foulest assault of wounded vanity and slightest love. We do not forget the comprehensive loves and the deliberate inconstancy of Ninon. But Ninon, corrupt as she may have been, was not venal. She did not ruin her lovers by her covetousness, and then receive their wives and sisters in her salons. She was courted by elegant and virtuous women, because she

was the single and solitary instance as yet known of a woman possessing every grace and every charm save the grace and charm of virtue. Whatever may have been the relations between the sexes in those days, it was at least free from grossness. The charms which attracted men to the Maison Rambouillet were not those of sense alone, or in a special degree. They were those of conversation at once spirited, graceful, elegant, and vivacious. To an accomplished man there is perhaps no greater social treat than to hear good French spoken by an educated and clever French woman. In her hands a language of which both the excellences and the defects eminently qualify it for the purposes of conversational combat becomes a weapon of dazzling fence. Those delicate turns of phrase which imply so much more than they express fly like Parthian shafts, and the little commonplaces which may mean nothing do what the pawns do when manipulated by a clever chess-player—everything. And in the age when the empire of French women rested upon their grace and power in conversation, there was ample matter to task their remarkable talents. It was an age of new ideas. Government, religion, and philosophy; the administration of the kingdom and the administration of the universe; the rights of kings to be obeyed by their people and the right of the Creator to the adoration of his creatures; the claims of privilege and the claims of prerogative; the pretensions of rank and the pretensions of the *roturier*; the conflicts of science and theology—all these furnished materials for the tongues of the clever women, materials of which the clever women fully availed themselves. The final result was not, indeed, wholly satisfactory. How many a short sharp sarcasm, shot from the tongue of brilliant *causeuses*, rebounded on the gilded rooms wherein it first hurtled! How many a satire, sugared with compliment, at which rival beaux chuckled in delight, came back with its uncovered venom to the hearts of those whose admiration had first provoked it! How many a gibe of reckless truth, aimed at courts and nobles, distilled through laquais and waiting-maids into the streets of Paris, to whet the after-wrath of that fierce *canaille*! Many of those clever

women had better been silent; many of those pungent epigrams had better been unsaid. Still, while the spirited talk went on, life was illumined by no common brilliance; and vice not only decked itself, but forgot itself, in the guise of intelligence and wit.

But what a change is it now! There are drawing-rooms in Paris which are more brilliant and gorgeous than any that De Sévigné or Recamier ever sat in. But their brilliance and splendor are not of such airy impalpabilities as genius or wit. They are solid, substantial, tangible. They are the brilliance and the splendor, not of able men and clever women, but of the upholsterer, the mechanician, and the decorator. There is gold, there is marble, there is lapis lazuli; there are pictures, statues, ormolu-clocks; there are rich velvets and cloud-like lace, and a blaze of amethysts, rubies, and diamonds. There are trains of imperial dimensions and tiaras of imperial brightness. And in whose honor is all this grand display? To whom is the court paid, by this mob of sombre-clad and neatly-gloved men of every age, from twenty to sixty? Who have taken the place of the great female leaders of society whose names have added lustre to France? Strange as it may seem, their successors are second-rate or third-rate actresses, opera-dancers, and singers at public rooms and public gardens. We do not intend to undertake the superfluous task of penning a moral diatribe, or inveighing against the immorality of the age. Sermons there are, and will be, in abundance on so prolific and provoking a theme. In every age actresses and ballet-girls have had their admirers. In every age, probably, they will continue to have admirers. But what is worthy of note is this. Formerly this admiration was of an esoteric kind. The worshippers adored their divinities in secret. The temples of the goddesses were, at any rate, not obtruded on the public eye, nor in possession of the most open public, and splendid streets. The cult, too, was confined to a narrower circle. But now all this is changed; the fanes of the divinities are splendid and in the most splendid streets; the cult is open, avowed, public. The worshippers are of every age, and are all equally indifferent to secrecy. There is no restriction, and

no exclusion, save on two grounds—those of poverty and intelligence. There is a kind of intellect admitted into this gorgeous coterie, but it is intellect in livery. The dramatic author and the dramatic critic are now as much appendages to the dramatic courtesan as her coachman and her *femme de chambre*. Where professional reputation depends on scenic effect, and scenic effect depends upon the *équivoques* put into the actress's mouth and the applause with which their delivery is received, the man who concocts the *équivoques* and the man who criticises their delivery become equally objects of attention to the actress who is looking out for a *clientèle*. Saving these necessary exceptions, these assemblies are composed of rich old men anxious to dissipate the money which they have made, and rich young men as anxious to dissipate the wealth which they have inherited. And now we hear that the wives and sisters of these men seek admission to these Paphian halls.

It is, indeed, not an unnatural, though it is far from a decent, curiosity which prompts ladies entitled to the reputation of virtue to examine something of the life and domestic economy of those ladies whose very existence presupposes an entire repudiation of virtue. The married women naturally desire to know something of the manners and mien and language of the rivals whose arts have diverted their own husbands' treasures into alien and obnoxious channels. When a wife hears that her husband has, at one magnificent stroke on the Bourse, carried off one or two millions of francs, she is curious to ascertain the process by which no inconsiderable proportion of these winnings has been "affected" to the payment of Madlle. Théodorine's debts or to the purchase of Madlle. Valentine's brougham. And the anxious mother, who has long dreamed of the ceremony which might unite the fortunes of her dear Alcide with the *dot* of her opulent neighbor's daughter, is tortured between the misery of frustrated hopes and curiosity to understand the motives which impel Alcide to become the daily visitor of Madlle. Gabrielle in the Rue d'Arcade, and her daily companion when riding in the Bois de Boulogne. Certainly the subject is a very curious one. But does the solution of

the problem quite justify the means taken to solve it? Might not enough be inferred from the antecedent history of those who are the subjects of it to dispense with the necessity of a nearer examination? Take a number of women of the lower classes from the different provinces of France—with no refinement, with a mere shred of education, and with but small claim to what an English eye would regard as beauty—but compensating for lack of knowledge, education, and refinement by a vivacity and a coquetry peculiarly French. Take these women up to Paris, tutor them as stage supernumeraries, and parade before them the example of the arts of the more successful lorettes. The rest may be imagined. From these general premises it is not difficult to conjecture the product obtained; to conceive that manner on which *jeunes gens* dote, a manner made up of impudence and grimace; that repartee which mainly consists of a new slang hardly known two miles beyond the Madeleine; those *doubles entendus* of which perhaps memory is less the parent than instinct, and that flattery which is always coarse and always venal. It would be erroneous to say that we have here given a complete picture of the class which certain leaders of Parisian fashion wish to study. There are, in the original, traits and features which we could not describe, and which it is unnecessary for us to attempt to describe, as they are portrayed in the pages of the satirist who has immortalized the vices of the most corrupt city at its most corrupt era. Juvenal will supply what is wanting to our imperfect delineation. English ladies may read him in the vigorous paraphrases of Dryden and Gifford; while their French contemporaries may arrive at a livelier conception of what we dare not express, if only they stay till the supper crowns the festal scene of the masked ball. If they outstay this, they will have learned a lesson the value of which we leave for themselves to compute.

It is idle to say that curiosity of this kind is harmless because it is confined to a few. Only a few, indeed, may have contemplated the extreme step of being present at the saturnalia of the *demi-monde*. But how many others have thought of them and talked of them?

To how many leaders of society are the doings of these women the subjects of daily curiosity and daily conversation? How many patrician—or, at all events, noble—dames, regular attendants at mass, arbiters of fashion, and ornaments of the church, honor with their inquisitiveness women of whose existence, twenty years ago, no decent French woman was presumed to have any knowledge? And do these noble ladies suppose that this curiosity is disregarded by the adventuresses from Arles or Strasbourg, Bordeaux or Rouen, whom successful prostitution has dowered with lace, diamonds, carriages, and opera-boxes? Do they suppose that the professed admiration of the young Sardana-pali for the ex-couturières and ballet-girls of Paris has not a more potent effect when combined with the ill-concealed interest of their mothers and sisters? And what that effect is on the men in one class, and on the women in another, a very slight knowledge of human nature is sufficient to suggest. That girls of moderately good looks will contentedly continue to ply the shuttle at Lyons, or to drudge as household servants in Brittany, or to trudge home to a supperless chamber in Paris with the bare earnings of a supernumerary or a *coryphée* at a small theatre, when a mere sacrifice of chastity may enable them not only to ruin young dukes and counts, but to become the theme and admiration of duchesses and countesses, is a supposition which involves too high a belief in human virtue; and the conditions we have named are found to be fatal to the virtue of the poorer French women. And as for the men, what must be the effect on them? Debarred from the stirring conflict of politics; exiled, so to speak, from the natural arena of patriotic ambition; knowing no literature save that of novels in which courtesans are the heroines, and caring for no society but that of which courtesans are the leaders; diversifying the excitement of the hazard-table and the betting-room with the excitement of the *coulisses*; learning from their habitual associations to lose that reverence for women and that courteous attention to them which are popularly supposed to have at one time characterized the gentlemen of France—they partially redeem the deg-

radation which they court by showing that even a mixture of vapid frivolity, sensual indulgence, and senseless extravagance is insufficient to corrupt a nation, unless also the female leaders of society conspire to select for their notice and admiration those creatures for whom the law of the land would better have provided the supervision of the police and the certificate of professional prostitution. When virtuous women of birth and position rub shoulders with strumpets, protests are useless and prophecies are superfluous; for the taint which goes before destruction is already poisoning the heart of the nation.

SIR MORTON PETO, BART.

THE advent to our shores, a few months since, of Sir Morton Peto, is still fresh in the public mind. It will be long remembered with interest and pleasure by many public men and private individuals. His coming had not been heralded, but his rapid journeyings over our widely-extended country were marked by continuous ovations at the hands of multitudes of our most prominent citizens, who delighted to do him honor. He was received and welcomed with great respect and cordiality wherever he went. He looked on the faces of multitudes at different times and places, as he addressed them in eloquent words. But his stay among us was short, and he soon disappeared, leaving behind him many pleasant memories and his own handsome face, which, by his kind permission, we have the pleasure to perpetuate and send abroad over the land as an agreeable adornment to THE ECLECTIC, and the gratification of his numerous friends. A brief biographical sketch can hardly fail to add interest to the portrait of a man so highly respected.

SIR SAMUEL MORTON PETO, a native of Woking, Surrey, was born in 1809. He is descended from an ancient Norman family, well known in England for the past five hundred years. We infer, from what we can learn, that his name, originally Peteaux, may be found among the followers of William I., about the time of the Norman conquest. But Sir Morton is the architect of his own name and

fortune, without such a tracery. In his youth he served an apprenticeship of seven years, with his uncle, Mr. Henry Peto, an extensive builder, and on his death, in 1830, he succeeded, when just of age, to a moiety of the large business; his joint partner being Mr. Thomas Grissell, another nephew of the deceased. Mr. Peto at the same time came into possession of much property by his uncle's will. The partnership was dissolved in 1845, Mr. Grissell continuing the erection of the Houses of Parliament, the greatest of the many public buildings undertaken by the firm. Since that time, Sir Morton has constructed a large portion of the leading railway works in England, and also in Canada. Among his most important works should be mentioned his completion of the Norwegian Grand Trunk line, and the Royal Danish line in 1854. Upon the opening of the latter, Sir Morton received from the hands of the King of Denmark the Order of the Dannebrog. From 1847 to 1854, Sir Morton represented the City of Norwich in Parliament, when he retired in order to help the British Army out of its peril, by the construction of a railway in the Crimea. Passing over other incidents in the history of this remarkable man, we shall best subserve our purpose in this brief sketch by quoting the eloquent address of Cyrus W. Field, Esq., at the banquet given by Sir Morton to our citizens, on the eve of his return to England. The address embodies the leading facts of interest in his personal history:

SIR MORTON PETO, AND GENTLEMEN: I have been requested to perform a very pleasant duty, to express our acknowledgments to our host for the courtesies of this evening, and for the services which he has rendered to our country—a duty for which I can claim no special fitness, except that, as it has been my fortune for some years to pass much of my life in England, it has been my privilege to know him longer than most who are present; to know him where an Englishman likes best to be known, *at home*; and to share his kindness and hospitality. It is but a few weeks since he landed in this city, and then first set foot on American soil; and within that brief time he has become acquainted

with perhaps the greater part of those who are his guests to-night. But some of us have known him for years as one of the men whose energy and enterprise have carried British capital all over the globe. Familiar with his past history, you will permit me to recall one or two incidents of a remarkable career.

Fourteen years ago London attracted visitors from all parts of the world to witness an Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations. That great exhibition has been ascribed chiefly to the patronage and support of Prince Albert. And so indeed it was greatly indebted—not only to the personal and official influence, but to the rare intelligence, and to the sympathy with all Science and Art, which distinguished the late Prince, whom America as well as England mourns.

But there is another chapter in the history of that enterprise, which is known to but few. When the design was matured, and Sir Joseph Paxton had drawn the plan for the building of the International Exhibition, which was to be the wonder of the world, there was an unpleasant want, which often checks great enterprises—the want of money! The Bank of England was willing to advance the whole amount *upon good personal security*. To raise this a meeting was held in London, at which many gentlemen of wealth and many of the nobility were present. To the call for subscriptions, one and another responded with a pledge of a few hundred pounds. This was poor encouragement for a work which demanded half a million sterling. At length there rose a gentleman, not then so well known as he is now, who said they might put him down for £50,000! Everybody turned to look at the stranger whose offer threw them all into the shade. The Bank of England was ready to take his bond for the amount. This bold offer electrified the meeting, and roused others to greater liberality. "And thus," said my informant, a most competent authority, "the great Exhibition of 1851 might have proved a failure but for the prompt liberality of Sir Morton Peto."

Again, three or four years after, the allied armies lay embedded in the mud before Sebastopol. Everything had to be carried on men's shoulders. To trans-

port cannon and munitions of war was impossible. Sir Morton Peto then sent to the Crimea a competent and efficient staff of engineers, and *in twenty-one days* had a railway complete, and trains running from Balaclava to the heights around Sebastopol. For this service, which was worth millions to England, he refused all compensation or profit, feeling rewarded enough by the service he had been able to render to his country; but for this patriotic act her Majesty felt pleased to confer upon him the honor of a Baronetcy.

And thus for many years there have been few undertakings of moment in England which have not been indebted to the public spirit and generous support of the same large-minded and large-hearted man.

To speak of all the enterprises in which he has been engaged would take the whole evening. One of the latest and most novel is the carrying out of underground railroads in London, which when finished will complete an entire system of these roads under that metropolis. When they were projected, it was a bold undertaking, and the result seemed doubtful. But one section, four miles long, running right under the heart of London, has been completed for two or three years, and has proved a perfect success. It furnishes an example which we might follow with benefit, thus bringing together the most distant parts of our long and narrow island. The success of the first in London has led to very large extensions, which are now in progress, and which will run in every direction, mining that great city like the passages in the catacombs under Rome.

While speaking of the enterprises in which Sir Morton is wont to engage, you will permit me to name another gentleman who has been his associate in many of these undertakings, and to whom I owe a debt of personal gratitude. I refer to Mr. Thomas Brassey, a name of power among the moneyed men of England. When two years ago I was in London, struggling to revive the project of the Atlantic Telegraph, I found it hard to restore the confidence of the British public. Men of capital stood aloof. In this extremity, looking around for some one who should be a tower of strength to the enterprise, I

was directed to Mr. Brassey, one of the largest capitalists of England. For two hours he questioned me in regard to every detail of the undertaking; and at the close said: "It is a great international work; it ought to be done; *and I will be one of ten men to furnish the money to do it.*" That offer of sixty thousand pounds, backed up by another of equal amount, from Mr. John Pender, member of the English Parliament, led to the formation of a company that took the balance of the capital for the expedition of last summer, and a large sum in that now preparing for the next year, which, with God's blessing, cannot fail of success.

These are the men whose footprints are seen in all parts of the world: in Europe, in Asia, and America; who lifted in air that mighty bridge which spans the St. Lawrence; and who at this moment are building railroads in Germany, in Russia, in Italy, and in South America, besides their large enterprises in our own country.

Such undertakings could not be accomplished by individual capital alone, however great. But it is to the honor of our host that by a long career, marked alike by commercial sagacity and the highest integrity, he has inspired such confidence, that capital comes forth at his call almost without limit.

And since I have alluded to this point of character, let me add that it is not for wealth alone, or enterprise, that our friend is known. The name of Sir Morton Peto is a household word throughout England for benevolence. He has probably helped to build more churches than any other man in Great Britain. With the same liberal hand he gives support to schools for the poor, and to many charities. He is also a public man, and member of Parliament. For seventeen years he has been a member of the House of Commons, where, besides all the services he has rendered to his own country, he has been a faithful friend to ours. This is to us a very grateful recollection, especially at this time, and has made us give him a hearty welcome to our shores.

No Englishman can come to America without seeing that there is a feeling of soreness toward England, from the course of some of her people during the war—

for their indifference, if not their hostility.

But let us be just. Amid foes and detractors we have had many true and steadfast friends—friends whose faith did not falter, even in the darkest hour. Among these, in the House of Commons, standing beside Richard Cobden and John Bright, was found Sir Morton Peto.

Such Englishmen are always welcome here. If Americans are quick to resent injury and injustice, they are also prompt to recognize true friendship, especially that shown in the day of adversity.

Now, gentlemen, we have had lately an English invasion of our country. But it has been an invasion marked by no sound of cannon and followed by no track of blood. It has been a mission

of Peace and Friendship, to which we always give a cordial greeting. Eight weeks ago these Englishmen landed upon our soil as *strangers*; they are here to-night strangers no longer. Welcomed as they have been by President and people, they will carry back with them, we trust, only happy memories, and a friendship for this country second only to that true and loyal affection which they bear to their native land.

I have the pleasure to propose *the health of Sir Morton Peto*. May he live to witness the completion of the great works he has undertaken; and may his railways in America, while yielding substantial returns to himself and his friends, prove to be bonds of union between the two countries.

IN THE CHURCHYARD.

O ye dead! O ye dead! ye are lying at your rest;
I am lying thus above you, and I know not which is best;
Just between us are the grasses, and the gravel, and the clay,
But they measure not the distance into which you pass away.

Reaching downward grow the rootlets of the flowers and the heath,
But they cannot touch the bodies that are lying underneath—
For the eye and ear have wasted, and the busy heart decayed—
Dust to dust, you're all resolving, as from dust you all were made

I look upon the sunshine and the sea-waves as they roll,
And the clouds in high mid-heaven—Are such sights before your soul?
I hear the breeze and streamlet, and the curlew, and the sheep
Bleating far upon the mountain—Do they wake you out of sleep?

Do you know the change of seasons, as of old they come and go—
Now the flowers, now the fruitage, now the fading, now the snow?
Do you feel a sudden trembling, when the loved ones tread above,
And the echo of their footsteps is the echo of their love?

Do you find a thrill of sorrow, as the husband or the wife
Dry their tears for the departed, and begin to search their life—
Till another takes his station in the fields you used to tread,
And another takes your pillow, and upon it lays her head?

Do such earthly matters move you? You are passed from hence away,
Into larger joys and sorrows than belong to this our day;
And you look down on the whirling of this life with calmer eyes,
That have learnt to bear the measure of Eternity's surprise.

Are you near us? Can you see us? Can you watch us in our ways?
Do you witness all the evil, all the good of all our days?
Do you, knowing all things better, wonder at us in our strife,
As we clutch the tinsel gilding, and pass by the Crown of Life?

O ye dead! O ye dead! young and old, and small and great,
Now you know your doom of sorrow, or your high and blest estate,
And I wonder, as I ponder, what you feel and what you see;
As according to the sowing, so your reaping now must be.

O ye dead! O ye dead! small and great, and young and old,
I am longing for your secret, and my longing makes me bold—
But since the day they brought you from your houses on the hill,
You have kept your secret steadfast, and I know will keep it still.

—*Chamber's Journal*

THE WISHING-GATE.

Tw'as on a clear bright autumn day
 That cousin John and I
 Strolled in the little winding paths
 That through the meadows lie;
 And far above, the wild birds broke the mountain's solemn hush,
 And close beside, but out of sight, we heard the river rush.

John was silent, and so was I,
 Never a word we spake,
 Till, with a smile and half a sigh,
 He on the silence brake,
 Saying, "We're near the 'Wishing-Gate,' and we must linger there;
 For truth in this quaint fancy hides—a wish may be a prayer."

We stood there, cousin John and I,
 Beneath the fading trees,
 A sound of singing, sweet and fresh,
 Came to us on the breeze:
 Tw'as but some little children by the river-side at play,
 But it seemed a gate in heaven had closed when it had passed away.

I know what wish was in my heart,
 God only knows beside!
 And what John thought I cannot tell:
 I only know he sighed.
 And then we turned away, and went upon our quiet walk,
 Speaking in solemn tones, like theirs who in a churchyard talk.

That's ten years since. Five years ago
 A good ship, homeward bound,
 Sank down with her six hundred souls
 In sight of English ground.
 John's chair stood ready at our hearth, his room was decked with flowers;
 Six hundred homes were desolate, and one of them was ours!

And now to-day I stand alone
 Beside the "Wishing-Gate;"
 The walk has tired me very much,
 And it is growing late.
 But this I feel, that Death doth keep the troth which Life might break;
 That many a hope which sleeps on earth in heaven shall awake.
 —*Leisure Hour.* I. F.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Now, leaf by leaf, too feeble to adhere,
 A spirit with industrious hand doth pluck,
 To make a pall for the departing year,
 Whose soul with Autumn's chilly dart is struck.

With blood-stains some, and some with gold im-
 bued,

Some green as April grass, some primrose pale,
 And many with all colors quaintly hued,
 Fall thickly, young and old, on hill and dale.

Some flutter like a bird that fights with death;
 Some far away the tyrant breezes bear;
 Some drop in silence swift without a breath;
 Some whirl with thousands wearily in air.

Some fall at noon upon the sunny bank;
 And some the stars with sad bright eyes regret;
 And some in fog-wreaths, comfortless and dank,
 On Evening's bosom die all cold and wet.

Thus Nature's signs more feelingly portray
 A thousand ends of life, than all a voice could say.
 —*Chambers's Journal.*

WORDSWORTH AND HARTLEY COLE
RIDGE:

IN GRASMERE CHURCHYARD, WESTMORELAND.

Two graves, and in them poets twain,
 The two not half a yard apart,
 Two brother bards, who thus have lain
 A dozen summers, heart to heart!

Well matched they lie where few are matched,
 Within that cherished churchyard plot,
 Two mutual souls, in life attached,
 And even in death divided not—

Bards of the mountain and the grove,
 Who yet wrung lessons from the age;
 Trim charioteers, as ever drove
 Fair Fancy's gaudy equipage:

They sleep together, side by side;
 And as they sleep, so lived they long;
 Two friends, whom nothing could divide,
 Two singers, joining hand and song.

JAMES DAWSON, JUN.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

A GIRL'S RESOLVE.

I long for Love—a jewel yet unworn;
 I'm offered golden friendship, laughter, mirth;
 Such gems *alone* I can but treat with scorn—
 'Tis like renouncing Paradise for earth.
 Knowledge alone can keep my soul in place,
 And this I'll seek in every book or stone;
 I'll search for it in every common face,
 And study books in solitudes alone.
 Nature shall show me every hidden thought;
 The skies, the streams, the air shall train my
 mind;
 I'll search for secrets that are yet unsought,
 And what I search for I will surely find;
 Then if Love comes he will find Wisdom here,
 And joy shall reign unsullied by a tear.

MINNA MABEL COLLINS.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

CHRISTMAS IN THE WORKHOUSE.

The prickly holly, spotted with red,
 Bristled at every pane;
 There were wagons shaking with holly
 Brushing down many a lane;
 Laughing children raced and ran,
 Red as the winter berry;
 I listened outside the workhouse gate,
 And even "the paupers" were merry.
 Pleasant to see the frosted flowers
 On every window pane;
 Pleasant to hear the red-faced lads
 Run shouting down the lane;
 But the sound that cheered me Christmas through,
 Over my dry old sherry,
 Was hearing there, at the workhouse gate,
 That even "the paupers" were merry.
 Christmas was gay in the old squire's hall,
 Gay at the village inn,
 Cheery and loud by the farmer's fire,
 Happy the manse within;
 But the surest signs of the general joy,
 And that all the world was happy—very,
 Were the sounds that proved at the workhouse
 door
 That even "the paupers" were merry.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

"SHE IS DEAD."

Words that lay censure to sleep and blame.
 Lightly and slightly I named her name,
 Asking, with nothing of thought or care,
 Asking, for form's sake, her "how" and "where."
 "She is dead!" came the answer, grave and
 slow;
 It stopped in a moment the ebb and flow
 Of a mood, half mirthful and half severe,
 That had questioned and had not cared to hear.
 Why so pitiful of the dead?
 Their smiles are smiled, but their tears are shed;
 Out of the sunshine is out of the rain,
 They rest from life's toil and its soil and pain.
 Is life so dear that the keenest woe
 We can know of dreams, or dreams we know,
 Is just to be shrouded, and confined, and laid
 Under the turf in the death-dark shade?

I know not! but since we pity the dead,
 Are tenderly moved when the word is said,
 In our little pity from little love
 May we see a shadow from that Above?
 —*London Society.* E

CONSIDER.

CONSIDER

The lilies of the field whose bloom is brief:
 We are as they;
 Like them we fade away,
 As doth a leaf.

Consider

The sparrows of the air of small account:
 Our God doth view
 Whether they fall or mount—
 He guards us too.

Consider

The lilies that do neither spin nor toil,
 Yet are most fair:
 What profits all this care
 And all this coil?

Consider

The birds that have no barn nor harvest-weeks;
 God gives them food:
 Much more our Father seeks
 To do us good.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

THE SMALL CHRYSANTHEMUM.

THERE stands, with stem and foliage broken,
 On banished Autumn's ravaged land,
 A round white flower, her simple token,
 The farewell of her royal hand.

Each leaf with sad and pensive air
 Its fellow-leaves she placed between,
 As if she thought: "Will any care
 To know by this where I have been?"

Then wrapped her many-colored dress
 In folds of gray November mist,
 And left, with black dishevelled tress;
 A lonely bird upon her wrist.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE LIFE AND TIMES
 OF DR. GARDNER SPRING, PASTOR OF THE BRICK
 PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE CITY OF NEW-
 YORK. In two vols. duodecimo. Published
 by Charles Scribner & Co. 1866.

This is a remarkable autobiography of a re-
 markable man. It could hardly be duplicated in
 all the modern world of letters and authors. The
 mould in which both are cast appears to be used
 but once. Few men have lived so long—seen so
 much of current history—known so many eminent
 men in Church and State—been so familiar with
 public affairs—watched so closely the movements
 of men—as Rev. Dr. Spring. Fewer ministers
 still, have lived so long—preached so much and
 so well—written and published so much—in-
 structed so many from the pulpit and from the
 printed page, as the venerable author of these *Rem-*

Innocent. We heard him preach, with delight, soon after his ordination, more than half a century ago, and have often heard him since. They are interesting volumes in many respects, and comprise letters of eminent men never before given to the world. They furnish a marvellous collection of letters and notices concerning the author, gathered and preserved with singular care and industry.

The book, and its long list of personages and scene-paintings which it presents, is much like a historic panorama, extending through some sixty or seventy years, with sundry things omitted, like Hamlet, or persons put in wrong positions. Some of the spectators have already noticed this with sincere regret and painful surprise. But the curtain will soon drop. The author's work is almost done, as we learn from his own pages. The *Ad Finem* will soon come. His reward and crown are doubtless ready, when he spreads his pinions for the upward flight.

But with all its admitted interest and worth, the book, we are sorry to say, is marred with serious defects. It contains statements and charges injurious to the names and memory of great and good men, now in their graves, whom God has honored and blessed, and whom the churches, and multitudes now living, have delighted to honor. They hold the memory of these good men sacred. Such statements and charges ought never to have come from the pen of this venerable author, just on the eve of departure to his rest in heaven. It was full time long ago to have buried forever the remembrance of old controversies, rather than to give them a modern resurrection. The attentive reader can hardly fail to notice with surprise, if not with pain, the tone and language of asperity applied to that school of the prophets, the New-Haven Theological Seminary, and its able instructors, and especially to Dr. Taylor, who for some thirty-six years filled the Theological Chair at that venerable seat of learning. The corporation guardians of that noble institution, who are wise and good men, responsible to God and the churches, we believe cannot accept these injurious statements and charges, affecting their own reputation and the reputation of many others, living or dead. On page 112, volume I., the name of Dr. Taylor is injuriously placed in the category of "*Great Errorists*," with Dr. Priestly, Dr. John Taylor, the Unitarian divines of New-England, and others, whose opinions he stoutly opposed all his life. Does true Christian charity,* can stubborn facts, can the history of his long life of eminent usefulness in the Church of Christ, place Dr. Taylor in such a category? We trow not. We allude to these injurious charges, in various places in the book, with deep regret; but we must be pardoned. Dr. Taylor was our venerated instructor. We often sat under his impressive ministrations. He was a most kind-hearted friend. We stood by his dying bed—took his cold hand, moist with the damps of death—with flickering pulse—looked into his dying eyes, just closing on the scenes of time, to open on the glories of heaven—heard his last words, which we can never forget, and must beg to offer this humble tribute to the memory of a great and good man. He was the favorite pupil

of his revered instructor, Dr. Dwight, spending two years in his family as an amanuensis to those eloquent lips, trained by him in the great themes of salvation.

Dr. Taylor was ordained pastor of the Centre Church, New-Haven, April 8th, 1812, just twenty months, to a day, after that of his compeer of "the Brick Church" in New-York. There he lived and labored and preached and prayed ten years and eight months, blessed with repeated revivals of religion during his ministry. In 1815, especially, and in 1820, in his church, the revival was prolonged almost two years, during which all the city and country churches around were moved by a mighty work of grace.

The abundant labors of Dr. Taylor; his "massive discourses of linked and twisted logic, yet giving out at every point sharp flashes of electric fire," and the great success which crowned his labors, led to his transfer to the Chair of Theology, of the "Dwight Professorship," established for him in 1822. There he invested all the talents of his great mind and heart, and exhausting labors, for some thirty-six years, in training nearly seven hundred young men for the work of the gospel ministry. "His lecture-room was soon filled, and his pupils, fascinated with the charm of his enthusiasm in the sublime science which he taught, were themselves enthusiastic in their admiration of his teachings." "Of these not a few have been—not a few are now—widely honored for their works' sake," in numerous pulpits of the land, and on distant missionary fields. "Their usefulness in the field, which is the world, is the expansion and perpetuation of his. Their grateful remembrance of him—their affectionate testimony to the exciting and guiding power of his great mind—is his living monument." In the memorable year 1831, his labors, as a preacher, were abundant, "and in all the New-Haven churches, and elsewhere around, there are even now those who acknowledge with grateful sensibility the deep impression which the Gospel, as ministered by him, has stamped upon their spiritual being forever."—[*Funeral Sermon by Dr. Bacon, published in the National Preacher, January, 1859.*]

Illinois College, with its long and widely diffused, and still radiating, influence of religion and learning, was colonized from this seminary. But enough, and more than enough, for our filial purpose, in this regard. But is it kind, just, or charitable, to place the name of such a man in such a category of "Great Errorists?" Good men, competent to judge, held a very different opinion. Rev. Dr. Skinner, whose praise is in so many churches, was wont to say, in our hearing, of Dr. Wilson, Dr. Taylor, Dr. Beecher, and Prof. Stuart, "They are *four* stars of the *first* magnitude." And only some days before his departure, and while his face was still radiant with the impress of his wonderful vision of "*the King in his glory*," and when his memory had become well-nigh oblivious to all names and words of earth, we said: "Dr. Beecher, don't you remember your old friend, Dr. Taylor?" he could only answer in a feeble voice, "Yes, yes, part o' me—part o' me," and died. They sleep together till the resurrection in the beautiful cemetery at New-Haven. Even Dr. Emmons once said to us at his own house: "They are most right at New-Haven."

* 1 Cor. 13 : 4-7.

"What, Dr. Emmons," we asked, "do you regard as the strongest point of difference between you and Dr. Taylor?" "It is this: what the Holy Spirit does in the work of regeneration." The author also places the name of Dr. Adam Clarke in the same category of "Great Errorists," whom we well remember to have heard preach with great power and eloquence to a vast assembly, but heard no error. We hope this is not too much to say of a book which has gone out beyond recall into the fields of history to tell its story of memorial wrong to multitudes who will never know the real facts.

The misrepresentations on pages 24 to 28, volume II., are answered by Dr. Taylor's solemn asseveration, in our hearing, in his own words: "*I do aver that a divine influence, over and above all truth and motive, is necessary to the conversion of the soul.*" On page 31, volume II., the injurious allegation, that "Dr. Taylor, Professor Stuart of Andover, and Professor Fitch and the New-Haven School, deny the '*great doctrine of native depravity*,'" is flatly contradicted by Dr. Taylor, by and for himself, on pages 469 and 470, in his published volume on *Revealed Theology*—a book full of massive truth and argument. But we forbear. Only under an imperative sense of duty have we reluctantly said this—not exactly in or out of our appropriate sphere. Others, we hope, will do more exact justice to the subject. As we fully believe that the labors and memories of good men, whom God has honored and blessed, are a sacred legacy to the Church of Christ, we could not say less. We have not room to say more, in a brief and imperfect notice of the volumes in question.

Simplicity and Fascination. By ANNE BEALE. Boston: Loring, 1866. A very good English novel, abounding with lively and piquant pictures of English country life, and free from unwholesome excitement. For sale by O. S. Felt, New-York.

The Constitution of Man: Physically, Morally, and Spiritually Considered; or, The Christian Philosopher. By B. F. HATCH, M.D. New-York, 1866. Published by the author, and for sale by the Appletons. We have only time to announce the publication of this massive book, of 654 pages, which is, some of the press say, a book of massive thought, challenging the strong digestive mental powers of our philosophers to sum up its contents, and fix the lines of its literary latitude and longitude in their proper position.

Leaves of Consolation for the Afflicted; or, Voices from the Silent Land. By Mrs. H. DWIGHT WILLIAMS, author of "A Year in China." Philadelphia: Presbyterian Publication Committee, 1334 Chestnut-street. New-York: A. D. F. Randolph, Broadway. Pp. 360. This is a book of gems—a beautiful casket of rare jewels—containing two hundred and one choice articles, or "voices from the silent land," well suited to the minds of bereaved ones, whose aching hearts grieve over the loss of earthly friends. These gems have been gathered and arranged in their present neat and convenient form by the gifted authoress with such taste and judgment, for which many mourning friends will be grateful. It falls to the

lot of most persons, at some time, to part with cherished relatives and friends, and to lay them down in their silent chambers and long home, and then it is that "Leaves of Consolation" are needed. This, the author, a sister of the lamented William Curtis Noyes, has learned by experience.

Poems. By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR. New-York: Published by Hurd & Houghton. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1866. This neat and attractive volume contains the National Poems, and also the Miscellaneous Poems, of the gifted and well-known author. The lovers of poetry will welcome this book, and return thanks to the author for the pleasure it will afford.

SCIENCE.

Armor-Plated Vessels.—The Minotaur has now been added to our iron-clad navy, having been launched at the end of last year, and tested during September of the present year. This frigate differs from the Warrior—1st, in carrying the armor-plates round the bows and stern, as well as on the broadside; 2d, in having the armor-plating on the broadside $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches thick on 9 inches of teak backing, instead of $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick on 18 inches of backing. With full boiler-power her mean speed was 14.778 knots, with $57\frac{1}{2}$ revolutions of the engines, the boilers working 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds pressure. With half-boiler power her mean speed was 12.406 knots; revolutions of engines, 48; and pressure of steam, 20 pounds. These trials were at the light draught of water, 23 feet forward and 24 feet aft. Compared with the Warrior's speed at deep draught of 14.556 knots, the speed of the Minotaur is so little in excess that she will probably prove the slower frigate of the two. The Bellerophon on her trial trip has fallen further short of the Warrior standard, making only 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ knots, instead of the 15 knots expected, the engines developing only 5000 horse-power indicated, instead of 6000 estimated by the makers of her machinery. In these trials there was found to exist a very remarkable amount of negative slip of the screw, the velocity due to the pitch of the screw being only twelve knots. The screw propeller used in these trials was a novel modification of the Mangin screw, having no less than eight blades, in four pairs. It is probable that when this propeller is replaced by one more in accordance with ordinary practice, the discrepancies between the estimated and actual speed will partly disappear, and the performance of the vessel will correspondingly improve.—*Popular Science Review.*

The Fossils of the Hoyle's Mouth Cavern.—In a letter to the *Geological Magazine*, Mr. H. H. Winwood describes his explorations of the "Hoyle's Mouth Cave," near Tenby. In one of the furthest chambers from the entrance, he found, beneath a mass of undisturbed breccia the right and left thigh bones, the hip bone, some vertebrae, and other relics of the great cave bear: these were extracted in a very perfect state. Near them were the radius of *Hyæna spelæa*, and several loose bones and teeth of the fox, deer, and ox. In one of the passages leading from this chamber he discovered fragments of bones and an incisor of the hyæna; also in the breccia the

bones of some large bird, and, what is of special interest, a worked flint, apparently of the barbed type. All these remains were below the level of the old stalagmitic floor.—Vide *Geological Magazine*, October.

The Maltese Bone Caves.—At the Birmingham meeting of the British Association, Dr. A. L. Adams and Mr. Busk presented a paper on this subject. There are two caverns in the island of Malta, one in the southeast, and the other in the centre of the island, in which remains had been found; in the latter the remains being those of the elephant, and in the former chiefly of the hippopotamus. Recently another cave on the south coast, and not one hundred yards from the Phœnician ruins in that part of the island, had been discovered, and Capt. Spratt had found in it some remains, after which Dr. Adams proceeded with the further exploration of the cavern, resulting in the discovery of relics which proved that that part of the surface of the earth which now constitutes the island of Malta, was once the home of two species of pigmy elephant and one species of elephant of the size now existing. The island would not now yield a month's food to many individuals of even one species of elephant; therefore it must at one time have joined to the opposite coast of Africa; and in this opinion the authors of the paper were supported by other considerations.—Vide *Hardwick's Report of the Proceedings of the British Association*, 1865.

The Function of Leaves.—M. Boussingault has contributed some very valuable essays upon the physiological office of the leaves of plants. His first series of experiments enabled him to conclude that vegetable essential oils exert no deleterious influence on leaves, except oil of turpentine, which diminishes the carbonic acid decomposing power of oleander leaves. His second series of observations shows us the action of mercurial vapor. When leaves are placed under a glass bell with their peduncles immersed in mercury, it would appear that they are completely deprived of their power of decomposing carbonic acid; but when the leaves are not directly in contact with mercury, but still exposed to the metallic vapor, the decomposing power is lessened, but not completely destroyed. The foregoing experiments were conducted in the light; but the author has proved that leaves kept in the dark in contact with mercury transform quite as much oxygen into carbonic acid as a leaf similarly placed in confined air will when not in contact with mercury. M. Boussingault next describes how he collected the gases evolved from the branch of an oleander still attached to the plant. The gas escaped from the branch at the rate of 3.3 c.c. per hour, and in twenty-three hours there were collected 76.93 c.c. of a mixture having the following percentage composition: Nitrogen, 85.01; oxygen, 6.64; carbonic acid, 5.35. This gas, the author says, is similar in composition to that confined in strongly manured soil. On reaching the leaves with the sap, it only brings carbon to the vegetable organism, or, as the author said at the commencement of his memoir, carbonic oxide, hydrogen resulting from the simultaneous decomposition of carbonic acid and water.—Vide *Comptes Rendus*, October 23d.

Professor Plantamour, of Geneva, has published a paper *On the Distribution of Temperature over the Surface of Switzerland during the Winter of 1863-1864*, which abounds in particulars of importance to meteorologists, from among which we select one which describes an extraordinary phenomenon. Under ordinary circumstances, the temperature falls in proportion as we ascend a height; but in January of 1864, while at Geneva the cold was three degrees lower than usual, the temperature at the hospice of the St. Bernard was six tenths higher than usual. A similar effect was observed on other heights throughout the length and breadth of the Alps, from which the inference is that the lowest parts of Switzerland, as well as of a considerable portion of Central Europe, were invaded by a stratum of cold air, which did not reach to a great elevation. It was as if the cold air, gradually forsaking the summits, sank lower and lower, until at last, in the month of February, it covered only the places below 800 mètres of elevation. This fact exemplifies in a striking manner the advantage of observations taken simultaneously over a wide extent of country. Had M. Plantamour not been able to draw his data from sixty different stations, he would have failed to discover the limits of the bitterly cold layer of air that settled down upon his country.

Another interesting meteorological fact is communicated by a resident at Malta in a letter on the cholera. "Having carefully looked at the thermometer during the last three months," he writes, "I could not perceive that the cholera was in any way influenced by the weather, from whatever quarter the wind was blowing. Whether it came from the north or south, with a damp sirocco, or in a fresh westerly breeze, the grievous epidemic continued its onward course, sometimes advancing with the wind, and then against it. Throughout the whole summer, there have been no clear and cloudless skies, but, on the contrary, a heavy mist, which neither a strong wind, burning sun, a full moon, thunder, lightning, nor rain could dissipate." A striking contrast, this, to our own summer.—*Chambers's Journal*.

Action of Ice in forming Lake Basins.—On this interesting subject we have received an important reprinted essay, by Mr. Thomas Belt. The author believes firmly in the action of glaciers in forming lake basins. Supposing, he says, the existence of a depression in the pathway of a glacier which has reached such a depth that the ice simply fills it, what would happen? At the bottom and sides of the hollow, the ice would be slowly melted by the earth's heat, increasing with the depth of the basin. As the ice at the lower end of the basin melted, the whole mass would be pushed along by the thrust of the moving glacier above it. Into the crevice at the upper end would pour the water coming down the bottom of the glacier from above the basin, which would pass underneath and be forced out at the lower end, carrying with it the mud produced by the crushing down of the ice as it melted at the bottom, and by the grinding along its floor as it melted at the lower end of the basin. The water coming from above would assist in melting the ice, especially in summer; but its most important effect would be the scouring out of the

bottom of the basin, so that an ever clean face of rock would be presented to the huge natural tool operating upon it. Such an action would, in some measure, resemble that of a hollow drill which has been prepared for boring holes in rock through which a current of water is forced to carry off the ground stone. Mr. Belt accounts for the difference in the depth of the lake basins of Switzerland and Nova-Scotia by stating that in one case the ice-chisel operated on hard granites and in the other on soft, easily worn materials.—*Vide Transactions of the Nova-Scotia Institute of Natural Science*, Vol. II., No. 3.

ART.

Story of the Norman Conquest.—Carrying our recollection back through the whole career of the Art Union of London, and bearing vividly in mind the whole series of engraved works presented by the society to its subscribers, we do not hesitate to affirm that it has issued nothing so truly valuable and elevated in Art as this book of engravings from Mr. Maclise's drawings, entitled the *Story of the Norman Conquest*, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1857, when they received so large a share of public attention. These designs—forty-two in number—constitute in themselves an important pictorial gallery of history, and of a period in the annals of our country which is of surpassing interest to every living Englishman, whether of Saxon or Norman descent. By the way, what a noble series of bas-reliefs would they make for some public building, either for external or internal decoration; as, for example, the interior of Westminster Hall! It would be a grand work to put into the hands of some of our clever sculptors, who have not too many commissions. The subject and the artist's treatment of them are well suited for such a purpose. We should then possess a series of sculptures truly national, reminding us of what the Greeks and other ancient nations had to show in the plenitude of their artistic glory, and of what some of the continental countries have done, in our own time, in the decoration of their public edifices.

There are very few artists among us who, even were they gifted with the ability, would have the disposition to devote much labor, study, and time to the execution of such drawings as Mr. Maclise has produced. Art of this kind is not eagerly sought after by the picture-collector of our day; it does not captivate the eyes of a multitude like a painting of some popular subject from the hand of a Landseer, Ward, Frith, Webster, and others; it does not attract as do even the more serious canvases of Millais and Holman Hunt. It has no color to arrest the eye, and thus force itself into observation. It can only be really enjoyed by those who search after mere external beauties, and then not amid the press of a host of sight-seers, but in the quiet seclusion of the library or studio, where one can think over the history of the past, and carefully examine the artist's embodiment of the great story. This is what he has given those to do who are fortunate enough to get possession of his "*Norman Conquest*," and that thousands will determine to do so there can be little doubt.

To examine in detail forty-two pictures, each one filled with figures, all of whom are acting parts more or less important on the stage of the drama, would be to extend this notice to a length for which pages, rather than columns, would be required. With the exception of Flaxman, no artist of our school—so far as memory serves—has shown such a genius for this style of composition as Maclise; yet the works of the two can not be compared. Each is great in his way; the mind of Flaxman, graceful and gentle, was filled with all beautiful ideas taught by the productions of classic Greece: that of Maclise, bold and vigorous, finds in the stalwart frames and stern features of Saxon and Norman, forms which he has moulded into beauty and power, and expressions which have their birth in the dominant passions of the human heart. These he has treated in the matter of arrangement and composition as satisfactorily as if designing after a Greek model; and this, to our minds, constitutes the great charm of these noble drawings. They are purely classical, though developing a passage in the histories of two half-barbaric peoples, and exhibit a fertility of imaginative invention truly wonderful.

The amount of study and research required to produce such a series of drawings—letting alone the time occupied in such careful execution as was bestowed upon them—can scarcely be calculated; the reading up of the historical narrative, the selection of the subject best adapted for the purpose, the study of costumes and accessories—all these are points which do not occur to the unthinking observer, but which must have cost the artist long days of labor ere he put his pencil to a single sheet of paper. But if his toil was great, he has his reward in knowing that by means of Mr. Gruner's faithfully engraved copies, and through the extensive agency of the Art Union of London, his *Story of the Norman Conquest* will be read with delight throughout the civilized world.—*Art Journal*.

Astronomical Photography.—The partial eclipse of the moon on the 4th of October was chronicled by Mr. De la Rue in a series of seventeen photographs. A late eclipse of the sun was photographed by Mr. Thomas P. Shepard, of Philadelphia, with considerable success. The American correspondent of *The British Journal of Photography*, describing this photograph, says: "The sun itself appears as a small bright crescent, surrounded by a dark circle of at least twice its own diameter. That, again, is in the centre of an irregular mass of very bright clouds, which are themselves surrounded with darker ones. The whole effect is exceedingly curious, and it is very difficult to account for the dark circle immediately around the sun, which is not concentric with it, but with that part of the sun's limb which is farthest from the moon. The light crescent has a pretty well defined border, but the darker circle is much less defined." Mr. A. Brothers exhibited early in October, at the Photographic section of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, a valuable series of instantaneous photographs, taken during the progress of the recent eclipse of the moon on October 4th. These were twenty in number. The first was taken at 8:45, when the moon was nearly

full, and the last at 12:45, the remainder having been exposed at regular intervals of fifteen minutes. These were taken with an equatorial telescope of five inches aperture and six feet focal length, with clockwork driving arrangement; and considerable time was occupied in calculating the allowance to be made for the difference between the chemical and visual foci of the object-glass. An attempt was made, by the exposure of one plate for a quarter of an hour, to obtain the darkened limb of the moon, but no impression was obtained. But the most magnificent photograph of the moon yet taken is said, on the authority of some of our scientific contemporaries, to be one taken in America, in March last, by Mr. Lewis Rutherford, an amateur astronomer of repute. This production was exhibited at the last *séance* of the Academy of Sciences, Paris, by M. Foucault, and excited great interest. The *Photographic News* has published some curious statements with regard to the instrument with which this photograph was taken. These inform us that Mr. Rutherford was at considerable pains to spoil a costly telescope, by taking out and *re-grinding* the lenses, in order to render their chemical and visual foci perfectly coincident. Considering the simple and easy methods by which such an end might have been gained, without making any such "alarming sacrifice," we think such assertions must have been based upon some mistake or misconception. The photograph represents the satellite with one half the illuminated surface turned towards the earth. The surface is extremely rough, and a series of immense cavities correctly indicated with light and shade, having raised edges, and some lofty cones rising abruptly from near the centres of the hollows, form a kind of boundary line between the illuminated and the shadowed sides, the character of which is very clearly marked and peculiarly interesting.—*Popular Science Review*.

The O'Connell Monument.—The "curse" of disunion seems to be over everything Irish; and the "Agitator" or the "Liberator," call him which we may, is doomed to promote discord even from the grave in which he has been so long buried. "The O'Connell Monument," to erect which in Sackville-street, Dublin, facing Carlisle Bridge, a subscription of £10,000 has been collected—a prodigious sum for Ireland—has been awarded to J. H. Foley, a sculptor of the highest genius, one of the "glories" of his country; perhaps it is not too much to say, the greatest sculptor of the age in any country. Ireland is therefore sure to have at all events one grand work of Art—or rather, to speak correctly, *three* great works; for Foley's Goldsmith stands in the college yard, and Burke will be soon beside it. There is, however, it seems, a clique that is dissatisfied with the selection of the sculptor; accusing him of the crime of being "a London artist." They have had a meeting, and printed their report; "one John O'Neill" being the chairman, and "one Andrew English," who is also Irish, being the secretary. They are very indignant with their great countryman, Foley, for living in England; and consider (being not very nice in the language they use) that it will be a consequent disgrace and degradation to Ireland to give him the commission; at the same

time they argue that some sculptor should have it who lives, or, as they intimate, starves in Ireland, with nothing to do. "Ireland," exclaimed the painter Barry, "gave me breath, but Ireland never would have given me bread!" Alas! for a country that takes no pride in its great men; that would rather cry them down than bear them up; where a prophet is ever without honor.—*Art Journal*.

VARIETIES.

SIR MORTON PETO AND MR. BRADY.—Our thanks are due to Mr. Brady, the renowned photographer, of 785 Broadway, New-York, for a handsome photograph copy of Sir Morton Peto, to be engraved for this number of *THE ECLECTIC*, by permission of Sir Morton. Mr. Brady, by his skill and enterprise, has collected an immense congress of faces and portraits of eminent personages, foreign and domestic, worthy of an appropriate room at the National Capitol, for perpetual preservation.

Calais to Dover Seventy-five Years Ago.—In November, 1791, the sisters were at Paris, on their return from their second journey to Italy. They paid at Calais for the packet to Dover five guineas, and one guinea for their carriage, and they gave besides a gratuity of two guineas to Captain Sayer for the crew.—*Journals of the Misses Berry*.

Agricultural Laborers.—There must be something radically wrong when a hard-working, honest laborer, a "superior man of his class," cannot get more than enough to keep body and soul together after a quarter of a century of toil. In the agricultural counties of "happy England" there are, we fear, thousands and tens of thousands of men whose whole lives are spent in one ceaseless round of dreary labor—who never know what a good meal is from year's end to year's end—whose sole prospect of change is a sojourn in the parish union, when their strength gives way and their arms can work no longer. The evil is patent; the remedy is hard to find. Poverty breeds ignorance; ignorance begets shiftlessness and imprudence; and these in turn foster poverty. So our agricultural working population is reduced to a state of misery.—*Daily Telegraph*.

A Good Conscience.—There is nothing in the world conduceth more to the composure and tranquillity of the mind than the serenity and clearness of the conscience; keep but that safe and untainted, the mind will enjoy a calm and tranquillity in the midst of all the storms of the world. And, although the waves beat, and the sea works, and the winds blow, the mind that hath a quiet and clear conscience within, will be as stable and as safe from perturbation as a rock in the midst of a tempestuous sea, and will be a Goshen to and within itself when the rest of the world without is like an Egypt for plagues and darkness. Whatever thou dost hazard or lose, keep the integrity of thy conscience, both before troubles come and under them; it is a jewel that will make thee rich in the midst of poverty, a sun that will give thee light in the midst of darkness, a fortress that

will keep thee safe in the greatest danger, and that is never to be taken from thee unless thou thyself betray it and deliver it up.—*Sir Matthew Hale.*

Dress of the Days of the Regency.—The then Marquis of Worcester, though one of the neatest dressed "men about town," had not a particle of dandyism in his appearance; and to show what the costume of that day was—as different to the tweed suits, wide-awake hats, boots, and trousers of the present time as light is to darkness—I will briefly describe the dress of 1816 among the upper ten thousand. In the morning, cossack trousers very full of pleats, well strapped down under the boots, a buff waistcoat, an elaborately-embroidered blue frock coat, and an extensive tie of white cambric. These were replaced in the evening by tight-fitting pantaloons made of silk stone-colored web, silk stockings, frilled shirt, white "choker," white waistcoat, blue evening coat, velvet collar, and brass buttons, with a cocked hat. Worcester, who had served in the Seventh Hussars, turned his light-blue military pantaloons to good account by having the gold lace removed, and startled us not a little by appearing in them one evening in plain costume. Such a dress would, in modern parlance, have appeared "loud" upon almost any other man, but he blended the other colors so well that there was nothing inharmonious, and his good figure and noble bearing carried him triumphantly throughout.—*Lord William Lennox's Recollections.*

Petroleum Trade.—The amount exported already far exceeds in value all the other exports from the port of Philadelphia. During the past year the exportation of petroleum from all the ports of the United States averaged 10,561 barrels per week, equal to an annual exportation of 549,172 barrels. The amount exported is 37 per cent. of the amount raised, and the production of petroleum for the year 1865 is therefore estimated at 1,500,000 barrels. The value of this product is stated to be \$15,000,000 at the wells, on which the producers have a profit of \$12,000,000. As the oil regions of Ohio and Western Virginia have not yet been very largely productive, nearly all this enormous profit belongs to Pennsylvania.

Thackeray and Leech Memorials.—In the corridor leading to the chapel of Charterhouse two stone tablets have been placed side by side to the memory of two distinguished old Carthusians—William Makepeace Thackeray and John Leech.

Foreign Dynasties.—It is singular that throughout Europe the reigning dynasties are of foreign extraction. In England, a German rules; in France, a Corsican; in Spain, a Bourbon; in Italy, one who is held a foreigner by the majority of his subjects; in Austria, a Spaniard; in Sweden, a Frenchman; Belgium and Prussia have no indigenous monarchs. In Greece there was lately a Bavarian, and now a Dane; in Constantinople, a Mongolian.

Portrait Engravings—Catalogue.—For quite a number of years past, we have received frequent applications and orders for copies of the fine portraits, and other historic engravings,

which have embellished the monthly numbers of *THE ECLECTIC*. On this account, and to simplify the whole matter of selections, we have just prepared a printed catalogue of those which may be selected for portrait albums and scrap books; and for more extended collections, the portraits of celebrities, such as poets, historians, emperors, empresses, kings, queens, princes, eminent statesmen, at home and in foreign countries, and military heroes, who have made themselves conspicuous in the fields of literature, or the affairs of the world. Such a collection of portraits can hardly fail to be both interesting and instructive. They serve to bring before the mind's eye the faces and lineaments of remarkable men, either living or dead, and help to understand their characters, their history, and learn the time of their birth and when they died, in many cases. A carefully prepared catalogue will be ready shortly, numbering by figures from one to over two hundred, to aid in making selections, and will be sent to any address, on receipt of a stamp to pay the postage. Orders for the portraits selected will be promptly filled, and sent to any address by mail, on receipt of the price, which is very low, as will be seen—fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five cents, small or large.

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING DISCOURSES.—The *National Preacher* for January and February, a double number, contains two able discourses, delivered December 7th, on the day of National Thanksgiving appointed by the President of the United States. The first is a masterly discourse, by Rev. Albert Barnes, of Philadelphia—*PEACE AND HONOR*—which, in grasp of thought and historic facts in regard to the recent National struggle, surpasses any discourse ever written or published on this continent. The other Thanksgiving discourse is very able and eloquent, by Rev. Dr. Booth, pastor of the Mercer-street church, in this city. This number begins the fortieth volume of the *National Preacher*, which has been regularly published every month for forty years—an honor to the American pulpit. The whole series complete in thirty-nine volumes, of about a thousand sermons, may be had at the office, forming a good library for a minister or church, superior to any series ever published.

1. These discourses are from the ablest pens, and of the most devoted and successful ministers (about five hundred in number) of different evangelical denominations in the United States, for the last forty years, embodying their richest and most mature thoughts.

2. These discourses embrace a great variety of topics, and form a rich treasure-house of subjects, full of suggestive thought and powerful language.

3. Many of these discourses on the great themes of gospel salvation, have been written and preached amid revival scenes, and made powerful for the conversion of souls. As models, no minister should be without them.

4. A copious, three-fold INDEX—GENERAL, TOPICAL, and TEXTUAL—has been prepared, of great value, filling nearly fifty pages of the work; or sold separate, in pamphlet form, for 25 cents.

5. The price for the whole series is 90 cents per volume or year. Sent to any order in any part of the country by express.

the founder of popular order and popular right, of free-school learning and of jury-made law. Of the subtle statecraft of King Cromwell, how little is remembered now? but who forgets his agitator life in contraband conventicle at Yarmouth or the Fens, and the part he bore in the great strife of words at Westminster? For what is Napoleon remembered gratefully by Western Europe? Not for Marengo, Austerlitz, or Wagram, but for that imperishable code of just and equal laws which he had the wisdom to devise, the industry to elaborate, and the humanity to impose wherever ruined feudalism had left society an unsheltered wreck. And when we look down the roll of public men since the Revolution, we are constrained to ask ourselves again and again, how little trace has been left upon the sands of time by the great majority of those who have held power, as it is called, in their day! Even of Walpole and Pitt, how much is practically remembered?—less by the educated many than of Burke, Adam Smith, Wilberforce, or Mackintosh. The year gone by has seen the last of two of our foremost men, each in his way without compeer, but in their ways so entirely different that, save for the sake of contrast, they can hardly be spoken of together. This is not the place or the fitting opportunity to speak of the illustrious minister whose mortal career has lately closed. Nor would it be a gracious or a grateful task on our part, to inquire what the probable effect of time may be upon his reputation. At present we have to perform another duty—that of endeavoring to recall the features of a man who, without any of the adventitious aids of birth or fortune, raised himself in the most aristocratic and money-worshipping country in the world, to a position of influence and power, the like of which no man without rank or office has of late years exercised among us. If Richard Cobden be forgotten, it will be because the good that men do does *not* live after them; and this we are bound to disbelieve. Whatever he accomplished in public life was not only professedly but on all hands was confessedly for the uplifting of the people, and for the rendering permanently better their condition, and that of their neighbors. Purer and nobler and wider aims no man ever

cherished. That he sometimes mistook the best way to their accomplishment, and sometimes miscalculated the odds and chances of the political game, is only to say that he was fallible, and at the same time enthusiastic. But his errors, now that he is gone, his severest critics cheerfully acknowledge to have been mistakes of intellect, not of heart, and of but passing moment, not of enduring evil.

The family of Copden is traceable in the territorial records of Sussex for several centuries. With other yeomen of substance we find one of them offered as surety for the payment by Sir Roger de Covert, Lord of the Manor, for whose charges or fines by tenure of chivalry distress had been levied by the Crown. In 1313, Thomas Copden was sent to Westminster to serve in Parliament for the episcopal city of Chichester; and when the fear of Spanish invasion kindled the pride and pluck of all classes in the land, five and twenty pounds, a large sum in those days, were subscribed by Thomas Copden to prepare for resisting the Armada. The like spirit warmed his illustrious descendant when, repudiating the charge of indifference to the inviolability of the realm, he said in a speech advocating naval retrenchment: "I would never consent to our fleets being reduced to less than an equality with those of any two other maritime powers. But with that, I think, we ought to be content." The orthography of the patronymic seems to have been changed early in the seventeenth century; but the characteristic self-reliance, thrift, and contempt for social affectation remained unchanged. In 1688, when Charles I. resorted to the device for raising money, of offering knighthood to many persons among the smaller and wealthier yeomanry, with the alternative of paying so much money to be excused, Thomas Cobden preferred to pay his fine rather than assume a title which would not have rendered him the happier, but which might have tended in some sort to alienate the sympathy, if not to excite the envy, of his farming neighbors. The sturdy self-respectful instinct, as we know, did not die out in his descendants. No man in our time who has been so feted and flattered showed less desire to forget the measure

of the family hearth by which in childhood he had played, or to have it forgotten. Ambition he had abundantly; and if not covetous of riches, he was not insensible to their value, or wanting in the self-denying energy and perseverance calculated to secure the immunity from privation they afford to those he loved. But readily and without a sigh he abandoned the pursuit of wealth to nobler objects, and when the opportunity presented itself of choosing a permanent residence for the evening of his days, his heart naturally turned to the old family home, in whose quiet and seclusion he felt more happiness and pride than he could have done in the showiest suburban villa, with its bronze gates, flower-houses, and *rococo* finery. He used to say that he valued a man above all other things for his having a backbone; the want of almost every other member might be in some degree supplied; wig, false teeth, glass eye, stuffed arm and wooden leg—all might be had for a trifle round the corner; but if a man was born without a backbone, you could never put it into him, or get him to stand for half an hour as if he had one.

In his own demeanor, conduct, language, and life, he was the most consistently regardless man of the pretensions and of the unrealities of rank we have ever known. There was not a spark of envy or grudge in his disposition; and if ever he thought of levelling, it was in the sense only of raising up those below him, not of undermining or despoiling those above him.

At the Grammar School of Midhurst, under the mastership of Mr. Philip Knight, he had the reputation of an open-hearted, unassuming boy, steady and diligent at the tasks set him, but evincing less quickness of parts than his elder brother Frederick. At twelve he was transferred to Mr. Clarkson's Seminary at Greta, in Yorkshire, where he remained three years. He had no turn for classical acquirements, the value of which in after years he was rather disposed to depreciate. What he loved best, and what he most completely mastered, was geography, of which he probably knew more than all the rest of his classfellows put together. The value he set on this branch of study is noticeable throughout all his after life. He was the compara-

tive anatomist of modern civilization; and not only believed in the worth of international sympathy as a humanizing sentiment, but in the policy and wisdom of international knowledge as indispensable to a full reciprocity of benefits. At a public meeting a friend incidentally made use of the expression once that, as it was not in the sight of Heaven good for man to be alone, neither was it right or wise for a community to try to dwell apart. He cheered the expression vehemently, and afterwards commended in warm terms the maxim conveyed in the illustration. To use his own words, "No nation, however strong or good, can afford to play the hermit." No wonder that he continued throughout life to prize what had been, as it were, in his mind the ground-plan of his whole political system. In his last speech at Rochdale he dwelt at considerable length upon the neglect of geographical teaching in our schools, and told the tale of his search, when visiting Attica, for the stream of the storied Ilissus, and of his amusement when at last he discovered the insignificant brook hardly containing water enough to serve the purposes of some dozen laundresses: and yet, as he chidingly observed, too many of our fine young English gentlemen who, fresh from college, undertake to legislate for the wants of the Empire and its relations with the rest of the civilized world, know more of the course of this classic land-drain than they do of the Amazon or the Mississippi. For this he was soundly rated in the columns of the daily and weekly press, as if he had been guilty of inculcating some darkening heresy, or wished to discredit scholastic learning. But this was not his meaning or his aim. He thought indeed that the uniform drill of upper-class intellect in Greek prosody, Latin verse, and the religion of Olympus, was an inadequate substitute for modern knowledge, in the youth of a ruling class. No man had a greater respect for true scholarship of any and of every kind; but he knew that one half the young men who, by the right divine of territorial rank or fortune, enter Parliament at an early age, have never willingly spent an hour in the study of the classics, which at Eton and Christchurch they regard simply as the plague of their idle lives. And being a

man wholly devoid of superstition, whether social or educational, he could not help laughing aloud at that which prescribes a uniform system of mental training, so barren of flower or fruit, to the exclusion or neglect of teachings that might prove less irksome, and that might fairly be expected to serve a more practical purpose.

At sixteen he began his unindentured apprenticeship to trade under his uncle, who was an extensive warehouseman in Eastcheap. The knowledge derivable from books was regarded at that time as wholly out of place in a youth bound to follow business and nothing else. There might be nothing actually wrong in his skimming through a novel once in a way; and of course it was all right to read a chapter or a Psalm on a Sunday night before going to bed; always provided that he was not too sleepy to forget to put out the candle, a circumstance fairly presumable. But as for study of any kind, or the collecting of information, even about trade, from books, pamphlets, or newspapers, the thing was deemed an absurdity or an affectation; and when the beardless youth betrayed leanings that way, he incurred at first pity for his want of sense, and then reproof for his obdurate wilfulness in thus misusing his time. Luckily for himself and for the world, however, he still went his way, working hard and well by daylight and by dusk, and never neglecting the business of his relative till the doors of the warehouse closed. But when his companions had betaken themselves to the amusements befitting their time of life, or were glad to enjoy an early sleep, he loved to occupy himself with such books of travel, biography, and history as his limited opportunities enabled him to obtain: and very early his mind became attracted by the study of those branches of knowledge which furnish the materials of industrial philosophy. Opinions he could be hardly said to have thought of forming. Although, if we knew all, it is probable that we should be able to trace very early the seemingly haphazard shedding of seed, which in his genial mind quickly struck root and slowly but steadily grew, although unnoticed and unnoticeable for many a year to come. In the fluctuations of trade, the old merchant proved unfortunate; while his studious

nephew, having belied his forebodings and thriven as well as risen in life, had the gratification of repaying his anxious though undiscerning care by contributing to his comfort in his declining years.

On quitting his uncle's warehouse, young Cobden undertook the duties of a commercial traveller, and showed so much activity and discrimination in that capacity, that he was early enabled to obtain a junior partner's share in a house trading both in Manchester and London. He threw himself with energy into the development of the particular branch of manufacture with which his name was subsequently associated; and in a few years, the firm, mainly owing to his personal skill, perseverance, and enterprise, had acquired a high reputation. In his leisure hours he continued to enlarge his stock of general information, and from the outset felt longings he could not wholly restrain to have his say about what was publicly passing around him. He saw the children of the working classes growing up without any species of instruction, and when they drew near the verge of maturity left without any species of intellectual relaxation, or any means of qualifying themselves to enjoy it. He applied himself with zeal to the local remedy of both evils. His voice, his pen, and his purse were devoted to the encouragement of free schools in Manchester; and he was one of the founders of the Athenaeum in that city, one of the first institutions of the kind established in England. For the purpose of extending the connections of his house he made several journeys abroad, by which his views were greatly expanded, and as he used himself to say, his islander vanity and pretension cut down. Love of country was with him not an exclusive, but a preferential love. He did not want to grow rich himself by overreaching others or by grinding them down, and he did not want his country to do as it would not be done by. He had a thorough faith in the doctrine that for all who will work honestly and intelligently the world is wide enough, and that there is room to spare. He gloried in the thought that England was the most successful merchant adventurer of the nations; but he reprobated the narrow and short-sighted maxims that so long bade her exult in her strength as a means

of jostling competitive industries in the race, or throwing them out of the running. He wished to see his country occupying, not the hated place of commercial tyrant or monopolist, but the noble and beloved position of chief among brethren.

He first visited America in 1835, making a rapid tour through the principal seaboard States, and the adjacent portions of Canada, during the months of June and July. His early impressions of the great commonwealth of the West were alike vivid and permanent, some of them finding their way to publicity in the course of the following year.

His first appearance as an author was in the character of a Manchester Manufacturer, under which name he published a remarkable pamphlet, entitled *England, Ireland, and America*. His aim was to advocate in foreign affairs the policy of strict non-intervention, based upon considerations of an industrial and commercial rather than of a political kind. Mr. Fox and Lord Grey had resisted armed intermeddling in the affairs of the Continent, when interference sprang from dynastic and anti-democratic motives; and Mr. Canning had, from considerations of expediency, refused to interpose in Italy and Spain, even when he felt called upon most loudly to protest against the intrusion of French and Austrian bayonets. But non-interference was defended by these statesmen on specific grounds alone, and not in assertion of any general rule. The right to apply the resources of their own country to the vindication of neighboring liberty they hardly seemed to have ever doubted; and however they might differ about the fitness of opportunities, or the adequacy of means, they generally assented to the standing maxims handed down from the Revolution, that England's duty and interest lay in maintaining the balance of power in Europe. The truth of these maxims Mr. Cobden boldly challenged. In his view the whole history of the grand alliances and continental wars in which, from the days of Marlborough to those of Wellington, we had engaged, at an infinite cost of blood and treasure, was but a record of disappointment and of labor in vain. We should have been, as he believed, far stronger and freer, and abler to render real service as leader of the nations in

the march of freedom, had we kept minding our own affairs instead of meddling with theirs, and by our example been content to show them a more excellent way. He particularly strove to arouse resistance to the struggle he saw impending on the shores of the Bosphorus, in defence of Ottoman rule. He viewed with mingled contempt and aversion the supremacy of the Moslem in Asia Minor and Roumelia, which he cited the testimonies of many travellers and publicists to show had been but one long protracted blight and burden. How different would the once crowded, opulent, and busy shores of the Levant become were they subject to Christian institutions, and reanimated by industrial enterprise! Russian ascendancy might not in itself have anything to recommend it, but neither was it, he thought, to be seriously feared in any sense as a source of danger to Great Britain. At all events, it was not our business to squander money or life in defending the Ottoman. He had failed in every sense as a ruler, in the fairest and most fertile region of the world. If he could not keep his ruffian hold, let him go; the cause of civilization, commerce, and of Christian freedom could not be in any way injured thereby. We had a tariff to reform, a press to liberate from statutable thralldom, a colonial system to reconstruct, and many other great works of domestic policy demanding our undistracted care. Let these suffice, and let us leave the political dead to bury their dead.

While extolling the frugality of the American government, and its adherence to the principle of non-intervention in the affairs of its neighbors, consequent upon the essentially popular character of its constitution, Mr. Cobden emphatically disclaimed all idea of holding up Republicanism as a model for English imitation. The worship of rank pervaded, he was convinced, every grade of the middle and working classes; there were no real elements of democracy among us; and he could see no gain in deposing from power patricians by descent, if it were only to make way for rich men of yesterday. But some things in American rule he regarded as eminently deserving the consideration of our statesmen—the reliance upon small armaments by sea and land in time of peace for the maintenance

of national dignity, and the equality assured to all forms of belief in the eye of the law. At the time he wrote, the small national debt originally contracted by the United States in their struggle for independence had been entirely paid off; and contrasting their perfect exemption from the necessity of raising taxes upon that account, with the vast sums our own people were compelled to pay every year only to keep down the interest upon our foreign war debt, he indulged in the expression of a fear lest our national industry should one day find itself overweighted in the race with its transatlantic competitor. How strangely it would have sounded in his ears had any one told him that he should live to see the odds reduced almost to nothing in this respect, not by England's abatement of wasteful expenditure, but by America's self-imposition of a public debt, amounting to three fourths of our own!

In the unreclaimed condition of Ireland, and in the unredeemed plight of the mass of her people, we had more than enough to do, if all our energies were devoted to the work of wiping out, though late, that national scandal and shame. With rapid and vigorous hand he etched the narrative of English misrule, wilfully destructive of Celtic industry, and blindly preventive of social and religious amelioration. The existence of a Church Establishment alien to the belief of the people, and maintained by the mere brute force of conquering power in defiance of their feelings, was in itself, he argued, a more than sufficient accounting cause for ceaseless discontent, agitation, and crime. Would Englishmen be found devoted to adventure and trade with the traditional steadiness which has so long characterized them, if, through any political misfortune, they were compelled to behold their cathedrals and parish churches occupied by a priesthood whose tenets they disapproved, and to see the vast wealth derivable from church lands and tithes sequestered for the maintenance of a hated faith? He hoped not; and that from sire to son they would hand down the pledge of discontent and detestation until the evil were removed. Believing moreover, as he did fervently, that Ireland would be happier and better and richer if it

were Protestant, he deprecated the continuance of that ecclesiastical imposition which, above and beyond all other causes, had contributed to render the spread of the doctrines of the Reformation in that country impossible. "So long as the Church of England possesses the whole of the religious revenue of Ireland, there cannot be—nay, judging of the case as our own, there ought not to be—peace or prosperity for its people; and what is of still more vital importance, there can be, judging by the same rule, no chance of the dissemination of religious truth in that country."

After passing in review the various palliatives and pretexts for doing nothing effectual then in vogue, he summed up his appeal for doing justice to Ireland before seeking distant objects of national interposition, in the following terms: "Our efforts have been directed towards the assistance of States for whose welfare we are not responsible; while our oppression and neglect have fallen upon a people over whom we are endowed with the power and accountable privileges of government. . . . Does not the question of Ireland in every point of view offer the strongest possible argument against the national policy of this country, for the time during which we have wasted our energies, and squandered our wealth upon all the nations of the Continent, while a part of our own empire, which more than all the rest of Europe has needed our attention, remains to this hour an appalling monument of our neglect and misgovernment?" This remarkable *brochure* quickly attracted attention, and in a few months went through several editions.

His next pamphlet, entitled *Russia, Turkey, and England*, evinced an equal diversity of information, and comprehensive breadth of view. It contains many passages of great power and eloquence, intermingled with others less careful in their style and less calculated perhaps to win general approval. His description of the attenuation of Muscovite power by the rapid and unconsolidated extension of territory, is admirably contrasted with the growth, during the same period, of the United Kingdom and the United States, in concentrated wealth and population. He argues truly, that in such concentration has ever lain the greatest

strength of nations; and he relies upon the logical converse as a sufficient reason for treating with indifference the threatening aspect of Russian aggrandizement. But while discounting the military strength of the Cossack empire, he endeavors to show in how many ways it stands superior to the stolid and stifling oppression of the Turk, against whom his bill of indictment is as terrible as true. If a choice must be made, he contends that it would be better for the Czar to reign at Constantinople than the Sultan; and that English interests, neither present nor future, would in any way be damaged by the change. Of any other alternative he takes no note. This is perhaps the weak point in his argument, which whenever it was repeated in after years struck dispassionate listeners, and checked their disposition to adopt his policy. For ourselves, we could never understand why either set of oppressors should reign forever over the most beautiful and prolific country in the world. Admitting all that can be said against the Turks—and we are far from being prepared to dispute any portion of it—we cannot see the necessity for transferring all Greece and Asia Minor to Scythian rule. "Constantinople," said Lord Palmerston, during the Crimean war, "may be truly described as very inferior to St. Petersburg; and the cause of the inferiority may be truly assigned to misrule; but that is no reason why Russia should have both." When the Manchester Manufacturer wrote, railroads were a Western luxury, of which the half-peopled plains of the Volga and the Neva did not dream. Already considerable lines have been laid down in various districts, and ten years hence all the chief places in European Russia will be connected by electricity and steam. It must be owned that this will make an essential difference in the question, whether it be safe for Europe to allow any one Power to have her fortified arsenals on the Sea of Marmora and the Baltic, with the instantaneous means of knowledge as to what is going on at either extremity, and the power of concentrating in the course of a few hours on any point of her frontier the whole avalanche of her disciplined ambition. Nevertheless, for the time in which he wrote, and having

regard to the diplomatic doctrines then in vogue respecting foreign policy, there cannot be a doubt that the vigorous utterance of opinions till then almost unheard was of infinite use, and that the good thus done has not and will not pass away.

He spent the winter of 1836-7 in Egypt, Syria, and Greece. Possessing little classical knowledge, and but a niggard love of antiquities, his wanderings among the monuments and ruins of bygone times were perhaps less pleasurable than they usually are to men of a different cast of mind. On the other hand, there was for him in the gaunt remains of dead civilization, extinguished commerce, and abandoned art, a world of suggestion and teaching. He understood too thoroughly what the far-reaching commerce of Phœnicia and Greece must have been in the days of its glory not to people with a phantom crowd of busy speculators and laborers the wharves of harbors now choked with sand, and the half-ruined highways leading from city to city. Few visitors to the Levant were so capable of realizing the busy life of which it was anciently the scene, or of measuring therefore the depth of political and social degradation that has since befallen its shores. He returned to England detesting Turkish barbarism, and the infamy of forced labor and the slave-market, more intensely than he had ever done when merely reading of such things in books. He brought home with him a thousand fresh facts and new ideas; and his was a mind on which the impression of realities was never lost, and from which the photograph once imprinted never passed away.

Before entering on the course of commercial agitation in which his best energies were so soon to be absorbed, he felt a desire to freshen his earlier impressions of the comparative anatomy of neighboring industrial States. About the middle of May, 1840, he visited Havre and Rouen, proceeding thence to Paris and the southern cities of France. Subsequently he visited Savoy and Switzerland, the Rhine towns, and the chief places of commerce in Holland. He was not wanting in appreciation of the beauties of external nature, but the sight of Genoa and Geneva, Cologne and Amsterdam, stirred in him deeper thoughts,

and dwelt more vividly in his recollection than the Passes of the Alps or Schaffhausen Falls. He was by nature, habit, and feeling a man of action; not in the vulgar sense which associates energy and ambition with incessant stir and noise; he was neither talkative nor restless, greedy of excitement or afflicted with the feverish thirst of fame. The key to his life is to be found in the earnestness of his sympathy with his kind—with their sufferings and struggles, their hopes and fears, their wrongful humiliations and noble aspirings; with all, in short, that, whether for individuals or communities, goes to make up the wear and tear, the trials and the triumphs of our nature. He was called an economist, and so he was; his reason being convinced that the greatest service he could render mankind was to keep them clear of errors in the application of their industry and skill. But it was not for the sake of the theory of rule or with any mere intellectual pride in victorious casuistry that he inquired, computed, argued, and, when necessary, made costly sacrifices of time and health and fortune. With him the actuating motive was from first to last the accomplishment of the greatest possible amount of good to others in his day and generation. He thought habitually through his feelings, and no one ever succeeded in engaging his coöperation or alliance who failed to show him that his efforts, if successful, would alleviate some misery, or vindicate some questioned right, or help to give a better dinner to the working man, or strike down the uplifted arm of violence or oppression. He had the heart of a woman with the intellect of a man; and those who knew him best well knew what depths of tenderness for those he loved lay within him, unobserved by the many, and often dark and silent as unopened fountains. Of his private griefs he spoke seldom and little: his instincts recoiled from utterances that had for him something of the sense of exposure. Even when receiving the generous and gentle tribute of sympathy, he would remain mute until his fixed eye began to fill; and then, when he could bear the agony of unspoken gratitude no longer, he would quietly murmur some expression of assent and turn away, as though to break the spell.

It was not until the general election of 1841 that Mr. Cobden obtained his seat in Parliament. The agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws was then beginning to assume somewhat of the menacing proportions by which it was afterwards known, and the newly-returned member for Stockport was the life and soul of the agitation. His first speech in the House of Commons was an earnest appeal to men of both parties on behalf of the manufacturing population, then suffering acutely for the want of work. The Whigs had, on the eve of the general election, offered an 8s. fixed duty as a compromise; but their bidding came too late to appease commercial discontent, and the newly-formed Association had bound itself to be satisfied with nothing short of the total abolition of the tax on bread. Its members authorized him, moreover, to declare—as he did openly in his maiden speech—that they would give all the political support they could command to whichever party in the State should first concede the great principle at stake. A meeting of ministers of religion of all denominations had likewise confided to him the presentation to Parliament of their remonstrances and prayers on behalf of their famished flocks. A majority of the new Parliament, elate with party triumph and confiding in the pledges of Sir Robert Peel to maintain Protection, received the most touching statements of popular suffering with derisive cheers; and the outgoing Whigs were in no humor to lend support to a man who avowed his indifference to party combinations, and his readiness to sacrifice party interests for the attainment of what they were accustomed to designate as an economic crotchet. Lord Melbourne had but a few months before told the House of Lords that the man must be mad who would think of the entire repeal of the Corn Laws; and he had told the Queen that the men who proposed it would take the crown off her head: and Lord Melbourne was Prime Minister. But Cobden cared for none of these things. The agitation spread and grew as the distress deepened. Every month during the dismal winter of 1841-42 brought new recruits to its standard. Not a few of the squeamish politicians who had lisped on

the hustings their condescending assent to an 8s. duty, and got well beaten for their pains, sent in their subscriptions with an intimation that they were now ready to stand, whenever an opening offered, on thorough-going free-trade principles; and in this manner some of them actually did find their way back to Westminster.

We need not dwell upon the five years' wordy war against monopoly, which ended in the conversion of Sir Robert Peel, Lord Aberdeen, Sir James Graham, and Mr. Gladstone to the doctrines of the Anti-Corn Law League; and of the consequent disintegration and overthrow of the most powerful Conservative party which had existed in England since the death of Mr. Pitt. No such moral triumph has ever been accomplished, without the loss of a single life or the striking of a single blow, within the same brief space. Religious freedom was the slow work of generations. Parliamentary reform took nearly half a century in its partial accomplishment. The emancipation of trade had been indeed begun, and was pursued tentatively during the twenty years preceding the formation of the League; but the abolition of a tax on corn, to keep up the rent of land for the benefit of the classes who possessed nine tenths of the seats in the Legislature, was a task which to the most experienced and enlightened men of the Liberal party seemed desperate, and which nothing but the combined wisdom and enthusiasm of true political genius could have accomplished. The story has, however, so often and so well been told that it needs not to be told again. On the eve of his fall from power, the conscience-stricken opener of the gates of Protection, which he had spent his prime in endeavoring to bar, confessed in the House of Commons that no one had contributed so much to bring about that result as Mr. Cobden.

The work, indeed, was done, and the nation was not unmindful or ungrateful. For its achievement it had been necessary to neglect the profitable pursuits of business and to sacrifice leisure, gain, and mercantile opportunities of every kind. It was felt that the man who had, without ever once alluding to these things, practiced unflinchingly such self-

denial, ought not to go uncompensated; and a very large sum was accordingly subscribed, chiefly, though not altogether, in the manufacturing districts, as a tribute of acknowledgment for the immeasurable benefits conferred.

The Whigs resumed power, and could find no room in the Cabinet for the man by whose courage, energy, and eloquence, more than that of any other man, their restoration had been brought about. They offered him the subordinate post of Vice-President of the Board of Trade, which he of course declined. Before the struggle was over, Sir Robert Peel addressed to him a letter, as remarkable for its contents as for the signature and superscription, in which he reiterated the acknowledgments he had made in the House of Commons, that from Mr. Cobden he had tardily learned the wisdom and necessity of free trade in corn. He explained with his accustomed clearness and completeness the considerations by which he had been governed in breaking with his party, and renouncing power for the sake of accomplishing a great national good; and concluded by expressing a wish that he and his correspondent might in future meet as private acquaintances, if not friends. Mr. Cobden replied in befitting terms to this communication; but he went abroad before any opportunity arose of meeting the ex-minister; and on his return, from some cause unexplained, no further step, we believe, on either side was taken towards a *rap-prochement*.

On his way to Paris he had an interview with Louis Philippe at the Château d'Eu. "The king was very civil and communicative," but left on his visitor the impression that he "did not like to discuss the free-trade question." The diplomate-king, by the grace of *gold*, charter, monopoly, and corruption, was too wary to commit himself to a triumphant tribune on his travels; and whatever may have been his wishes or convictions, he was too much afraid of setting any new stone rolling in France, and too much out of humor just then with Palmerston and his colleagues, to let fall anything that might be turned into an encouragement of even economic agitation in his ignitable dominions.

On the 18th of August the Duc d'Harcourt presided at a public dinner given to Mr. Cobden, by the chiefs of the Liberal party and leading economists of France. M. Horace Say occupied the vice-chair, and among those present were Baron Billing, MM. Duperon and Renouard (peers), and MM. Garnier Pagès, Leon Faucher, G. Beaumont, M. Chevalier, and other men of distinction. He received much attention from M. Duchatel, the Minister of the Interior, and the Duc de Broglie, who impressed him as being "a man of elevated moral and religious sentiments, but wanting in the masculine qualities requisite to sway a French political party." Of the Abbé de Lamennais he speaks "as a meek little man, religious in a certain sense, and with a heart." * He was naturally struck with the want of knowledge on economical questions betrayed by many of the ablest politicians he encountered; but, on the whole, his visit to the French capital was one unceasing round of compliment and congratulation.

After a brief stay at Bordeaux, where likewise he was entertained in public by the leading merchants and bankers of the City of the Vine, he crossed into Spain. At Madrid another festival in his honor awaited him, at which several of the leading politicians of the Chamber of Representatives took part. While in the Spanish capital he witnessed a bull-fight for the first time. The spectacle pained him deeply. "So long," he wrote, "as this continues to be the popular sport of high and low, so long will the people be indifferent to human life, and have their civil contests marked with displays of cruelty which make other nations shudder." † Narvaez struck him as the man of "most practical sense and knowledge" of the politicians he met with at Madrid; for he admitted many of the evils of the prohibitive system, and owned that one fourth of the population of Andalusia were more or less engaged in contraband trade; but he argued that none but a very strong government could reform the tariff in Spain, and that, if one administration fell in the attempt, no other could be formed for many years that would touch it. The aspect of the Peninsula and its

people, in the eyes of the Manchester Manufacturer, was not encouraging: "The Spaniards of the last two centuries seem literally to have done nothing but glorify themselves for the deeds of their ancestors, or loll in the shades of their olives and vines, and leave to nature the task of feeding and clothing them." Entertainments awaited him at Cadiz and Malaga, and by the end of the year he had completed his tour in Southern Spain.

At Genoa, on the 16th January, 1847, the Marquis d'Azeglio presided at the feast wherewith the descendants of the old merchant princes of the Gulf welcomed him to their shores. A still more inspiring ovation was given in his honor at Rome, in the following month, which, considering that it took place almost under the walls of the Vatican, and apparently without provoking the slightest jealousy on the part of the newly-elected Pope or his advisers, seemed to him "the most charming proof of the wide-spread sympathy for free-trade principles which he had seen in the course of his travels." * Among other notabilities, he was introduced, during his stay in Southern Italy, to the Count of Syracuse, a younger member of the Bourbon family of Naples. He found him, "for a king's brother, a very clear-headed, well-informed man." † Pio Nono received him on the 22d February, 1847, at an audience which lasted a good while. He was habited in a simple dress of white flannel, spoke unaffectedly and with much earnestness of the good work which had lately been accomplished in England by the abolition of the Corn Laws, and dwelt with especial emphasis on the means whereby so great a change had been effected. His visitor called his attention to the desecration of hallowed memories in Spain, where bull-fights were constantly held, as the public advertisements declared, in honor of the Virgin, or the patron saint of the locality. The Pope said he was obliged for the suggestion, and promised to mention the matter to his Nuncio. On the day after this interview, Mr. Cobden dined with the ill-fated Count Rossi, then French Ambassador at Rome. At Naples he was much struck by what he saw in

* *Diary*, 1846. † *Diary*, 16th October, 1846.

* *Diary*, 1847. † *Diary*, 13th February, 1847.

the Pompeian Museum. "In a couple of hours spent in these rooms, I became better acquainted with the ancient Roman people than I could have been by reading all the histories ever written about them."*

King Ferdinand desired to see him, and tried to make him believe that he too had become a proselyte to free trade, as did most of the men of political or literary distinction at his Court. They asked many questions about the solution of the Irish difficulty; for the apprehended famine, whose coming shadow had scared Sir Robert Peel into surrendering the last outworks of monopoly, was still impending; the failure of the State trials to crush agitation was still fresh in men's minds; and though less energetic and threatening than in former days, O'Connell still lived. Everywhere interrogatories were put to Mr. Cobden about the condition of Ireland and its future. Twenty years are come and gone since then, and English statesmanship during that time, to its shame be it spoken, has never dared to look that question in the face. The month of April was spent in Florence, where he was received with open arms by the men of letters, and many of the foreign residents of that delightful city. The first public dinner said to have been ever given there, was that in his honor, under the presidency of M. Peruzzi; La Farina, the historian, Prince Poniatowski, and many other individuals of distinction, being present. The report of the proceedings was delayed for some days, and was not permitted to appear until the consent of the Grand Duke had been formally signified, in consequence of his name having been mentioned in some of the speeches; yet his was considered, and in point of fact actually was, the best beloved and respected of the old governments of Italy. Leghorn was not wanting in hospitality to the traveller, and there he found once more, for the first time since he had quitted England, the greeting of fellow-countrymen of his own class and calling, who could appreciate more vividly than many of his Southern entertainers the amazing difficulties he had had to encounter in his long struggle for the emancipation of commerce, and the specific

worth of what he had done. At Turin he spent many pleasant and instructive days. Among the first who called on him were Scialoja, and Charles Cavour, "a young man," as he observed, "with a sound, practical head." The incipient statesman clutched eagerly at the opportunity of learning all he could from lips so ready to impart information. He had recently visited England, and studied her industrial and political institutions; and although as yet he did not pretend any more than the rest of his class to see his way to national independence, he already believed in the possibility of working up to constitutionalism and to agricultural and commercial freedom in Piedmont. The administration was still indeed in the hands of the ultra partisans of resistance; and the king, who had never recovered his early disenchantment with popular efforts, was too weak and wavering to originate any measure of importance in the direction of progress. Cavour spent most of his time with Mr. Cobden or his family during their stay, and with his uncle, the Marquis Cavour, with whom he then lived, and MM. Balbo, Collobiano, Polloni, Battista, Bignon, the future minister attended the banquet on the 24th May, to do honor to the Apostle of Free Trade. A like celebration followed in the ensuing week at Milan, and also at Venice. At Vienna he was treated with every mark of distinction by Prince Metternich, as at St. Petersburg by Count Nesselrode. At Berlin, Humboldt, Ranke, Eichhorn, Bodelschwing, and most of the eminent men engaged in the administration, were prompt in paying their respects: and he was entertained at dinner by the king. His long tour ended with a visit to Hamburg; and by the middle of October, 1847, he found himself once more at home. It was a moment of extreme depression and anxiety. The deferred famine had more than decimated the population of Ireland; and gold had been sent out of the country to buy corn in such quantities, that the Bank of England was, under the Act of 1844, compelled to raise the rate of discount to ten per cent., and was only enabled to reduce it to eight per cent. by a Treasury minute suspending the operation of the statute.

In Parliament he never took any part

* *Diary*, 4th March, 1847.

in debates respecting the currency; and in private he used sometimes to say playfully, "When a man begins by telling me that we can do nothing right until the Bank Charter is annulled, I always suspect that he is a little mad, at least on one point; and so I try to turn the conversation." He had voted for Peel's Bank Act in 1844, hoping that it would be an improvement on previous legislation; but after twenty years' experience he inclined to regard it as a failure, and to anticipate that, whenever pressure or panic should cause its suspension a third time, it must be virtually abandoned.

In the new Parliament which met in November, 1847, Mr. Cobden took his seat as member for the West Riding of Yorkshire, for which, in his absence, he had been chosen, and for which he continued to sit for the ten following years. It was not in human nature that he should be unconscious of the comparative neglect and disparagement wherewith he was treated by the privileged politicians of his own country, and which contrasted so strongly and so strangely with what he had experienced abroad. That he never condescended to notice it outside the inner circle of friendship and intimacy, does not touch the question how such folly and such injustice came to pass. No proposal was made to him to join the administration; and though he gave it his general support, his remonstrances against certain measures which he disapproved, were on more than one occasion repelled in a tone and in terms little short of insulting. In the discussions on the Alien Act, and on the Bill which for the first time constituted open and advised speaking on political subjects sufficient proof of "treason-felony;" on many items of domestic expenditure, and on many important points of colonial policy; on the memorable affair of compensation to M. Pacifico; on the Ecclesiastical Titles' Bill, and generally on the question of Parliamentary Reform, he differed from the Whigs; and the estrangement thus engendered continued to the end, without bitterness or resentment on his part, but not without consequences which it would lead us too far to enter into here.

By many, whose prejudices he offended in the earnest pursuit of objects he deemed politically just, he was called a

demagogue. They saw the proofs of his popularity, and they measured his self-love by their own; they felt that the self-made man was able to wield a power which, with all the adventitious aids of birth and wealth and station, they could not gain; and they could not persuade themselves that the exercise of this power had not created an appetite which must ever yearn and crave. They felt the keen edge of his argumentative eloquence in debate: and they would not believe that the man who could thus overthrow opponents did not love the encounter and exult in victory. They knew not the man, or the spirit that animated him. There never was any one who had in him less of the love of ambition, or the lust of triumph. He neither feared nor shunned the fight; and he rejoiced with child-like glee in the success of his cause. But it was the triumph of the cause, not of Cobden, that he fought for; and far from relishing the opportunity of giving battle, or exulting in the humiliation of adversaries, he would readily, at any moment, have secured success by the timely conversion of opponents to sound views, rather than have hazarded the result of public contention. To say that he did not value personal influence, founded as his was, on personal ability and worth alone, would indeed be untrue; and to say that he was insensible to the tribute of popular sympathy and admiration, would be idle. But the gratification these were capable of affording him were essentially transitory and subordinate to that which other and more enduring instincts craved. He delighted in quiet, and he loved love. In the happy faces of the children who never feared him, and the genial talk of friends with whom he never differed sharply, it was his delight to pass his time. Society, so called, rather bored him; and public display was to him a matter of penance, not of pride. The proceedings he originated in the House of Commons were not numerous; and the total number of his speeches there, considering the length of time he sat in that assembly, will be found to have been, by comparison with other notabilities, but few. In some degree this may perhaps be accounted for by his extreme aversion to taking part in debate, without having fully

matured what he had to say, "and the best way of putting it," as he was wont to phrase it. But a good deal must likewise be set down to the account of his reluctance to provoke angry dispute with men towards whom he could never bring himself to feel anything like hostility. He might laugh at their follies and make merry with their inconsistencies, in his own limited circle of intimate friends; but when urged to expose their errors publicly, and to resist the impolicy they recommended, he was rarely known to indulge in sarcasm or scoff; for he thought that a legislator's words, like those of a judge, should, as Bacon says, be "wise, and not taunting." At heart he disliked conflict; and there was for him no pleasure in inflicting pain. His blows were heavy when they fell, and, roused by a sense of indignation at oppression or injustice, he dealt them with a will. Yet he oftentimes—oftener than the world at large could easily have been persuaded—generously forbore. He not only could make great allowance for educational and social habits of expression, thought, and action not in accordance with his own, but he practically did so; and while no man was less swayed by the influence of society around him, he was content with the enjoyment of his own simple-minded liberty, without cavilling at the fopperies, affectations, or antipathies of those whom he knew disliked him.

One evening, as he drove to the House of Commons, to take part in a debate which it was expected would be of the sharpest, his companion, who probably looked forward to the coming struggle with somewhat of bellicose enthusiasm, rallied him gently on being what he called dull; and strove to rekindle his spirit, by anticipating the weakness and waywardness in blundering which their adversaries were certain to betray, and by holding forth the promise of inevitable triumph. He was not to be roused from his dejection, however, and he said calmly: "I know you can enjoy it all, and perhaps it is so best; but I hate having to beard in this way hundreds of well-meaning, wrong-headed people, and to face the look of rage and loathing with which they regard me. I had a thousand times rather not have to do it; but it must be done."

It was in this spirit that in 1854 he took a course that for the time undoubtedly lessened his general popularity, by opposing the Russian war. From his first entrance into public life he had questioned the foreign policy of Lord Palmerston, primarily and especially with reference to the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire; and when at length that long-slumbering question came to issue, the complete antagonism between them was more than ever revealed.

In the spring of 1856, there befell him a calamity whose lingering shadow overcast all his remaining years:

"One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws

Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes;

To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,

For which joy hath no balm, and affliction no sting."

His only son, a youth of singular promise, and endeared to him by every tie of pride and affection, was suddenly struck down by illness at Weinheim, where he was at school; and the same letter that brought intelligence of the fact, conveyed also the tidings of his death. It was long before the bereaved father recovered from this heavy blow. By degrees indeed he learned resignation; and, consoled by the sympathy of a numerous and attached circle of friends, he manfully strove to battle with his grief, and to soothe that of those loved ones who needed his example and his care.

In the autumn of the same year, a congress was summoned to meet at Brussels, of the friends of international interchange and amity, at which his recent bereavement rendered it impossible for him to appear. In declining, about the same period, a kind invitation from friends at Paris, he alluded with his usual unselfishness to the weight that hung upon his own spirits and those of his domestic circle: "We must throw upon our friends as little as possible of the burden of our grief; for who has not his own share of sorrow at some period of his life to endure? The same circumstance will prevent me from going to Brussels, as I should have otherwise liked to do." His interest in the progress of opinion was not, however, quenched even in affliction. In the same

letter he seemed to revive, as he thought of the efforts then making in Belgium by the mercantile community there to promote the great cause with which his name was identified: "We cannot help admiring the noble attitude of that little kingdom, in thus offering its capital and its public halls as the place of rendezvous for kindred minds from all parts of the world. . . . I have been a good deal struck with the energy and talent displayed by the iron traders of Belgium in their agitation. It seems a *bonâ fide* movement, in which the manufacturers and merchants are taking a leading part. The best thing they can do for the cause of Free Trade is to carry out the principle in their own country; and thus set a good example to their neighbors."

The culminating point of his opposition to Lord Palmerston, as a minister, was not reached until the famous controversy regarding the *lorcha*, called the *Arrow*, the seizure of whose crew, while bearing the British flag, in the Canton river, led to the bombardment of the town by Admiral Seymour's fleet, and to a great destruction of property and life. Lord Clarendon, with the sanction of Lord Palmerston, praised and thanked the English authorities, civil and military, in China, for their promptitude and vigor. A vote of censure, on the ground of inhumanity and needless violence, was carried in the House of Lords; and on the motion for the member for the West Riding, supported by Mr. Gladstone, Sir James Graham, and Mr. Sydney Herbert, a similar condemnation was carried in the Commons, by a majority of sixteen. Parliament was dissolved. The West Riding, it was believed, would not again return the man who had conferred on its industry so many benefits, and he was asked to stand for Huddersfield, where, to the surprise and mortification of his friends, he was defeated by a ministerialist whose local influence was great. The current of popular feeling ran so strong that Messrs. Bright and Gibson were unseated at Manchester; Messrs. Layard, Miall, W. J. Fox, and others lost their seats; and but for Mr. Cobden's timely interposition, Sir James Graham would have given way at Carlisle. The wrong thus inflicted would, it was supposed, be soon repaired by some other

constituency; but months rolled by, and the national reproach of his exclusion from the legislature was not effaced. He felt that exclusion deeply. In a letter addressed to the writer in the following year, who had inquired after his health and pursuits at Dunford, he wrote, in bitterness of heart, that "He was learning to promote the happiness of pigs, and to give them better food than they had had before; and he had this encouragement—that *they* could not make him feel that they were ungrateful." It was not until the general election of 1859 that he was restored to his place in Parliament, being chosen, during his absence in America, member for Rochdale.

Before his return to England the new Parliament had met; and by the combination of parties inaugurated at a meeting held at Willis's Rooms, Lord Derby and his friends were driven from power, and Lord Palmerston was again placed at the head of affairs. Seats in the Cabinet were conceded to Lord Russell, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. M. Gibson, who, in 1858, had aided in the overthrow of the noble Viscount's former administration by their votes of censure on the Conspiracy Bill; and it was announced that the presidency of the Board of Trade was reserved for Mr. Cobden. On his arrival at Liverpool he learned for the first time the administrative changes that had taken place, and received the Premier's invitation to join his government. In an interview with Lord Palmerston a few days afterwards, while acknowledging in frank and courteous terms the value of the compliment, he stated fully the reasons why he felt it would be incompatible with his sense of self-respect, and his character for consistency, to take confidential office under the man whose policy he had always opposed as wasteful and dangerous. Lord Palmerston would have had him reconsider the matter; but he declined, saying that his resolution was fixed, and that he thought any other course could only involve them both in embarrassment and ridicule. Those who never wished to see him in the Cabinet affected to take this refusal as proof that he was an impracticable man who could find fault with the work of others, but who would never himself incur the responsibilities of official life. Nothing could be more

foreign to his disposition or feeling than such an inference, and an occasion soon arose for its disinterested refutation in a way equally unexpected and remarkable.

The suggestion having been publicly made by Mr. Bright, that the first step towards a reduction of armaments, and the cultivation of more intimate ties between England and France, would probably be found in a Treaty of Commerce between the two countries, M. Michel Chevalier wrote to Mr. Cobden assuring him of the favorable disposition of the Imperial government, and encouraging him to urge upon the English administration the expediency of making the attempt. After due reflection he resolved to do so. Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone entered into his views, and authorized him to visit Paris, using his own discretion in feeling his way with those in authority there, towards the attainment of so desirable an object. Accompanied by his family, he took up his residence for the winter in the French capital, and put himself in communication with the ministers of Napoleon III. For some time little progress was made. The wall of prejudice in favor of prohibition and protection looked higher and more hard to scale when near its base than it had done at a distance. Men like M. Rouher and M. Fould appreciated the importance, moral and material, of multiplying ties of reciprocal profit between the two nations; but others, holding equal or higher political rank, dissented from them, and discountenanced as far as in them lay the project of a treaty. Weeks were consumed in preliminary discussions; and in weariness of spirit, the untitled, unsalaried, and unpretentious plenipotentiary of England oftentimes was ready to despair. He was supported, however, by the consciousness of being engaged in an endeavor to accomplish an unmixed good, and by the noble ambition of showing that, without being disciplined in diplomatic forms, a man who thoroughly understood the interests of his country might be its best diplomatist.

One evening, on his return home, he asked a friend whom he found awaiting him, whether he could guess in whose company he had spent the last hour. "You must keep it a secret," he said, laughing; "by which I mean that you

must really tell nobody. For although, as you know, I hate mysteries, it would make me very uncomfortable if the thing were talked of." His companion guessed in vain, and was at last told that the volunteer envoy had had an interview with the Emperor. Strange to say, a rumor of the fact ran through the clubs and *cafés* the same night; and his confidant being questioned on the point, could hit upon no more innocent way of throwing public curiosity off the scent, than by suggesting gravely that the blunderer who had watched the gate of St. Cloud might have mistaken Lord Brougham for Mr. Cobden. It is not, perhaps, surprising that he was not proof against the fascination of manner and of calm indomitable will that has contributed so much to the creation, and still more to the consolidation, of all but unlimited power in the present ruler of France. The interview had been desired by his Majesty; and it was valued at the moment by the ardent Free Trader, not as a compliment to the reputation he had already earned, but as the expression of a sagacious wish to be further informed by competent authority how the revenue of a country might be secured with lightened taxation, and how the wages of labor might be enhanced while invested capital, long used to the artificial shelter and forcing-beds of protection, was exposed to the all-penetrating breath of free competition. Besides the political hazard attendant on any failure of a financial experiment, Napoleon III. had, by the necessity of his position, to incur the greatest amount of personal responsibility—we had almost said peril—in the matter. No one believed, and no one could be made to believe, that the idea of revolutionizing the commercial system of France originated with any minister or any party in or out of doors. What Turgot had so memorably tried and failed to do in the days of Legitimate Absolutism, there was no man who would venture officially to recommend under the new order of things. Republicans and Constitution-
alists had always been divided in opinion about the theory of trade; and the traditions of the First Empire all seemed to bar the way. The compact weight of vested interests lay heavily in one scale; and there was little of any weight

in the other but a conviction of truth and right and policy in the mind of the taciturn and undemonstrative sovereign. What must have been the incisive force, unaided and self-adequate, that wrought in such a mind as that of the Emperor's such a conviction! What would we not give for a snatch of that first conversation, to be followed up in due time by others of like import, between two men so utterly and intensely opposite in their ways of thought and action! On more than one occasion invitations to the Imperial table were proffered, and a wish was intimated through the proper quarter that Mr. and Mrs. Cobden might be included among the autumnal guests at Compiègne. But the repugnance to court ceremony and state of every kind was too inveterate to be overcome. He had never been recognized as worthy of such honor in his own country, he said, and how could he accept it therefore in another? Lest his refusal should in any sense be taken amiss, he supplemented his political apology with one on the score of health, which he pleaded as disabling him from enjoying just then the excitement of so luxurious and glittering a sphere.

During his stay in Paris, he was beset with applications for his name and influence in the promotion of joint-stock companies of various kinds. Hardly a day passed without letters from sanguine projectors, offering him directorships in their promissful undertakings, with the usual guarantee against loss, and upon any terms as to shares he chose to name. His sense of what was due to himself, to his character as the representative of his country, and to the cause he had in hand, rendered it impossible that he should entertain any of these proposals. He referred them all to his friend Mr. Ellison, with whom an intimacy of many years had begotten confidence the most completely unreserved; and by him they were generally answered. Ordinary speculators were thus easily got rid of, and were heard of by him no more, his friend's position as a banker in Paris enabling him to discriminate in what terms each of the various applications ought most fitly to be declined. There were some whose imposing air and provoking tone of *bienfaisance* disturbed for the moment the negotia-

tor's equanimity. One day he received a courteous but somewhat condescending intimation, that one of the greatest financial adventurers of the day intended to call on him on the morrow, with the view of laying before him a forthcoming scheme of more than ordinary magnificence, and which, in the slang of the Bourse, would be found to present features of peculiar importance to those who might be fortunate enough to be connected with it. Mr. Cobden requested his confidential adviser to be present at the interview, which the latter declined upon the ground that his doing so would probably prove a restraint, and would consequently lead only to a second visit or a correspondence, both of which it was desirable to avoid. But he consented to be within reach should anything occur rendering reference to him necessary. At the hour appointed, the subtle weaver of golden dreams appeared, bowed benignantly to the unworldly wise diplomatist, whose single-heartedness he probably pitied, while he thought it might be turned to account as a cutwater for the gorgeous and heavily-laden barge he was about to launch; and, having seated himself and thrown open his furred pelisse, he began his revelations in the customary strain. His host listened with ill-concealed impatience, and eventually cut short the interview by unconditionally refusing to take the matter into consideration, stating his opinion that, if any public man in France or England lent his sanction to the speculation, he would be guilty of complicity in something little short of swindling. The scheme, however, was too splendid to be abandoned. It did not fail; but not very long afterwards its author did, under circumstances that gave rise to litigation in many ways remarkable. When informed of the catastrophe, Mr. Cobden only remarked that he had sometimes regretted not having kept his temper a little longer at the interview above described, for he should have liked to know the price at which the fellow had "valued his honesty."

One letter only out of a great number that now lie before us we shall give *in extenso*. Some temptations are irresistible. Is not this one? He had promised Mr. Ellison to let him know the

moment the Treaty was actually signed. There had been many delays, and to the last some misgivings. At length it was a great fact accomplished; and the haste of joy is obvious in the wording of the following note:

["Private.]

"23d January, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: The Treaty is signed, and will, I hope, in a few years change and improve the commercial relations of the two countries. I have lost no time, according to promise, in giving you this information.

"Believe me,

"M. MAURICE ELLISON."

"COBDEN.

It is hardly worth while recalling now the forebodings of failure, and the thwartings of faction and folly on our own side of the Channel, which had beset every step of the protracted negotiation. Even after the Treaty was signed, there were many in Parliament and in the press who strove to depreciate its importance, and to misrepresent it as a departure from true economic principle. The public judgment, however, was not disturbed by these cavillings, and the tangible proofs of the worth of the new international compact became month after month more and more incontestable in the returns of the Board of Trade. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in acknowledging the obligation which Mr. Cobden had conferred on the country and the Government, felicitously noted the rare fortune which, after an interval of many years, had a second time enabled the same man to render a signal and splendid service to the State. Lord Palmerston was permitted by the Queen to offer a baronetcy and the rank of Privy Councillor to Mr. Cobden, as some recompense for that service, but he would have none; and, with his accustomed gentleness and absence of wordy egotism, he begged that he might be excused. Among the many congratulations from eminent persons abroad, came one especially cordial, both on political and personal grounds, from Mr. Charles Sumner, who, when in Europe, had entered fully into Mr. Cobden's anxiety to allay international feelings of distrust, and his unbelief in the danger of French invasion. "I am happy," he wrote,* "in your true success. You are the great volunteer, with something

in your hand better than a musket. This Commercial Treaty seems like a harbinger of glad tidings. Let that get into full operation, and the war system must be discontinued."

The following winter and spring he spent at Algiers, for the benefit of his health. He had become of late years more susceptible of cold, which affected him with loss of voice, and at times with difficulty of breathing. In the charming climate of the southern shore of the Mediterranean he eluded for the time the attacks of his only enemy; and enjoyed that best of material blessings—the unconsciousness of physical weakness. He seemed, on his return to England, in May, 1861, to have grown young again.

His correspondence, like his conversation, at this period was full of solicitude about the course of events in America, and the consequences to Europe. An anti-slavery President had been elected, and the civil war had begun. From the outset he avowed his conviction that the geographical difficulties in the way of separation between North and South would prove insurmountable. The Western States, he thought, would never agree to leave the gates of their export trade, as he termed the mouths of the Mississippi, in hands that might at any time be hostile. He knew from personal acquaintance, that communities living by agriculture were less likely to be soon depressed by the financial changes incident to civil war than their brethren of the seaboard. He regarded President Lincoln as the impersonation of their indomitable will, and felt persuaded that they would persist in the prolongation of the war until the overmatched Confederates were exhausted. The proposal of the French government to ours for joint intervention he strongly disapproved, not only on general grounds of principle, but because he was satisfied that it would fail. It would be impossible, as he conceived, to transport across the ocean any force capable of coercing the United States into separation. The improvements made in the munitions of war tended greatly, in his view, to strengthen those who stood on the defensive against assault from a distant enemy. The engines of warfare had become so vast and so complicated in their appliances, that they were not easily con-

* 16th February, 1860.

veyed for a long distance from home. This was, he thought, a salutary tendency in human affairs, as it was to be presumed "that they who fought on their own soil were more likely to be in the right, than they who went far away from home to find a battle-field."

He sympathized intensely with the sufferings of Lancashire, and pleaded hard, though long in vain, that the factory hands should by timely measures be saved from sinking to the level of pauperism before receiving public aid. In this as in other instances his wise counsel was disregarded, until many of the evils it would have averted had been realized; and then the truth, officially rediscovered, was tardily confessed, and its demands conceded.

But we must bring our recollections to a close. His last speech in public was addressed to his constituents at Rochdale early in November, 1864. The weather was inclement and the place of meeting cold. He spoke at greater length than usual on the various topics of the day; and after the excitement and exertion were over he felt a chill which he was unable for many hours to shake off. He returned to Dunford, and, yielding to the advice of his physician, hardly left his house for the three ensuing months. When the proposal was made in Parliament, however, to vote large sums of money for fortifications in Canada, his desire to take part in opposing the scheme outweighed all considerations of prudence; and on one of the coldest days of the coldest March within our recollection he came to town. The consequences of that fatal journey are well known. After a few days' suffering he sunk to rest, his life-work done—such work as few in any age or country have been good and great enough to do.

The Fortnightly Review.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JAVA.

IF ever political, geographical, statistical, and commercial ignorance were exhibited in all its mischievousness—if ever to that ignorance national interest were sacrificed—it was by the treaties which followed the overthrow of Napo-

leon the First, as settled by the so-called Great Powers of Europe. Those indeed were the days when it was no disgrace for a great English statesman to believe that Demerara was an island; for Parliament to declare that a bank-note and a shilling were equal in value to a guinea in gold, which sold for more than thirty shillings in the public market; when rotten boroughs were proclaimed the strongholds of the British Constitution, and the whole theory of trade was to keep our neighbors poor in order to make ourselves rich. Those were the days in which our plenipotentiaries dreamed that the Dutch possessions in the West Indies were of greater value to us than those of the East, and that it was a sagacious bargain to surrender the grand archipelago of the Oriental world if we could only secure the unhealthy swamps and sands of what is now known by the name of British Guyana. The cession was made, and we may now inquire if Netherlands India, with a population of thirty millions, and under a selfish system of colonial policy, gives a gross revenue of eight millions sterling to the Dutch, what would have been the result to the natives, to our own country, and to the world at large, if a generous and enlightened free-trade policy had extended its benignant influences to regions the most fertile, to races the most teachable, and to a central geographical position without a parallel? In the progress of time, and under the irresistible evidence of the glorious results which have accompanied the emancipation of Great Britain and some of her colonies from ancient commercial thralldom, there has been some relaxation of the restrictions formerly imposed, some diminution of the distrust and jealousy with which the presence of "intrusive strangers" has been regarded by the Hollanders. Happily, the protecting is generally less potent than the invading influence; there are interests more powerful than laws, there are forces which break down all barriers, there are wants that will be supplied in spite of all prohibitions; and it is generally found that the wisest legislation is to give the earliest sanction and authority to that policy which, representing the general good; or, to use a phrase familiar to the Dutch, *To't nut van*

Algerneen, is, in the field of economy, as certain to prevail in the end as is philosophical truth in any of the departments of science.

There are few monarchs in the East or West who are the possessors of so much power and the objects of so much reverence as the Viceroy of the Dutch Indian archipelago. As regards the extent of territory over which he rules, the number of the population, the amount of revenue and expenditure, his sway is far more ample than that of his master at the Hague, and his field of usefulness beyond all comparison wider. For though, as in the case of British India, the supreme authority is concentrated at home, the practical government—the government which most nearly concerns the aboriginal races—is dependent on the aptitudes of the local functionary. The broad outlines of a theory of administration may be laid down in Europe, but it is their application to circumstances in Asia with which the people have most to do. A good ruler with a bad system may create more happiness, and prevent more misery, than under a good system will be brought about by a bad ruler; and it is especially in remote regions that “whatever is best administered is best,” while it often fails to be true that “whatever is best is best administered.” If it be difficult for England to furnish to her Oriental presidencies an adequate supply of able and trustworthy European functionaries, Holland is still less capable of doing so; and the wretched condition of many parts of her dependencies shows how very differently the same principles of legislation are dealt with in different districts, and how unlike are their results.

External marks of respect for the presence of the Governor-General are rigidly exacted, and indeed have become habitual among the people. Even the Chinese—who in their own country generally avoid showing any regard for the passage of a mandarin, except by running away from the lictors who announce his advent—the Chinese in Java join in the general salutations and prostrations. Every other carriage stops when that of the Governor goes by; equestrians descend from their horses till his Excellency has moved on; and the Hollanders extort from the Javanese an

exhibition of constant deference. The natives have, in fact, two distinct languages—one (the ceremonial) used to the aristocracy; another (the vulgar) employed among and towards the people. A traveller is struck with the perpetual recurrence of the word “*Tuan*,” which implies the relationship of master to slave, in the phrases addressed by dependents to those of superior rank, and with the general disposition of the European settlers to exact, and the willingness of the Javanese to pay, those marks of submission which had their origin in ancient habits, among the subject many, of dependence, and of despotism among the privileged few.

The Dutch have generally the reputation of being harsh and severe colonial rulers, and have been in this respect unfavorably contrasted with the Spaniards and the Portuguese; but these latter have always associated missionary with commercial objects, and the zealous monk has been the invariable companion of the military conqueror and the adventurous merchant. These ecclesiastics sharing the power, and to some extent directing the policy of the invader, have been the protectors of those whom it was their object to conciliate and to convert. But the Hollander had no thought other than that of pecuniary benefit; it was a habit with him, and, indeed, almost a law, to leave the rites and the religions of the infidels unmolested. Not only were they unwilling to meddle with matters of faith themselves, but they absolutely interdicted the intrusion of Christian teaching by the missionaries of other nations. One of the ablest men with whom I came into communication in the East informed me that he had found in two Arabic words—*Kitab* (the Book), and *Kesmet* (fate)—the most potent and available instruments of authority among the Javanese, who are generally passionate professors of Mohammedanism. As in China I have seen a controversy instantly settled and a desired object accomplished by a happy quotation from the writings of their great sage, so a verse from the Koran, or a fit reference to the decrees of inevitable destiny, has often been of more avail than the force of arms or the terrors of law. The first Napoleon understood this, and his addresses to the Mussulmans in Egypt exercised a

marvellous fascination upon the fanatical population; nor has the present Emperor of France been unobservant of the mighty influence which an avowed sympathy with Arab theology would create and command, and his most remarkable Algerian proclamations are impregnated with the tone, temper, and phraseology of Islamism.

In other respects the Hollanders, as a nation, have been almost always too severely judged and condemned. They have been deemed cold, unamiable, and even inhospitable, inaccessible to strangers, and wholly absorbed in their own nationality. The sentence is not deserved, and would never have been passed by any who had an opportunity of really knowing the general character of the people. The fact is, they are eminently social, cordial, and warm-hearted. There is no country in the world more abounding in works of charity, nor in which institutions for the alleviation of misery, for the diminution of crime, for the dispersion of ignorance, and the diffusion of instruction, are so various and so numerous. But a knowledge of Dutch is an all-important introduction to the amenities and courtesies of domestic life. In the aristocratic classes French is universally understood, but never used except in cases of necessity. The wealthiest burghmaster, the most influential official, is as proud of the literature and language of Holland as is any Parisian of his French, any Spaniard of his Castilian, or any Italian of his Tuscan tongue. The man who can answer "*Ja wel!*" to the inquiry "*Gij spreekt Hollandsch?*" is, in other respects worthy, sure of the most friendly reception into Dutch society; and once admitted there, a universal welcome awaits the stranger.

And if this is true in the European Netherlands, it is still more markedly so in the Dutch colonies. In a visit of many weeks, and traversing the island from one end to the other, it scarcely ever happened to us to enter an inn or a post-house, unless for the change of horses; and the hospitalities, with few exceptions, were not only most generous, but sometimes superfluous, especially when our arrival had been anticipated by our hosts. Among the native rulers there was frequently an ostentatious display of luxury, accompanied by an

expression of regret that more could not be done, and a request that our visits should be protracted in order that preparations might be made for hunting and shooting expeditions, and for theatrical and other displays. On one occasion we were invited to be present at a marriage ceremony, performed by the Mohammedan priesthood in a family of rank, and saw for a few minutes the veil removed from the face of the richly-dressed bride, who appeared only fourteen or fifteen years old, and whose conjugal duties were explained to her in the language of the Koran. The manner of life is very varied among the Dutch residents. Some have preserved all the simplicity of ancient days, the women taking not only a directing but an active and manipulating part in the management of the kitchen and the household. The delicate china ware and the bright silver plate are not committed to the custody of servants, but carefully taken from their recesses, and restored thither again, after proper cleansing, by the delicate hands of the *Huisvrouw*. It is not uncommon for a lady to call attention to some *Lekker-spijs*, prepared by her own special self in honor of her guests. But such usages are gradually abandoned. *La cuisine de Paris* invades the world, and the number of culinary *artistes* who, on their French reputations, have made their way to fame and fortune in the far East would form a curious and copious addendum to the history of the celebrities of the times.

A more important invasion, however, than that of French *maitres* and *batteries de cuisine* is that of the Chinese, of whom hundreds of thousands are scattered over the islands of Java, Borneo, Sumatra, and their less known subordinate dependencies. The governor informed me that the annual immigration into Banka was five thousand Chinamen, who replaced an equal number returning yearly to their native land. The miners engaged there in the production of tin are all Chinese, and by the labor of five years a sufficient competence is acquired. Without any interference on the part of the Dutch government, the yearly demand is supplied with the utmost regularity; and the police needful to preserve order and protect property are in the

hands of the Chinese. In the same way the number of Chinese in the island of Java amounts to nearly 150,000. They are ruled by their own laws, choose their own leaders, and seldom come under the cognizance of the Dutch tribunals. There is scarcely a Chinese female among them; but they intermarry with the native races, and their descendants are imbued with many of the better qualities of their male ancestors—especially habits of industry, perseverance, and economy. The silent, slow, but irresistible influence of a superior order of men in supplanting those of an inferior order, physically or intellectually considered, is easily traceable through all the insular regions of the East. The lower types of man are gradually disappearing; of many of them, in a few generations, not one will be left. Everywhere there is a struggle between strength and weakness; but progress is the universal law: the unteachable pass away—the improvable are improved by education or by the intermingling of a better blood; inertness and idleness are set aside by adventure and activity; and so the great plans and purposes of Providence are accomplished.

In this grand mission of perpetually advancing change, the Chinese races are now performing the most prominent part in the tropical regions of the East. All that Europe can contribute will be the ruling influences represented by a few, whose higher aptitudes for government, greater knowledge, wider experience, harder perseverance, with more distinct perception of an end in view, and better adaptation of the means for obtaining it, will originate and encourage ameliorations which will gradually descend among the many. The climate must forever exclude European competition from the field of manual toil. Settlers from temperate regions will never be the actual cultivators of tropical lands, or do more than assist cultivation by the encouragements which capital, improved machinery, organization of labor, and other facilities may bring. China, from her superfluous and suffering, sometimes starving, population, has poured forth millions to supply the demand for willing hearts and active hands. Hitherto the exodus of the Chinese to foreign countries has been mainly drawn

from two provinces, Kwantung and Fookien, seven eighths of the whole people having furnished no contingent to the local migration. Till of late years the punishment of death was attached to the crime of abandoning the fatherland; and though the law, with all its threats and terrors, was unable to resist the pressure which forced the redundant multitude towards the less peopled regions where their presence was equally valuable and welcome, the emigration of Chinese women was rendered impossible by the state of public opinion, which was quite in harmony with the prohibitory laws. But already wonderful changes are at work. The sanction and the protection of authority is now given to the departure of Chinamen who desire to leave their country, and the adjacency of the British colony of Hong Kong has afforded facilities for the outgoings of numerous families, who seek to improve their condition by settling temporarily abroad—temporarily, for no Chinese will ever abandon the central flowery land without a determination to return to it, living or dead. Hundreds of thousands have gone back after having realized competencies, and their example encourages others to follow in their footsteps. Vessels arrive from California, Australia, and other remote parts, bringing the coffined corpses of those whose names are to be associated with the birth and burial places of their ancestors, and who are to receive from their descendants those funeral rites which are denied to wandering spirits, but which are never wanting to honor the domestic resting-places of the dead. If our colonies have not received all the benefits which the surplus population of China is capable of rendering them, it is from the want of arrangements for discarding the worthless and deteriorating elements which have too frequently leavened the mass with the leaven of disorder and destruction.

The non-doings, undoings, and overdoings of supreme authority in the colonies—in other words, the errors of omission and commission—are generally traceable to our imperfect acquaintance with the ideas and feelings of the people. A mastery of the native language—not merely such as helps us to ask for meat and drink, to issue a domestic order, or to catch vaguely at the meaning of what

is addressed to us—but such a knowledge as enables us to *think* in the idiom in which we give expression to the thought, is the first needful element for successful rule; and in this the Hollanders have a great advantage over us. Translated English or translated Dutch will be very imperfect mediums of communication with Indian peoples. The Mohammedan races, especially, have their conversations thoroughly imbued with the phraseology of the Koran, and with perpetual references to the authority of the Prophet. Nothing is more marked in Jewish teaching than that the name of God should be always reverently approached, or wrapped up in a mysterious inaccessibility; and among Christians, frequent appeals to the God-head have in them a touch of profanity which shocks our religious sentiments. But among the Mussulmans the name of God is interblended with their most habitual colloquies: *Inshallah!* “If Allah will!” is the “yes,” the “so be it,” the “perhaps” of the Arabs. *Yallah!* “O Allah!” is an appeal which bursts forth on every occasion from their lips. *Wal-lah!* “By Allah!” is the oath constantly employed when emphasis is to be given to an asseveration. *Mashallah!* “With Allah!” the exclamation in the presence of anything wonderful or beautiful. How difficult it is to build these novel associations upon the foundation of European education will be easily perceived. If the style be the man, much more is the language the people.

The notions we form of foreign and remote countries are often very singular; we can hardly fancy they should resemble our own, and are almost always connected with ideas of inferiority. I remember being asked by a Spanish servant whether hens’ eggs were as white in England as they are in Spain. Nothing appears so incredible to a native of the tropics as the tale that we have water hard as a rock, and capable of bearing a man. I was present when a cargo of ice was for the first time brought to a port not far from the equinoctial line. The people looked at it with the same wonder at first as they would have felt had they seen similar masses of crystal. They touched it: the cold was such as they had never before experienced, and the novel sensation filled them with awe

and apprehension. But when it dissolved in their hands, they fancied they had unknowingly worked a miracle, and that some demon must have been at the bottom of the mystery. Descriptions of snow, frost, ice, and winter scenery have a singular attraction to the inhabitants of hot regions. These are to them the very romance of nature. In my travels in the interior of Java, I met with a most accomplished lady, who was burning with a desire, about to be gratified, of visiting Europe. “And now tell me of all you hope to see; from what do you expect to receive the greatest pleasure?” “Oh,” she answered, “a forest without leaves!” To her, the everlasting green of the tropical woods had become intolerably monotonous; but no doubt the experience of a freezing northern winter would bring back dear remembrances of tropical trees, and fruits, and flowers, even as an Icelander travelling in our temperate climate once said to me, “How can you live without seas, or snows, or storms?”

The Government Post-horse service is admirably conducted in Java. The horses, though small, are fleet, and the vehicles employed well adapted to their duties. The main roads are for the most part in excellent order. I am not aware of the extent of accommodation provided for ordinary travellers, but in my own case, occupying an official position, and accompanied as I was by an *aide-de-camp* of the Governor-General—who was my guide and introducer—we received an amount of courteous and sometimes even costly attentions not easily forgotten. On landing at Batavia, a light carriage was waiting at the palace, to which six little frisky ponies were attached, and which, conducted by two postillions, set off full gallop on the upward road to Beutenzorg, “Beyond care,” about forty miles from the capital. After less than six hours’ journey, always on the ascent, we were deposited, after one interruption, at the delightful country abode of the ruler of Netherlands India. Tropical regions have marvellous attractions; many have witnessed the beauty and glory of the vegetable world where heavy rains, and scorching suns, and feracious soil have contributed to its development; but the Beutenzorg park stands out preëminent

in magnificence—botanical science having turned to the best account the noble raw materials which the neighboring regions afford in such superfluous abundance. The mountain torrents pour down their loud music in harmony with the general grandeur, and throw off refreshing water-drops on the trees and bushes by the sides of the streams.

The improved state of the roads in Java is greatly attributable to a strong-minded, but fierce and despotic ruler, Marshal Daandels, who was the governor-general during the Bonapartean sovereignty. Travelling once in the interior, we reached the foot of a precipitous mountain, and our horses having been detached from the carriage, six buffaloes were brought forward and harnessed, in order that the vehicle might be dragged up the steep and rugged road. That such a road should ever have been projected seemed strange: that human effort should have accomplished the work was stranger still. We were told that about eighty years ago, when on one of his ambulatory visits to this district, Daandels found his progress arrested by one of these mountain barriers, which seem peremptorily to say, "No farther!" The Governor-General called the native chiefs of the neighborhood into his presence—they were six in number—and he told them that he should return in six months, and then expected to cross the mountain in his state carriage. They answered, "the thing was impossible; anything that could be done, should be done, but a road over the mountain was out of the question." Daandels answered, "Well! what I can do is this—and this I will do—half way up the mountain I will have six gallowses erected, one for each of you; and if on this day six months, on my return hither, I do not find the road made, and so made that my carriage can pass safely over it, you six gentlemen will be suspended for disobedience of orders." The road was made; and a slow and heavy work it is even now for the buffaloes to pull a vehicle up the acclivity.

Another of Daandel's deeds was even more remarkable. He insisted on a general prostration in his presence. Every person on foot was ordered to kneel when he passed; every person on horse-back or in a carriage to stop and alight,

in order to salute him. He published a proclamation declaring that no person whatever should be excused from these prostrations, and that their neglect would subject the offender to a flogging in the public market-place. The order was disobeyed by a member of his own council. He was seized and compelled to submit to the indignity which had been denounced on all offenders. The following day this exasperated functionary invited all his friends to dinner. He told the tale of his ignominy—notorious then to the whole community—and concluded by saying, "And now I have a toast to propose—Death to General Daandels!" No doubt it was the outburst of desperation. The next morning a message came from the Governor-General, commanding the presence of the offender to a dinner at the Palace. Many guests were summoned to attend. In the centre of the table was a soup tureen. When the party were seated, the Governor rose, and said: "You proposed a toast yesterday." "I did; the toast was—Death to General Daandels!" "You are a courageous fellow, at least, and have told the honest truth, for which I honor you. Now take off the cover of that soup tureen. Two pistols are there: one is loaded, the other is not. Had you tergiversated, I meant that you should draw one, and I the other, and the triggers should have been pulled while we were standing opposite one another at the table. But give me your hand. Let there be mutual forgiveness. From henceforth we are friends." Whether under the circumstances of the case the mutual stains were becomingly wiped away by the tendered and accepted reconciliation, may be a question for casuists in a court of honor. It might well be doubted whether the hope of being able to shoot your enemy, with the counter-chance of being yourself shot by him, would be a compensation for the outrage of a public flogging. The inquiry was not unfrequently made, "What would you have done?" to which it seemed an appropriate answer, "When such a contingency shall occur, and I am called to occupy either of the personal positions, I will come to a decision; meanwhile the *pros* and the *cons* may be fairly discussed." It is not the less a subject for congratulation that the rule of such gover-

nors-general as Marshal Daandels in any colony representing European civilization has passed away.

The materials for studying the power and the produce of volcanic action are found, perhaps, in greater variety, extent, and abundance in Java, than in any other part of the known world. All the mountains bear the evidence of those awful agitations which force their way from the earth's centre to its circumference, and become the safety-valves in their ordinary normal action, or record the terrible explosions when that action is insufficient to give vent to the fierce and fiery element which rests or rages under the crust of our terrestrial sphere. Not at the top of the Tenyer mountain, but along its sides, and at a fluctuating elevation of 6000 to 7000 feet, we passed, on our way from Samarang to Sourabaya, through a crater of nearly three miles in length, having on each side various rugged elevations; the floor being sometimes hard and rocky, sometimes wavy like the tidal sands, and sometimes so loose as to make progress difficult. The natives speak of the mountain with reverence, one of its volcanic peaks bearing the name of Bramah—a name which, though of Hindoo origin, is associated with feelings of terror in even the minds of the Mussulmans. In Java, as indeed throughout the oriental world, the new faiths which have been introduced by foreign invaders or settlers, whether Christian, Mohammedan, or Buddhist, are all tainted with the phraseology, and invested with the superstitions, even of pre-historic times.

The mud lakes fling up vast volumes of mingled black earth and water, and masses of smoke are seen in the distance; they rise and disappear, while sounds resembling remote thunder accompany the explosions of the filthy springs. As the borders of the lake are approached, the soil gets softer and softer, warmer and warmer, till it merges in an agitated mass of hot mud, from which boiling columns are flung up from a circular mouth in the very centre of the lake, and are scattered all around in successive bursts. The greatest height reached by the jets is about thirty feet. The neighboring ground is impregnated with the salt which is found in the saline sources of the springs. A demon—

in the shape of a water-serpent—is believed to have his abode in the regions under the lake, and its outpourings are but exhibitions of his supernatural powers. There and elsewhere, if a traveller desire to obtain any information from the natives, he will do well to respect their credulity, and not to stop their narratives by expressions of doubt or disbelief. How often have I seen a willing oriental talker suddenly and hopelessly silenced by a single word which could be construed into a contempt for his religious belief, or an impeachment of his veracity.

In many parts of Java the paths are lighted by jets of fire which burst up from the earth's surface—unextinguishable, or at least never extinguished, lamps, whose flames are fed by a perpetual supply of hydrogen, and consumed on reaching the atmosphere of the outer world. The whole character of the scenery of these tropical islands has something mysterious and sublime. Superstition and tradition have connected it with a strange mythology, and given to every uncommon exhibition of the power of the elements a wild and wondrous story of its own. The volcanoes, the fire-bursts, the cataracts, the hot springs, the mud lakes, have all their separate and special divinities; and an industrious inquirer might gather from the natives matter enough for volumes of romantic tales. What materials hitherto wholly unwrought might be found in the unwritten annals of tropical life! What pictures with the associated scenery of grand mountains; waving forest trees, eternally green in color, and grotesque in shape, among which from bough to bough the beautiful orchids are suspended, and beetles and butterflies, in colors more radiant than the rainbow, fly about like living, dazzling gems! Then the strange sounds of the tornado winds and the waters, and of the insects, the birds, and the beasts, so unfamiliar to European ears. Our painters have done something to bring home to our acquaintance the oriental world; but our poets have failed to reach the latent attractions of that portion of the earth where the productive and destructive powers of nature act with such wondrous activity, and life and death seem equally busy in the great field of change.

While travelling in the interior of Java, accompanied by one of the native chieftains and his suite, he proposed to show me his power over the crocodiles, and conducted me to the edge of a lake where they congregate in considerable numbers. On the remote side some were basking, and the great man vociferated loudly the words, *Baya! Baya!* "Alligator! alligator! come hither! come hither!" And certainly a considerable commotion took place, and we perceived several of the monsters leaving their places of rest and hastening towards us. They reached the centre of the lake, we saw their wide jaws open, and something disappeared from the surface, upon which the crocodiles returned to the haunts from whence they came. We afterwards learned it was one of the practices of the natives to fasten an unfortunate duck to a piece of bamboo, and to set it floating upon the waters, where it served as an attraction to the *baya*, and an amusement to the people, while it was an excellent joke to be exhibited to curious travellers like myself. Immense trouble is taken to provide entertainments for the guests whom the Javanese desire to honor: they adorn the roads with garlands; come forth from their villages with dance, music, and song; arrange tiger hunts for more ostentatious display; and spare no expense in the exercise of their hospitality. In their domestic receptions the guests are welcomed with baths and table luxuries, with theatrical entertainments, and comfortable couches for repose. Sometimes even a pretty young female is presented for the use of the visitor; nay, I have known more than one offered for selection.

JOHN BOWRING.

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LITERARY REPRESENTATIVE TYPES.

GULLIVER—CANDIDE—TEUFELSDRÜCKH.

ACTION represents but an infinitesimal part of the thoughts which are continually succeeding one another in the human mind. Who can tell what undulations of thought, what unexpressed questionings and theories have passed through the most vulgar, average mind that ever was? As latent heat prevails throughout nature, even in bodies, such as ice,

with which the notion of heat would at first sight appear utterly irreconcilable, so thought pervades the human species, giving it its *sui generis* mode of existence. But, as the latent heat scattered through bodies is not perceptible, and avails nothing, unless it be brought forth by some unusual action produced in those bodies, by friction or combustion; as the bodies in which this heat becomes manifested are comparatively few, so the thinking life of societies can only be expressed in a few individuals, whom mankind term men of genius. A man of genius expresses the thought of an epoch, while his contemporaries are forgotten; whether

"Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial currents of the soul,"

or the wild luxuriance of their thought wanted pruning, being deficient in the tact, order, and organizing power which belong to genius. But if they have passed away, if their names are forgotten, their thought, or what of it was valuable, does not perish. It lives, though not immortalized by themselves. The innumerable rills and rivulets that pour their waters into the Mississippi or Amazon are unknown; yet they contribute to form the great, world-famed rivers. In the same manner, the thoughts of a society, no longer scattered among many individuals, may become embodied into unity; like a fair human form, which, were it analyzed, would be found to be composed of elements in themselves inert, and bearing no affinity to life. When united and vivified by genius, the thoughts of the masses are made to form a being, not fleshly, but of the intellectual order; a being visible to all imaginations; the type, the intellectual embodiment of the age, which it represents to the eyes of posterity. Such ideal beings are as immortal in the memory of mankind as if they had been real heroes of real history. Real heroes are now nothing but names. We know very little of their character, which has come down to us in isolated traits. We remember Alexander, because he wept when he had no more worlds to conquer. But in the intellectual representative of an epoch, we have a whole character, not a mere fragment. We have a personification which we can know as thoroughly

as one of our friends, on which we can with equal accuracy pronounce a verdict, and which may sometimes exercise more influence on our manner of thinking. Even literary heroes in time become less palpable to us than their creations. Homer and Shakespeare are immortal; but little is known of them. From their works we may conjecture that they were humane, generous, eminently sensitive to all good inspirations. But they are not incarnations of the modes of thinking and feeling proper to their age. Hence, though they are revered and cherished, they cannot be considered as types of their time. They were concrete and imperfect; types of the abstract representatives of the spirit of their respective ages. We know much of Timon and Othello; they are among us, they move us to wonder, pity, or musing on the tangled web of human life; they thrill our hearts and stimulate our thoughts; sons of the intellectual world, they ever rise in unfaded brightness. But what do we know of Shakespeare? The immortal poet, after giving birth to his immortal offspring, has buried himself from our admiring and inquiring gaze. Why are his creations more real to us than he whose wondrous fancy gave them shape? Because they are eternal nature individualized and idealized, purified from all dross of circumstance; all their characteristics are clear to a degree which the reality never presents. Who ever saw a Falstaff in real life? Yet, doubtless, there are many Falstaffs; but their gross sensuality, their selfishness, their deep-rooted attachment to the earth are not apparent, being concealed under a thick incrustation of conventionalities, and mixed up with so many intermittent gleams of a higher nature as suffice to veil the baseness of those ignoble beings, even to the most penetrating gaze. Society contains no Miranda, no Hamlet, any more than the Australian mines contain gold in its refined state; not nature herself, these characters are above nature, purified from natural inconsistencies by the refining processes of genius.

Among those airy children of imagination there are hierarchies, principalities, and powers. Not every one of them unites in himself the universal characteristics of his age. This high mission is

reserved for some chosen creation, which becomes a beautiful and comprehensive incarnation of the tendencies of the age; it appears to posterity an intelligible symbol of its time; history illustrates it, and it illustrates history. It thus acquires a relative as well as an absolute, a historical as well as an æsthetical value. It will also modify the thought of succeeding ages—for other thoughts will crystallize around it, and the structure will increase, like a coral formation which may be the foundation of an island.

It would be a most interesting historical work to trace the manner in which literary types have arisen, the circumstances that gave them birth, and the influence they have exerted. And here a distinction must be established between principal types and secondary types. The latter are as numerous as second-rate poets and men of talent—the former as few as representative men and writers of the first order. Nay, great types are few even comparatively to the number of men of genius; for, not all these have left types behind them. Montaigne, Bacon, Milton, have not; while less exalted names have taken up the office of leaving an ideal representative of their age. Sometimes men of genius have delineated characters which belong to another age: thus Byron's "Don Juan" and his "Childe Harold" belong to the eighteenth century, and have nothing in common with the aspirations of the nineteenth.

The consideration of all characters which, in dramatic or narrative works, may claim the rank of types, would embrace the entire range of literature. In this article we purpose viewing only the three types which stand at the head of all others in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, with a glance at those that arose previously. It is necessary that we should first consider representative types, as distinguished from less important and secondary personifications. If the full literary value of representative types is to be realized, if all their significance is to be apprehended, they must be viewed under two aspects—the absolute and the relative, or, in other words, the æsthetical and historical. For it is obvious that, apart from the meaning which they bear in relation to their

time, these types have an absolute individual significance, complete in itself. The latter is the more partial or obvious view—that which is taken by the hasty or superficial observer. Macbeth is an ambitious man; Hamlet a young dreamer; Don Quixote a respectable monomaniac. Merely as such, these characters powerfully excite our interest; the masterly delineation of them as individuals is sufficient to stamp them as creations of the first order. But, even before a relative or historical meaning is sought in them, their absolute character may be more fully investigated.

Of course the more intimate absolute characteristic of literary types must be common to them all; just as the bodies of men are all fashioned after the same absolute model, though presenting innumerable relative differences of conformation and feature. The common basis of the types must be an element common to all ages, since the types are produced by those ages. In order, therefore, to find it, we have but to ask, What is the great element common to all ages, whether heroic or prosaic, religious or irreligious, superstitious or enlightened? If we glance at the great productions of all countries and times, from the Book of Job to Werther, we shall find that the existence of evil is the phenomenon which has most struck the imagination of mankind, and given rise to most deep searchings and effusions of sentiment. Even the existence of God does not strike our senses with such overpowering force as the presence on earth of an element contrary to man's welfare. The problem of evil obtrudes itself, as it were, upon man, who cannot rest till he has attempted to answer the question; who feels himself irresistibly prompted to take cognizance of evil, whether to explain, affirm, or even deny it. The existence of evil has differently affected different classes of men; the illiterate, becoming superstitious, have conjured up gnomes, goblins, evil influences without number; thinking men have framed philosophical or theological systems, or have avoided an inquiry to which they felt themselves unequal; poets have reflected in their verse the bright colors of pity and hope, and the sombre hues of despair, to which the knowledge of evil gives rise in the hearts of men. Most of the superstitions into

which the people were plunged during the middle ages can be resolved into symbols of the predominance of evil; nor was it surprising that evil should have exercised so powerful a fascination over the minds of men, for those gloomy times saw desolations to which the greatest calamities of our day are but as the European storm to the tropical hurricane. In the fifteenth century, for instance, war, famine, and pestilence made frightful havoc in Europe. Some evil power seemed to have assumed the government of the world. The result was such as cannot surprise us, if it be remembered that even in the enlightened days of modern history, great events, wars, and revolutions bring about many cases of madness. Mankind seemed to have run mad. There was a general craving for wild dances, in which young and old, weak and strong, forming weird circles, went through frenzied evolutions. The fifteenth century gave expression to a grimly ironical gayety in the dance of death. Death being proclaimed king of the world, his subjects paid him loyal homage. Communion was sought with the infernal powers; witchcraft spread its black nets over the minds of the people. No doubt the votaries of that art were imbued with a firm faith in its reality, amounting to a monomaniacal delusion. The degraded African nations who worship evil spirits and fetishes are not more oppressed by the potency of evil than our ancestors were four or five centuries ago. In the poet who sums up the spirit of the middle ages, we observe the sombre resignation of a great mind to which the world has left no hope. Those mediæval times, which gave birth to our modern civilization, had thus a most vivid sense of the predominance of evil—that phenomenon which in all ages most engrosses the attention of mankind.

But when darkness and ignorance are dispelled, terror and superstition give place to ridicule. Not that there can be no ridicule during the dark period—there is, and must be, a bitter irony against evil. But ridicule, which is a protest against either real or fancied evil, may be serious or sprightly, bitter or frolicsome, according to the evil which it assails. Addison's exquisitely caustic strictures on the absurdities of fashion

belong to the slightest species of ridicule, because the evil against which they protest is but a trifling one. They resemble airy gnats attacking with their sharp stings insects scarcely more ponderous than themselves. But Swift's satire, being aimed at social shortcomings, which, as long as they exist, produce much evil, becomes a serious, bitter, pitiless satire — a sardonic laugh very different from Addison's good-humored smile. Satire in the middle ages was a bitter and almost despairing protest; wherever great woes are in existence, the popular mind strives to react, to prop itself up against them, by ridicule, however coarse and grim.

These facts are concordant with what would *a priori* be expected from the very nature of ridicule, which is an abnormality, a conscious falsification of thought, imitating, while protesting against, the too real abnormality which constitutes evil. A man assailed by misfortune would see his heart broken on the rocks of despair, did he not boldly face the evil, breast it, and ride over it in safety. Giving vent to irony under the pressure of evil relieves the soul, as giving vent to cries relieves the body when it is in acute suffering. Hence, ridicule, especially in its most refined form, is the resource of the weak; women use it better than men. Great satirists have, for the most part, been gentle and sensitive. Voltaire, that pitiless railer, spent much money in improving the condition of the agricultural laborers at Ferney. Great writers must be considered as weak in power and influence, though not in intellect, comparatively to the whole social mass; hence they make use of ridicule when protesting against the faults of the masses. It is only when satirists inveigh against individuals that they forget their mission, and misuse their weapon, like a soldier who makes use of his bayonet in a brawl with civilians. But in all other cases, irony must be considered as a mode of expression, legitimate to men who, prompted by an honest indignation against evil, oppose their individual weakness to the great public body. It is like a lever moving a ponderous mass which would not yield to clumsier efforts.

If, then, the contemplation of evil, and the weakness of man against it, give

rise to ridicule; if this disposition is common to all ages, it follows that it must constitute the primary element of literary types. From Gargantua to Don Juan, irony is their essential characteristic; the badge of their being representatives of human thought and sentiment; the talisman by which they influence the universal heart of mankind. Gargantua's ridicule is coarse, and, so to speak, physical, falling only on external things; Teufelsdröckh, in a more subtle and philosophical view, derides also sentiments and doctrines; the difference between these types is proportionate to that between their respective epochs, but their instrument is substantially the same; just as a ship is a ship, whether she appears as the Great Harry, the Victory, or the Warrior.

So essential is the element of irony to typical characters, that its presence or absence affords a ready criterion for discriminating those literary creations which are types from those which are not. Thus Romeo, who affords the most beautiful and appropriate idealization of the passionate lover, remains in the domain of Cytherea, and is no type of his age, because there is no irony in him. Wholly taken up with his own sentiments, he neglects the problem of all lives and all ages — which is not love, but evil — so that, however great his merits as a secondary character may be, he has no title to be considered as a general type.

Irony, then, constitutes the absolute character of literary types. Their relative or historical character will be identical with the historical character of their age, which they faithfully reflect; as the sea rolls gray waves under lowering clouds, and blue waters under a cloudless sky. It is this faithful reflection of their age which gives them a historical value far above that of any chronicle, however minute and detailed it may be. For the latter gives us only the skeleton of history, while they show us the muse in all her beauty of freshness and color.

In order to apprehend more fully the nature of literary types, it will be useful to glance at those which were produced in Europe, from the revival of letters to the eighteenth century. These types amply illustrate the unity and solidarity of Europe as a form of civilization.

They show us some elements of civilization developed in one country, and other elements in another, and afterwards assimilated, drawn forth into the common stream. Thus, in the sixteenth century, France first felt the reviving influence of Italy, and transmitted it to England. It is to France, therefore, as having first experienced the impulse of the wave of learning, that we must turn to find the earliest literary types of modern times—indeed the only types which the sixteenth century affords. In England we find no great literary creations before the beginning of the seventeenth century, when Shakespeare produced his “Macbeth,” his “Othello,” and his “Hamlet.” Many of Shakespeare’s characters, and chiefly the secondary ones, are certainly colored by the manners and opinions of their time; but none of them concentrate the inmost thoughts, the aspirations of their age, in such a degree as to constitute a literary type in the proper sense of the term. Thus, in an age when Europe resounded with satirical attacks against the corruptions of the clergy, Shakespeare does not afford the slightest representation of that spirit. The poet’s gentleness, and his reverence for religion, may partly account for this forbearance; but it is chiefly owing to the fact that Shakespeare, being the poet of the world, undertook to paint universal human nature rather than the manner of thinking and feeling peculiar to a single age. From his very elevation it follows that we cannot look in his dramas for any literary type of the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries. As for the dramatists that preceded him, they present us with only secondary characters, powerfully drawn indeed, but far too limited and microscopic to be considered as representative of their time. They fall below the mark: Shakespeare soars above it.

Turning to France, we find that Rabelais gives us the literary type of the age. In his “Gargantua,” the eccentric author, whose eye was not less philosophical than humorous, has embodied all the aspects and tendencies of his time. Europe was then like a huge serpent in the throes of skin mutation. The spirit of inquiry had arisen; it had been, in the same age, represented in Italy, England, and Germany, by Folengo, Skelton, and Luther, who, together with Rabe-

lais, are the heralds of the great modern reaction against the middle ages; who sound the alarm, and call upon the nations to begin the onward march. Bacon had not yet arisen to formulate these aspirations after progress into a philosophical system; Shakespeare had not as yet begun, like a morning bird, to pour forth that song which may be considered as the epic of the newly-dawning world. All as yet was confusion; all the elements of civilization were conflicting in chaos. Mankind appeared to be as intoxicated with knowledge as men who have been unused to wine, and whom the first draughts inebriate. The study of the ancients begot a fanatical imitation, frenzied attempts to transfuse the classic languages into the modern idioms; irony, innocent of all modern notions of restraint, broke out into universal guffaws of derision. Reckless of the terrors under which emperors had bowed their heads down to the dust, Luther hurled insults and anathemas on the Pope, Skelton made Wolsey tremble, Folengo had sung the kitchen-worship into which the religion of religious orders had degenerated; the tocsin of examination resounded throughout the civilized world.

These characteristics of the age are expressed in its literary type, which symbolizes a burning thirst for knowledge. Gargantua has been gifted by nature with a stature unusual among the sons of men. The consequence is a Brobdingnagian appetite. Dire is the havoc wrought among geese, capons, *et hoc genus omne*, in order that Gargantua’s stomach may be well lined. His insatiable maw engulfs huge piles of food; the long catalogue of dishes is the epos of the culinary art. But these voracious propensities are to Gargantua the legitimate impulses of nature. His mind is as insatiable as his body. He devours as many books as loaves; he suffers himself to be crammed with all the learning of his times; and such success crowns his studies that he becomes as ignorantly learned as any scholar in the Sorbonne. The history of his youth contains the first inquiries respecting the art of education, and gives many sagacious hints which are far in advance of the age, and were afterwards developed by Voltaire and Rousseau. In short, the character of Gargantua is like

that of the sixteenth century, inquiring, hungry and thirsty after knowledge, and addicted to assailing with relentless irony the representatives of the past.

If we now glance at the sixteenth century in England, we shall find it brightened by the dawning light of inquiry. At first all is confusion and disorder; England is convulsed by the throes of the Reformation; Skelton hurls invective against the clergy; the Church of Rome is overthrown in the strangest possible manner. But towards the end of the century the chaos begins to subside; a philosophical system, and a series of poems, which may be said to form the epic of modern civilization, are about to spring from the opinions and tendencies of the age. Bacon has been spending thirty years in meditating his *Novum Organum*, and publishes his *Essays* in 1597. Shakespeare is about to erect a landmark between two worlds, revealing them each to the other; with the best characteristics of the middle ages—faith, loyalty, reverence—he combines the tendencies of the new era—knowledge of the world, irony, spirit of analysis. But in no single type has the immortal poet embodied these aspirations. His imagination was too boundless to concentrate an age into a single character. Like the sun, which shines both on the just and unjust, Shakespeare has impartially brightened, with the rays of his genius, all the modes of human nature, leaving to inferior men the care of portraying a particular age.

In Spain, Cervantes illustrates the progress of the modern spirit. His *Don Quixote* may be considered as the type of the first part of the seventeenth century. The meaning of that immortal creation has been discussed with much variety of opinion: some accounting *Don Quixote* to be a lament over expiring knighthood; others, an allegorical representation of the soul dragging after it a gross, a sensual squire—the body. Whether such meanings were consciously expressed by Cervantes is doubtful; though, without over-refining, they may be considered as being included in his work through the intuitional power of genius. But even if they are accepted, they are secondary to the meaning which Cervantes had in view, which was to satirize the mania

for romances of chivalry. These tales were deluging Europe, to the extinction of all good taste. Pastorals were poured forth *ad nauseam*; Cervantes himself had in that respect sacrificed to the taste of the times. What he ridicules in *Don Quixote* is corrupt taste; not the age of chivalry, but the spurious imitation of that age; the mock enthusiasm that merely read of heroic deeds without performing any; the affectation and cant which must have been odious to a man like Cervantes. He showed that, when read with a paltry, canting enthusiasm, chivalric romances were useless and deteriorating; that if they happened to be taken in earnest and put into action by a virtuous enthusiast, the result would be Don Quixote's monomania; and the latter supposition being more obnoxious to ridicule, he developed it with inimitable humor—thus by implication urging his contemporaries to discard vain reveries about the past, and set their hearts on things fitting to a progressive age. This was, doubtless, the primary aim of Cervantes. But, under the hands of genius, the cultivated soil brings forth more than one kind of fruit. Other teachings than the primary one may be culled from *Don Quixote*, whether their author was, or was not, conscious of their existence in his work. Don Quixote, besides being a protest against a literary evil, was made a type of his age.

He is depicted as impulsive, but without clear-headedness on all points but that of his monomania. His aims are noble; and the fatal error which blights all his devotion has not made him utterly ridiculous. His enthusiasm, at worst harmless to all but himself, is one which appeals to our sympathy. His devotion to the past well portrays the Spain of that age. Like Don Quixote, she had wedded her affections to the past; like him, she beheld society under the aspect which it represented in an age gone by, and her wish was to make modern things conform with the things of yore. Spain was as a Quixote among nations. Closing her eyes to the present, she clung to the superstition and punctiliousness of old, thus marring her interests and drawing down upon herself the derision of the world.

If *Don Quixote* be attentively read, it will be seen that Cervantes, far from

crushing his hero under ridicule, treats him lovingly, and endows him with many noble qualities. The irony of Cervantes was not contemptuous; it was a tender emotion, neither a titter nor a laugh, but a gentle, reproving smile. If the Knight of La Mancha was outrageously behind the age, he was not on that account to be mercilessly derided. Others could be equally absurd without being equally disinterested. Was not Sancho in his own way as extravagant as Quixote? It was Sancho who was to bear the brunt of Cervantes' satire. The fat squire represents modern positivism. When reading the narrative in which he is connected with Quixote, we see that we are standing on the limit of two worlds, without having as yet decided for either. It is this double portraiture of the past and the future that makes *Don Quixote* the representative work of Europe for the seventeenth century; for, in the beginning of that age, the world, agitated as it had been, had not as yet pronounced for any decisive course. The elements of a new state of things were formed, but had not cohered into a definite mass. In England, France, and Spain, the age of chivalry was gone forever; irony was doing its work of destruction, but the new age of skepticism and industrial development had not yet dawned. Don Quixote was voted absurd, but Sancho had not yet been made king.

Cervantes dimly perceived rising Sanchism, and the ridicule with which he assailed it is softened by no tender touches. Had he foreseen the development which it was destined to attain, he would probably have heaped his most withering sarcasm upon it. As it is, however, his work is an admirable type of the state of Europe during the seventeenth century. Irony is the chief characteristic of such transition periods, the most obvious work of which is the destruction of the past. While this is being effected, the elements that shall form the future are stealthily at work, like mineral masses slowly crystallizing in the depths of the earth, while the upper strata are crumbling away under the influence of winds and rain.

Since the first Revolution, which had secured civil freedom, and prepared the

way for freedom of thought, there had been more elements of progress in England than in any other European nation. These elements were now consolidated by the second fall of the Stuarts. On the other hand, France, which had been for so many years in the ascendant, was now exhausted by wars and misgovernment. While the English were deposing James, because he had attacked the liberties of the nation, the subjects of the grand monarch were eating grass. Henceforth the office of fanning the flame of civilization has belonged to England. But as great reforms cannot be consummated in a day, it was to be expected that the eighteenth century in England should be a period of struggles, as well as of progress. The tree of freedom was planted in our midst; but it was delicate and liable to be blighted; it was necessary to dig around and dung it. The eighteenth century is a time of transition, of conflict between various elements—between order and disorder, progress and conservatism, morality and immorality. The general law of human affairs being progress, the issue of the conflict was not doubtful; but the struggle was to be protracted during a whole century. Cabals, intrigues, and party struggles made up a clamorous chaos. Political honesty had been destroyed by political vicissitudes; the Church contained many "time-serving priests all over the nation;" religion had not yet recovered from the attacks made upon it. But what great principle stood above the chaos, regulating it and working through it? It was the inheritance transmitted by the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—the spirit of inquiry, which moved thinkers and writers of all schools. Both assailants and defenders of religion—Shaftesbury, Toland, Bolingbroke on one side, Clarke and Berkeley on the other—have recourse to a much more extended and serried array of reasonings than was dreamed of in the philosophy of preceding ages. The practical infidelity which followed the Revolution is drawn up into an ethical system; and the orthodox defend Christianity with still greater metaphysical acumen.

The eighteenth century being, then, the confused but sure development of the germs of progress, scattered abroad by the revival of letters, it remains to

inquire in what way that age considered the perennial phenomena of evil. Swift gives us the answer to that question. It was reserved for that great man, who was the most original genius of the eighteenth century, to cast the thought of the age into a literary type. Gulliver is the first of the three Spectators, as we may call them; offspring of the two most eventful ages in history—characters which are made to survey the whole world, and to pronounce, whether by implication or plain verdict, on the great problems of humanity. These creations stand apart even among literary types—they are more universal in their range of vision, and no less colored by the tints of that age of which they present the most complete picture. They are not made for the mere amusement of a novel-reader. They are valuable histories. Nor must this view of them be deemed far-fetched. Far more extraordinary is the theory that a man, the wisest and greatest of his time, would take up the pen to write a common nursery tale; and yet that such a tale should be accounted his master-piece. This theory has actually been mooted respecting Rabelais. If in an age when, for social as well as literary motives, allegory was universally adopted as the means of instruction and amusement, Rabelais' work is to be considered as a mere fairy tale, we do not see why a higher meaning should be attached to the *Pilgrim's Progress* than that which children in the nursery attach to it. If, however, we consider allegorical works in their true light—as embodying the thought—whether political, philosophical, or religious—of the author, we must not refuse to accept *Gulliver's Travels* as a summary of the thoughts of the eighteenth century, of tendencies which were concentrated in the presiding genius of the time—Jonathan Swift.

That great man has been censured for his "Gulliver." The starchy morals of our age have been scandalized by the Yahoos. Abuse has been heaped upon Swift because, to a superficial glance, his love of mankind is concealed under the garb of misanthropy, because his soul was filled with honest indignation at the sight of evils prevalent in his time, and because his manners were eccentric. The public at large resemble that young

curate who, being bullied by Swift, rose from table and left the room, saying that no gentleman could stand such treatment. He did not know that what he could not have borne from any other man was but the kindly humor of an eccentric man of genius. Swift was not actuated by malignity; his seeming rudeness was merely intended to bring out a man's character at once; and he invariably gave his esteem to those who had penetration enough to understand him, and bear his rough humor with blandness. But of course these were, and still are, in great minority.

Like a prophet of old, Swift raised a fearless, piercing voice of grief and rebuke in the midst of a perverse generation. Like a prophet he has been stoned. His name has been held up to the execration of mankind by men who judge of the eighteenth century by the standard of the nineteenth. It is time that we should form a more correct estimate of that great man. The majority of Englishmen should regard him as the majority of Frenchmen regard Voltaire—as not only a great wit but a great philanthropist. His wit, though coarser than that of Voltaire, was as fertile; his originality of genius was greater; his philanthropy was more practical, and was longer exercised; and his name is not associated with a struggle against the truths of Christianity.

Though an original creation, Gulliver must, as a literary type, reflect the mode of thought of his age. No wonder, then, that he babbled of Yahoos. Every one will agree that the eighteenth century was a bad age—a period of moral decadence—during which, while the great destinies of the nation were being slowly shaped beneath the surface, the surface was froth and scum. Coral islands, before they are inhabitable, are nothing but dangerous reefs. The eighteenth century, while containing great germs of good, was in itself a necessary evil. Society had not yet recovered from the pernicious effects of the Restoration. The age in which Wycherley and Congreve had pleased, had left deep traces in the heart of England. The nation had fallen from her first works; frivolity, voluptuousness, selfishness, were at a premium. Addison complains that there are many passages in the writings of

Shakespeare which, being tinctured with a religious spirit, would not be tolerated by a modern audience; he is grieved at the thought that England should distinguish herself among nations by infidelity. Nor had this infidelity anything in common with the learned and critical skepticism of our age. It was flippant and superficial. "One gets by heart a catalogue of title-pages and editions, and immediately, to become conspicuous, declares that he is an unbeliever; another knows how to write a receipt, or cut up a dog, and forthwith argues against the immortality of the soul. I have known many a little wit, in the ostentation of his parts, rally the truth of the Scripture, who was not able to read a chapter in it" (*Tatler*, No. 3). After the peace with France there was an importation of French fashions and frivolity; but at the same time French refinement was left behind. Under the two influences of levity and coarseness the nation had fallen into a slough, extrication from which could not but be gradual and difficult. That consummation had not yet taken place, although Addison had given the first signal of reaction, by showing that wit, humor, and knowledge of the world could be united with a genial, refined, and reverent spirit. But as yet Addison stood isolated in a perverse and adulterous generation.

This stagnation could not last. To Swift was committed the charge of cleansing that Augean stable, the eighteenth century; but he could not do so without stirring up a rank, putrescent mass of corruption; nor could it be expected that he could keep his hands quite spotless in such offensive work. If Gulliver is sometimes coarse, it is because his age was so, and he had to speak the language of his contemporaries if he would reprove them. He lighted his alarm-fire with the fuel of the time.

Swift was not a solitary misanthrope who delighted from his study to rail at human kind. His genius was eminently practical. He threw himself into the strife of parties with all the ardor of a man of the world. He was continually fighting with his powerful pen in the cause of Ireland. The Drapier's Letters, the most important of these poetical writings, show to what extent he devoted his energies to the public welfare.

NEW SERIES—Vol. III., No. 4.

The popularity he thus gained was immense, and, with all his cynicism, he was not so indifferent to it as he himself believed. There was no man of letters in that age who knew society so well—none more fitted to take a survey of it and paint its image in imperishable colors. It was his very range and piercingness of glance that made him so intolerant of vice; when red-hot iron comes in contact with cold water, the latter is dissolved, with much noise and hissing, into steam; and such was the effect produced by the contact of Swift's ardent soul with cant and corruption. His sensitiveness was so great that his mind writhed under the perception of evil; and these writhings at last ended in entire, permanent distortion. If poetry be considered, not as an accumulation of images and commonplaces about love and purling streams, but as the production, even in unadorned style, of a powerful character that reflects the tints of the time as well as the universal nature of men—then it must be conceded that Swift was the greatest poet of that unpoetical age. Pope was an elegant versifier without much fancy. Addison was too placid and busy about little things. Swift alone united creative power with great sensitiveness; and both these gifts with that universal genius, possessed by none but himself in his time, of viewing mankind as a whole, and attempting a synthetical delineation instead of taking a limited and microscopic sphere of observation. In the observation and description of little things he indeed equalled, if not excelled, his contemporaries; but he did not as they remain among scribblers, patches, and fardingales; he rose above "the town" and cast his eagle glance over the whole world.

Even when most imaginative, his works were eminently practical. They all bore reference to some principle he wished to inculcate, to some rule of conduct which he wished to enforce. In this respect Swift, next to the author of *The True Born Englishman*, is the most perfect literary representative of the British mind. His sturdy sense rejected all empty and frivolous theories; plain and practical truth alone could move his genius, stir it, arouse it to powerful protests against the hollow-

ness of the time. To him the end of all teaching, whether religious, literary, or philosophical, was fruit. He sneered at Berkeley's idealistic theory; at the time-serving priests and bad writers that were to be found all over the nation.

It is in vain to allege that his mode of viewing the world was tinged with misanthropy. The world, as it then was, could not otherwise be viewed by an earnest man whose feelings went beyond the cold sneer of Pope or the placid smile of Addison. Rain and wind are necessary and grateful phenomena of nature; but it is only after the thunderstorm that the air is cleared, and all nature, as it were, renovated.

It is in *Gulliver's Travels* that Swift's genius flashed more brightly, illuminating the eighteenth century horizon with a momentary, vivid, and penetrating glare. The fancy displayed in the *Tale of a Tub*, the biting sarcasm fearlessly hurled at all abuses, are concentrated in *Gulliver's Travels*; and that wondrous production besides displays a winning *naïveté*, an exquisite grace of manner, that makes it the delight at once of the most unlettered and of the most critical readers. It is no less valuable to the historian; for *Gulliver* is the first of modern cynical spectators. It is the first of that immortal series of types, offspring of the modern spirit of remorseless examination. Incarnation of satire, he roams the world, as restless as the Wandering Jew or Sinbad the Sailor; and though his adventures yield to no fairy tale in luxuriance of the marvellous, he can find in them so many points of similarity with the real world, that he rebukes its vices and shortcomings with the most stinging satire. The force of this contrast lends double smarting to the wounds he inflicts. Voltaire said of Abbé Guénée, who had written an answer to the patriarch's attacks on the Bible: "This fellow makes believe to kiss my hand, but bites it sorely the while." And the same may be said of *Gulliver's* satire. Never was contrast—that most powerful element of interest in fiction—so effectually used. It is not that *Gulliver* is an allegory: when it was written, the age of allegories was gone by. It is more than an allegory—it is a long antithesis, in which most airy freaks of fancy are continually being

opposed to the most sober reality, the effect being conducive to the infinite pleasure and surprise of the reader. It is neither a fairy tale nor a newspaper article; neither puerile like the one, nor practical like the other. It combines truth and fancy together, so as to produce a startling effect; as the air is composed of two gases, one of which alone would consume, while the other would extinguish, all life; but their harmonious union constitutes a mixture fit to be the breath of life.

To heighten the contrast, the central figure in all this farrago of wonder is the most practical, commonplace, matter-of-fact man alive. All Wapping knows him. Old sailors are ready to testify to his existence. He reports what he sees in the precise and detailed manner of the log-book. A sturdy, energetic Saxon, he is among cynical spectators what Luther was among Reformers—the most practical, and withal most moderate. He is not simply a good-natured youth like Candide; nor an aspiring dreamer like Teufelsdröckh; but a matter-of-fact plain Englishman, who surveys the strange things brought under his range with as much coolness as any human being can display; who behaves with fortitude and boldness in adversity and danger; who loves his country still, notwithstanding all its faults, and has no greater wish than to get back to it. He is emphatically the English cynical spectator; he does not, like Candide, finally yield to circumstances, and take up his abode in a foreign country; nor merge into a cosmopolitan dreamer like Teufelsdröckh; but he conquers all obstacles, and returns to his native country, to end his days among his family, where he displays no more fancifulness or eccentricity than does every bilious old Nabob, and every mahogany-faced old sailor, whose brains have broiled for twenty years in a tropical sun.

The cynicism of *Gulliver* is as pungent as his character is matter-of-fact. This was what would naturally be expected, and no more than what was found to be the case with many an old sailor, especially in those days. A man, whose every other word was an oath, and whose good-nature was, to a superficial glance, buried deep under a thick incrustation of roughness, would not

have spoken concerning evil in the world less openly and cynically than Gulliver. His misanthropy is the misanthropy, if it may so be called, of hundreds of soured old seamen. It does not, then, outpass the bounds of reality; and Gulliver must not be branded as an unnatural monster. Is his cynicism misanthropy in the proper sense of the word? The feeling of Timon—a promiscuous, inveterate hatred of mankind—is alone to be properly designated as “misanthropy.” But in its common acceptation, that term is applied to a far less virulent feeling. Gulliver is certainly misanthropical, if to be misanthropical means to be sensitive (we grant, morbidly sensitive) to the evil existing in the world; to be unsparing in the denunciation of that evil; to be so taken up by that gloomy contemplation as to lose sight of the numerous acts of devotion, disinterestedness, and magnanimity which in every age ennoble the human race. A philanthropist who has visited Whitechapel may bewail its squalor and crime, may utter a cry of agony at the sight of masses of population little better than savages, without being charged with misanthropy because he does not sufficiently remember that the divine image is not yet obliterated in the most wretched of mankind, that hope is a duty which is binding on the observer.

But an ardent, imaginative mind may go further, and generalize a one-sided view of mankind. “These men are bad—therefore all men are bad and detestable.” This is a theory that seldom or never influences the propounder of it in his dealings with men—for wicked actions proceed from wicked hearts, and not from hearts that hate evil. The wickedness of man remains for the observer a mere speculation, a dogma which his aggrieved soul has set up to satisfy his repulsion for evil; but practically he is not the less humane, and generally finds that those who come within his sphere are better than his theoretical mankind.

If this is misanthropy, Gulliver is certainly obnoxious to be charged with it; nor does he attempt to deny the imputation. Swift gives us the key to his whole life and writings in these significant words: “I hate and detest that animal called man as a general species, though I love individuals.”

This is the great cynic’s utterance—open, straightforward as the man himself. He is not afraid of being called a man-hater. He glories in what he calls his misanthropy, and intends to propagate it. He has framed a theory, and he thinks the acceptance of that theory necessary to all honest men. He hates the species; he dubs himself a misanthrope. Unfortunately, the species is an abstraction—a phantom, like Alnaschar’s despised lady. Individuals are the realities, and those he loves. We knew it without his telling us so. Good cynic! Well might he say his misanthropy was not quite of the same kind as Timon’s.

We think his cynicism and roughness are simply those of Goldsmith’s “Man in Black.” As long as the world exists there will be honest eccentric men, whose heads are sterner than their hearts, who vent in a seeming indignation against men what is indignation against vice alone; whom, accordingly, those who are not familiar with the eccentricities and inconsistencies of human nature, mistake for Timons; although their satirical but benevolent nature has nothing in common with those men who, blinded by the wrongs they have undergone, labor under a moral hallucination, see nothing but evil in the world, and make individuals accountable for the faults of the species. Timon does not love the species any more than the individual. There is the greatest possible difference between his wild, indiscriminating, mind-clouding passion, and the cool, observing, thoughtful misanthropy of Swift. Let it be granted that he hates all men; he lays down that proposition with the calmness of a mathematician enunciating a theorem; such is the conviction he has been led to by experience; like any other theory, it may be erroneous; but whether correct or not, it is the fruit of observation and thought, not the offspring of passion. The hypochondriac who affirms that he is made of glass, and liable at any moment to fall to pieces, affirms nothing more improbable, more absurdly fantastical, than Berkeley’s theory that all matter—the earth, the air, the sea, and all things contained therein—are nothing but unsubstantial shadows. Yet this theory is deemed worthy of consideration and refutation, simply because it was arrived at by thought, and by

thought not diseased in itself, however extraordinary its fruit might be; while the hypochondriac's delusion, being a mere freak of fancy, excites in the beholder nothing more than pitying derision.

Swift's misanthropy is an intellectual error, Timon's a moral aberration; and the latter's disposition alone properly deserves the name of misanthropy. The former error may be termed misanthropical judgment. It is based on a narrowness of vision, or rather on a certain concentration of vision, upon one point, from which some of the greatest thinkers have not been exempt. Descartes saw nothing but whirlwinds in the system of the universe; some great physicians have seen all diseases in the liquids, others in the solids, of the human frame. Great philosophers have explained all physical phenomena by innate ideas, others by the senses. Great divines have been equally partial to their own side, equally averse to acknowledging any truth as existing on the other side. Narrowness and exaggeration seem, in a great measure, to be the lot of the human mind. Why should great authors be exempt from extreme views? Their pursuits certainly predispose them to wide aspects of human nature; but in proportion to the energy of their thought and fancy are they liable to see one point in stronger colors than the rest. Even in our comprehensive times, we are not so free from prejudice, partiality, obliquity of vision, as to be warranted in blaming or depreciating a great observer because he framed his theory of human nature on the facts which had most impressed his susceptible mind. If it be true, as Montaigne has it, that human fancy can conceive no stranger notion than has already been fostered by human speculation; if, therefore, as old Burton says, philosophers are mad; if, on the other hand, there is in human nature more of the fool than of the wise, and the popular mind is prone to entertaining vulgar errors, why should genius, which stands midway between philosophers and the vulgar, enlightening both, but drawing its materials from both—loftier than the common mind, more human and less pedantic than the philosophical mind—not meet with that toleration for its errors which sages claim

because of too much thought, and the multitude because of too little thought?

To look at the sun dims and jaundices the sight. Swift contemplated evil with an eagle glance; but, not withdrawing his eye in time, the result was that exaggerated sensitiveness to evil which the world has been pleased to construe into downright malice and fiendish hatred of mankind.

Concerning the manner in which Gulliver considers evil, we shall only remark at present, that he investigates social phenomena in the moral point of view rather than the physical.

Bentley's Miscellany.

FRENCH ARISTOCRACY AT THE SEA-SIDE.*

M. FAFIAUX was the last to be reconciled to the marriage of his niece, Valentine Barbot, with Gontran, Count of Mably. Married, however, they were, as, after the public scandal with which the intended marriage with Lambert, Count of Saint-Genin, had been interrupted, there was no other alternative, and no sooner married than they started whither the aspirations of both most tended—to Paris—the centre of the Frank world. Valentine wrote to the old man three days after her arrival, on paper of the Hôtel Meurice. She protested her unalterable affection and respect, and declared that Gontran was the most affectionate and delicate of husbands, who, so far from turning her from her duty, had himself conducted her to the one o'clock mass, and waited for her on the steps of the Madeleine. One thing only made an impression on Père Fafiaux on reading this precious epistle, which was, that Valentine did not get up till noon. Of what use her convent education, and the salutary habits he had enjoined of being up every day by six o'clock? He, however, vouchsafed no reply to Valentine's letters. When she apprised him that the Hôtel of Mably had been entirely newly furnished and decorated, and that an

* *La Vielle Roche. Les Vacances de la Comtesse.* Par EDMOND ABOUT. Paris: L. Hachette et C^{ie}.

apartment had been set aside solely for his own use, he only shrugged his shoulders and muttered to himself, "A million gone already!" He had masses said at all the churches of Lyons — *pro anima aberrante*—for a soul gone astray. As to the husband, he was dispatched without a sigh, in the company of the whole lot of Haut-Monts and Lanroses, to the darker regions. His niece had been taken from him against his will. With a scandalous explosion that had echoed all over Lyons, he, an old man of indomitable will, and the hoarder up of millions (everything in France is reckoned by millions—it saves trouble), had been treated as if he were nobody, and he vowed a deep and implacable revenge against the whole set. He began with the Saint-Genins. The failure of Lambert's marriage brought down the creditors. M. Fafiaux was cruel enough to indirectly fan their rapacity. When no alternative remained but to sell the estate of Grande Balme, and the Hôtel Bellecour at Lyons, he came forward with an ostensible party who were to purchase both. The party in question were two monks, who dwelt in the attic of his own house. One had been a schoolmaster, the other a bankrupt wine and spirit merchant at Bordeaux. They were now founders of a new order, called Thaborites, from Mount Thabor. The one was to convert the hôtel into an academy or collegiate school, the other was to appropriate the Grand Balme as a manufactory of liqueur du Mont Thabor, not only salutary to the stomach, but, like the "Chartreuse," beneficial to the soul, being distilled by holy hands. In return for these concessions, the dowager countess and the young count, her son, were to have three hundred thousand francs, or the interest of that sum at five per cent. for ten years, and all debts were to be paid. It was not without bitter regrets, as may be imagined, that the Genins felt themselves obliged to hand over their estates to two poor monks represented by M. Fafiaux, and withdraw with a few family memorials to a modest apartment in the city of Lyons.

Gontran and his countess were in the meantime installed in a fashionable quarter of Paris, and lived in that style and after that fashion which, in that great

centre of civilization, is deemed to be essential to matrimonial felicity. M. About is at the trouble to inform us, for example, that upon the first evening of their arrival in Paris, the count "proved to his wife, by reasons redolent in exquisite delicacy, that he loved her too much, and held her in far too great a respect, to present himself to her under the brutalizing aspect of sleep." They had accordingly their separate apartments. Valentine only remembered that it was not so with her father and mother, and for the first time she wept at what her instinct justly designated to her as a cold classical etiquette which tyrannized over the natural affections. She, unfortunately for herself, held the count, her husband, in too great respect to venture upon a discussion on so delicate a topic. Next morning, too, the count was out early to retake possession of his beloved pavé of Paris. The Boulevards have a fascination for every true Parisian which is more powerful even than love. Gontran, like all other Parisians, was more at home in the streets than in his hôtel. There was only one drawback to his happiness; he remembered every now and then that he was no longer one, but two, and the reminiscence was not of the most agreeable character. But Gontran loved his young wife, and further reflections told him that it was to her that he was indebted for being able to return to Paris, reoccupy the home of his ancestors, and reassume, through her fortune, that position to which he considered himself entitled by rank, talent, and fashion. So he returned to breakfast with his young wife, happy and in good spirits.

The harmonious understanding thus established between the young couple, although not quite coming up to what the innocent and affectionate young countess had anticipated, was further diversified by the necessity both parties were in of setting themselves up in the world. Not only had the hôtel of the Mablys to be repurchased, repaired, newly decorated and furnished, but horses and equipages had to be procured, and, above all, new and proper toilets had to be made. Mably, it will be remembered, at the epoch of his marriage, had just come out of Clichy, and Valentine, in her provincial garb, was like a

Raphael without a frame. It was calculated by the count that one hundred and forty thousand francs, taken out of their capital, would meet all exigencies; but by the time that a million had been paid for the hôtel, one hundred thousand francs for the repairs, decorations, and furniture, one hundred thousand for diamonds, fifty thousand for horses and carriages, and fifty thousand for indispensable sundries, the colored papers that M. Fafiaux had been all his life accumulating represented an income of eighty-five thousand francs only.

"We pay to ourselves," observed Gontran, "a house rent of upwards of fifty thousand francs."

"We will economize in other things," Valentine replied.

The hôtel of the Mablys, repurchased and restored by Valentine, was opened with a festival, which was, however, far more brilliant than economical. During the three months that the house had been under repair, the count and countess had made their visits, and had taken their place in the best society. It was necessary that they should return the sandwiches and the trifles which they had received from others. Madame de Mably had a great success. She was declared to be pretty, genteel, and graceful. The staff of the crinoline-wearers bore her away in triumph to balls, suppers, theatres, and cavalcades; the "école de haute dévotion" and of transcendental charity initiated her in its meetings, conferences, sermons, sales, and lotteries. The abundance and variety of Parisian pleasures carried away the young lady with a kind of intoxication. It was a whirlpool in which, once involved, there is no possible means of extrication save by bankruptcy, which is social and fashionable death. The scruples which lingered—reminiscences of a conventual education—were eradicated in less than three weeks. She imbibed, in their place, the idea that the world is the infallible arbiter in matters of conduct, and all that the world approves of is permissible. With an instinct that was natural, she made everybody at home at her hôtel, where she received one day a week and gave a dinner another. So exquisite was also her natural taste, that for two consecutive seasons she led the fashion in the Fau-

bourg St. Germain. The Duchess of Haut-Mont said one evening to her brother: "That little one astonishes me; she can amuse four gentlemen by herself alone, while your wife, so brilliant and so Parisian, cannot even retain half a one!"

Valentine had declared at starting, to her husband, that an allowance of two hundred francs a month would suffice for her toilet. Gontran had smiled, and said that he would not scold her if it did not exceed two thousand. Some ingenious people compensate for external expenses by strict economy at home; but the Mablys had not this resource. When a million of money is spent upon a hôtel, it is not to eat black bread in it. A large hôtel and splendid equipages also demand a numerous attendance. At the expiration of the first year Gontran devoted a wet morning to the melancholy labors of addition. Nor were the results cheering. The expenses of the year exceeded the revenue by a considerable sum. When he communicated the fact to his wife, "What!" she exclaimed; "notwithstanding all our economies, we are thirty thousand francs in debt!"

The next time that Madame de Mably met her relative, Countess Adhémar, she unburdened herself in the simplicity of her grief, that with all her economies she and her husband were living beyond their income. The countess, instead of sympathizing with her, laughed at the revelation. "Why, little dear," she said, "all you have to do is to increase your income."

"But how can that be done?" inquired Valentine, surprised.

"Oh," replied the countess, "you must speak to Adhémar upon that point. He does nothing else ever since we have been married."

The two friends adjourned to the study of Count Adhémar de Lanrose, of whose character as a speculative financier, to the horror of his noble parent, we have given some account when treating of the modern aristocracy of France as depicted by M. About. The young count was alike flattered and pleased at being consulted upon money matters by his fair and noble relative.

"Send your husband to me," he said, in conclusion of a long conversation,

"and I will indicate to him the means of doubling his income without compromising his capital."

Mably, when he heard this from the lips of his pretty wife, did not hesitate in seeing Adhémar upon the subject. He had, like the rest of Paris, the most perfect faith in the infallibility of the count's judgment. Yet among the securities which were to be exchanged for real investments producing a modest five per cent., one of the principal was the opening to commerce and the establishment of French supremacy in the African kingdom of Humbé, situated between the 25th and 15th degrees of longitude, and the 10th and 30th of latitude. But the investment was returning fifteen per cent.

Life in Paris, from the highest to the lowest, is not without danger. Rank, fortune, and character do not save the individual from those perils which are common to all. The once young and innocent pupil of the convent of the Sacred Heart, the niece of the pious and austere Fafiaux, and the inexperienced provincial girl, now Madame de Mably, was soon destined to discover how many and what vile traps are laid in the way of the unwary, even in what is designated as the best society. Among her husband's friends was one Odoacre de Bourgalys: rich, handsome, clever, and eccentric, an admirable rider, and exceedingly popular on account of his very eccentricities. About calls him "ce grand noble gamin connu de tout Paris," and the ladies excused his delinquencies by designating him as "ce fou d'Odoacre." This Odoacre, who was a kind of Delphic oracle among men, was more than an Apollo—a Jupiter among the ladies. His mixed failures and successes had made him at once difficult and inconsistent. "Lui bon garçon, ne perdait pas son temps devant les places fortes. A quoi bon? La vie est si courte!" He used to say, laughingly, "I am not a shepherd of Arcadia; I am a man to take or leave."

The youth and beauty, the graceful simplicity and innocence, of the Countess of Mably did not fail to attract this peculiar type of Paris fashionable society. For a whole year—a most unusual thing with him—did he lay siege to her heart. Valentine blushed at first on detecting

his advances, and this was followed by an ineradicable horror of the man's presumption. She, however, could not avoid him; for he was not only supposed to be her husband's friend, but he was also intimate at the Haut-Monts, the Lanroses, and with most of her other friends and relatives.

On the 20th of April, 1856, between two and three in the afternoon, Valentine ascended the staircase at her milliner's to select some summer articles. Mademoiselle Angelina conducted her into a little ornamental boudoir, where she said she had some novelties that were not yet made public. A door closed behind the countess, another opened before her, Mademoiselle Angelina disappeared, and a great specimen of human perversity, Odoacre de Bourgalys, appeared kneeling on the carpet.

Valentine, whose first impulse was to slap the young man's face, shrieked, and then fainted. Odoacre rang the bell, and bolted. When the countess came to herself, great was her indignation at the trap laid for her by Mademoiselle Angelina; and she hastened out of her polluted premises, driving first towards home, but on reflection turning off to the Bois de Boulogne to calm her feelings, and consider if she should mention the insult to which she had been subjected to Gontran. For the first time in her Paris life she felt that she had no corner in which to weep, and no bosom friend in whom to repose confidence and seek for sympathy and advice. The result of her palpitating cogitations was, that as the fault was not hers, and she had done nothing to encourage the young man to insult her, she would not put her husband's life in danger on account of another person's faults, and that she would preserve the secret of an event which it was equally the interest of the guilty parties—Odoacre and Angelina—to keep from publicity.

With this resolve she returned home, not to meet her husband, but M. Fafiaux, who had suddenly arrived and installed himself in the hôtel.

It was with difficulty that Valentine so far recovered herself as to stammer out:

"Oh, dear uncle, what an agreeable surprise!"

The dear uncle coughed, opened his

hands, and delivered himself of the first words of an exordium which he had prepared :

"Is it thus, then, that I find you, after sixteen months of marriage?—my sister's daughter, my tenderly brought up and adopted child, the soul which I took so much care in imbuing with all Christian virtues, has in so short a time wandered to the borders of such a precipice!"

"But, uncle dear!"

"Of what avail the pious teachings of the holy house in which your childhood was passed?" persevered the old man, while Valentine, half terrified, still under the influence of conflicting emotions, and unprepared for additional trials, could only murmur,

"In mercy explain yourself!"

Great was her relief when, after torturing her by saying that he knew all—that she was a degraded Magdalen, a heartless coquette, and a sinner of the lowest grade—the grand accusation in reserve turned out to be that she had not kept her Lent! So great, indeed, was her relief, that she actually wept with joy. She admitted the truth of the accusation, acknowledged that her faith had been dulled by the noise and dissipation of the "world," and promised to reform. To avoid Odoacre de Bourgalys she would willingly have gone for six months to a convent; but her uncle only demanded that she should be less intimate with the Haut-Monts and the Lanroses, and that she would cultivate the friendship of certain serious persons respected for their virtues. To this effect he introduced her to a number of "bons pères," among whom were two or three really distinguished men. She learned the existence of a new world to her, and which was utterly distinct from the Church, properly so called, for M. Fafiaux did not know the name of a single curé in Paris. He spoke of the secular clergy as of an inferior element good for the people, but his esteem lay with the communities. The pretty neophyte also learned that, thanks to the institution of the "tiers ordres," she could pronounce quasi-monastic vows without ceasing to be the wife of her husband. She allowed herself to be affiliated into a congregation into which many great ladies were registered with herself. She signed papers, received brevet rank, and

was gratified with secret medals and mystic rings, which could be worn as jewelry even at a ball. The change in her life that followed upon these new avocations may be imagined. She became indifferent to frivolous amusements, neglectful of her household duties, and almost a stranger to her husband. She would have given up balls and opera, but her director, Père Gaumiche, insisted upon her not doing so. It did not suit the tactics of the fathers of St. Christopher that their neophytes should go to extremes. This would have entailed a public rebellion on the part of fathers, husbands, or brothers, and have thwarted them in their intrigues. But Valentine was among the most zealous of their disciples. Instead of going to weekly conferences, she held devotional meetings at her own hôtel. M. de Mably did not take umbrage at this conversion. He had several reasons for abstaining from so doing. He did not wish to act against M. Fafiaux's recommendations; the new life was less expensive and fatiguing than the one he had hitherto led; he thought within himself that the change had been too rapid to last long. No offspring had blessed their union, and he admitted that Valentine must have some amusement; her devotional and charitable pursuits left him more time for his club and for the pavé, and, must we admit it (but we have alluded, in the previous sketch of M. About's portraits of "French Aristocracy," to a former attachment that existed between Gontran and Eliane de Batejins, now Marchioness of Lanrose), by one of those strange perversities of human nature that appear almost unaccountable, the Count of Mably, who was wedded to a young, pretty, innocent, and loving wife, had actually got to neglect her for the society of her brilliant, haughty, but much less pure and amiable rival. Notwithstanding the recommendations of M. Fafiaux, Valentine also kept up friendly relations with Eliane. An accidental circumstance came to cement these relations. The countess had exchanged her blue scapulary for one that was pink and white; from a neophyte she had come to preside over the conferences of those affiliated to the order of St. Christopher; the Marchioness of Lanrose held the same position

among the ladies affiliated to the order of Saint Joseph. One fine day it was discovered that the parties benefited and relieved by the two societies were actually the same! After a brief time of consternation and perplexity, Father Gaumiche proposed that the societies should work together without being confounded; and thus it was that Valentine and Eliane were once more thrown intimately together—but this time engaged in works of beneficence.

Matters were in this state, when one fine day our old friend Count Lambert de Saint-Genin, the affianced of Valentine, dropped at the Hôtel Mably as if from the skies, with hunting coat, plaid trousers of a large pattern, flexible wide-awake, an alarming waistcoat, and an extensive scrubby beard. He only wanted his dog Mirza and his gun to have constituted the *beau idéal* of a French aristocratic country sportsman. His style and language were in keeping with his appearance. Monsieur and Madame de Mably were in horrors, but they could not repudiate one to whom both were so deeply indebted. There were also family ties to be considered, and, after all, Lambert was a good-hearted, generous fellow, and they soon made up their minds to take him in hand, dress him, polish him up, and make him presentable—a task in which they were ably assisted by Odoacre de Bourgalys, to whose good services Gontran especially appealed under these trying circumstances. Lambert, on his side, learned his lessons in simplicity of heart, and with rural submission. Nay, so far did his transformation proceed, that a certain Mademoiselle Angelique Cerceau, better known at Lyons under the pseudonym of Florence, and whom he had brought to Paris with hopes of high artistic preferment, appeared to him in the light of something utterly unpresentable. The friend of Bourgalys, and the cousin of Lanrose and Mably, actually asked himself if his mistress had not been transformed in the journey. Sensitive of ridicule, he hastened to reconquer his liberty by certain pecuniary sacrifices, which, paid according to the provincial tariff, were not so exorbitant as if the tie had been incurred at Paris.

Another feeling, in addition to that lively sense of the ridiculous which is

innate in every Frenchman, actuated Lambert in this proceeding, as well as in hastening his own reformation. Valentine appeared to him even more beautiful than she had done at the Balme; she was, indeed, at that epoch, in the plenitude of her charms, and although her vivacity of old was now tempered by her devotional exercises, Lambert could no more prevent or conceal the respectful admiration in which he held her, than he could divest himself of an inward conviction that Gontran did not estimate the extent of the concession he had made to him at its true value, or that he did all that he ought to do to insure her happiness.

One day Valentine went out, much against her inclination, to pay a round of visits. The Countess Adhémar, whom she had not seen for a fortnight, was included in the list. She found her in a state of great excitement, and her house in disorder, the rooms, nay, even to the passages, full of boxes and packages; she was, in fact, about to start for the sea-side. Carville—a spot which had just received the approbation of the fashionable world, as sufficiently select and exclusive—was, as she explained it to Madame de Mably, her immediate destination. Everybody was going there—that is to say, of their set. The countess had taken a “*chalet*” large enough to entertain a few friends. Adhémar was too much engrossed with his African colony to do more than run down once a week. Would Valentine go? She had plenty of room for her, and she almost exhausted herself in expatiating upon the pleasures of the sea-side, the delights of freedom from restraint and conventionalities—the baths and the picnics. Valentine smiled a negative, but she went home contrasting, somewhat painfully, in her own mind the indifference of her husband and the austerities of her sect with the tempting enjoyments held out by a brief vacation at Carville.

An overt and aggravating act of neglect on the part of Gontran, on her return home, brought on a crisis. Valentine resolved to profit by the invitation of Yolande, Countess Adhémar of Lanrose, and have her vacations. Gontran, who at that moment was more than ever involved in his intrigue with Eliane, rather encouraged than opposed the

project; as to Count Adhémar, he was intrigued in a different manner, by news of a certain M. Mouton, of Lyons, (apparently the ubiquitous M. Fasiaux through a representative), who had been purchasing property in Humbé, winning the affections of the negro monarch by abundant potations of the liquor of Mont Thabor, and, worse than all, had put himself under English protection.

Mesdames de Lanrose and de Mably were accompanied on their visit to Carville by Lambert, Count of St. Genin, and Odoacre de Bourgalys. It appears to be a peculiarity in Parisian fashionable society, that there are always some persons to appreciate those charms in other men's wives which are lost upon their husbands. The honest, simple-hearted Lambert had further satisfied himself that Valentine was not only not appreciated, but was cruelly neglected, ill treated, and abandoned, if not betrayed. His loyalty to Gontran would not have permitted an evil thought of superseding him in the affections of his wife to have entered his mind for a moment; but his old love for Valentine had never been eradicated, and he felt it a comfort to be with her, to console her, and to dance attendance upon her in her isolation and affliction. As to the boisterous Odoacre, his impertinences had been so long tolerated that it would be deviating from historical truth to say that he had ceased to hope.

The arrival of the two young countesses, their cavaliers and attendants, at a small sea-side place like Carville, excited no small sensation. It was who should be first to call upon them, make offers of services, and conciliate their intimacy. Valentine especially met with wondrous success; but as the guest of Yolande, who even provided her with her riding-horse, she could not help feeling she was looked upon as the protégée—if not the poupée—of Madame Adhémar, and this feeling was still further exasperated by the tone of amiable protection and condescending affection which the one adopted towards the other. It was a secondary position which Valentine did not feel at all suitable to her pretensions; her rank and wealth were quite equal to those of Yolande, while youth and beauty were in her favor! If she rose from the people, her family was, at all events,

better than Mademoiselle Gilot's, and the Count de Mably was unquestionably a man of better repute than the great promoter of limited liability companies—M. Adhémar de Lanrose. The result of these envious susceptibilities was to beget in Valentine a spirit of resistance to the assumed superiority of Yolande, which gradually grew up into open hostilities—hostilities declared in dress, in manners, in horsemanship, in bathing, and most especially in who should attract the greater number of admirers. Yolande swam well, or, as of the feminine world, it would be more correct to say, that she floated well; but of Valentine, who had all accomplishments, we are told that "she appeared to the eyes of the spectators on the shore like a divinity of the water. She played about after the fashion of Sirens—at one moment lying on the frothy wave as if on a pillow, at another swimming upright, half her body above the water. Her drapery modelled itself divinely, and she looked like a statue of black marble with a white head—just such as the Romans have depicted."

The rivalry was amusing, if it was not precisely of that kind which, however fashionable, can be represented as in every respect exemplary. An abyss lay between the convent of the Sacred Heart at Lyons and the "insolent shores" of Carville, but "the modesty of the sex," we are told, "humanizes itself by degrees." Trees do not flourish at Carville, but scandal, on the other hand, propagates itself there with wondrous rapidity. It is impossible, without having resided at one of these little fashionable resorts, to conceive how much idleness and crowding can embitter the feelings of three or four hundred ladies thrown together at every moment, and in the pursuit of the same "pleasures." The rivalry of Yolande and Valentine gradually developed itself to open expressions and taunts of a more or less indecisive character, but not the less pungent. The victory in these little duels remained as in other matters—riding, walking, dancing, or bathing—with Valentine.

An unexpected incident came, however, to humiliate the young Countess of Mably at the moment of her greatest triumphs. The rivalry of the two beauties had cumulated to that extent that

Yolande had sulked and pretended illness, and Valentine had taken refuge in the "châlet" of the Duchess of Haut-Mont. Thus placed apart, the rivals no longer tempered their hostilities with forbearance—the combat became open and public. Yolande gave brilliant soirées; Valentine, to revenge herself, got up cavalcades, pic-nics, and excursions at sea, in which she always managed to be accompanied by the *élite* of the society of Carville. But a change had come over Odoacre de Bourgalys. Hope deferred, it has long ago been remarked, makes the heart sick, and so it was with this arbiter of elegance and prince of the "jeunesse dorée" at Carville. Piqued with the idea that he should be perpetually dancing attendance upon the young beauty he admired so much, that every morning he should have to ask, "Where are we going to-day?" and every afternoon, "What shall we do this evening?" without making a step in advance, he resolved to try what might be accomplished by other tactics. He fancied that, as with other coquettes, something might be done by suddenly turning the back upon one whose favors he had so long and so assiduously courted. He attached himself so closely to Madame de Lanrose, as even to give origin to a new scandal. Valentine could not understand this defection. "Was she abandoned," she asked herself, "because she was virtuous? And was it because she was virtuous that she must be a silent spectator of Yolande's success?" Lambert alone stood by her, and "tore the hair from his head in her presence." "What is the matter with them?" he would exclaim. "What poisonous grass have they trodden upon? You have done nothing to them, cousin, and yet there you are, upon my word of honor, shunned like an infected sheep!"

The Countess of Mably decided upon playing high stakes. Circumstances had led her to determine upon forthwith returning home. She heard but seldom from her husband, and when she complained of his not coming to see her at the sea-side, his excuse was that a crisis in the African investment detained him. Affairs in Humbé were becoming more and more complicated. These letters had been read at the *Etablissement des Bains*, in the presence of all—the Duch-

ess of Haut-Mont, Yolande, Odoacre, and Lambert included. But in the mean time Adhémar had arrived on a visit to his wife, and in reply to Valentine's anxious inquiries, declared that he had scarcely ever met Gontran, that affairs could not be more prosperous and promising than in the vicinity of Senegal, and that there must be a mystification—an announcement which filled Yolande's bosom with all the bitter delights of a real triumph over her rival.

"I will go," said Valentine to Lambert, on the occasion of this signal defeat; "but before I go I will have my revenge, and it shall be a brilliant one. I am resolved that, if only for one day, all Carville, its puppies and its coquettes, M. de Bourgalys at the head of them, shall declare themselves publicly against her and for me!"

To carry out this daring project with success, it was necessary that Odoacre de Bourgalys should be won over at any cost. As to Lambert, he was willing to aid and abet, but to carry away all Carville from Madame de Lanrose by a coup-de-main was a thing altogether beyond his limited faculties of comprehension. Madame de Mably, on her side, did not hesitate. She resolved upon a pic-nic to the Abbey of Lampigny, in Bourgalys's yacht, the said pic-nic to conclude with an illumination of the ruins and a return by torchlight. All Carville should be there. The only thing wanting was the coöperation of Bourgalys. Madame Lanrose had arranged a concert for the same evening. Odoacre sent word by Lambert that his yacht was at the countess's orders, but a previous engagement prevented his being one of the party. Bourgalys not being of the pic-nic no one else would go. Driven to extremities, Valentine made an appointment to meet Odoacre the same evening. She was resolved to win him over at any cost. But the thing went further than she had calculated upon. Feigning illness, she remained away from the concert, much to Lambert's annoyance. Odoacre, on his side, went to the concert, but managed to slip away, as he thought, unobserved, briefly, afterwards. The two met, and Valentine reproached her admirer with his defection, and with abandoning her for Yolande. Her object was simply to

win him over to the pic-nic to insure the triumph of a day. But the enterprising Bourgalys mistook the countess's meaning, and sought to convert it into a triumph of the night. In the ardor awakened by Valentine's condescension, he threw himself on his knees, and seized her hand. For the first time Madame de Mably felt the full extent of her imprudence. She turned pale, and raising herself to her full height held out the palms of her hands to her assailant. At that very moment the door was impetuously thrown open, and Lambert, who had seen Odoacre leave the concert-room, entered abruptly. A fearful scene ensued. The Count de St. Genin seized Bourgalys by the throat, and hurrying him towards the balcony, ejected him into the street. Madame de Mably sank into an easy-chair, apparently lifeless. The duchess was sent for from the concert. The news spread all over Carville in less than ten minutes.

Next morning Madame de Mably, after a night of delirium, came to herself in the arms of M. Fafiaux. Her first words were:

"Oh! what vacations!"

And the second: "Ah! those Lanroses!"

M. Fafiaux bent over her with unction, and said:

"If the Lanroses have endeavored to compromise you, and sully your character, my poor child, you can console yourself! Heaven has punished them both—the father in his honor, the son in his money."

By which we suppose we are to understand—that which will no doubt be developed in a further volume—that the Count of Mably had not been losing his time with Eliane, and that some catastrophe had befallen the African kingdom of Humbé.

Temple Bar.

RECENT ITALIAN LITERATURE.

THAT Italy has arrived at an epoch fraught with consequences to her whole future life is sufficiently known and acknowledged; but it may be doubted whether those at a distance can fully appreciate the nature of the movement now agitating this country, the extent or

depth of its significance. The great exponent, literature, might be expected to reveal the secret of the desires and aims of so many minds; but it is singular how little Italy's literature conveys the true expression of her intellectual condition. Neither the Novel nor the Drama reflects her domestic life; and much that is deeply seated in public conviction finds no vent in utterances understood at a distance. The struggle between superstition and free inquiry, credulity on the one hand, and skepticism on the other, traditional reverence for the old, and impatient desire for the new, indifference to theologic discussion, coupled with an ultra-protestant spirit of railery and sarcasm against irrational observances of devotion—all these are characteristics of the present Italian temper, which, though indicated, are far from being formulated in a distinct or adequate manner. I know of nothing in the whole range of this country's recent productions to be compared with those anonymous works, *Le Maudit* and *La Religieuse*, in the incisive and definite expression of reactionary movement, the earnest requirement for renovation as an indispensable condition of the future ascendancy of Christianity; yet nothing could more faithfully correspond to the convictions that prevail among reflective Italians than the arguments of those remarkable volumes. We find a near approach to similar conclusions in one incomplete work compiled from the MSS. of Gioberti, *La Riforma Cattolica*; but that posthumous publication is sketchy, comparatively incoherent, little more than the vague suggestion of a great theory in its first stage of appropriation by a great mind. The literature that may be called the offspring of the present revolutionary era in this land, and may with that era be dated, in its present phase, from the year 1848, is inconsistent, inasmuch as, while ideas in the political order find their manifestation with sufficient clearness, those which refer to higher interests in the moral and religious order remain without utterance, or are incidentally and incoherently expressed. The overstraining of theocratic pretensions is met by no well-reasoned plan of resistance in the intellectual sphere (I am not considering the political); the hierarchic hostility is not alone undefeated,

but it is opposed by no array of disciplined forces. Such facts as the refusal of sacraments to the dying save on terms of political recantation, as the virtual expulsion from the Church of those who have voted for annexation in the ex-Papal States, and other proceedings continuing to present the scandalous spectacle of holy ordinances perverted to mundane interests, to reactionary intrigue, are still possible and even frequent. The urgent question of reforming without overthrowing (a catastrophe beyond the thoughts, I believe, of the rationally reflective in this country) a Church whose ministers thus shamelessly abuse the sanctities of office, and offend against the spirit of all Christian teaching, remains unsolved; is scarcely proposed to consideration.

In what degree has Italy's literature aided her great modern movement? and in which of its walks is the character of the time best reflected? are other interesting, if less solemn questions. Activity has within late years chiefly displayed itself in the direction of historic literature, dealing with recent vicissitudes, and their results. Early in this century Botta and Colletta contributed to the disseminating of liberal ideas by their bold and original treatment of national themes; and at a later period, Balbo, as well as Uzeglio, gave an impulse to the patriotic feeling which has since animated historic writing. Canta, Cibrario, Ranalli, La Farina, Tosti, Zobi, Sclopis, are living writers of history all raised to classic eminence, and all of course decidedly liberal and progressist in the worthiest sense, with individual modifications.

In recent historical literature our attention is first claimed by countless narratives of recent events, in many instances supplied by actors in them, whose testimony will be more appreciated by posterity than by contemporaries. Among such works perhaps those of Farini and Gualterio referring to the Roman States, and that by Montanelli concerning Tuscany, hold the foremost place. Among compilations (not strictly histories) those of Genarelli, exhibiting the abuses and disastrous results of ecclesiastical rule, especially in the Legations, with crushing weight of evidence, are most curious; and Zobi's *History of the Year 1859*, and Ranalli's of Italian events between 1846-'53, rank

with the most entertaining and trustworthy in the language.

Respect for the republican and municipal *fasti* of the Middle Ages, for the pride of monuments and the splendid developments of art, has preserved Italian historians, in the main, from the error of concentrating attention on princes and politicians to the neglect of the people and their larger interests. But there is a wide difference between Guicciardini and Cesare Cantà; and the thoughtful attention to the aspects of popular life, the accurate study applied to movements of the intellectual world, which distinguish the works of the latter, are more or less prominent in all the recent Italian historic publications. Among the ablest is Antonio Zobi's *Civil History of Tuscany from 1737 to 1848*, which treats of the best aspects of the Lorraine government—of that dynasty which had its origin in foreign intrigue, and expired in the disgrace of treachery to its own cause, but which did much to promote the moral and material welfare of its subjects; which, having found Tuscany with a population of little more than 800,000, ruled over more than a million and a half at the time of its adopting constitutional forms in 1848, and had wisely reduced the class of ecclesiastics from 27,108 (its numerical amount under the last Medici) to 15,660, the number of secular and regular clergy when the first Tuscan Parliament began its sessions. Zobi, though no courtier, does justice to the fallen dynasty, and the philosophic calmness of his narrative is reflected in a quiet and lucid style, an example of the improvement in vigor and terseness now manifest in Italian prose, ascribable no doubt to the influence of great national trials and absorbing public interests. *The Republic of Genoa from its Origin to 1797*, by Canale, already a voluminous work, is not yet completed, though in several volumes; its author wants the easy flow of narrative we admire in Zobi, but is conscientious and diligent. He is actuated by a patriot's pride in the honors of that once-powerful State, the splendid rival of Venice in the day of her triumph, which had her succession of appointed annalists, beginning with Caffaro, who, in 1163, commenced his first Genoese Chronicle, to Egidio Boccanera, brother of the first

Doge, and admiral of the Genoese fleet in 1340.

This new historian of the Ligurian Republic adopts a system of classification which places under different headings the several aspects of his subject; and by the sterling merits of trustworthiness, careful regard to authorities, and simplicity of style, claims our respect. The majority of writers of this class are agreed upon national questions, and animated by similar views of the cause and interests of Italy at this day; the few exceptions are little entitled to regard; but one subject, very important in its claims on historic science—the origin of the temporal power of the Popes—is approached from different points of view and discussed with different conclusions. In one of the few noticeable works lately produced at Rome, the *Origin of the Temporal Sovereignty, etc.*, by Brunengo, a Jesuit, it is treated with some ability. The writer illustrates the eighth century in its Roman vicissitudes, so as to interest, if not to convince, his readers. In the same line with Brunengo, though very far above him as to literary merits, stands the learned and indefatigable Milanese Count, Tullio Dandolo, author of several volumes entitled *The Story of Thought*, and a declared advocate of the Papacy in his *Rome of the Popes*, and the *Age of Leo X.*

In no other literature, I believe, is to be found such a mass of strictly local illustration, dedicated to the honor of particular provinces or cities—even to decayed old towns among the Apennines or Calabrian mountains, scarce known to the tourist-world by name. This is often mere waste of erudition. Antiquarian taste might indeed induce readers to spend hours over the annals and monuments of Perugia, Ravenna, or Amalfi; but who cares to read about the dreary Civita Vecchia, the insignificant Crema or Bergamo? Yet I find recently-produced annals of all these on the shelves of public libraries, besides a long list of other towns and districts; in the majority unserviceable publications save to the archæologic circle whence they proceed, but in such examples as the histories of Turin and Milan by Cibrario and Verri, of Naples by Capicciaturo, not to be overlooked for some higher claims. Earnest and patient study

of all that concerns *la patria*, laborious effort in illustrating the memories of local centres, in reviving things destroyed or forgotten, of which Italy has supplied the most striking examples in the exhaustless writers of the last century—Muratori, Tiraboschi, Maffei—have been reproduced by the editors of the *Archivio Storico Italiano*. This work was commenced in 1842 as a compilation of hitherto inedited or lost writings referring exclusively to Tuscan story, was brought to a close in its first series in 1845, but eventually revived in 1855 as the *nuova serie*, with more largeness of scope and treatment, admission of original matter in reviews, essays on historic or biographic themes, and notices of foreign publications bearing on Italian interests. The undertaking somewhat languished, after the death of the meritorious founder and director Vicusense, but continued to thrive with the support of such assistants as Cattaui, Villari, Sclopis, Amari, and Cibrario. The *Secret History (Storia Intima) of Tuscany from the 1st January, 1859, to the 30th April, 1860*, by Rubieri, an actor in the absolutely pacific revolution that overthrew the late government, is an accurate critical investigation of a recent period of internal conflict hitherto little known except in its final issues; a struggle gallantly maintained by an illustrious and unfriended people, often thwarted by predominant rank, and surrounded by adverse intrigues. No flatterer, but a severe critic of men and measures, is this historian, who calls the provisional administration to account for having left Tuscany with a deficit of about fourteen millions and a half of francs, and enormously involved her financial circumstances by too ambitious an undertaking of public works, etc. Dramatic, sometimes comical, details of the intrigues carried on by agents from Paris in the clubs and even the fashionable saloons of Florence during the interregnum enliven these pages. Yet the government so heavily censured led the country through a momentous crisis, and enabled her to work out a destiny in accordance with the popular idea, and the general aim of Italian patriotic effort. It was a government generous even in its errors—eager to promote public works, to record events connected with

the story of national successes and emancipation by public monuments, to remodel the higher schools of public education, and to enlarge the means of instruction for the working classes.

From the perusal of Rubieri's volume an impression is created of something higher than political parties or individual agency—the sense of a power overruling and determining the purposes of the life of nations; and the picture of a false and feeble prince, flying rather from his own conscience than from any actual danger, marks the first stage in the Florentine story, whose final result is recorded on the time-worn walls of the grand old *Palazzo della Signoria*, telling how, on the 15th March, 1860, Tuscany became, by national plebiscit, annexed to the kingdom of United Italy. The Provisional government gave commissions for a History of these States, and for a History of Lucca; the former was consigned to Signor Canestrini, a writer in repute, whose performance of his task I cannot report on—unless we are to accept as its first instalment a volume of purely statistical contents—*The Science and Art of State*—bearing on the finances and taxation of Tuscany in the last period of her republican existence.

The illustration of the remoter Past has been less the aim of recent Italian historic works than that of the critical epochs through which Italy has been struggling and advancing in late years; except such truly monumental achievements as Canta's *History of the Italians*, the Abbate Coppi's continuation of Muratori's *Annali*, and the *Memoirs of Distinguished Families*, left incomplete by Count Pompeo Litta, but subsequently prosecuted on the same plan, mainly indeed from the Count's manuscripts, by his son, and another able writer. The *Origin of Civilization in Europe*, by Gabriele Rosa, is a lately finished work of great merit, affording evidence of thought and research dedicated with genuine enthusiasm to a great object. Setting before himself the story of the world, as well as that of its inhabitants in their gradual progress to civilized life, the author treats in a masterly style the systems of geology and the theories of science respecting the origin of man, the cataclysms of our earth, and the analogies of language.

In the chapter entitled "Europe on the first appearance of Man," he concludes that the first phases of primeval story on this continent must be sought, not in the records of Greece or Rome, but in Scandinavia, Ireland, and Scotland. He treats the ethnologic in their relations to the geologic questions; and regards the antiquity of the human race as one of the problems yet to be solved; he assumes the Noachian deluge to have been a partial not a total submersion; in short, he gives such license to scientific speculation as would have exposed him to the fate of Galileo, had he written in the seventeenth century.

The History of Europe, and especially of Italy, is the title of a recent work, which affords a proof of the absorbing interest that now attaches, for the Italian mind, to all that concerns the fatherland. The *History of Charles V. in relation with the Affairs of Italy*, by Professor de Leva (Venice), is the first volume of what promises to be an exhaustive treatment of the subject. Accurate and searching, but rather too diffuse, this writer acquits himself most successfully in his investigation into the origin of the Reformation; there is true moral dignity in the impartial spirit with which he traces that movement to its first causes in the birth of new, and return to old, ideas, the revival of the primitive elements of Christianity, as well as the reaction against corruption. His pages lead us to regard the period he discusses as one of absolutely climacteric depravities, when all men were venal; nor did any one turn this evil to better account than the Emperor, who, for bribery to the archbishops and the first princes of the realm (his electors), pledged himself the annual payment of five hundred and forty-five thousand, six hundred and fifty florins in pensions, besides countless presents to placemen relied upon in the affair of the imperial election.

Sicily, under the Emperor Charles V., by Isidoro la Lumia, is one of the last contributions from that island, whose literature has hitherto shared the adverse fate of her noble and unfortunate people; and the writer tells us he owes the power of publishing a volume written before the change of government to the revolution which has emancipated the press with the nation. In the mourn-

ful story of letters in Sicily, we find the record of many a reputation stifled, or strangled in the birth; many a promise of thought and learning blighted by cold neglect—and yet a brave activity in the intellectual sphere, that even Bourbon despotism could not suppress. This work contains striking pictures of the mediæval condition of Sicily, and of her social state until the end of the fifteenth century, under a crushing feudalism, whose fruits were decline, discord, and severance from the influences of advancing civilization. The Emperor Charles is not in favor among Italian writers—"half soldier, half friar," as a contributor to the *Archivio* calls him; and lately-produced memoirs, hitherto secret, from fifteenth or sixteenth century archives, confirm the tendency in the national mind to dethrone the idols of the past, to effect that rupture with the Middle Ages so fervently counselled by Michelet in his *Bible de l'Humanité*. The Sicilian literature of this period is worthily represented by Amari, La Farina, Giudici, and others.

Venice, whose nobly sustained sufferings in the siege of '49 supply perhaps the most splendid page even to her annals—Venice, left to be consoled by the memory of a martyrdom as yet unrewarded by its crown, has found only one voice of adequate eloquence to plead her claims and tell her wrongs. Among her own men of letters, Tommaseo has alone done justice to the grand and mournful realities of her recent story and her actual position; and that versatile high-minded writer is understood to be now afflicted with blindness. Another Venetian, who has done much to reveal the past history of that State, is Romanin, author of the *Venetian Inquisitor of State*; and, more recently, of a *History of Venice, with Documents*, not yet complete, though already carried as far as the ninth volume and twentieth book. His task has been undertaken *con amore*; and with amazing research he supplies elaborate pictures, minute details of private and public life—occasionally in excess, but often entertaining—among the people, high and low, governing and governed, whose existence he describes. That the morals of Venetian society have been calumniated we must own, in admitting this writer's advocacy; but much

that he himself adduces contributes to the picture of a nationality, regarded at its *worst* phase, in which the rule was a habitual violation of every precept of morality and the observance of every ceremonial of religion. Brilliant and amusing descriptions are given of the sumptuous fêtes and dramatic pageant-tries, sacred and profane, in which the Venice of the past far surpassed the Rome of to-day; and by which appeal to national vanity the once-potent Republic acted upon the popular mind, stimulated the emotions of patriotism, and rivetted the attachment to her rule among a spirited, gay, impulsive, lovable, and honest-hearted race.

Two other classes of recent Italian literature may also be regarded as the offspring of political life, if not first brought into existence by national events, elevated through their influence into a position of importance and sustained power. These are the "Popular Novel, or Romance of Modern Story," and the "Political Biography," or rather monograph, presenting an individual as the centre of some impressive picture, the representative man of an eventful epoch. Not *new*, indeed, is the employment of the biographic sketch as a weapon of attack against those in high places, or against patent abuses; for the entertaining, but not very reliable, Gregorio Leti, in his *Memoirs of Cæsar Borgia*, of Sixtus V., and Donna Olimpia, exerted himself with some effect to throw odium on the Vatican; and Clement XIV. has been made a medium of assault upon the Jesuits by grave as well as by trivial writers. The finest of these monographs, and the one that best illustrates an epoch pregnant with solemn interests and momentous changes, is the *Savonarola* of Professor Villari; beside which we may place, not as equal, but as approximating in merit, the *Dante* of Fraticelli, a picture of Italy in the fourteenth century that surpasses the well-known *Storia di Dante* of Balbo. The *Countess Matilda*, of Tosti, the *St. Peter Damian*, of Capicelatro, are also recent productions of this class which acquaint us with the moral features of an epoch, as well as with those of an individual.

We are promised a work from the pen of a Florentine *savant* on a well-chosen subject, *Scipione Ricci, Bishop of Pis-*

toia—that prelate who anticipated, but failed to effect, the actual religious movement of Italy, who attempted Catholic reform, with enlightened energies appreciated by few, vehemently opposed by many, and finally crushed by Rome; a high-aimed effort, which at the present day would undoubtedly succeed. Bianca Cappello has lately been shown in the light of calumniated innocence* by a young writer—Saltini—who has diligently ransacked the Medici documents in the vast collection of the *Archivio*, classified and laid open to the student at Florence. Carlo Dalbano has reproduced *Beatrice Cenci and her Times*, actuated, it seems, by the desire to set the facts in a true light, opposed to their fictitious treatment by Guerrazzi in his revolting romance. Dalbano has taken pains to sift all attainable evidence, and the ghastly tale stands out with sickening reality in his pages, set off by various episodes; the most curious portions of his work, taken from the domestic records of Roman aristocracy, show how profound was the corruption at the core of society, under Roman and Neapolitan governments, in the sixteenth century.

"Before the time of Sixtus V.," he observes, "it may be said that the crimes of the Roman aristocracy were never otherwise punished than by mulcts, so that capital sentences were annulled by pecuniary penalties;" and he proceeds to indicate the results of such administration—miscalled justice—in numerous records of terrible tragedies. From so brilliant a romancist as Guerrazzi we might have expected a vivid and entertaining work on such a subject as the *Life of Andria Doria*; but his two volumes are heavy and tediously rhetorical; the complicated events in which the Genoese admiral played a part are wearisome to the reader, lacking the light of noble aims and patriotic purpose. In the hands of Guerrazzi this hero loses in the claim to that moral lustre with which tradition has invested him: an able soldier of fortune, a sagacious speculator in the game of life, but animated by no spark of the high-souled patriotism for

which he has been given credit, he makes a sorry figure in these pages, where we are reminded only by an occasional episode—such as those of the Borgias, the sack of Rome, the dramatic pageants got up at Genoa to compliment Charles V.—of the talent of this versatile writer. But, if he has served the cause of truth, at the cost of a disillusionment, in his life of the Doria, by all means let him be thanked for an achievement only too rare amid the exaggerating hero-worship and pseudo-patriotic complacency of most Italian works on national subjects.

The philosophic Benedictine, Tosti, has contributed admirable examples of biographical composition, which rather records phases in the human mind than merely portrays an individual—formerly in his *Boniface VIII. and Countess Matilda*; again in his *Life and Times of Abelard*, whom he considers the great representative of the mediæval intellect; "that unfortunate but mighty spirit" (I quote his words)—"a man marvellous in qualities of mind and heart, terrible in power of reason, who not only excited others to disputation, but descended into the arena to combat against all—who arose between Nominalists and Realists like one of Homer's warriors, protected by an invisible deity—the true image of his epoch, because the true knight-champion of philosophy." It is a descent from high to low to turn from such claimants as Tosti, Capicelatro, and others who may be grouped together, to the biographic sketches of living celebrities, statesmen, *litterati*, even crowned heads, which have from time to time appeared, during several years, in the *Contemporanei Italiani*, an entertaining miniature series that has not scrupled to introduce sovereigns so little likely to meet favor as Pius IX., Leopold II., Francis of Naples, as well as the soldier-king of Italy; together with a long list of the public men who have played conspicuous parts on the historic stage in the recent vicissitudes of Italy. Many of these sketches are above the average of occasional writing or journalism; some are well-drawn pictures of different periods; and the name of Dell'Ongaro among contributors is calculated to prepossess the readers of the series in its favor.

The Italian novel, raised to a rank

* Saltini's treatise on this subject, in the eighteenth volume of the *Archivio Storico*, is the first instalment of a promised work on the lives of the Grand Duke Francis and Bianca Cappello.

among classics so early as the fourteenth century, has not kept pace with the rapid developments and successes of competition in other countries; and no doubt the absence of the domestic element in social life, the difference of habits and ideas associated with that sacred centre, whose name of *home* can only be expressed by circumlocution in this language, to a great degree accounts for this inferiority. Where, as I know from experience to be the case, many families are accustomed to meet only at the dinner-table, and winter evenings are spent by ladies in their bedrooms, while gentlemen are at the *café*, it is natural that the interior of family life should seldom be chosen as a subject for imaginative composition. Italian literature never has, perhaps never could possess, a Miss Austin or a Miss Edgeworth; and the measure of the immense difference between its novels and those of France, England, and Germany, is found in the fact that women have scarcely in any instance become celebrated among writers in the sphere of fiction. It would be unjust, however, to deny that naturalness and truth in tone and sentiment have appeared among other unmistakable signs of improvement; and I speak here in reference not to the high-aimed and deservedly classic school, of which the *Promessi Sposi* is the most illustrious example, but to the more familiar *novelle*, the tales of modern life or quiet every-day incident. Tommaseo's *Faith and Beauty*, Balbo's tales generally (for example, the *Two Spaniards* and the *Marchesina*), may be cited as examples of simplicity of style and healthfulness of morals. But no living writer in this language has succeeded so admirably, or touched these home pictures with such affecting truthfulness as Carcano. Wordsworth's words,

"Love had he seen in huts where poor men lie,"

occur to us in reading the tales of private and usually humble life by this poet-novelist. The Alpine valley, the solitary cottage, the picturesque scenes of majestic nature, attract in his pages; but less constitute their peculiar charm than the tender light of religious resignation and hope, the all-embracing and artless sympathies which illumine his creations. The Catholic Church, here

introduced in its maternal character amid mountain villages or other scenes of quiet beauty, as teacher of the poor, consoler of neglected sorrows, shines more resplendently than amid the pomps of the Vatican or in the person of the Pontiff-king. Carcano's testimony, unintentionally perhaps, accords with the national conviction. In no walk has Italy's modern genius more completely turned aside from her own classic models than in the romance. Boccaccio, Sacchetti, Bandello, Giraldis, Firenzuola have no imitator, at the present day, either in their graces or licentiousness; and the shameless indelicacy chargeable against old writers—several of whom were ecclesiastics—is not less opposed to all features now conspicuous than the aimless character, the absence alike of patriotic and social purpose, which is observable in Italian novels anterior to the last century. Gasparo Gozzi, called the Addison of Italy, and deemed the first prose-writer of his day, gave an example only of the lighter sort of composition, reserving his higher powers for essays, letters, and satiric poetry. Verri by his *Notti Romane*, Ugo Foscolo by his *Jacopo Ortis*, obtained signal success, but did not found a school. The strong impulse supplied by Manzoni brought into existence a school which promised, but did not maintain permanence, represented with much ability by Grossi, Azeglio, Rosini, also by Guerrazzi, taking its subjects from mediæval Italian story, or from the disastrous period of the Spanish dominion in Lombardy and Naples. At last arrived the stirring events of 1848-9, which gave birth to new energies, and determined a new bias, the fruit being that class of romances which naturally keeps within the compass of modern interests, and becomes the index of existing ideas on vital questions—moral or political—preferring themes which bear upon recent vicissitudes, or advocate a cause at the heart of public life.

It is curious that the first example of romance presenting the idealized story of a late revolutionary period was given by a Jesuit and produced from a convent at Rome—the *Jew of Verona*—in which Padre Bresciani aimed at branding with eternal infamy the revolt against the papal government in '48, followed in

rapid succession by several other political novels—at the rate of about one per annum—till the decease of that talented *padre*, whose life-studies had ranged far beyond the cloister, about three years ago. Another contributor to the Jesuits' well-known periodical at Rome, since Bresciani's death, has not scrupled to claim sympathy for the Neapolitan political brigandage through a similar medium of partisan romance. At the head of the now popular school, first in imaginative power and fertility, Guerrazzi again stands, and claims generally accorded honor. Versatile enough to succeed more or less in all branches of literature—even sermon-writing—for I have read a sermon of his inditing, intended as a token of gratitude for the chance hospitality of a country curate, who would have added to his reputation by preaching it—his capacities have full play in the romance; and beyond question the author of the *Siege of Florence* and *Battle of Benevento* is entitled to rank high among those who have dressed up history in attractive garb. Grave charges are justly brought against this prolific genius for want of reverence and love, for the vehement bitterness of the disappointed demagogue, the gloom of the moody skeptic, which throw a shade over his creations. His heroes are forever at war with the world. In his eagerness to convince us that kings and popes are fallible mortals he forgets that the lesson is no longer needed; that it is not by attacks on the false, but by exposition of the true that the interests of truth are efficiently served. As to Guerrazzi's last, *Paolo Pellicione*, styled a historic narrative, I can only say that if such a person ever lived—so revolting is this tale of a brigand and assassin, the betrayer and executioner of his comrades, the seducer and murderer of the woman who loves him—better he should be forgotten as soon as possible. Some well-wrought scenes, in which Sixtus V., cardinals, and Roman magnates play a part, offer attraction to the reader; some touches of the picturesque in episodes of adventure; but the hideous catastrophe, where the mangled body of the victim wife is exposed to view in a cabinet instead of the bridal dowry of a patrician lady just saved from the misery of wedlock with the hero, so far from pos-

sessing anything like tragic grandeur, reminds us of a vulgar *denouement* in a third-rate melodrama. *A Hero of Rome* (*Un Prode di Roma*, 1849-1862), by Sebreghondi, is not (as its title seems to promise) a picture of political events in that city between 1793 and 1801, though it begins with a spirit scene at the close of the siege in July '49; its author's object being to espouse the cause of the suffering and laborious class, to vindicate the dignity of the poor as well as of the rich, and the essential equality of all men. The only episode of historic character, besides the opening, is a striking description of the ill-starred attempt at insurrection urged on by Mazzini, which broke out—to be soon quenched in blood—on the 6th February, '53, at Milan; otherwise the sole noticeable feature of Sebreghondi's romance is its testimony to the democratic philanthropy prevalent in the Italian mind, announcing itself in many ways not tending to excess, but conveying much promise for the future.

Italian critics have ascribed to a successful novelist—Ranieri—the merit of founding the school of social romance in this language, by his pathetic story of *Ginevra, or Orphan of The Nunziata*, a revelation of sufferings and abuses within a great institution at Naples destined to be the asylum of the bereaved and necessitous. It has been even asserted, that from this source Eugène Sue imbibed the inspiration that eventually raised him high among the advocates of the *prolétaire* class. A more healthful morality, a purer tone of feeling, however, than prevails in the pages of the French novelist, are characteristic of the present Italian school; and there is reason to rejoice at the abandonment of the glare and tumult revived with mediæval memories, for the lowlier and more affecting themes, or for the realities of our own eventful epoch now preferred.

Never, perhaps, was philosophic imagining more felicitously introduced in form of fiction than that in which Mamiani—the illustrious philosopher, poet, statesman, and reformer—has embodied his ideal of a regenerate Catholic Church in the Rome of the future; picturing the seven-hilled city as the capital at once of Italy's constitutional king, and of a

pontificate too enlightened, too evangelically-minded to desire or regret mundane royalty; surviving after having "shuffled off the mortal coil" of its baser nature, to return to its native element of apostolic simplicity, the exemplification of its own doctrines, reconciled and full of blessings for the generous nation that has suffered so much in the struggle to emancipate, to exalt itself. But, alas! where else than in the world of fiction can this *summum bonum* be sought with hope?

The *Mysteries of the Neapolitan Cloister*—a publication that has given no little scandal, but, if true, need not be condemned or regretted—is exceeded, in respect to mortal hostility against priests and monks, by the *Daughter of a Profligate* (*Figliuola d'un Dissoluto*), a picture of manners in the ex-kingdom of Naples during the last years of Bourbon government, by Rappolla, who writes with spirit, supplying many curious and some revolting details of private life, and making such an *exposé* of the immorality of the clergy in those southern provinces as may prove the punishment of the offences here charged against them. "The nobles of the wealthier class" (this is the sketch he gives of Neapolitan society under the last Bourbon) "formed a circle of grandeurs around the king, resembling the barons of the Middle Ages in the enjoyment of the amplest feudal privileges, and enabled to trample on the people precisely according to their pleasure; while in the provinces feudalism was in full force; nor was it even necessary to be noble for the exercise of its rights, the mere fact of superior wealth sufficing, in any small town or village, to authorize the practice of every possible tyranny." One consequence of the earnestness imparted through the lessons of experience—in this instance perhaps also through the quickening of a passionate patriotism—is the severe morality, the hostility against vice, though evil be often represented, and a certain careless tone of gay indifference, forming the prominent features in this novel literature of the day. It is singular, though not inexplicable, that this ethical character allies itself almost invariably with that species of religious freedom which finds vent, not in assault against the

fortress of dogma, but in unsparing attacks upon the clergy, the monastic orders, and, above all, against the position of the Papacy—the *delenda est* being perpetually reiterated, in direct or indirect terms, wherever that power is referred to. I find this tone in a novel not otherwise political or revolutionary, and almost the sole recent example of Italian adherence to a French school by no means the highest or healthiest: *The Heart of a Beguine* (*Cuore di una Beguina*—a term taken simply in the sense of "hypocrite"), by Michele Uda, whose pictures of vice and folly in the high life of Milan are worked up with skill, and with a rapid succession of effectively-contrasted scenes. There is a stifling atmosphere in this work, a withering predominance of evil, wearying us before we reach the end, and exciting regret at this direction given to talent; for in the power of vividly-sustained dialogue this writer surpasses most novelists in his language.

The future Macaulay who shall undertake to ransack the stores of occasional Italian publications, the literature of the million, in pamphlets, caricature journals, satiric sketches, pasquinades, broadsides, etc., will find an immense mass of testimony bearing on the drama of events, and on their actors, from 1848 to 1861. In the caricature department perhaps no country or period ever produced such exuberance of witty malice and *diplomab* inventiveness allied with artistic skill; and if we reprobate the choice of subjects, the introduction of persons and allusions far too sacred, in many pictorial satires daily appearing at Turin and Florence, it is to be observed that the doctrines of Christianity, or the claims of that religion to divine origin, are not attacked—only the political situation of the Church in Italy, the individualities of the Court of Rome and Cardinals' College, and especially, at the present period, the monastic orders. From the legion of pamphlets relating to these questions and institutions much may be culled that deserves rescue; and amid the usual amount of useless declamation and rhetoric display, we are constrained to admit the evidence of deep and earnest feeling, a prevalent moderation of spirit, and a desire for progress in the worthiest, the most rational sense. On

the Roman question, especially, all the assaults of eloquence and sarcasm, all the weight of well-grounded testimony are brought to bear. Among noticeable contributions of this class, I may mention *The Afflictions of the Roman States and the Future of the Court of Rome*, the *Letters of His Holiness and of the Tuscan Bishops, with Notes and Observations by one of their Brethren*, the *Court of Rome and the Gospel*, *Napoleon III. and the Clergy*, etc. *The Clergy and their Morality in relation to the Civil Power*, by the Abbate Fiorenza, is a pamphlet of graver character, directed to the establishment of the writer's proposition that the teaching of the Catholic clergy, as expressed by their best-accredited representatives has always been in accordance with true political liberalism. The first-named in the above list, by Gennarelli, consists of contributions by that writer founded upon documents that fell into the hands of the new government after the downfall of the old in the Legations: an appreciation of ecclesiastical rule fully justified by official evidence, logical in severity, and backed by proofs that whatever else its characteristics, *inhumanity* was a distinguishing feature of its procedure in that unfortunate country.

Contemporaneously with the great revolution in Italy, her Literature has been evolving into vitality, and has corresponded to the great realities of the present in a spirit of earnestness that deserves thoughtful attention. It has kept pace with the rapid march of events, by discussing, commenting upon, or recording them in all their aspects and tendencies. It may fall short of expectation in respect of some high requirements; it has not yet conveyed in universally intelligible accents the announcement of fixed purpose, or nationally adopted conviction in the sphere of some of the grandest interests. But what should we expect from any literature more than the reflex of existing temper, impulse, or belief? The deficiency observable in Italian literature may be explained by the very fact that its heart and conscience have been stirred so profoundly, that the questions at issue are of such vast bearings, that the fruits must be waited for, the produce left to mature itself for years yet to come. A certain vagueness and hesitation is perhaps the

truest testimony to a state of mind consequent upon such transitional, such momentous conditions of the nation's life. The enthusiastic patriotism that used to find vent in Italian sonnets or canzoni has now its positive and more rational utterance. Next among prominent features of this literary movement is the absolutely startling impetus of the hostility against an ecclesiastical system which, still potent and sincerely accepted as it is by millions on this side of the Alps, no longer corresponds to the developments of civil life or intelligence among the reflective or active-minded. And yet this literature, considered as a whole, cannot be called irreligious; rather indeed is it imbued with an undercurrent of reverence, in the spirit of indignant protestation for the honor of Divine Truth. In imaginative literature we perceive a purer moral than ever announced itself in the *novelle* or *romanzi* of earlier time; in the historic, a wider sympathy for the human; in the aggregate we find sufficient in its attributes to claim a heartfelt welcome for Italian Literature as preëminently that of Hope.

C. T. H.

The Leisure Hour.

AMERICAN FURS:

HOW TRAPPED AND TRADED.

BY J. K. LORD, F.Z.S.

It would be difficult to name any branch of commerce that has tended more to develop man's energy, courage, and patient endurance of every hardship and privation than has the fur trade. To the explorations of sturdy trappers, pioneers, and adventurers of all classes, and from all countries, in pursuit of fur, we may trace the sources from which the knowledge of three fourths of the continent of North America has been derived.

The use of furs, as of other skins, may be said to have existed since the days when man first wore garments; but not until the early part of the sixth century was there any direct trade in furs brought from remote districts. At this early period we find the wealthier Romans used sables from the shores of the Arctic Ocean. In the twelfth century wearing furs had become very general

in England, and we learn that Edward III., in 1337, made an order that none of his subjects should wear fur unless able to command an income of £100 per annum. About the seventeenth century the idea of establishing a settlement for the purpose of procuring the rich furs said to abound on the shores of the frozen seas was suggested by one Grosseliez to the French government, but being coldly received he left France and came to England, and obtained an interview with Prince Rupert. This negotiation ended in the fitting out of a ship, which in 1638 reached the land which has since borne the name of Rupert's Land. The ship returned after a sojourn of three years, with a report so favorable in all its details that several noblemen and gentlemen of wealth, headed by Prince Rupert, formed themselves into a company, and subscribed a capital of £10,500.

In 1670 a charter was granted by Charles II., giving the new company, calling themselves "The Hudson's Bay Company," the entire possession "of all the lands and territories upon the countries, coasts, and confines of the seas, lakes, bays, rivers, creeks, and sounds, in whatsoever latitude they shall be, that lie between the entrance of the straits called Hudson's Straits." It would be of little interest to trace the gradual rise of this Company, or to relate the terrible jealousy, forays, and deadly feuds that for many years, to the disgrace of civilization, raged betwixt the Hudson's Bay and a rival Company, that subsequently grew into existence, known as the Northwest Company. These feuds happily ended about the year 1838, when the two companies, to use an Indian expression, "buried the hatchet," and became one, still retaining the old title, "The Hudson's Bay Company."

The territories of this Company are truly enormous, extending from the Canadian frontier to the shores of the Pacific and Arctic oceans, including lands that on the one hand own allegiance to Russia, and on the other to the United States. The area of the country under its immediate influence is about 4,500,000 square miles in extent, divided into four departments, fifty-three districts, and one hundred and fifty-two trading posts. This

vast extent of hunting country is everywhere sprinkled over with lakes, and in all directions intersected by rivers and lesser streams, abounding with edible fish. East of the Rocky Mountains are vast prairies over which roams the bison, lord of the plains; while west of these mountains the land is densely timbered. The most northerly station, east of the Rocky Mountains, is on the Mackenzie river, within the Arctic circle; so terribly intense is the cold at this post that axes tempered specially can alone be used for splitting and cutting wood, ordinary hatchets breaking as though made of glass. West of the Rockies, the most northerly station is Fort Simpson, situated near the Silka river, the boundary betwixt Russian America and British Columbia.

The system of trading at all the posts of the Company is entirely one of barter. In early days, when first I wandered over the fur countries east of the Rockies, money was unknown; but this medium of exchange has since then gradually become familiar to the Indians, and the all-potent dollar is rapidly asserting its supremacy in savagdom.

The standard of value throughout all the territories of the Company is still, however, the skin of the beaver, by which the price of all other furs is regulated. Any service rendered, or labor executed, by the Indians, is paid for in skins; the beaver skin being the unit of computation. To explain this system more clearly, let us assume that four beavers are equivalent in value to a silver-fox skin, two martins to a beaver, twenty muskrats to a martin, and so on. As an example, let us suppose an Indian wishes to purchase a blanket or a gun from the Hudson's Bay Company: he would have to give, say, three silver foxes, or twenty beaver skins, or two hundred muskrats, or other furs, in accordance with their proper relative positions of worth in the tariff. For a very evident reason, the price paid for furs is not fixed in strict accordance with their intrinsic value; if this were so, all the *valuable* fur-bearing animals would soon become extinct; as no Indian would bother himself to trap a cheap fur while a high-priced one remained uncaught. He may very possibly have to pay five silver-fox skins for blankets (worth about

£3), the value of the skins paid representing £40; still he can, if he chooses, buy the same article by paying for it in muskrat, yellow fox, or other furs of inferior worth. The Company very generally issue to the Indians such goods as they need up to a certain amount, when the summer supplies arrive at the posts—these advances to be paid for at the conclusion of the hunting season. In hiring Indians east of the Cascade Mountains, while occupied in marking the boundary line, our agreement was always to pay them in beaver skins, say, two or three per day, in accordance with the duty required; but this agreement did not mean actual payment in real skins—a matter that to us would have been impossible—but that we were to give the Indian an order on the nearest trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company, to supply him with any goods he might select up to the value of the beaver skins specified on the order.

The trading posts of the Company are strange, quaint-looking places, built according to a general type. A trading fort is invariably a square inclosed by immense trees or pickets, one end sunk deeply in the ground, and placed close together; a platform, about the height of an ordinary man, is carried along the sides of the square, so as to enable any one to peep over without being in danger from arrow or bullet; the entrance is closed by two massive gates, an inner and an outer; and all the houses of the chief traders and *employés*, the trading house, fur room, and stores, are within the square. In many of the posts the trade room is cleverly contrived, so as to prevent a sudden rush of Indians; the approach from outside the pickets being through a long narrow passage, only of sufficient width to admit one Indian at a time, and bent at an acute angle near the window, where the trader stands. This precaution is rendered necessary, inasmuch as were the passage straight they might easily shoot him. At the four angles are bastions, octagonal in shape, pierced with embrasures, to lead the Indians to believe in the existence of cannon, and intended to strike terror in any red skinned rebel daring to dispute the supremacy of the Company.

The total worth of the furs that have been collected by this Company alone,

at a rough estimate, represents a money value equal to £20,000,000 sterling. It will be interesting to give a brief history of the various furs traded by the Hudson's Bay and other companies, how and where caught, together with a statement of the average number of each species annually imported from the Company's territories and other fur-yielding countries.

Foremost in the list is the Hudson's Bay Sable (*Mustela Americana*). The pine martin, or sable of Northwest America, is not esteemed so valuable as the sable from Russia, known to naturalists as *Mustela Zibillina*; but there is no doubt that the two species are in reality one and the same, the difference of temperature, and other local modifying causes, readily accounting for the better quality of the Russian fur. About one hundred and twenty thousand skins are brought on an average into this country every year by the Hudson's Bay Company, and to these we may add quite as many, if not more, from Russia and Tartary. The lighter-colored skins are usually dyed, and frequently sold as Russian sable. Martin trapping requires great skill and experience. The favorite haunts of the little robber are the pine forests, especially where dead or burnt timber abounds. Its food consists of anything it can catch by craft or cunning, young birds and eggs, squirrels, the lesser rodents, marmots, and rabbits. The trap most frequently used is a fall trap (although sometimes steel traps are employed; in other words, the ordinary rat gin). The fall trap is of Indian invention, and a very ingenious contrivance. A half circle is first built of large stones to the height of about three feet; then a heavy tree is laid across the entrance, one end being raised and supported on a contrivance very like the figure-of-four trap, used by boys for catching small birds; a dainty bit of rabbit, or a ruffed grouse skinned, is hung on a projecting stick, built into the back of the semicircle of stones. The little poacher can only get at the bait by creeping under the tree; then seizing it, and finding himself unable to pull it down, he backs out, tugging the string to which the bait is attached along the stick, on which rests the figure of four, supporting the tree. Just as the centre

of his back comes under the fall or tree, he looses the support by tugging the meat off the stick, when down it falls on him, killing him instantly, but doing no injury to the fur. The winter fur is by far the most valuable, and the Indians say the first shower of rain after the snow disappears spoils the martin. The animal is skinned somewhat like a rabbit, the skin being inverted as it is removed, then placed on a flat board, and so dried in the sun. A good martin skin is worth in the trade from two and a half to three dollars; about ten or twelve shillings. Very fine martins come from the western slopes of the Cascade and coast ranges of mountains; the further north, the darker and better are the skins.

The Russian Sable inhabits the forest-clad mountains of Siberia, a desolate, cold, inhospitable region. The animal is hunted during winter, and generally by exiles. There are various methods of taking the sable. Great numbers are shot with small-bore rifles; others are trapped in steel and fall traps, and many taken in nets placed over their places of retreat, into which they are tracked on the snow. Who can picture to himself, without shuddering, the case of the condemned sable-hunter? He leaves, with heavy heart, the last thinly-scattered habitations which border the pathless wilds; a sky of clouds and darkness is above, bleak mountains and gloomy forests before him; the recesses of the forests, the defiles of the mountains must be traversed: these are the haunts of the sable. The cold is below zero, but the fur will prove the finer! Nerved by necessity, and stimulated by the hope of sharing the gains, on he presses. Fatigue and cold exhaust him, a snow storm overtakes him, the bearings or way-marks are lost or forgotten. Provisions fail, and too often he who promised, to his expecting and anxious friends, a speedy return, is seen no more. Such is sable-hunting in Siberia, and such the hapless fate of many an exile, who perishes in the pursuit of what only adds to the luxuries and superfluities of the great.

The Fisher (*Mustela Penantii*) is very similar to the pine martin in all his habits, but much larger. Why it was named a fisher I could never imagine, as

it is not known to catch fish or go in the water, except to wash, or swim a stream. It climbs readily, and lives on birds and rodents. A very fine pair are in the Regent's Park Zoölogical Gardens. It is trapped much in the same way as the martin. The tail is very long and bushy, tapering to a fine brush-like point, and quite black. At one time a large trade was carried on with tails, only the tail being worn by Jewish merchants as an ornament in Poland. About twelve thousand fisher skins are annually imported. I obtained some remarkably fine specimens of the fisher in the pine woods of the Na-hoi-le-pit-ke valley, on the Columbia river. The value, or trade price, in British Columbia, is from two dollars fifty cents to three dollars per skin. The fisher in full winter fur makes a far handsomer muff than the sable.

The fur of the Mink (*Mustela vison*) is vastly inferior to either the fisher or martin, being harsh, short, and glossy. The habits of the animal, too, are entirely different. The mink closely resembles the otter in its mode of life, frequenting streams inland, and rocks, small islands, and sheltered bays on the sea-coast. It swims with great ease and swiftness, captures fish, eats mollusks, crabs, and any marine animal that falls in its way. Should a wounded duck or sea-bird happen to be discovered by this animal, it is at once pounced upon and greedily devoured. On the inland rivers it dives for and catches great numbers of crayfish, that abound in almost every stream east and west of the Cascades. Along the river banks, the little heaps of crayfish shells direct the Indian to the whereabouts of the mink, which is generally caught with a steel trap baited with fish. The trade price is about fifty cents, or two shillings, per skin. Very little of the fur is used in England, the greater part being again exported to the Continent. About two hundred and fifty thousand skins are annually imported. I procured some very fine specimens of the mink at Vancouver Island, that are now stuffed and set up in the British Museum.

The Ermine (*Mustela longicauda*) of Northwest America is hardly worth importing. The fur never grows long, or becomes white enough in winter. The Indians use it for ornamental purposes,

and often wear the skin as a charm, or *medicine*, as they term it. In summer the ermine-weasel is reddish brown. The best ermine comes from Siberia, Norway, and Russia. The black of the tail was, in the time of Edward III., forbidden to be worn by any but members of the royal family.

The Raccoon (*Procyon lotor*) is widely distributed throughout North and Northwest America. Crafty and artful, to an American proverb, his life is entirely one of brigandage; plundering on every available opportunity, and waging destructive war on any bird, beast, or reptile inferior to himself in strength, courage, or cunning. The fur is not very valuable, being principally used in making carriage rugs, and lining inferior cloaks and coats on the Continent. About five hundred and twenty thousand skins are sent annually from the Hudson's Bay Company's territories. They are generally shot; those that are trapped are taken in steel traps.

The three species of foxes traded by the Hudson's Bay Company are the Red Fox (*Vulpes macrourus*), the Cross Fox (*Var decussatus*), and the Silver Fox (*Var argentatus*). I quite concur with Professor Baird in making the red fox of British Columbia and Oregon a distinct species, and in considering the cross and silver foxes as varieties of the red. I have again and again carefully examined large numbers of fox skins at the different trading posts of the Company, and have invariably found every intermediate tint of color, merging by regular gradations, from the red into the cross, and from the cross into the silver and black, rendering it often a difficult question even for the trader himself to decide which of the varieties a skin really belonged to. The Indians also positively assert that *cubs* of the three varieties are constantly seen in the same litter. The black and silver fox skins are very valuable, a good skin fetching readily from forty to fifty dollars, £10 to £12; the red fox is only worth about as many shillings. About fifty thousand red foxes, forty-five hundred cross, and one thousand silver, are annually imported.

The Silver Fox fur is almost entirely purchased by the Chinese and Russian dealers. The animals are nearly all trap-

ped in fall traps, very similar in construction to those used for the martin.

The famed Beaver (*Castor fiber*), in both structure and habits, is by far the most interesting animal killed and hunted for the sake of its skin. So much was its fur in demand, prior to the introduction of silk and rabbits' fur, in the manufacture of hats, that the poor little rodent had in some districts become nearly exterminated. Descriptions of their *houses* and *dams* have been so frequently given by various writers that it would be waste of space to repeat them here. On the streams in Southern Oregon the beaver is most abundant, and one shallow lake I accidentally came upon was literally filled with beaver-houses; there must have been many hundred habitations, as the lake was quite a mile in width, and round it the trees were felled in all directions, as if the land was being cleared for farming. I do not believe the curiously flattened scaly *tail* is ever used, save as a powerful *oar*, or rather *rudder*, aiding the animal to dive and swim, but particularly in towing heavy sticks in rapid streams or across pools to its dams and houses. Quite as many trees are cut by the beaver's sharp teeth to procure food as to construct dams; the bark of the topmost branches of the *Populus tremuloides*, or aspen, being its favorite diet.

The beaver trapper, be he white man or Indian, must, of necessity, lead a solitary, desolate, and dangerous life. To be alone in the wildest solitudes of unknown wastes demands a courage and endurance of no ordinary kind. The lone trapper knows not the emulation, the wild hurrah and crash of music that cheers the soldier as he marches steadily up to the deadly breach; he cannot feel that powerful incentive to be brave arising from the knowledge that a gallant deed will be handed down with his name in the pages of history; he has no opportunity for display before his fellow-man; alone with nature and his Creator, he is self-dependent, and his indomitable courage can only spring from a firm reliance on his own strength, ever supported by an unseen hand. A beaver is a very difficult animal to trap. The trapper knows at a glance the various marks of the animal, called *signs*; these discovered, the next operation is to find

out how the beaver gets to his house, which is generally in shallow water. Then a steel trap is sunk in the water, care being taken to regulate the depth, so that it may not be more than twelve or fourteen inches below the surface; this is accomplished by either rolling in a log, or building in large stones. Immediately over the trap is the bait, made from the *castor*, or medicine-gland of the beaver, suspended from a stick, so as just to clear the water; with a long cord and log of cedar wood as a buoy (to mark the position of the trap when the beaver swims away with it), the trap is complete. The poor little builder, perhaps returning to his home and family, scents the tempting *castor* purposely placed in his road; he cannot reach it as he swims, so he feels about with his hind-legs for something to stand on; this, too, has been craftily placed for him. Putting down his feet to stretch up for the coveted morsel, he finds them suddenly clasped in an iron embrace: there is no hope of escape. The log, revealing his hiding place, is seized by the trapper, and the imprisoned beaver dispatched by a single blow on the head, and the trap set again. A trapper will sometimes spend many weeks camped near a good beaver village. About sixty thousand skins are now brought from the Hudson's Bay Company's territories, but a great many skins are also procured from various places in Europe and the north of Asia. Just to illustrate the difference between the trade in beaver now as compared with what it was, we may mention that in 1743 the Hudson's Bay Company alone sold twenty-six thousand seven hundred and fifty skins, and over one hundred and twenty-seven thousand were imported into Rochelle. In 1788 Canada supplied one hundred and seventy thousand, and in 1808 one hundred and twenty-six thousand, nine hundred and twenty-seven skins.

The principal use made of the fur now is in the manufacture of bonnets in France, and in making cloaks. The long hair is pulled out, and the under fur shaved down close and even by a machine; some of it is still felted into a kind of cloth. The *castor*, too, is, or rather used to be, an article of considerable trade for medicinal purposes; but

in these days of progress it has become nearly obsolete, although it is still purchased from the Indians.

The Musk Rat (*Fiber Zibeticus*) is very like the beaver in many of its habits. A species that I brought from the Osoyoos lakes, east of the Cascades, which proved to be new, now called *Fiber Osoyoosensis*, makes a house precisely like a beaver; others live in holes in muddy banks. The Indians generally spear them through the walls and roofs of their dwellings. Their fur is of very little value, although many hundred thousand skins are annually imported. Large bundles of the tails of the muskrat are constantly exposed for sale in the bazaars at Stamboul as articles for perfuming clothes.

The Lynx, or wild cat (*Lynx canadensis*), is common east and west of the Rocky Mountains. The fur, though soft and prettily marked, is not of much value. It is either trapped in a steel trap or shot in the trees. I need only mention casually (as the systems of taking the animals are pretty much the same) the Otter (*Lutra canadensis*), of which about seventeen thousand skins are often procured, and the wolf (*Lupus griseus*), which supplies fifteen thousand.

The Wolverine, or Glutton (*Gulo luscus*), is a curious beast, like a tiny bear, but the most dire and untiring enemy to the martin trapper, following his steps, and eating the martins after they are caught. It is almost impossible to *cache* (hide) anything that these robbers do not find and destroy; their strength is prodigious, and they do not hesitate to attack a wounded deer. The fur is coarse, but used for muffs and linings. Those from Siberia are deemed the best. About twelve hundred are generally imported. In size the wolverine is rather larger than our English badger; in color dark brown; tails, legs, and under parts black; a light yellowish band extends over the flanks, reaching to the tail. A grizzly patch, almost white in old animals, covers the temples. The head is much like that of the bear; the eyes are remarkably small, as are the ears, which are nearly concealed in the fur. The feet, large and powerful, are armed with sharp, curved claws. The hair is quite as long as that of the black bear, but of coarser staple. In North

America it is almost entirely confined to boreal regions; its farthest southern range being the valley of the Salt Lake in Utah territory. The glutton is voracious and bloodthirsty, but fortunately its size by no means equals its ferocity; there hardly lives a more cunning, crafty animal, preying on beavers, muskrats, and squirrels. By tracking them or lurking hid among the lichen and moss-covered branches of the pine-trees, it pounces upon its prey and speedily kills it. The sharp incisor teeth, six in each jaw, together with the formidable claws, enable it to overcome animals even superior to itself in size and strength. It appears a connecting link betwixt the bears and weasels.

The Skunk (*Mephitis Americanus*), so renowned for the terrible stench it emits when interfered with, is very much more handsome than useful. So potent is the smell of the secretion it has the power of squirting many yards, that I have frequently buried articles of clothing and steel traps for weeks, and then the stench has been as bad as ever. The Indians generally shoot the skunk, and always skin it under water. About a thousand skins are usually collected.

Bears, black, brown, and grizzly, are always in demand, and used for innumerable purposes. The number killed annually is not easily obtained, but, at a rough average, may be estimated at about nine thousand. The greater number are killed in the winter, during their period of hibernation.

The fur of the Sea Otter (*Enhydra Marina*) is by far the most valuable traded, and is very difficult to obtain. The animal is generally caught in nets, or speared by the coast Indians in the sea; a good skin is worth £40, trade price. The sea otter ranges from Alaska to the Californian coast in the North Pacific. It appears to be an intermediate link between the true seal and the otter; but very little is known about its habits, or mode of reproduction. Nearly all the sea-otter fur goes to China.

There is also an immense trade in Rabbit fur. Added to the many thousand skins that annually come from the Hudson's Bay territories, 1,300,000 are sold every year in the markets of London, the skins of which are used in the fur trade.

In South America, living in the valleys along the slopes of the Andes, is a curious little animal (*Chinchilla Lanigera*) half hare, half rat, the fur of which is known as Chinchilla. This fur was much valued and extensively used by the older inhabitants of Peru and Chili, being manufactured into a fine kind of cloth, and then made into articles of clothing. Many thousand skins annually find their way into our markets, and are consumed in the manufacture of muffs, tippets, and lining for cloaks. The animal is entirely a vegetable feeder, and of most harmless and inoffensive habits. A pair may be seen in the Regent's Park Gardens.

Another South American fur in great request is that of the Coypu (*Myopotamus Bonariensis*), also called Metrid, from the Spanish for "otter," a name derived from the similitude the fur bears to that animal. Nearly all the skins are obtained from Rio de la Plata. About 1,125,212 skins were imported in one year; latterly the supply has been less, although it is still very considerable. The long hair is plucked out, as in the treatment of beaver, and, when dressed, the skin much resembles that of the beaver both in color and texture, and is used for similar purposes.

All the fur skins previously mentioned are collected during the fall and winter months at the different trading posts; and, as the system adopted at the various posts is pretty much the same, a brief sketch of the routine at Fort Colville, on the Columbia river, will suffice for all.

As the furs are brought by the Indians they are traded by the person in charge of the trade-shop. If an Indian were to bring a hundred skins of different sorts, or all alike, he would trade off every skin separately, and insist on payment for each skin as he sold it; hence it often occupies several days to barter a batch of skins; and it is a curious and interesting sight to watch a party of Indians selecting from the stores articles they require, as they dispose of skin after skin. An Indian trader needs to possess more than average patience. The skins, as purchased, are thrown behind; and then carried to the fur room, and piled in heaps, that are constantly turned and aired. In the spring, as soon as the snow is gone, generally in April, the

whole force, about four whites, the permanent staff (the rest composed of hired Indians), begin to pack all the skins in bales of from eighty pounds to one hundred pounds in weight. The outer covering is buffalo skin; loops are made to each package, so as to sling them over the pack-saddles; the pack-saddles are repaired, and raw-hide strips cut to fasten the bales on to the horses. The Company's horses, about one hundred in number, that have been wintered in some sheltered valley, under the care of the Indians, are now brought to the Fort. This is called fitting out the brigade. Their destination is Fort Hope, situated at the head of navigation on the Frazer, there to meet the steamer bringing the yearly supplies. This is the annual grand event in the chief traders' and *employés'* lives, and is looked forward to as a schoolboy anticipates his holidays. All being ready, the bales of fur are crossed over the Columbia in *bat-eaux* (flat-bottomed boats), and the horses swim a distance of four hundred yards. Safely across, they are packed and started. The trip to and from Fort Hope occupies from two and a half to three months. On arriving at the Fort the furs are handed over to the steamer, and the various goods to supply the trade at Fort Colville, until a similar exchange next year, are handed over to the chief trader, who generally goes in charge of the brigade. I was present at Fort Hope in early days, at a meeting of the brigades from Thompson's river, Camiloops, Fort Colville, and elsewhere, and it was truly a quaint and singular sight. The wild look, long unkempt hair, sunburnt faces, and leather costumes of the traders, were only exceeded by the still wilder appearance and absence of almost any clothing among their Indian attendants. The scene while the brigades remained was one continuous orgie; still no harm came of it, and obedience was always readily observed towards the traders when disputes, and sometimes blows, demanded their interference. When the brigades depart for their several destinations, the steamer leaves for Victoria, where the furs are all sorted and repacked, being pressed into bales by an enormous lever; and rum and tobacco are placed betwixt the layers of skins to keep out insects and

the larvæ of moths. They are shipped on board the "Princess Royal," that annually brings out the stores from England to Vancouver Island, and are eventually sold at public auction in London.

Such is a brief outline of the fur trade as carried on by the Hudson's Bay and other American companies.

Chambers's Journal.

THE MYSTERY OF SLEEP.

TWELVE hundred millions of dreams make a net-work of wild fancies nightly about our planet. To go, if it were possible, through this world of sleep would be a stranger process than that of exploring the whole waking world; for in sleep every living being is a poet, from the baby that clings in its dreams to the breasts of goddesses, to the centenarian who, with staff and spectacles, hobbles about paradise at the heels of seraphs. Sleeping and waking are the two great phenomena of our existence. What is done and thought in the every-day working world, where the ordinary business of life is carried on, no living creature has ever fully revealed to another. There are reticences in the confessions of the most frank, things which cannot, and therefore which never will be spoken—thoughts which transcend the limits of language—hopes which the power of no fairy could satisfy—fears which even Lucifer himself would fail to exaggerate. If this portion of our life, which is at least subjected to our own observation, cannot be faithfully and fully described, still less can that other portion which defies even our own scrutiny, convert us into mere spectators of ourselves, sets free our actions from the control of our will, and transforms us into so many passive spokes in the great wheel of destiny. Whatever may be the laws by which it is regulated, sleep presents the counterpart of the waking world—distorted, mutilated, thrown into irremediable confusion by the force of the imagination.

How sleep comes over him, every man may observe, if he will be at the pains—and it requires pains—since the drowsy state which precedes the complete ab-

sorption of our faculties is inimical to observation. If you make the experiment with your windows open on a summer night, you may notice a curious succession of emotions and sensations in your mind and frame, produced by the softly-approaching footsteps of sleep. You are lulled almost into forgetfulness, when the bark of a dog, the crowing of a cock, the grinding wheels of some passing vehicle, or the shout of a drunkard returning from his orgies, frights away for a moment the gentle influences of slumber. If you then take notice of your condition, you will become sensible that your heart, which had been soothed and rocked into a sweet tranquillity, experiences a slight but painful shock, accompanied by a transient agitation. At the same moment, the curtain, alive all over with strange imagery, which sleep had begun to let down before the retina of your inner sight, is sharply drawn up, though not so sharply but that you may discern what it represents, as it slides upwards like a film into some dark sheath concealed in the intricate mechanism of your brain. I have noticed this process several times, though not so many times as to justify me in using the word often.

The physiologist assassinated in a bath by Charlotte Corday, wrote, before the beginning of the revolution, an extremely curious book on Man, which is scarce and little read now. The copy I possess was found in a prisoner's cell during the pillaging of the Bastille in the month of July, 1789. This strange man—at least when he wrote his book—may be presumed to have enjoyed sweet sleep, since in discussing its nature and phenomena he obviously speaks from experience. "At the approach of Morpheus," he says, "the force of our activity is diminished; our fatigued limbs yield to lassitude, and sink under their own weight; the head drops gradually upon the shoulder; a sentiment of calm delight pervades the frame; and it seems as if our blood paced through our veins with a more peaceful flow. Our senses have already ceased to act, though none of them has altogether lost its power; little by little, consciousness deserts its post, the eyes are closed by the soft fingers of slumber, a delicious calm reigns through the whole frame; even the soul is steeped in an inexpressible serenity, forget-

ting everything, forgetting itself, and seems to lose itself imperceptibly in insensibility." To bring about this desirable state of things, which will not always come at our bidding, men have had recourse to various contrivances. Bacon, before retiring at night, used to indulge himself with a posset of strong ale, which helped better than wine to subdue the sprightly activity of his fancy, which would otherwise have resisted the force of sleep; Harvey, who taught his contemporaries the old Greek discovery of the circulation of the blood, used, like Franklin, to induce somnolence by getting out of bed, and walking about his chamber in his shirt, till half congealed, after which the warmth of the blankets was welcome, and soon induced slumber. Other persons afflicted with wakefulness call the bards to their aid, and compel the presence of Death's half-brother by the magic of potent verse. The best plan is, when health and the supply of animal spirits will allow, to determine not to go to sleep at all, but to draw up the blinds, and look out, if it be a clear night, at the stars, endeavoring to divine whither they and we are travelling through the infinite gulfs of space. This pious exercise gradually subdues, if anything can, the perturbations of the mind, and brings on, as if against our will, the tranquillity we covet.

Some have contended that grief and sorrow are things inimical to sleep, which cannot, they imagine, repose under the same roof with such guests. Thus, Young:

"Sleep on his downy pinions flies from woe,
To light on lids unsullied by a tear."

But this is inconsistent with experience: deep grief and protracted sorrow almost inevitably cause sleep, by exhausting the animal spirits, and producing a collapse in the nervous system. Children and women often sob themselves to sleep. Tears are, in fact, soporific; for, by deserting the well-springs where they are generated in the brain, they render flaccid the thinking apparatus, and occasion a mental weariness, which is followed at the next step by oblivion. Care, anxiety, and remorse are, on the other hand, altogether hostile to this innocent nourisher of life. To know what a hu-

man being is, and has been, you should steal upon him or her, when, by whatever preliminaries, long or short, agonizing or delightful, the total absorption of the senses has at length been brought about. It is affirmed by many, and may be true, that the course of life is left stamped indelibly upon the features after death. It is certainly so stamped in sleep. In the court of the Roman emperors men habitually wore, through fear, what was aptly termed a *jussus vultus*, or countenance at command. The same is the case, more or less, at all times and everywhere. Few would be willing to seem what they are; the majority need a mask, and are at pains to put it on every morning, to delude their fellow-creatures when they come into their presence. None but those who think themselves good enough to be contemplated by gods or men in their true lineaments and proportions, omit this precaution, and they are commonly hated for their intrepidity. But all put off the mask in sleep, though in most cases sorely against their will. Even in earliest infancy, the character, to a discerning eye, begins to loom above the horizon. In some, whether young or old, there is, during sleep, a grace, an *abandon*, a serene contentment, a placid absence of anxiety, all betokening innocence of life and purpose. Painful reserves reveal their existence in the small muscles about the corners of the mouth, which, being pinched and drawn tight, during the day, as if to keep back by physical exertion the confessions always ready to escape, fail to relax even in sleep, and give to the countenance a hard, repelling aspect. To gaze at such a face when unprotected by its habitual disguise, is in a high degree humiliating and painful; the idiosyncrasy of the consciousness concealed beneath that screen of skin, muscles, and sinews, you do not, and perhaps never can know; but you may be sure that if you did you would not be rendered happier by the discovery. On the other hand, there are faces which in sleep look like a vision of paradise—not for their beauty, not for their youth, but for something internal, far transcending both, which sleep reveals in all its powers for the delight of those who observe. Everybody knows the language of the features, which does not cease to speak because

the possessor ceases to be waking. There are innumerable minute muscles in the tissue of the lips, the slightest movement of any one of which changes the expression of the countenance; and so throughout the face. When all is serene, the meaning conveyed by the whole is merely that of, sweet repose; but when the imagination is at work within, creating, arranging, painting, shifting its scenery and characters, slight evanescent indications become visible without; smiles, tremors of the lips or eyelids, blushes, tears, which roll down the cheeks like molten sorrow, raise in part the curtain from the soul, and show what it is enjoying or suffering at the moment. What ideas are, no man has explained, still less can we reveal how they affect or act upon each other. Perhaps they are strictly affiliated from birth to death in one unbroken chain, which, waking or sleeping runs through our whole being, or rather constitutes it, for, except as to the mere shell, we are nothing but a series of ideas and emotions. Like rivers which run partly above, partly under ground, our life is alternately visible and concealed when it moves through the sunshine, or through the caverns of sleep.

Few have endeavored to follow the soul in its retirement, to note what it then does, thinks, or speaks. That it is powerful, that it is eloquent, that it is poetical then, if at no other time, has been demonstrated by many examples. But the waking and the sleeping soul are identical; what the latter does when freed from all fetters, the former would do if it dared. The character cannot be put off, like a change of raiment, when we step from one condition of existence into the other; our virtues, our vices, our passions, our aspirations, cling to us sleeping or waking. The greatest writers have paid most attention to the visions of the night, "when deep sleep falleth upon man." Shakespeare is rich in descriptions of the avenues to the palace of dreams, sometimes paved with horror, and overshadowed by shapes of agony and dread. Listen to the murderer-king, as he reveals from his dreamless couch, his cravings for the solace of forgetfulness:

"How many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O Sleep, gentle
Sleep,

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great?"

Sleep, however, has no objections to the buzzing of night-flies, to smoky cabins, or to hard pallets, provided he can lay his head on the soft pillow of a clear conscience. The inmates of the smoky cabins might not have butchered their cousins by treachery, might not have put strangers to death without law or justice, might not have indented the peaceful plains of their country with the hoofs of hostile steeds, as the regal criminal to whom sleep refused to come had done. What frightened away the gentle god was the howl of the hell-hounds that attend on guilt, the Erinys, as Shakespeare himself calls her, that tracks the blood-spiller to his grave. Well might he wail and lament as one with whom "nature's sweet restorer" refused to abide. To him, with more justice than to the lover maddened with jealousy, might it be said:

"Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'st yesterday."

Pallets hard or soft have not much to do with the slumbers that visit those who lie upon them. I have enjoyed the sweetest of sweet sleeps stretched on pease-haulm in a cow-house; on a stone floor in a caravansary, with five thousand armed enemies prowling about on the outside; on horseback in a dark night on the edge of precipices; and exclaimed with Sancho: "Blessed be the man that invented sleep! It wrappeth a man about like a garment!" Yet place occasionally enhances the delight of the sleeper, by aiding to paint his dreams with brilliant or delicate colors, and soothe the ear of his fancy with the sound of loving voices. Once, far up in the Nile, on a little mam-millated sandbank, I tasted sleep in its sweetest, richest, most fascinating, and

gorgeous habit, down beyond the Sahara. The sun had sunk, leaving in the heavens long trails of glory—a mixture of sapphire and blood-red vapor, with saffron, amethyst, and beryl. All day the thermometer had stood at 100° in the shade, but so tempered by refreshing winds from the west, that it seemed then only to have reached pleasure-point. There was a languor in the atmosphere, filled with the dozy, drowsy hum of insects, rendered doubly slumberous by the low, rippling murmur of the great river, as it glided past towards the northern tropic. These influences subdued the mind to a pleasing melancholy, so that I passed out of the waking into the sleeping world with delicious unconsciousness. Without being too profound in the metaphysics of dreams, I yet venture to believe that the testimony of the senses enters largely into their structure; colors borrowed from the skies and landscapes around, the figures of palm-trees, the masses of rock, the lake-like breadth of waters, camels, horses, buffaloes, thrown confusedly together by the kaleidoscopic power of fancy, converted my dream on the sandy island into a reflection of paradise. Nevertheless, when the curtain first dropped between me and the outer world, I found myself, not on a tropical river, but in my mother's garden in England, over which tropical skies expanded, tropical vegetation beautified with the banana, the mimosa, and the doum-palm. Long rows of beehives, with clusters of insects entering or quitting them, stretched beside the hedges; flowers of brilliant hues sent forth from their tiny bells the hum of their plunderers; while my mother, in the attire of her bright youth, led me hither and thither by the hand as a little child. Suddenly, the sky became clouded; a deep, prolonged wail assailed the sense of hearing; the whole landscape shivered and broke up, and I woke abruptly, with the dismal howl of a troop of jackals in my ears. They were sweeping northward after some fleet prey, probably a light gazelle; and in a few minutes the sound died away in the distance. Calm and stillness then returned, and brooded over the whole scene. Never did earth appear more beautiful than at that moment, overhung by hosts of stars and constellations, large, liquid, flashing rather than twinkling in the dark-blue vault of infinite space. It

was on such a night as that I felt sure that some antique Egyptian priest, meditating, perhaps, on that very island, persuaded himself that the voice he heard on both sides of him was the voice of a god—of Osiris himself. From the whole expanded surface of the rippling waves it ascended musically and solemnly into the dusky air, where, mingling with the lisps of the breeze, it produced a delicious concert. At no great distance, in a grove of palms, sang the nightingale, not sullenly or sadly, as poets feign, but with a rich, full gush of joy. Was that also a dream? It may have been, for at no other time did I hear the nightingale in tropical Africa. About Cairo, her song is common, where, as she perches among cypresses, surrounded by mortuary cupolas, her notes undoubtedly sound like a lament for the dead.

Physiologists admit—and if they did not, it would not be the less indisputable—that the mind is not entirely separated from the senses in sleep. To demonstrate this fact, numerous experiments have at various times been made. The difficulty in such cases is to insure a report strictly conformable to truth, without additions, without abatement, without coloring—in short, an exact photograph of the dream. Shakespeare alludes to this sort of practical philosophy, and puts forth his subtle theory under show of describing the pranks of Queen Mab. His exposition is lively, and not without a dash of satire, but exquisitely true to nature. The predominant sense being out of the question, the experiment has to be made with the other four, and first with hearing. A gentle sleeper, in full health, youth, and animal spirits, has been set to sleep during summer in a chamber opening upon a garden, at the extreme end of which a skilful person has played soft music late in the night. The sleeper, describing her sensations, said she at first appeared to be plunged into a world of bright clouds, which folded her round, exciting sentiments of strong delight. Then she descended upon a bank of violets, while voices of exquisite harmony filled the air. Being watched by the light of a dim lamp, the sleeper's face at this time seemed pale with emotion, and presently, as the music became more and more sad, tears appeared between the eyelashes, and gradually trick-

led down the cheeks. Had the sounds ceased, the lady would have awaked at once; to prevent which, a transition was skilfully made to a lively air, which in a short time brought smiles upon the lips. No memory is sufficiently tenacious to record without breaks or stops the multitudinous evolutions of a dream. The sleeper, who was not a mother, said she dreamed she was shedding tears because persons were forcing away from her a baby which she had at her breast; when suddenly the scene changed, and she found herself in a vast saloon, encircled by singers and dancers, sometimes eating grapes or pomegranates, drinking wine, and laughing merrily. One or two strokes of martial music, striking violently upon the sensorium, awoke the sleeper at once.

In Shakespeare, we find a curious record of a wife's observations on the countenance of her sleeping husband. The passage may at first sight be thought too prolix and minute; but as many persons do, in exciting circumstances, talk in their sleep, the statement is not inconsistent with nature. The speaker is Lady Percy, and the time immediately before the breaking out of Northumberland's rebellion against Henry IV.

"In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watched,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry, Courage!—to the field! And thou hast talked
Of sallies and retires; of trenches, tents;
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets;
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the current of a heavy fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirred thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow
Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream;
And in thy face strange motions have appeared,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not."

This obviously is not a mere fanciful description, but a record of the accurate study of a sleeping face. Elsewhere, in a more sportive and sarcastic mood, he

suggests what would probably be the effects of touching at various points the persons of sleepers. To Queen Mab is delegated the task of awakening by the delicate pressure of her wand the imaginations of Slumber's prisoners; though she is likewise represented as driving bodily in her carriage through the halls of fancy:

"Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers;
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court-sies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream."

As is implied by the various portions of this speech, the passions are the great fountains of dreams—love, pride, ambition, which exert their magic power in sleep, calling up forms of beauty, placing the individual in elevated situations, or soothing him with the exercise of power. Milton's most exquisite sonnet is based on a dream of love and sorrow:

"Methought I saw my late espoused saint,
Come to me like Alcestis from the grave."

And throughout the poetry of the world, we find scattered here and there pictures or fragments from the land of dreams, more lovely than any the material world could supply.

Nevertheless, sleep is no flatterer, but gives to every man a compound of the acquisitions he has been at the pains of making, and a keen consciousness of the result of the actions which he has been in the habit of performing. But though, in the base and malignant, nature hangs out during slumber a flag to warn all whom it may concern that snakes and aspics are coiled secretly within, her revelations go no further. No one can step within the curtain which conceals the delights or the agonies that come to the happy or to the unhappy man in sleep. Byron used to say he should like to know how a man felt who had committed a murder—a point upon which some of his ancestors could have enlightened him. The feelings in that case

would greatly depend on the part of the world and the state of the society in which the murderer might live; for there are regions in which, when one has killed and eaten his victim, he rests as comfortably as if he had supped on mutton; while there are others in which he would never again find a moment's peace, but, waking or sleeping, be hunted by remorse to his grave. It is a common belief that, in sleep, fancy and imagination wake, while reason slumbers; in which case, many persons may be said to pass their whole lives in a dream.

Goethe used to discuss with the physiologist Müller the phenomena of sleep and dreams, but could come no nearer their substance and structure than the philosophers of past times; nor will discoveries be made unless through a long series of experiments on food, drink, dress, habits, air, water, and situation, in connection with sleep. Others have remarked that there are wine-dreams, spirit-dreams, and beer-dreams; and it may be mentioned with equal truth, that there are dreams of the mountains and dreams of the plains. If you sleep on the Alps, and observe the phenomena which attend it, you will find that they differ according to the scale of elevation, and are even modified by being on the north or south of the chain. If your chamber be about five or six thousand feet above the level of the sea, it is highly probable that you will experience a delicious feeling; the heart will seem light and buoyant; a gentle thrill of pleasure will pass through the whole frame; the brain seems steeped in ambrosia, and you will sink into forgetfulness through layers, as it were, of exquisite enjoyment. Even on the summit of the passes, at an elevation of eight or nine thousand feet, little difference in the state of your sensations is perceptible; but on the Andes and Himalaya, if you ascend much above the level of Mont Blanc, the lungs labor with the thin air, and small blood-vessels are apt to start. Sleep is then disturbed beyond description, haunted by dreadful phantoms, and scarcely at all refreshing. It is still worse in places like Rome, where malaria prevails. The miasma then appears to feed upon the flame of life, diminishing its force imperceptibly, sapping the energies of the frame, rendering the mind dull and spir-

itless, and descending like a nightmare on the soul in dreams, indescribably loathsome and depressing. An Italian general, talking on this subject, used a very strong expression. A night, he said, passed in the Pontine Marshes, or in the Maremma, is hell. When a fugitive, previous to escaping into life-long exile, he had tried it often, and it made so terrible an impression on his memory that it might almost be said to have haunted him like a Fury through life, towards the close of which it urged him to seek, by the fumes of ardent spirits, to subdue the enemy in his brain. It is equally true that pleasant odors refresh the sleeping brain, playing with its fancies, and shaping them into scenes of extraordinary beauty.

Edinburgh Review.

POSTHUMOUS WRITINGS OF ALEXIS
DE TOCQUEVILLE.*

THE critics, who, in common with ourselves, had occasion to review four years ago the *Memoir and the Correspondence of M. de Tocqueville* (which have since been translated into English by an able hand), ventured to remark that, in spite of the zeal and the fidelity with which M. Gustave de Beaumont had portrayed the life and edited the papers of his illustrious friend, his task was still incomplete. Indeed, he himself informed us that much still remained in the shape of unfinished fragments and unpublished letters which might one day form part of a more extended publication. We urged him to give a larger selection of these documents to the world; for although they may not have received that exquisite finish which M. de Tocqueville himself loved to impart to all he published, yet the scattered thoughts of so powerful a mind are sometimes even more forcible and impressive than his mature compositions, and the charm of his tender and meditative letters to his family and his private friends is inexhaustible. M. de Beaumont has given

ear to these observations. Encouraged by the prodigious interest which was excited in France and throughout Europe by his former volumes, he has now enlarged the plan of them. A complete edition of the works of Tocqueville has been prepared for the press, which contains, in addition to the writings already well known to all readers, a volume of the speeches and reports prepared for the Chamber of Deputies, a volume of fragments principally relating to the masterly analysis of the French Revolution on which the author was engaged at the time of his death, and an additional volume of Correspondence. These publications are entirely new, and they are of the very highest interest and value. In the selection of the volume of letters previously published, M. de Beaumont was restrained by motives of delicacy from laying before the world the confidential effusions of intimate friendship, and by motives of prudence from calling attention to the political opinions of Tocqueville, especially with reference to the present Government of France. Already time, death, and the progress of events have removed some of the obstacles to publication which existed three years ago. The result is, that the letters now produced have a deeper meaning and a more decided tone than those which had formerly appeared—indeed, it was for this reason that they were then withheld from the public; and many of them have a direct bearing on political affairs, even at the present time, to an extent which the admirers and adherents of the present Government of France will probably consider indiscreet and inconvenient. We rejoice, on the contrary, that M. de Beaumont has had the courage to produce these most remarkable papers. They contain the thoughts of a man, great as a writer, but greater still by his undaunted independence and by his undying love of freedom; and we are not sure that Tocqueville, in the full enjoyment of life and intellect, ever wrote anything more likely to rouse the slumbering spirit of his country, or to guide her back from servitude to liberty, than these posthumous leaves, penned many years ago in the solitude of his Norman home and in the confidence of private friendship. There is in these volumes the same profound

* *Œuvres Complètes d'Alexis de Tocqueville*. Tomes VII. et VIII. Correspondance, Mélanges, Fragments Historiques et Notes sur l'Ancien Régime la Révolution et l'Empire, Voyages, Pensées, entièrement inédits. Paris, 1865.

insight which pervades all the works of the author into the causes of the French Revolution, and those vices of democratic society, which, under the first and the second Empire, have twice thrown back the French nation from the ardent enjoyment of freedom into a submissive obedience to absolute power. And if it be true that, after a vigil of seventeen years, some streaks of dawning light are again visible on the horizon—if some indications are again felt that this slumber is not to be perpetual—then it is in this language that Tocqueville, and those who like him have watched through the night in despondency, but not in despair, would address the awakened sleeper. To these passages of his correspondence we shall presently direct a more particular attention.

After a long hesitation as to the choice of a subject to employ his mind on a great work, when the collapse of the Republic and the *coup d'état* of 1851 had terminated his political career, Tocqueville resolved to enter upon a philosophical investigation of the phenomena of the great Revolution, which had for sixty years swayed to and fro the destinies of his country. But with characteristic originality, he sought for the earliest indications of these phenomena in the preceding age, and he exhumed the administrative records of the old monarchy from beneath the lava of the great eruption. Probably no living Frenchman had acquired so accurate a knowledge of the state of France before the Revolution, and he said in one of his letters, "If anybody wants to found a professorship of the old administrative law of the country, I believe I could fill it." The result of these inquiries was the book on the *State of France before the Revolution*, which is in every one's hands. But this was only the prelude of his task. His intention was to approach the Revolution itself; to pass lightly over the course of events, although he had mastered them with inconceivable labor and precision; and to deduce from them certain general principles which acute reflection and enlarged experience enabled him to trace throughout this protracted convulsion. For it was one of his fixed convictions that, however perplexing, unexpected, and contradictory the course of events

may be, they are rigorously governed by laws of human nature as determinate as the laws of the physical world; and that these laws can be traced by a sufficient power of observation and analysis even into the regions of metaphysical abstraction, although the people and even its leaders and teachers may be totally unconscious of the influence by which their movements are directed. Above all, it was his design to arrive, through the Revolution, at the character of Napoleon Bonaparte, and at the institutions established by him in France, not only because these are subjects of extraordinary interest in themselves, but because the name of that remarkable man and the fabric of his power are at this moment the ruling forces of the second Empire, and the key to the last form which the Revolution has assumed. And here we are arrested by a page or two of such eloquence and insight, that although we cannot hope to render the purity of the author's style in another tongue, and we cannot afford to dwell much longer on this portion of the volumes before us, we lay it before our readers. The fragment was written at Sorrento in 1858:

"What I would seek to portray is not so much the events themselves, however surprising and however great they may be, as the spirit of those events—less the different acts of the life of Napoleon, than Napoleon himself—that singular, incomplete, but marvellous being, whom it is impossible attentively to consider, without contemplating one of the most strange and curious spectacles in the universe. I should desire to show what part in his prodigious enterprise was really derived from his own genius, and what was supplied to him by the state of the country and the spirit of the times—to explain how and why this indocile nation rushed at that moment of its own accord into servitude, and with what incomparable art he discovered in the working of a most democratical revolution all that was apt for despotism, and brought out of it those natural consequences.

"In speaking of his internal government, I shall survey the effort of that almost divine intelligence rudely employed to compress human freedom, by a scientific and ingenious organization of force such as none but the greatest genius of the most enlightened and the most civilized age could have conceived; and, beneath the weight of this masterly engine, society stifled to sterility—the movement of the intellect slackened, the human mind enervated, the soul contracted, till men

cease to be great; and around the vast and flat horizon, whithersoever you turn, nothing stands erect but the colossal figure of the Emperor.

"Turning to his foreign policy and to his conquests, I should seek to follow the furious rush of his fortune over nations and kingdoms, and to relate by what means the strange greatness of his genius was here also abetted by the strange and irregular greatness of his times. How marvellous a picture, by the hand of one who could trace it, of human power and of human weakness, would be that of this impatient and uncertain being doing and undoing his own works, tearing up and changing the boundaries of empires, and driving nations and sovereigns to despair even less by the evils he inflicted upon them than by the eternal uncertainty in which he left them as to that which they had yet to fear.

"I would, lastly, explain by what a series of excesses and errors he himself drove onwards to his fall; and in spite of these excesses and errors, I would mark the gigantic trace he has left behind him in the world, not only as a recollection but as a living and durable influence: what died with him, what remains.

"And to complete this long survey, I would show the purport of the Empire in the French Revolution—the place to be filled by this singular act in the strange drama, the close of which escapes us yet.

"These are great objects glancing before me. But how to reach them?" (Vol. viii., p. 170.)

These designs were not to be completed. But in every fragment of the materials, formed and collected by the author for the edifice he had conceived, the reader will trace with melancholy interest the stamp of originality and genius. It is certain that if M. de Tocqueville had lived to complete his *Essay on the Revolution*, he would have thrown new light on events which have for upwards of half a century engaged the attention of a host of writers of the highest class; for he would have brought us nearer to its true causes, and would have demonstrated more clearly its effects on the latest generations — effects which cut short his own public life and threw a gloom over the closing years of his existence. Of these truths traces will be found in every page of the eighth volume of M. de Beaumont's collection, and we are indebted to him for the skill with which he has re-set, in a connecting form, the precious, but imperfect, remains of his friend's labor. The task

was one of extreme difficulty, for these fragments were traced upon unconnected scraps of paper, in a handwriting not easily deciphered, and intended only to assist the memory of the author; but the zeal and intelligence of M. de Beaumont have triumphed over these obstacles and given to the scattered thoughts of his friend as much connection as they would admit of.

It is not, however, our intention to dwell upon the theme of the French Revolution, and we can only commend these fragments to the attentive consideration of our readers. We propose rather to turn to the additional volume of the correspondence, and in that correspondence to follow with some detail those letters which belong to the history of M. de Tocqueville's political life. It may be remembered that on a former occasion we expressed regret that the records of his political opinions and actions had been withheld. To a considerable extent, this omission is supplied in the volume now before us, although certain significant gaps at moments of great interest remind us that more yet remains to be said, and that this volume is still published under the Second Empire.

Before we proceed, however, we must linger for a moment over another class of letters with which this volume abounds — we mean those addressed to his nearest relatives. They present a charming picture of domestic life, and of those family relations which are nowhere more sacred than in France; for it may perhaps surprise some of our readers to be told that in no country upon earth are the filial relations so deferential and the fraternal relations so affectionate. In England the conjugal tie is more close and absorbing; it frequently overpowers the bonds of birth and blood. In France it seldom equals, and still more rarely weakens, the primal sanctity of the affection and respect a man pays to his parents. These virtues of the old French houses were a portion of the very nature of Alexis de Tocqueville; and from the moment when he started on his American voyage to the close of his father's life in 1857, they pervade his correspondence. It is curious to remark, too, from the earlier letters in this collection, descriptive of his American journey, how

powerfully that expedition contributed to form his character, his judgment, and even his style. His first communications to his mother are playful and affectionate, but still crude and diffuse. They have in them a certain boyishness, which long remained one of the charms of his character. For though Tocqueville came back from the United States a great philosopher, impregnated with one of the wisest works of modern thought, he was still a philosopher of seven and twenty, alive to every touch of nature and sentiment, and as ready to chase butterflies as to plant acorns. To describe a romantic evening ride to Kenilworth in a letter to the woman he loved—to relate to one of his cousins a droll return to Tocqueville, where he arrived, like Ulysses at Ithaca, driving a couple of Lord Radnor's best breed of pigs—was just as natural to him as to write the subtlest chapter of his *Democracy*; and contrary to the usual fate of man, in him the pleasures of sentiment and imagination outlived the passions of political life, and remained unclouded to the last.

One other class of these letters calls for a passing notice; they are those addressed in later years to his nephew, Baron Hubert de Tocqueville, a young man of promise, whom he regarded as his heir, and to whom he addressed, upon his entry into the diplomatic service at the Courts of Vienna and Berlin, a series of kindly admonitions which are models of wisdom and good taste. They are, like that epitome of the wisdom of the world, delivered by Polonius to Laertes, of invaluable counsel to any young man of birth and figure about to enter the great world, and their effect will not be confined to him to whom they were addressed. Already that young gentleman had shown himself worthy of the name he bore and the estate to which he was to succeed. He left, as we have heard from members of our own embassies at the same Courts, a pleasing impression on all who knew him. But alas! he survived his uncle but four years, and his two infant children are now the heirs of that old manor house of Tocqueville, which was rescued and repaired, after the ravages of the Revolution, to be for twenty years the seat of so much domestic happiness, so much intellectual refinement, so much genial hospitality. Since

the death of Madame de Tocqueville, which occurred last winter, its walls are again uninhabited.

The elections of 1837 brought M. de Tocqueville into public life, and in 1839 the department of the Manche, in whose welfare he never ceased to take an active interest, sent him to the Chamber of Deputies. The following extract from a letter to Mr. Senior, written as early as 1836, shows with what accuracy he had already measured the true state of the country:

"Here, for the present at least, we appear to have resumed our wonted course. With the exception of agriculture, which suffers a little, everything is surprisingly prosperous; for the first time for five years a sense of stability revives, and with that feeling a turn for speculation. The almost febrile activity which has ever characterized us quits the field of politics for that of material improvement. If I do not much mistake, we are about to witness in the next few years immense progress in this direction. Nevertheless, the Government would be very wrong to overrate the consequences of this happy state of affairs. The nation has been frightfully agitated; it enjoys to the full the repose at length vouchsafed to it; but the experience of all time teaches us that this repose may be fatal to those who govern France. In proportion to the cessation of the fatigue of the last few years political passions will revive; and *if the Government, while it is in its strength, does not redouble its caution, and study with the utmost care to respect all the susceptibility of the nation, it will be surprised to see the storm which will suddenly dash against it.* But will this be understood by our rulers? I doubt it." (P. 148.)

The history and the fate of the Government of King Louis Philippe are written in these few lines, though they were committed to paper twelve years before the catastrophe of 1848. M. de Tocqueville never ceased to hold the same opinion, which he repeated on the eve of the Revolution of February; and in joining the Opposition his object was not so much to defeat the Government, as to avert dangers which were likely, in his opinion, to lead to another overthrow of the monarchy. He received at this time the Cross of the Legion of Honor, without soliciting it, without even knowing it had been conferred upon him till he saw his name in the *Moniteur*. "This incident," he said, "has vexed me. I am annoyed to think that

people will perhaps suppose I have asked for this scrap of ribbon, which has been so often made the price of base compliances. I would have refused it if I could: the difficulty is to find a courteous and modest mode of refusing."

At this important moment of his life he turned for counsel to his honored friend, M. Royer Collard, of whom alone he was wont to say that he spoke oracles. M. Royer Collard had then almost retired from the world; his political life was ended; but he was the man who, in Tocqueville's eyes, had labored under the Restoration with the greatest earnestness and elevation of purpose to reconcile the hereditary monarchy of the Bourbons with the liberty of France, and to resolve the problem of combining a powerfully centralized administration in a democratic state of society with a Representative Chamber. Him, therefore, Tocqueville regarded with a deference he paid to no other politician, and M. Royer Collard easily recognized in his youthful friend the same blameless and patriotic spirit which had pervaded his own life. But already his prescient eye had discovered the perishable nature of the institutions under which they were living, and the dangers which still threatened the cause they loved. The letters of M. Royer Collard himself in this volume are of uncommon interest, for they bear in every line the stamp of a wise and powerful mind. We quote from them the following passages:

"In times of instability it is not good to enter public life very young; if I had had that misfortune I should have been incapable of the conduct I pursued under the Restoration, and all I have of public life lies there. 'The great reputation' which you esteem 'the most precious thing in life,' is more easily secured at this time by such books as yours than by parliamentary activity. You have been tried as a thinker and a writer; you know not what your oratorical powers may be, and an orator needs something quite apart from talent.

"He needs favorable circumstances, a certain condition of government, and a certain disposition of the public mind. His success depends on conditions which are in some sort external to himself. No, I do not hold you for an arrogant or an ambitious man. I care, indeed, less than you do for opinion—that is, the opinion of the multitude; for the opinion of the few—that is, of competent judges, is the most worthy object of ambition; it is true

glory. But I speak of myself, whose visions of self-love are satisfied by what mere distinction and consideration give. There are, I know, higher missions, and yours is of the number. I acknowledge them, I honor them, I admire them, but I venture to address to them the remark that Bossuet ascribes to the great Condé, 'I think first of doing well, and leave fame to come afterwards.' " (P. 155.)

"The very small part I have taken in the affairs of my time has satisfied my activity, or, if you will, my ambition. It was not in me to undertake more. But to you, sir, it is given to mark far otherwise your passage on earth, and to drive your furrow across it. You have begun it. You will follow it without completing it; for no man has ever finished anything. The thoughts you have brought forth in the travail of your mind will not be understood till you are gone, and will not bear all their fruits. Yet you would be faithless to Providence if you drew back. The reward will not be the reverberation of your name (*vanitas vanitatum*), it will be altogether in the influence you will exercise over the noble of heart." (P. 169.)

"Make no efforts either to come forward on the stage or to withdraw from it. You belong to Providence. Resign yourself to the coming event. You will have grounds of consolation, whatever it may be. The state of our society is known to you as well as if you were an old man. Neither social order nor the Government are settled. Everything would crumble at the first blow. It is true that among the characters of the day there is not a hand capable of dealing it; but the blow of a hammer is not always needed against an ill-constructed edifice; a stroke of wind may suffice." (P. 158.)

Under the influence of these oracular counsels, rare indeed from a man of M. Royer Collard's age and authority to one so much younger than himself, Tocqueville entered the Chamber of Deputies. His success there as a politician and an orator was certainly far inferior to the position he had already acquired as a writer. He himself acknowledged, some ten years later, that "his true value was rather in the works of the intellect; that he was worth more in thought than in action; and if he was destined to leave aught behind him, it would consist far more in what he had written than in what he had done." (P. 258.)

But however unproductive these years of parliamentary life may have been in positive results to himself or to his country, they undoubtedly advanced his own education, by bringing him into closer contact with practical details, without contracting his own extended range of

observation. He followed these details with scrupulous attention and a sort of enthusiastic interest, convinced that the art of government consists much less in grand displays and eloquent harangues than in a careful mastery of the details of administration. It is true, and M. de Tocqueville felt it, that these minutiae interfere with the broader views of politics, and that the life of a man who passes the best years of his existence in a popular assembly is consumed in a conflict of petty and insignificant motives. As he wrote to his brother:

"The events and the men of our time are unquestionably small; but does it not require the most constant and, so to speak, the most passionate attention to keep one's self free and unscathed in this labyrinth of mean and wretched passions, in this ant-heap of microscopic interests, driving in opposite directions, which cannot be classed, and which do not resolve themselves, as they ought to do, into great common opinions? The political world of our day, in its minute mobility, its perpetual and undignified confusion, absorbs the powers of my mind a thousand times more than political action of a more productive, broad, and single character. The incidents which befall us are but pin pricks, no doubt; but a great many pin pricks may disturb and agitate the soul of the greatest philosopher in the world, and *à fortiori* mine, which is unhappily the least philosophical I know of." (P. 197.)

We have already expressed upon a former occasion* our regret that at this period of his life, and at this period of French history, M. de Tocqueville and the eminent political friends with whom he acted should have thrown their whole weight upon the side of the Opposition, instead of transferring their services to the King's Government. No doubt the passions of the Opposition, in which it was unhappily the fate of M. Tocqueville to spend his parliamentary life, were petty and contemptible; we think the results of these passions were mischievous; and we are persuaded that M. de Tocqueville would have rendered much greater service to his country, and would have influenced the policy of the Crown far more effectually if he had taken office instead of jealously standing aloof from it. No man who acts with a political party and under a monarchical government can find

everything to his mind. He must accept a great deal that is disagreeable and even opposed to his own views for the sake of the general result. But Tocqueville's scrupulous independence and intense sensitiveness disqualified him for the part he might otherwise have played. While ten precious years were wasted in these battles of the ants, the storm was gathering below him and around him, until at length the stroke of wind, predicted by M. Royer Collard, swept the fabric from the earth.

The most important event in this period of M. de Tocqueville's life was the quarrel between France and the Great Powers of Europe on the Syrian question, caused by the Treaty of the 15th July, 1840. Indeed, although he could not disguise from himself the dangers to which it exposed his country, he viewed with satisfaction any event which seemed likely to raise the politics of the day above the "pot-au-feu démocratique et bourgeois" of the Chamber. In these expectations he was, however, speedily disappointed; and we find him on the formation of M. Guizot's administration steadily voting against the Government, not because he approved the vociferations of a party clamorous for war, but because he held that the policy of submission the King had adopted was so irritating and degrading to a proud and high-spirited nation, that the monarchy itself ran no small risk of being overthrown. "That," said he, in letters to his friends in England, Mr. Reeve and Mr. Mill, "that is the real danger—the sole danger—not war for the sake of the Government, but the overthrow of the Government, and after that, war. Never since 1830 has the peril been so great. Thrones are not upset by anarchical passions alone; that never happens; the bad impulse must be supported by a good instinct. The revolutionary party is reinforced for the moment by the wounded pride of the nation, which gives it a force it could not otherwise obtain. For my part I remain in the Opposition, not revolutionary, but decided, and for this among many other reasons—the only chance of controlling the bad passions of the people is by sharing with them those passions which are good."

In a subsequent letter he deplored the estrangement of France and England as

* Ed. Rev., vol. cxiii., p. 230.

the greatest of misfortunes, not soon to be repaired. On two of these points we agree with M. de Tocqueville: we think that the Treaty of 1840, and the dispute which followed it, was a heavy blow to the Monarchy of July, from which it never entirely recovered, and in spite of the *entente cordiale* between M. Guizot and Lord Aberdeen, the relations of the two countries were never, under Louis Philippe, restored to entire harmony and confidence. But we think that, in spite of these facts, M. de Tocqueville and his friends arrived at an erroneous conclusion. It is now abundantly demonstrated by the *Memoirs* of M. Guizot and by historical evidence, that the separation of France from the other Powers of Europe on the Eastern question was not the result of any ill will to France on the part of England, but of the extreme mismanagement and underhand dealing of the French Ministers of that day. Unluckily these very Ministers were the men whom the Liberal party had brought into power by the Coalition; and when they fell, and the King called upon M. Guizot to repair the mischief they had done, he found himself confronted by this formidable array of many of the ablest men in France, who never relaxed in their hostility until they overthrew his cabinet and the throne along with it. Whether the policy of the King were good or bad, right or wrong, this at any rate was the worst calamity which could befall the nation. It destroyed the work of thirty years of constitutional government; it caused a momentary, but fatal, alliance between the then Liberal party and the Revolution; it placed the Liberal party itself in a hopeless situation; and the country stood thenceforward in the dire alternative of a daily struggle with anarchy or a willing submission to despotism. As early as August, 1847, M. de Tocqueville perceived the approach of these dangers, and described them in the following terms:

"You will find France tranquil and tolerably prosperous, but nevertheless uneasy. For some time past the mind of the nation has been singularly perturbed, and amid a calm greater than we have enjoyed for a long period, the idea of the instability of the present state of things has arisen in many minds. For myself, although I view these symptoms with some alarm, I do not exaggerate their signifi-

cance. I think our society is firmly established, chiefly because I see no other basis on which it can be placed, even were that desired. Yet this state of things ought to give rise to serious reflections. The system practiced by the administration for the last seventeen years has so perverted the middle class, by making constant appeals to its personal cupidity, that this class is gradually coming to be regarded by the rest of the nation as a little aristocracy so vulgar and so corrupt that it is shameful to be governed by it. If this feeling were to spread in the masses, it might one day bring about great calamities." (P. 252.)

And on the eve of the Revolution itself, in January, 1848, he delivered from the tribune of the Chamber that last memorable speech in which he adjured the Government to change its course in presence of the impending tempest.

M. de Beaumont has passed lightly over the actual events of 1848, which were recorded by Tocqueville in another form, and may be published at some future time. He soon discovered, however, that the same subserviency to material interests which he deplored, had not been diminished by the Revolution, and that it lay not in any given institutions or ministry, but in the temper of the times. "The Revolution of 1789 sprang" (he said) "from the brain and the heart of the nation; but this Revolution has partly taken its rise in the belly, and the love of material enjoyment has played an immense part in it."

In spite of these misgivings, and with a very qualified faith in the destinies of the Republic, M. De Tocqueville thought it his duty to join the Cabinet formed by M. Barrot, under the auspices of President Bonaparte after his election, and he held in this administration the office of Minister of Foreign Affairs. Although he was not personally responsible for the French expedition to Rome, inasmuch as the order to undertake the siege had been dispatched to the army six days before he took office, yet he assumed the responsibility of that measure on grounds which are now published for the first time in France, viz.: the firm intention to uphold the Liberal cause in Italy, and to restore the temporal authority of the Pope, not unaccompanied by guarantees for his future good government of his dominions. It soon became apparent in this and in other matters, that the conditions on which the

Ministers held office under the President were not those of constitutional responsibility and personal independence, and after a short interval of five months the Government was dissolved.

It was not disappointed ambition or wounded pride that drove M. de Tocqueville from office; it was the conviction that universal suffrage had given an irresponsible ruler to France, who would soon find, or make, an opportunity to place himself above all law. The momentous question of the revision of the Constitution, however, again found him at his post in the Assembly, to make a last attempt to repair those provisions of the Constitution of 1848 which led directly and necessarily to another revolution. That Constitution had limited the duration of the presidential power to four years, and had rendered the outgoing President ineligible for a second term. The consequence was that from 1848 to 1851 the country was agitated by a febrile anxiety to know what would happen at the expiration of Louis Napoleon's term of office, or rather to know by what means, violent or legal, it would be prolonged. M. de Tocqueville was of opinion that the restriction placed on the elective power of the nation should be abolished—a task of great difficulty, since the Constitution could only be modified by the vote of two thirds of the Assembly. The report on the revision of the Constitution was drawn up by him in this sense, and presented on the 8th of July, 1851. He describes his views of the state of affairs in the following letter:

"27th July, 1851.

"I am very well satisfied with the general effect produced by my report in France, and delighted by the opinion expressed towards myself in your country. I care almost as much for what is said of me on one side of the Channel as on the other, and I have so many feelings and ideas in common with the English, that England is become my second intellectual country.

"How is it that my arguments in favor of the revision have not convinced you? The non-constitutional reelection of the President has long appeared to me extremely probable. I still think it so, although Louis Napoleon Bonaparte has effectually alienated the upper classes and almost every man of political eminence, and although, as far as I can judge, his popularity among the people is considerably diminished, and daily diminishing. Nev-

ertheless, I own to you that I persist in regarding his reelection as pretty nearly inevitable, in consequence of the absence of any possible competitor, and in consequence of the general uneasiness. I think this Bonapartist current, if it be turned aside, can only be so by a revolutionary current more perilous still; and, finally, I think that if Napoleon be unconstitutionally reelected, anything in the shape of an attack on freedom becomes possible. I was so convinced of this six months ago, that I remember to have said to you, that probably the end of all this would be to make me quit public life, in order to have no part in a Government which would attempt to destroy *de jure* or to annul *de facto* constitutional institutions, and which would perhaps succeed in the attempt for some years, from the exhaustion of the public mind. With small belief in the possibility of maintaining the Republic, which would be the Government of my own choice, I should have seen without regret Louis Napoleon become our permanent chief if I had thought it possible, on the one hand, that he could rally the heads of society about him, and if, on the other hand, he would or could have been a constitutional sovereign. But I did not believe that possible, as I told you, and all I have seen since my return from Italy has convinced me more and more how much I was in the right. The President is as *impermeable* to constitutional ideas as was Charles X. himself. He has his own notion of legitimacy, and he clings to the constitutions of the Empire as the other clung to the divine right of kings. He is, moreover, more and more separated from the whole body of men who have ability or experience to conduct the Government, and reduced to seek his *point d'appui* in the instincts and passions of the people strictly so called. Hence his reelection, especially if it be illegally carried, may have the worst consequences, and yet it is almost inevitable—save by a recourse to revolutionary passions, which I do not wish to rekindle in the nation. What is the deduction from all this, but to desire the revision, for the purpose either of rendering the reelection of the President impossible by changing the nature and origin of the executive power, or of rendering it less dangerous by making it legal? . . . It is possible that a crisis may occur so perilous, that I myself may be of opinion that it is best that the Constitution should be violated by the people; but I shall leave that sad work to others. My hands shall never strike the flag of the law in my country. . . . In short, our situation is more complicated, more inextricable, and more obscure than it ever has been. We are still in one of those strange and terrible positions in which nothing is impossible and nothing can be foreseen. The chances are in favor of the President's reelection, and at the

same time an Assembly may be returned much less presidential than is supposed ; so that if Louis Napoleon does not avail himself of the first popular impulse to grasp all powers in his own hand, he may find himself again in presence of an Assembly which will not allow him to do as he pleases. In presence of this unexampled situation the nation is perfectly calm and even prosperous. People follow their avocations without plunging into great risks, but with activity and perseverance, just as if the morrow of everything was not uncertain. No doubt the dread of the term 1852 is extreme, and even, I think, exaggerated. But we have all received the education of revolutions ; we know that we must live in them like soldiers in the field, who are not deterred by the chance of being killed the next day from dining and sleeping or even from amusing themselves. That is the state we are all in ; and when I survey the attitude of the whole nation I cannot but admire it ; even with all its blunders and its foibles, it is a great people."

The concluding paragraph in the same letter relates to a different subject, but we find it on our path and cannot omit it :

"What you tell me, that the Ecclesiastical Titles bill will lead to nothing, is probable enough, thanks to the manners of your country. But why make laws below the standard of the times ? The reverse ought to be the rule. I own to you I have been heart and soul with those who, like Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Gladstone, opposed, in the name of freedom and the principles of the Reformation, the idle and dangerous attacks directed by this bill, at least in theory, against liberty of conscience. Where shall religious liberty take refuge if it be driven from England ? If those who start from principles of free inquiry and the toleration which is the result of them, become intolerant, what right have they to accuse the Church of Rome of intolerance, which, in contesting the exercise of private judgment, is at least consistent with its own principles ? I know it is rash to judge of events in a foreign country, yet I cannot but think, that when people come to look back from a distance on all the movement and agitation caused by what is called the Papal Aggression, it will bear a likeness, though in small, to the passion which seized the nation two hundred years ago after the discovery of the Popish Plot. The present movement will appear less violent, but not more reasonable ; and those who took part in it will be more surprised than we are ourselves when they come to look back at it." (P. 275.)

The project of revision failed. The consequences so clearly indicated in the

preceding letter rapidly ensued. The President "did grasp all powers into his own hands" to shake off the control of an independent Assembly, and on the 2d December, 1851, the Republic and the freedom of France expired. A narrative of the *coup-d'état* by M. de Tocqueville himself was published at the time in the *Times* newspaper, and has since been included in the English edition of his correspondence. It is unnecessary to revert to it here. It remains for us only to trace the effects of that catastrophe on his own mind, on his life, and on the French nation.

A short time after the event he wrote to M. de Beaumont in the following terms :

"I perceive, my dear friend, that you have carried with you into your retreat the same agitation of mind which I still find in the bustle of the world. How should it be otherwise ? Which way are we now to look in France for objects which do not awaken sad thoughts ? And if we move out of France, it would not fare better with us ; for the disease is in us as well as around us. Lanjuinais, who is in Italy, writes that the remembrance of France puts out the glory of the arts and of the sun.

"We must, however, make up our minds to what is taking place, and not disguise from ourselves that this will last a considerable time. As for me, I can only recover that frame of mind which is necessary to my studies, by satisfying myself that I am out of public affairs for a long while, and that the thing is now to form new habits and create new interests. This is not the way of the world. I am continually meeting people full of the most absurd delusions — real delusions of émigrés—who set themselves gravely to compute how many months this Government has to live. As for me, I stand by what I have said. *It will found nothing ; but it will last.* With far greater strength than the republican government, it has the same advantage of being a neutral ground on which both the monarchical parties find a temporary refuge, and which they prefer to the camp of their former antagonists. This is especially true of the legitimists, who are not only well received but encouraged to come in by all sorts of petty artifices, which succeed the more easily as many are not averse to be caught by them. Thus, they say that the famous memorandum that the President is to leave [to designate his successor] will name the Count de Chambord. Just a case of 'Le bon billet qu'a La Châtre.' The other day Lady Douglas told somebody that the President hated marriage, disliked his family, and

would no doubt, if not provoked, leave the Government to the lawful sovereign. All these follies, aided by lassitude, fear, and hatred of the Orleans family, gain acceptance. Add to this the second-class ambitions of the party, the people who were hurt at not getting seats in the Chambers, and who were useless when they got there, and now declaim against what they call the reign of the lawyers, and you may fancy what a rout it is. . . .

"A newspaper has published the letter in which you refuse to come forward. I have not the least doubt that we do well to stand aloof. There is nothing for us to do until liberal opinions are born again in France. I never had a more clear and certain conviction than this. My only anxiety arises from the fear that I shall not find means to occupy satisfactorily the forced and probably very long leisure this future leaves to me. I cannot as yet grasp or even clearly apprehend the subject I have chosen; this gives me some days of great dejection.

"The elections are approaching without a symptom of electoral life. The insignificance of the thing appears to be generally felt. I think the Government will carry all its candidates; yet, if there were any combination in Paris, it might be beaten there. I have just read in the *Moniteur* the law on the Press, or rather against the Press. Everything that can be conceived, short of the censorship, is accumulated in this decree to render all discussion illusory and all intellectual movement impossible. I especially commend to you the clause on false news, by which the mere fact is punished, without any mischievous intention. Well! in spite of all this, the day that public opinion begins to awaken they will be obliged to have recourse to the censorship, either openly or secretly. The censorship is the only known specific against the freedom of the Press." (P. 279.)

The effect of these events on Tocqueville was to wean him altogether from society, and to throw him back upon the cherished retirement of his own home—embellished by all the graces of domestic life and cordial friendship, enlivened by a recurrence to his literary pursuits, but embittered by the thought that he had survived the liberties of his country. In this strain he wrote to Mrs. Phillimore, the accomplished daughter of Lord Justice Knight Bruce:

"I write to you, Madam, from the depths of the country, in which I live but little with mankind but much with my books; and as all mankind do not resemble you, I am not displeased to be separated from them. I have plunged with delight into the studies which business and revolutions had interrupted. I

have commenced a great work, which I had been thinking of for the last ten years, and which I expected never to have the time or the liberty of mind to undertake; and I acknowledge to you that there are many moments in which I am selfish enough and bad Frenchman enough to be extremely happy. A sort of twinge of virtue sometimes disturbs me when I reflect that no amount of personal happiness can console a man for the ruin of the institutions which promised greatness to his country. It is hard to think, whatever may be the pleasures of private life, that this great and terrible French Revolution can finish in the thing we see before us. Believe me, Madam, this is not the end of that great drama: it is an act added to the rest, but not the close of it." (P. 285.)

In the midst of this solitude comes one day a visitor who is thus amusingly described:

"Last week the silence of this ancient abode was broken by the noise of carriage wheels, and we were somewhat surprised to see X. alight. He had come to spend the day with us. We received him as well as we could, and talked literature from morning to night. He converses on that subject much better than on politics; he knows the whole eighteenth century by heart, and upon my word I thought he was going to recite to my wife the *Pucelle* of Voltaire. He would, in fact, have amused me, if it were in the power of man to amuse me for eight hours running. As I did not wish to have the air of avoiding political conversation, I said to him abruptly, 'How can you explain that the President, who has passed his life in free countries, should have destroyed freedom to this degree in our own? As for me,' I added, 'that which will always prevent me from rallying to this Government is not so much even the second December as what has followed it.' X. admitted with some embarrassment that he was surprised himself; that things had been carried too far, but that he did not despair of a return to freedom, and so fell back upon literature. I resumed the subject once more, which gave X. an opportunity to tell me that the President was surrounded with people who only blamed him for the moderation of his policy and the tardiness of his measures—people in fact who were shocked by the excess of our liberties and the small amount of power he had kept in his own hands. What irritated me the more in my guest was to see, that while he had sacrificed his former affections to his interests, he carefully retained his former animosities; so that after he had favored me with a grand tirade on the crimes of the Restoration, and especially on the expedition to Spain, 'Yes,' I exclaimed, 'you are right; it is always a great crime to destroy the liberty of a people under the pre-

text that a bad use is made of it.' This axiom cut short the conversation, and we returned for good to Voltaire, which did not prevent us from parting very tenderly at ten in the evening." (P. 290.)

In the autumn of 1853 he repaired to the neighborhood of Tours, where a country-house had been hired for the winter, as the climate of Normandy was too severe for his health, always delicate. From this cottage he addressed the following letter to his friend and former chief, M. Odilon Barrot:

"As for public affairs, I imagine that you are as ignorant and powerless as I am myself. You and I, my friend, belong to what they would have called eighty years ago 'the old Court.' Nay more, we belong to another age of the world; we are of a class of antediluvian animals who ought really to be placed in the cabinet of natural history to show what the creatures were like, long ago, who were so singularly constituted as to care for freedom, legality, and sincerity—strange tastes, which presuppose organs altogether different from those of the modern inhabitants of the world. This race too will pass away, and will be followed by another, more like us than itself, I am sure; but shall we witness this fresh metamorphosis? I question it; much time must elapse to efface the deplorable impressions of the last few years, and to bring back the French, I do not say to a passionate love of liberty, but to a sense of their own dignity, to the habit of writing and speaking with freedom, to the desire of discussing their obedience, which is in the spirit of the age, and the most ancient instinct of the race. When I think of the disasters which a handful of political adventurers have inflicted on this unhappy country; when I see that in the midst of this rich and industrious community doubts have been cast, with an air of plausibility, on the right of property itself; when I remember these things, and that the human race is composed for the most part, as in fact it is, of feeble, honest, and vulgar minds, I am disposed to forgive the prodigious moral enervation we are witnessing, and to reserve all my indignation and my scorn for the intriguers and madmen who have thrown our poor country into these extremities." (P. 300.)

Meanwhile the work on the *State of France before the Revolution* proceeded. Tocqueville visited Germany in 1854, and the commencement of the Russian war in that year gave a somewhat different direction to his thoughts. Hating the Government with all his heart, he nevertheless approved its conduct in the Eastern question, upheld the English alliance,

and maintained that in the presence of an enemy it is the duty of every man to abstain from doing anything to increase the difficulties of a crisis in which the nation is engaged. From about this time, too, dates Tocqueville's acquaintance with Sir George Lewis, which speedily ripened into mutual admiration and cordial friendship. They were both of them men in whose eyes the work of government was the noblest exercise of the human intellect for the improvement of our race by the influence of freedom and of truth, and who may be said to have pursued politics with no other object, for they were indifferent to all the vulgar prizes of political ambition. They were both of them alike free from pretension and from prejudice, intent upon the real principles of action which may govern the world rightly, rather than upon the forms they may assume, or the accidents that may attend them. In Lewis there was a greater mass of accumulated knowledge, for his was universal; in Tocqueville a quicker vein of sentiment and perhaps a more subtle power of discernment; but their faculties and tastes readily mingled in entire harmony, and few men have more rapidly and completely known and esteemed one another. It may be permitted to those who shared the friendship and revered the character of these two eminent men to record in a few passing lines the regret which two great nations must forever feel that their wise and virtuous lives were, within so short a time of one another, prematurely closed.

The letters addressed by Tocqueville to Sir George Lewis during the war, especially with reference to the administration of the army, are of extreme interest, but their length forbids us to quote them here. We confine ourselves to one observation. He had viewed with great regret the comparative failure of the British military administration at the outset of the war, though he attributed the superior arrangements of the French army chiefly to their long experience in Africa, whereas the British army took the field with the notions and traditions of the Peninsula. But what he conceived to be of still greater moment to the honor and power of this country, was the means of raising troops; for he held that it is impossible for a country to keep

its ground in the present state of the world without, at least, the power of raising large armies, and that England is mistaken if she thinks it possible to stand aloof from the affairs of the Continent. On this last point M. de Tocqueville's language is so forcible, and so much opposed to the prevailing opinion of the day in England, that we quote the passage :

"In general, although it is rather imprudent to speak of a country which is not one's own, I allow myself to say that the English would be wrong to fancy themselves as far separated and apart from the rest of the world as they have hitherto been, in so much that events of universal interest on the Continent should not affect their institutions. I think, that in the present age of the world, and still more in that which is approaching, no European nation can long remain entirely different from all other nations; and that whatever becomes the general law of the Continent cannot fail to exercise in the long run a very great influence on the peculiar laws of Great Britain, in spite of the sea, and in spite of the special manners and customs and institutions which have heretofore, more than the sea, protected you. We shall perhaps not see the verification of this remark in our own time; but be assured those who come after us will see it; and I should not be afraid to have this letter placed in a notary's office, to be read fifty years hence." (P. 367.)

M. de Tocqueville was well acquainted with the English language, with English modes of thought, with English opinions. He says in one of his letters that he can without difficulty place himself at the English point of view on any question, and tell beforehand what an Englishman would think of it. He entertained the highest opinion of the English intellect, and he attributes to it a marked superiority (in speaking of Mr. Grote's *History of Greece*) over German scholarship. But although he was entirely free from national prejudice, the fact is that he knew English men and English books better than he knew England. For twenty years he never visited it. In 1836 he left it still agitated by the throes of the Reform Bill, and, as he supposed, on the verge of a progressive democratic revolution, though a pacific one. In 1857, when he returned to it for the last time, he expressed his astonishment at finding the country so little changed after all, and that, in spite of the Reform Bill and all the incidents of twenty years, it was still just

the same old England. He was himself so well aware of his comparatively imperfect knowledge of this country, that he carefully abstained from writing upon it; and although some portions of his English journals have now been published, they must be regarded as the impressions of a traveller rather than as the deliberate judgment of a philosopher.* We think, for example, that he was wrong in assuming that the English aristocracy is based mainly upon wealth and the acquisition of wealth, though he is entirely right in the assertion that it is not based exclusively on birth. Immense fortunes are daily realized in England which have no connection at all with the aristocracy; and, on the other hand, the most frequent and beneficial additions to the House of Lords are those which are made on the ground of high legal ability, long public service, or personal eminence, irrespective of mere possessions. Great wealth, unaccompanied with political or personal claims, does not raise a man in England to the peerage; but the peerage of England is unquestionably open to all men, who rise by their own ability, in Church or State, to the first rank in their professions. That is its real basis and its true power.

Before we revert to the political opinions of Tocqueville, it may not be inappropriate to introduce in this place a letter to one of his friends, whose life has been devoted to metaphysical and theological inquiries. It is a page of general and lasting interest :

"Your last letter contains things on the

* This remark applies to the Notes on England and Ireland made by M. de Tocqueville thirty years ago, and certainly not intended by him for publication. They are not free from inaccuracies and misconceptions which further experience would have removed. Every English reader will at once detect these mistakes—as, for instance, that an overseer of the poor must be a wealthy man, and that the administrative Boards of this country are not named by the Crown, but are self-elected. It is not worth while to dwell upon them; but we hope the foreign readers of M. de Tocqueville's Notes will not be led astray by these statements, and will not suppose that England and Ireland, in 1865, still really present the peculiar abuses and evils he pointed out in 1835. The real value of these Notes is that they contain, not the truth, but a true statement of the impressions made upon an intelligent traveller by a journey through the United Kingdom at that period.

great questions which occupy you, deeply thought and well expressed. This letter well deserves to be read again, and the subject of it is the greatest, I may almost say the only subject, which deserves the attention of man. Everything else is a bubble in comparison with it. I should have had a passionate love for the philosophical studies which have been your constant occupation, if I could have turned them to more profit; but, whether from some natural defect or from a want of resolution in the pursuit of this design, I have always found at last that all the scientific notions to be acquired on these subjects did not carry me further, and frequently carried me less far, than the point I had reached at the outset by a small number of simple ideas, which all mankind do in fact more or less entertain. These ideas lead easily to a belief in a First Cause, which remains at once evident and inconceivable; to fixed laws which are discernible in the physical world, and must be supposed to exist in the moral world; to the providence of God, and therefore to his justice; to the responsibility of man, since he is enabled to discern good from evil, and, therefore, to a future life. I acknowledge that apart from revelation, I have never found that the nicest metaphysical inquiry could supply anything more clear on these points than the plainest common sense, and this has made me somewhat out of humor with it. What I called 'the bottom I cannot touch' is the Wherefore of the world; the plan of creation of which we know nothing, not even in our bodies, still less in our minds—the reason of the destiny of this singular being whom we call Man, with just intelligence enough to perceive the miseries of his condition, but not enough to change it. . . . That is the depth, or rather the depths, which the ambition of my soul would sound, but which will forever remain infinitely beyond my powers of knowing the truth." (P. 477.)

In these meditations, which diversified a life devoted to literary labor and to rural pursuits—a philosopher in the morning and a peasant in the afternoon—M. de Tocqueville spent the last years of his life. We fancy, as we read the letters written within a few months of its close, that a tone of increased serenity tempered the melancholy of political disappointment, and a greater power of thought plunged into the future of the world which he was not destined to behold. But though the shadow was already stealing along the wall, with that unconsciousness which is the last happiness of man, he still looked forward to a brighter future:

"I see," said he on the 12th January, 1858,

to Mr. Freslon, "that you do not give way to despondency as to public affairs, and you are right. I, too, am far from singing a *de profundis* over French society. Only, I am very much afraid that we are not destined to see that personage restored to vitality. The history of the past affords but little light as to the means of resuscitation, because the principles of life within it are different from what they once were. Down to a recent period, the living and active forces of society were in the educated classes. When these had been persuaded, excited, and united in one conviction, the rest followed. Nowadays, not only have the educated classes become temporarily insensible by the disease of long revolutions, but they are in reality dethroned. The centre of social power, so to speak, has been gradually displaced and at last abruptly changed. It now resides in classes which read nothing, or at least only read newspapers when they read anything at all: and that is the profound reason which leads our Government to reserve its fetters for the periodical press. We academicians are free to cry out as loud as we please, addressing an academical public: but the least buzz of a hostile thought is suppressed if it is thought likely to reach the ear of the people. Don't tell me, then, that Voltaire, Rousseau, etc., overthrew by books powers far more durably established. Those powers were better established, it is true; but the force to overthrow them was far more within the reach of writers of books, and better within their grasp. They were surrounded by the upper or middle class, who believed in ideas: but those same classes nowadays abhor and dread ideas, whatever they may be (as far as they are ideas), and think of nothing but interests. Moreover, these same upper and middle classes, whose ears were so open, were still the masters of society. When they were won over, all was done.

"I believe with you, that these classes may again be persuaded and excited; and I think that when that is done, a great, though still a less influence may be exercised through them over the people: but this can only be accomplished very slowly, by dint of a multitude of small blows struck successively on the public mind. It is certainly a good, and even a necessary thing to follow this up, and it would be an exaggeration to say that those who do so are losing their time; but it would be a still greater exaggeration to believe in the complete efficacy and prompt effect of these efforts. To change the mind of the nation quickly, instruction less refined and more adapted to the classes who are now all-powerful is requisite; and as the periodical press is not free, it is only by *facts* and not by *ideas* that the people can be enlightened as to the true character of the Government it lives under. If this Government followed its natural disposition, if it were now to commit the faults

by which in the long run absolute governments always fall, the nation would see clearly and at once what its constitution is; and as, after all, the comparisons between our own age and the decline of society under the Roman Empire are inaccurate—as the mass of the people forms neither a corrupt nation, nor a timorous nation, nor a nation enslaved like the Roman mob, on that day when light shall break in upon it, the nation will judge.” (P. 481.)

These extracts are long, but they are taken from a volume not yet in the hands of English readers. They are not inferior in wisdom and in acuteness to any of M. de Tocqueville's earlier writings, and they bear directly on the question of the day most interesting to the world—the state of opinion and the duration of the Imperial Government in France. We shall, therefore, resume and complete them by adding to them one of the last letters to M. de Beaumont, dated

“TOCQUEVILLE, 27th Feb., 1858.

“I cannot tell you, my dear friend, how much your last letter has interested me, and how entirely I agree with most of your observations, among others with that on the value of liberty. Like you, I have never been more entirely convinced that liberty alone can give to human society in general, and to the individuals which compose it in particular, all the prosperity and all the greatness of which our race is capable. Every day confirms me more in this belief; my own observations, the lapse of life, the recollections of history, the events of the present day, foreign nations, our own, all combine to give to these opinions of our youth the force of absolute conviction. That liberty is the *sine quâ non* to form a great and virile nation, is to my mind evidence itself. On this point I have a faith which I should be glad to have on many others.

“But how difficult it is to establish liberty firmly in nations which have lost the use, and even the true conception of it! How powerless are institutions when they are not fostered by the ideas and habits of the people! I have always thought that to make France a free nation (in the true sense of the word)—that enterprise to which we have devoted our lives to the extent of our small abilities—I have always thought, I say, that this enterprise was a grand but a rash one. I think it every day more rash, but more grand also; and so much so, that were I to be born again, I should still prefer to risk everything in this hazardous undertaking rather than to bow under a necessity to serve. Will others be more fortunate than we have

been? I know not; but I ask myself whether in our time we shall see in France a free nation, at least what you and I mean by the word. That does not mean that we shall not see revolutions. Nothing, believe me, is settled. An unforeseen circumstance, a new turn given to affairs, any accident whatsoever, may bring on extraordinary events to force every man from his retreat. It was to that I alluded in my last letter, and not to the establishment of regular liberty. But what makes me fear that nothing will for a long time make us free, is that we have not the desire to be so. . . . Not indeed that I am one of those who say that we are a decrepit and corrupt nation, destined to perpetual servitude. Those who, with this notion, exhibit the vices of the Roman Empire, and complacently imagine that we are to reproduce them on a smaller scale, are people who seem to me to live in books and not in the reality of their age. We are not a decrepit nation, but a nation worn and terrified by anarchy. We are wanting in the sound and lofty conception of freedom; but we are worth more than our present destiny. We are not yet ripe for the definitive and regular establishment of despotism; and the Government will find this out if ever it attains sufficient security to discourage conspiracies, to cause the anarchical parties to drop their arms, and to crush them from the scene. The Government would then be astonished, in the hey-day of its triumph, to find a stratum of bitterness and opposition beneath that layer of obsequious followers who now seem to cover the surface of France. I sometimes think that the only chance of seeing a strong love of liberty revive in France is in the tranquil and apparently definitive establishment of absolute power. Observe the working of all our revolutions; it can now be described with great precision. The experience of seventy years has proved that the people *alone* cannot make a revolution; as long as that necessary element of revolutions works alone, it is powerless. It does not become irresistible till a portion of the educated classes has joined it; and these classes will only lend their moral support or their material coöperation to the people when they cease to fear it. Hence it is that, at the very moment when each of the Governments we have had in the last sixty years appeared to be the strongest, it caught the disease by which it was to perish. The Restoration began to die the day when nobody talked any longer of killing it; and so with the July monarchy. I think it will beset the present Government. Paul [M. de Beaumont's youngest son, then a child] will tell me if I mistake.” (P. 490.)

There has not been any time since the establishment of the Imperial Govern-

ment, at which this language was so likely to arrest the attention of the French people as the present. The signs of the times, especially in the recent elections, indicate a spirit very different from the apathy of abject submission and indifference which seemed to have emasculated France. On almost every point of the country—in the choice of representatives, in the choice of the *conseils généraux*, and in the municipal elections—the Government finds its nominations energetically disputed and not unfrequently defeated. If at this moment the Legislative Assembly were reelected, the Opposition would be represented in it by at least a powerful minority, and if that Opposition is not already in the Chamber, it is out of doors, in spite of all the persecution and restrictions which have been laid on the exercise of the most legitimate electoral rights. The machinery by which universal suffrage was converted for a time into a toy for prefects and ministers to play with, and an instrument to crush the real intelligence of the people, is worn out. There is once more a voice and a will in that ballot-box; and that voice condemns the Imperial Government. As M. de Tocqueville observed in 1858, it is by *facts* alone, and not by arguments, that the true character of the Government is known—facts such as the state of the finances, the Mexican war, the restrictions of the Press, the prosecution and punishment of electoral committees, are gradually bringing back light to the French nation, and when “light breaks in, the nation will judge.” In spite of many errors of judgment and of conduct, we do not dispute the services which the Emperor Napoleon III. has rendered to France, and we do not question that his popularity is still undiminished with the great majority of the nation. But that popularity cannot cover all the shortcomings and abuses of his Government; and dependent as it is on his personal authority, the idea of the termination of his reign is becoming as much an object to the timid, and of perplexity to the wavering, as the incoherent threats of anarchy. For what would he leave behind him? A Government composed of men

for the most part profoundly discredited—a youthful heir—a regent perhaps, who, both as a foreigner and a woman, has hardly had justice done her by the French people—and, on the other hand, a rising tide of liberal feeling, more and more disposed to demand institutions which shall give the nation security for the future and a real voice in its affairs. There is not a man among the most devoted adherents of the Empire who does not view this state of things with undisguised apprehension; and there is probably not a man who would counsel and abet the Emperor in an attempt to repeat the blow which he dealt so successfully in 1851 to an effete Assembly and a terrified community. There is, as it appears to us, but one course to be pursued with any prospect of security to the Imperial dynasty and of tranquillity to France; and that course is to accept the progress of liberal opinions. It would not be very difficult, even with the existing institutions of the Empire, to transform the present absolutism of the sovereign into a system of government which might afford a moderate and reasonable satisfaction to the country. The Imperial Government, though extremely arbitrary, and irresponsible to any organized body in the State, has never failed to acknowledge its democratic origin, and to exercise its power with some regard to the prevailing sentiments of the people. It will be well for its own sake if it follow the same course now. It is not by resistance or repression that the Empire can regain the ground that it is losing. The language even of its harshest judges and keenest enemies deserves its serious attention; and if France is again to be saved from another of those periodical convulsions which may even now be approaching, like a storm on the furthest limit of the horizon, it will be by timely concessions to the reviving energy of the nation.

At such a moment, the voice of M. de Tocqueville, in his ardent love of freedom, will not be unheard or without influence, and we shall be curious to learn what answer will be made to this posthumous appeal of a great thinker and a great patriot.

London Society.

THE BOOK OF PERFUMES.*

WHEN the idealist turns his attention to the human senses, those inlets that admit the various emanations of the outer world to the sensorium, he gives them but a secondary place in his regard. To him they are not an end but a means, vehicles of thought, or rather of the rude materials whence thought is ultimately elaborated. No doubt as one kind of vehicle or one mode of transit may be better than another in forwarding his ideas to that mysterious laboratory of the mind, he may occasionally prefer their passage through and conveyance to that of another. One kind of sensations may come to him better through the eye than through the ear, as Horace tells us; and another may come handier by touch than by smell; but he does not prepare them in the outer world and send them on, he takes them just as they do come, and passes them through an alembic of his own to distil his mental essences. An artist of another kind takes his stand in the outer world, and combines his essences for the solace and gratification of the senses themselves. All the various sounds of nature are combined harmoniously to soothe the ear, her colors blent to please the eye; the food that must be taken is so prepared as to give its passing contribution of pleasure to the palate, and among the nicest, keenest, and most delicate of our sensual gratifications must be reckoned those agreeable feelings impressed upon the olfactories by odoriferous emanations. As, therefore, all the gifts and bounties of nature in their elemental condition are meant for our good, so each artist in his several sphere who combines and arranges them so as to bestow and express their best influences upon man, is, to that extent, his benefactor. A work has just now appeared, written by a practical operator in that department of chemistry that concerns itself in the development, analysis, and combination of the various aromas latent in the animal and vegetable world, a perusal of which will afford as much pleasure to the cultivated mind as any of the essences detailed in it may give to the olfactory sense. It is profess-

edly an illustration of the art of perfumery; but the great body of the work, as indeed the author confesses, is more a history of perfumery from the earliest times to the present day, consisting altogether of twelve chapters: nine of them are taken up in tracing the history of odoriferous compounds through the various nations of the Egyptians, Jews, Asiatics, Greeks, Romans, Orientals, and Moderns. The work, however, more properly divides itself into four grand sections; the first containing a short analysis of the physiology of odors; then the principal feature of the work, their history; thirdly, a short description of the various modes in use for extracting the essences of plants and flowers, and concluding with a summary of the principal fragrant materials used in our manufactures.

Among other beneficial influences arising from the contact of sweet odors upon the nervous system, and thence transmitted to the brain, the writer alleges a mental and even a moral benefit to accrue. To make this assertion good, however, would open up too large a field of metaphysical speculation. One may say, in general, that it is not the mere reception of any of the soothing influences, either of nature or art, that necessarily inspires the feeling of gratitude any more than the act of bestowing alms naturally evokes it in the recipient. It is, perhaps, therefore more strictly a poetical than a spiritual influence the author paints in opening his volume, when he says, beautifully enough:

"Who has not felt revived and cheered by the balmy fragrance of the luxuriant garden or the flowery meadow? Who has not experienced the delightful sensation caused by inhaling a fresh breeze loaded with the spoils of the flowery tribe, that sweet south so beautifully described by Shakespeare, as

'Breathing o'er a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor.'

"An indescribable emotion then invades the whole being; the soul becomes melted in sweet rapture, and silently offers up the homage of its gratitude to the Creator for the blessings showered upon us, while the tongue slowly murmurs with Thomson:

* By EUGENE RIMMEL.

'Soft roll your manse herbs and fruits and flowers;
In mingled clouds to them whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes, and whose pencil paints.'"

There is, however, less doubt about its power over some of the faculties of the mind, especially the memory, in recalling long past scenes and emotions.

Jean Jacques Rousseau, Zimmerman, and other authors say that the sense of smell is the sense of imagination. There is no doubt that pleasant perfumes exercise a cheering influence on the mind, and easily become associated with our remembrances. Sounds and scents share alike the property of refreshing the memory and recalling vividly before us the scenes of our past life, an effect which Thomas Moore beautifully illustrates in his "Lalla Rookh":

"The young Arab, haunted by the smell
Of her own mountain flower as by a spell,
The Elcazar and that courteous tree
Which bows to all who seek its canopy,
Sees called up round her by those magic scents,
The well, the camel, and her father's tents;
Sighs for the home she left with little pain,
And wishes e'en its sorrows back again."

Tennyson expresses the same feeling in his dream of "Fair Woman":

"The smell of violets hidden in the green
Poured back into my empty soul and frame
The times when I remember to have been
Joyful and free from blame."

The art of the perfumer is like that of other arts, an endeavor to copy Nature. "He strives to imitate the fragrance of all flowers which are rebellious to his skill, and refuse to yield up their essence. Is he not, then, entitled to claim the name of Artist, if he approaches, even faintly, the perfections of his charming models?"

In effecting a classification of all the various odors in the art of perfumery, a wonderful example of the power of habit or tracing of a special faculty is given. The late lamented Dr. George Wilson, of Edinburgh, wrote a work on *Color Blindness*, proving that many people have eyes, but see not, or only see without being able to distinguish between the various tints and hues by which nature is so richly adorned. Our author, as

may be inferred from his motto,* seems to think the same thing as to some of our noses, or if we have that useful organ physically appended, it might to all the intents and purposes of perfumery have been as well dispensed with. But it is a good thing that Nature ever makes compensation for any such defect in one individual by its superabundance of possession in another. It is said of Coleridge, the poet, that when passing through the streets of Cologne, he endeavored to reckon up all the different kinds of smell pervading that town, and found, or said he found, them to amount to seventy-two in number. Surely, if he possessed a nasal talent so acute as this he was more naturally intended for a perfumer than a poet. Admitting, however, some poetic license in this enumeration, no doubt a perfumer's nose by constant practice must have its perceptions wonderfully quickened; and as a practical man, our author's new classification, even though running counter to some of the fathers in botany, must be admitted to be good authority.

"Linnæus, the father of modern botanical science, divided them into seven classes, three of which only were pleasant odors—the aromatic, the fragrant, and the ambrosial; but however good his general divisions may have been, this classification was far from correct, for he placed carnation with laurel leaves and saffron with jasmine, than which nothing can be more dissimilar. Fourcroy divided them into five series, and De Haller into three. All these were however, more theoretical than practical; and none classified odors by their resemblance to each other. I have attempted to make a new classification, comprising only pleasant odors, by adopting the principle that, as there are primary colors from which all secondary shades are composed, there are also primary odors with perfect types, and that all other aromas are connected more or less with them."

It was a very common opinion among some of the ancient doctors, as Creton, Hippocrates, and others, that perfumes had a medicinal effect in curing certain diseases, especially those of a nervous kind. Pliny even ascribes therapeutic

* "Non cuique datum est habere nasum."

properties to various aromatic substances. Our modern doctors, on this, as on so many other points, disagree; some maintaining the curative power of certain medicated perfumes, others denying any such influence. Our author denies both sides of the question in the abstract, but rather, if anything, inclines to the opinion that in "moderation" they are beneficial.

Another popular fallacy he demolishes regarding flowers in a sleeping-room, which many will, no doubt, be pleased to hear.

"It is true that flowers, if left in a sleeping apartment all night, will sometimes cause headache and sickness; but this proceeds, not from the diffusion of their aroma, but from the carbonic acid they evolve during the night. If a perfume extracted from these flowers were left open in the same circumstances, no evil effect would arise from it. All that can be said is, that some delicate people may be effected by certain odors; but the same person to whom a musky scent would give a headache might derive much relief from a perfume with a citrine basis. Imagination has, besides, a great deal to do with the supposed noxious effects of perfumes. Dr. Cloquet, who may be deemed an authority on this subject, of which he made a special study, says in his able *Treatise on Olfaction*, 'We must not forget that there are many effeminate people to be found in the world who imagine that perfumes are injurious to them, but their example cannot be adduced as a proof of the bad effects of odors. Thus Dr. Thomas Capellini relates the story of a lady who fancied she could not bear the smell of a rose, and fainted on receiving the visit of a friend who carried one, and yet the fatal flower was only artificial.'"

In the historical parts of this work, extending over nine of its longest chapters, there is doubtless much that is far from new. The reader whose classical studies have extended any considerable way into the history of those early nations, must be familiar with most of what is there detailed; but to the non-classical, and to ladies generally, whose educational readings may not have tended in that direction, the representation there given of ancient manners and customs, interspersed with many

pleasing anecdotes well fitted in, and the whole so richly redolent of perfume, must have a peculiar charm. The writer's own account of it is, that it is a piece of mosaic work, and we are bound to add that it is well put together, and the colors harmoniously blent. One sometimes wonders on reading some parts of it, how its author, who has achieved some fame as an operative perfumer and inventor of new compounds, can have found time to travel away so far from his laboratory collecting so much of the lore of antiquity as adheres to his artistic details. The style, too, is that of a practiced pen, light and perspicuous; and to say it is readable is not enough—it is most interesting. We learn from these descriptive illustrations, confirmed by the records of ancient writers and the numerous implements found intact in the tombs, that perfumes were extensively consumed in Egypt, and applied to three distinct purposes—offerings to the gods, embalming the dead, and uses in private life.

"It was, however, in their grand religious processions that they made the most luxurious display of perfumes. In one of those, described as having taken place under one of the Ptolemies, marched one hundred and twenty children bearing incense, myrrh, and saffron in golden basins, followed by a number of camels, some carrying three hundred pounds weight of frankincense, and others a similar quantity of crocus, cassia, cinnamon, orris, and other precious aromatics."

The Egyptian belief in the transmigration of souls is thought to be one of the reasons for the very great care they took in embalming the bodies of their dead; that after having concluded their long journey, the souls might find their original envelopes in a tolerable state of preservation. Looking upon any of those shrivelled relics stretched out in mournful state in the British Museum, our mind naturally recurs to the lines—

"And thou hast walked about—how strange a story!"

In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous."

But we are here also reminded of the

account given by Herodotus regarding the mode and operation by which the mummy was made up. "They first extracted the brains through the nostrils by means of a curved iron probe, and filled the head with drugs. Then making an incision in the side with a sharp Ethiopian stone, they drew out the intestines, and inserted into the cavity powdered myrrh, cassia, and other perfumes, frankincense excepted. After sewing up the body, they kept it in natron for seventy days, and then wrapped it up entirely with bands of fine linen smeared with gum, and laid it in a wooden case made in the shape of a man, which they placed upright against the wall."

"The taste for perfumes and cosmetics went on increasing in Egypt until the time of Cleopatra, when it may be said to have reached its climax. This luxurious queen made a lavish use of aromatics, and it was one of the means of seduction she brought into play at her first interview with Mark Antony on the banks of the Cydnus, which is so beautifully described by Shakespeare."

The Jews, from their long captivity in Egypt, brought back with them into their own country a knowledge of perfumery. Long before that time, however, they had probably discovered the aromatic properties of some of their native gums, and prompted by that natural instinct to which I have already alluded, they had offered those fragrant treasures on the altars raised to their God. Thus we find Noah, on issuing from the Ark, expressing his gratitude to the Almighty for his wonderful preservation by a sacrifice of burnt offerings composed of every clean beast and every clean fowl. It is true that Genesis does not mention incense as having formed part of the holocaust; but the very words that follow—"and the Lord smelled a sweet savor," may lead us to assume that such was the case.

The purification of women, as ordained by law, caused also a great consumption of aromatics. It lasted a whole year, the first six months being accomplished with oil of myrrh, and the rest with other sweet odors. Perfumes were also one of the means of seduction resorted to by Judith when she went forth to seek Holofernes in his tent and

liberate her people from his oppression. But the most complete description of the various aromatics used by the Jews is to be found in the Song of Solomon, in which the frequent mention of perfumes made in it shows that they must have been well known and appreciated at the Jewish Court. The common account given of the death of Sardanapalus is perhaps the most striking instance among the Assyrians of their passion for perfumes. This account is, however, disputed by some historians; but the fact of his passion for cosmetics and perfumes is well enough known; and even the account of Dures and other historians given of the manner of his death, agrees with it. They say that "Arbaces, one of his generals, having gone to visit Sardanapalus, found him painted with vermilion and clad in female garb. He was just in the act of pencilling his eyebrows when Arbaces entered, and the general was so indignant at the effeminacy of the monarch that he stabbed him on the spot. The Persians borrowed from the Medes their taste for perfumes and cosmetics. Such was their predilection for perfumes that they usually wore on their heads crowns made of myrrh and a sweet-smelling plant called labyzus. In the palaces of monarchs and individuals of rank aromatics were constantly burning in richly-wrought vessels, a custom of which we find an illustration in the sculptures of Persepolis."

The greatest admirer of perfumes among ancient Asiatic monarchs seems to have been Antiochus Epiphanes, or the Illustrious, king of Syria. At all his feasts, games, and processions, perfumes held the first place.

"The king was once bathing in the public baths when some private person, attracted by the fragrant odor which he shed around, accosted him, saying, 'You are a happy man, O king; you smell in a most costly manner.' Antiochus, being much pleased with the remark, replied, 'I will give you as much as you can desire of this perfume.' The king then ordered a large ewer of thick unguent to be poured over his head, and a multitude of poor people soon collected around him to gather what was spilled. This caused the king infinite amusement, but it made the place so greasy that he slipped and fell on his back in a most

undignified manner, which put an end to his merriment."

Among the Greeks, who had that peculiar taste for immortalizing and worshipping everything that was pleasing and grateful to the senses, it is not to be wondered at that they ascribed a divine origin to perfumes. In other cases they invested the attributes of their deities with odoriferous attractions. The apparition of a goddess is never mentioned without speaking of the ambrosial fragrance which she shed around her; and as they revelled in nectar and ambrosia—a kind of food unknown to mortals—so had they also specially reserved for their use some of the most delicious perfumes. At all the religious festivals of the Greeks we know that aromatics were consumed in large quantities, and no Mohammedan Paradise can surpass their Elysium. There they were to find a golden aty, with emerald ramparts, ivory pavement, and cinnamon gates. Around the walls flowed a river of perfumes one hundred cubits in width, and deep enough to swim in. From this river rose an odorous mist, which enveloped the whole place and shed a refreshing and fragrant dew. There were to be besides in this fortunate city three hundred and sixty-five fountains of honey and five hundred of the sweetest essence. A portion of this heavenly fragrance was also sometimes dispensed on earth to some *protégé*, as a mark of great favor. "Thus, when Penelope prepares to receive her suitors, Eurynome advises her to dispel her grief and diffuse 'the grace of unction over her cheeks;' but the virtuous matron refused. Pallas, however, visits her during her slumbers, and sheds over her some wonderful perfume, which was probably called in those times 'the Venus bouquet.'" "Phaon, the Lesbian pilot, having once conveyed in his vessel to Cyprus a mysterious passenger, whom he discovers to be Venus, receives from the goddess, as a parting gift, a divine essence, which changes his coarse face into the most beautiful features. Poor Sappho, who sees him after his transformation, becomes smitten with his charms, but finding her love unrequited, is driven to seek a watery grave." This miracle, says our author, beats all the vaunted achievements of modern perfumery, even

including the "patent enamelling process," which, if applied to gentlemen, would not, I am afraid, attract many Sapphos. Perfumers' shops in Greece were the resort of loungers, as modern cafés are in the south of Europe. "Even the tattered cynic, Diogenes, did not disdain to enter them now and then, leaving his tub at the door; but with a praiseworthy spirit of economy, he always applied the ointments he bought to his feet; for, as he justly observed to the young sparks, who mocked him for his eccentricity, "When you anoint your head with perfume it flies away into the air, and the birds only get the benefit of it; while I rub it only on my lower limbs it envelops my whole body, and gratefully ascends to my nose." What young Grecian belle, whose radiant beauty might be marred by some disfiguring spot or speckle, could fail to believe in the curative power of sweet odors on hearing of an effect like this on one of her countrywomen? "Mito, a fair young maiden, the daughter of an humble artisan, was in the habit of depositing every morning garlands of fresh flowers in the temple of Venus, her poverty preventing her from indulging in richer offerings. Her splendid beauty was once nearly destroyed by a tumor which grew on her chin; but she saw in a dream the goddess, who told her to apply to it some of the roses from her altar. She did so, and recovered her charms so completely that she eventually sat on the Persian throne as the favorite wife of Cyrus."

Our ladies of the present day would no doubt rebel against any such arbitrary edict as would compel them to wear their garments in one particular manner, or according to a certain legal cut. More arbitrary than the law of fashion, however, it could not be; and were the former to override the latter sometimes in this respect, as in the case of those enormous amplitudes now so prevalent in female attire, it may be a question whether it would not be for the better. Such was the case, at least, at Athens. "The carés and duties of the toilet were deemed of such importance, that a tribunal was instituted to decide on all matters of dress. And a woman whose *péplon* or mantle was not of correct cut, or whose head dress was neglected, was

liable to a fine which varied according to the offence, and sometimes reached the high sum of a thousand drachmæ."

The Romans, in the art of perfumery, as in almost every other art but that of war, were the copyists of the Greeks. It was long, indeed, before the effeminating and luxurious fashions of the latter made progress among them, and when they did, it was more in the decline of their power than in their rising greatness. Nevertheless, among the upper classes and the refined, their use was largely resorted to. In their baths and dining chambers the richest and most costly perfumes were abundant. Three kinds were principally used—solid unguents, liquid unguents, and powdered perfumes. One of those most in favor with the Romans was saffron; they had not only their apartments and banqueting halls strewn with this plant, but they also composed with it unguents and essences, which were highly prized. "Some of the latter were often made to flow in small streams at their entertainments, or to descend in odorous dews over the public from the velarium forming the roof of the amphitheatre." In addition to their liquid essences and unguents, they also made use of an immense variety of cosmetics for improving and preserving the complexion. These, according to Pliny, who describes their preparation, were certain kinds of pastes or poultices, that were kept on the fire all night, and part of the day; some, indeed, only removed them for the purpose of going out, alluded to by Juvenal, in one of his Satires, where he says, "A Roman husband seldom sees his wife's face at home, but when she sallies forth." Another device, besides poulticing, was tried by Poppæa, the wife of Nero, "who used to bathe in asses' milk every day, and when she was exiled from Rome, obtained permission to take with her fifty asses to enable her to continue her favorite ablutions." Our author devotes some pages of his work at the end of each chapter, on the Roman and Greek periods, detailing the different modes in use of dressing the hair then prevalent, which may possibly have an interest to some, but seems rather apart from the general object of his work. It does not appear, however, amid all their elaborations for that purpose, that they had

reached our climax in hairdressing by machinery.

Among the Orientals, in all times of their history, a taste for perfumes has prevailed, and at the present day all classes seek to gratify it. "It is cultivated among ladies, who, caring little or nothing for mental acquirements, and debarred from the pleasures of society, are driven to resort to such sensual enjoyments as their secluded life will afford. They love to be in an atmosphere redolent with fragrant odors, that keep them in a state of dreamy languor, which is for them the nearest approach to happiness. Many are the cosmetics brought into use to enhance their charms, and numerous are the slaves who lend their assistance to perform that important task, some correcting with a whitening paste the over-warm tint of the skin, some replacing with an artificial bloom the faded roses of the complexion." A deduction is here made by Mr. Rimmel, which is perhaps rather ambiguous, and certainly seems to be opposed to most common notions of beautifying the person by artificial means. After describing the "red-tipped fingers" and "darkened eyelids" of these fair creatures, he says: "And it may fairly be presumed that the constant cares which they bestow upon themselves have the effect of increasing and preserving their beauty." We had thought that all such face adornments spoiled the natural complexion, and it is perhaps hardly what the author means, for an extract is given from the traveller Sonnini, that more alludes to the benefits of "bathing" and "cleanliness," which are doubtless good beauty preservers, than to any other superficial device. The answer given by Beau Brummel to the person who asked him what perfume he used for his linen, showed a good appreciation of Nature's own cosmetics, in the general make-up of his appointments—"Country air and country washing," said the Beau. These Oriental dames, or any other ladies desirous of arresting the ravages of time, and preserving their charms, would also perhaps find this as good a recipe for that purpose as any other artificial cosmetic. "Good airing" was indeed an especial requisite in many things with Brummel. He never went out in the morning until the day was well aired.

It is a very common but true analogy that is so often drawn between the infancy of man and the infancy of a nation. In both, the faculties are undirected and unexpanded; in the former from their own natural imperfection, and in the latter from the want of suitable objects for their development. The olfactories of children are not nice in their discrimination, and those of any untutored people show equally fantastic preferences, and perhaps would select some of the most rancid smells to the finest productions in the perfumer's laboratory. Such was the case in the early stages of our own history in this country. "The Druids knew, however, and highly prized the numerous aromatic plants indigenous to the soil. Druidesses crowned their brows with verbenas, and composed with fragrant herbs mysterious balms which cured the heroes' wounds, and enhanced the charms of the fair." The Roman conquest introduced the graceful costumes and elaborate cosmetics of Italy, and the provinces soon rivalled the metropolis in elegance and refinement. Barbarism, however, again supervened, and "perfumes did not come into general use in England until the reign of Elizabeth. In the fifteenth year of her reign the Earl of Oxford came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, sweet bags, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant things, and that year the queen had a pair of perfumed gloves. She took such pleasure in these gloves, that she was pictured with them upon her hands, and for many years afterward it was called the Earl of Oxford's perfume. On another occasion, when visiting the University of Cambridge, she was presented with a pair of perfumed gloves, and was so delighted with them that she put them on at once. She also usually carried with her a pomander, which was a ball composed of ambergris, benzoin, and other perfumes, and with the gift of a 'faire gyrdle of pomander,' which was a series of pomanders strung together and worn around the neck. These pomanders were supposed to be preservatives from infection."

The manufacture for extracting the aroma of flowers and plants is carried on chiefly in the south of France, Italy, Spain, Turkey, Algeria, India—in fact, wherever the climate gives to flowers

and plants that intensity of odor necessary for a profitable extraction.

The proposal to cultivate flowers in England for perfumery purposes has ever been found impracticable. "However beautiful in form and color they may be, they do not possess the intensity of odor required for extraction, and the greater part of those used in France for perfumery would only grow here in hot-houses. The only flower which could be had in abundance would be the rose, but the smell of it is faint compared with that of the Southern rose; and the rosewater made in this country can never equal the French in strength. If we add to this the shortness of the flowering season, and the high price of land and labor, we may arrive at the conclusion that such a speculation would be as bad as that of attempting to make wine from English grapes. The only perfumery ingredients in which England really excels are lavender and peppermint; but that is owing to the very cause which would militate against the success of other flowers in this country, for our moist and moderate climate gives those two plants the mildness of fragrance for which they are prized, while in France and other warm countries they grow strong and rank."

The four processes in use for extracting the aroma from fragrant substances are distillation, expression, maceration, and absorption. Grasse, Cannes, and Nice, all in the south of France, are the principal towns where the maceration and absorption processes are carried on, and above a hundred houses are engaged in these operations, and in the distillation of essential oils, giving employment during the flower season to ten thousand people. The manufacture of scents, soaps, cosmetics, and other toilet requisites is carried on chiefly in London and Paris, which may be called the headquarters, of perfumery, and the emporium for all other parts of the world. The products of Germany, Russia, Spain, and the United States are mostly counterparts of the London and Paris manufacturers.

The principal manufactories of toilet soap are in London, where there are about sixty into which female labor has been introduced for nearly twenty years. The English toilet soaps are the very

best that are made. The French come next, and those of Germany are the worst.

In concluding his chapter on the commerce of perfumes, Mr. Rimmel offers a few words of advice to ladies on the choice of their perfumes and cosmetics, which, coming from so competent an authority, cannot but be thankfully received. "The selection of a perfume is entirely a matter of taste; and I should no more presume to dictate to a lady which scent she should choose than I would to an epicure what wine he is to drink; and yet I may say to the nervous, use simple extracts of flowers, which can never hurt you, in preference to compounds, which generally contain musk and other ingredients likely to affect the head. Above all avoid strong, coarse perfumes, and remember, that if a woman's temper may be told from her handwriting, her good taste and good breeding may as easily be ascertained by the perfume she uses. While a lady charms us with the delicate ethereal fragrance she sheds around her, aspiring vulgarity will as surely betray itself by a *mouchoir* redolent of common perfumes.

"Hair preparations are like medicines, and must be varied according to the consumer. For some, pomatum is preferable; for others, oil; while some again require neither, and should use hair washes or lotions. A mixture of lime-juice and glycerine has lately been introduced, and has met with great success, for it clears the hair from pellicles, the usual cause of premature baldness. For all these things, however, personal experience is the best guide.

"Soap is an article of large consumption, and some people cannot afford to pay much for it; yet I would say avoid *very cheap* soaps, which irritate the skin, owing to the excess of alkali which they contain. Good soaps are now manufactured at a very moderate price by the principal London perfumers, and ought to satisfy the most economical. White, yellow, and brown are the best colors to select.

"Tooth-powders are preferable to tooth-pastes. The latter may be pleasanter to use, but the former are certainly more beneficial.

"Lotions for the complexion require,

of all other cosmetics, to be carefully prepared. Some are composed with mineral poisons, which render them dangerous to use, although they may be effectual in curing certain skin diseases. There ought to be always a distinction made between those intended for healthy skins and those that are to be used for cutaneous imperfections; besides, the latter may be easily removed without having recourse to any violent remedies.

"Paints for the face I cannot conscientiously recommend. Rouge is innocuous in itself, being made of cochineal and safflower; but whites are often made of deadly poisons, such as cost poor Zelgar his life a few months since. The best white ought to be made of mother-of-pearl, but it is not often so prepared. To professional people, who cannot dispense with these, I must recommend great care in their selection; but to others I would say, cold water, fresh air, and exercise are the best recipes for health and beauty, for no borrowed charms can equal those of

'A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted.'

"The materials of perfumery may be divided according to their nature into twelve series—animal, floral, herbal, andropogon, citrine, spicy, ligneous, radical, seminal, balmy or resinous, fruity, and artificial.

"The animal series comprises only three substances—musk, civet, and ambergris. Musk is a secretion found in a pocket or pod under the belly of the musk deer, a ruminant which inhabits the higher mountain ranges of China, Thibet, and Tonquin: the male alone yields the celebrated perfume, the best coming from Tonquin. The odor of musk is also to be found, though in a less degree, in the musk ox, the musk rat, and musk duck. A musky fragrance likewise occurs in some vegetables, as the well-known yellow-flowered musk-plant, but its intensity is not sufficient for extraction.

"Civet is the glandular secretion of an animal of the feline tribe, found in Africa and India.

"Ambergris is now ascertained to be generated by the large-headed sperm-ceti whale, and is the result of a diseased state of the animal, which either throws

up the morbid substance, or dies of the malady and is eaten up by other fishes. In either case it becomes loose, and is picked up floating on the sea or worked ashore.

"The floral series includes all flowers available for perfumery purposes—hitherto limited to eight—jasmine, rose, orange, tuberose, cassia, violet, jonquil, and narcissus. Of all these the rose is queen—the queen of flowers—but to the perfumer deriving its principal charm from the delicious fragrance with which Nature has endowed it. He obtains from it an essential oil, a distilled water, a perfumed oil, and a pomade. Even its withered leaves are rendered available to form the ground of sachet powder, for they retain their scent for a considerable time.

"The violet is one of the most charming odors in nature. It is a scent which pleases all, even the most delicate and nervous, and it is no wonder that it should be in such universal request.

"Lavender was extensively used by the Romans in their baths, whence its name, from *lavare*, 'to wash.' It is a nice *clean* scent and an old and deserving favorite. The best lavender is grown at Mitcham in Surrey, and at Hitchen in Hertfordshire. Mr. James Bridges, the largest English distiller of lavender and peppermint, has three gigantic stills in operation at Mitcham, each able to contain about one thousand gallons."

The *Book of Perfumes* is a work that owes its existence to the Society of Arts and the Great Exhibition. Mr. Rimmel was called upon by the former to prepare a paper on the Art of Perfumery, its History and Commercial Development; and to qualify himself for the task, he says he had to devour a huge pile of big books, in order to see how the ancients ministered to the gratification of the olfactory senses. Then two years later being called upon by the jury of the Exhibition to draw up the official report of the perfumery class, he thus gained so complete an insight into the world of sweet smells that he was induced to publish in the *Englishwoman's Magazine* a series of articles on the subject. Hence the nucleus of the work. That it has grown to its present size, and contains so much that is readable, interesting, and instructive is a boon to the public; and while

every person of taste or smell must greatly enjoy a perusal of it, not without much fresh information on many subjects, it ought to be an especial favorite with the ladies. It is got up in drawing-room style, containing about two hundred and fifty illustrations by Bourdelan, Thomas, and other good artists; and as it now lies before the writer of these remarks, exhales from every page the richest aromas of the author's own exquisite invention—the odoriferous *millefleurs*.

THE CUP : A FAIRY TALE.*

TO MY FRIEND, ALEXANDER MANCEAU.

"THERE are three things which God cannot possibly fail to accomplish: what is most beneficial, what is most necessary, what is most beautiful for everything."—*Mystère des Bardes*, tr. 7.

BOOK II.

I.

HOWEVER, when Zilla returned to the valley, everything seemed changed. The air seemed less pure, the flowers less beautiful, the clouds less brilliant. She was surprised that forgetfulness did not come to her, and made many incantations to invoke it. Forgetfulness did not come, and the fairy reflected more than she had ever done before. She concealed her dissatisfaction from her sisters and the Queen, but however much she might sing to the stars and dance in the dew, her joy in life did not return.

II.

Weeks and months passed without lessening her restlessness. At first she had believed that Herman would return; but he returned not, and she was troubled at it. The Queen said to her: "What matters it what has become of him? Perhaps he is dead, and you ought to wish that he were. Death effaces memory." Zilla felt the word *death* fall upon her like a pang. She was astonished, and said to the Queen: "Why do we not know what becomes of the soul after death?"

* By MDME. GEORGE SAND. Translated for THE ECLECTIC from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

III.

"Zilla," replied the Queen, "do not dream. We shall never know it; men cannot teach it to us. They know it only after life is over, and we, to whom it is never over, can neither imagine where they go, nor hope ever to rejoin them." "Will this world, then, last forever?" replied Zilla, "and are we condemned never to see and possess anything else?" "Such is the law which we have accepted, my sister. We shall exist while the earth exists, and if it perishes, we shall perish with it."

IV.

"O Queen, will men then survive it?" "Their souls will never perish." "Then they are the true immortals, and we are but ephemera in the abyss of eternity." "You have said it, Zilla. We learned that when we drank the cup—have you forgotten it?" "I was young then, and the glory of conquering death intoxicated me. Then I did as others did. The word *future* had no meaning to me; the present seemed to be eternity."

V.

"Whence, then, comes now this restlessness and curiosity?" asked the Queen. "I do not know," replied Zilla. "If I understood the unhappiness, I could tell how it came to me." Zilla had no sooner spoken these words than tears moistened her fine eyes, and the Queen looked at her with deep surprise; then she said: "I had foreseen that you would repent of giving up the child, but your sorrow exceeds my expectation. It must be that some misfortune has come to Herman, and that it reacts upon yourself."

VI.

"Queen," said Zilla, "I wish to know what has become of Herman." They made a charm. Zilla, intoxicated by the perfumes of the magic tripod, bent her lovely head like a dying lily, and the vision opened before her. She saw Herman in prison. He had been robbed of his money by thieves and traitors. Being hungry, he had stolen fruit, and was taken before a judge, who could not make him understand that when one has nothing to eat he must either work or die.

VII.

Another vision followed this. Herman, not having learned human justice, appeared again before the judge, who condemned him to be beaten with rods, and banished from the ducal residence. The indignant youth then declared that he was the son of the late duke, the elder brother of the reigning prince, the lawful heir to the crown which had fallen to his brother. Zilla believed him now to be safe. "Justice will be done to him," she thought. "He will be prince, and, as we have made him learned and good, his people will respect and cherish him."

VIII.

But another vision showed Herman accused of imposture and seditious plans, and condemned to death. Then the fairy awoke, hearing these words sounding from the distance, "*It will be to-morrow!*" Good magician as she was, she could not transport her body as quickly as her spirit. If fairies can pass over great distances, it is because they know no fatigue; but everything takes time, and now Zilla first comprehended the value of time.

IX.

"Give me wings!" she said to the Queen; but the Queen had never found out that. "Let me be borne in a rapid cloud;" but neither men nor fairies have discovered that. "Make the wind carry me through space." "You ask what is impossible," said the Queen. "Set out quickly and depend only upon yourself." Zilla started; she plunged into the torrent; she was borne along as if by lightning; but on reaching the plain she found herself in quiet water, and preferred to run.

X.

She was as swift as fairy could be, but never having had need of haste, and impelled by no feverish human energy, she was left behind by the pedestrians thronging to the city to see the impostor Herman, hung. Mortified at being outrun by stupid peasants, she hailed a well-mounted cavalier, and leaped up behind him. He smiled upon her beauty; but suddenly she vanished, and he thought he must have dreamed.

XI.

The horse, however, felt her, for she urged him to run, and the frightened animal reared so frantically that he threw his master. She thrust her eager heel into his side, and he ran a desperate race, at the end of which, his strength all spent, he fell dead at the gates of the city. Zilla took the cavalier's cloak, which still hung upon the saddle, and slipped into the crowd which rushed toward the scaffold.

XII.

The populace were furious, and threatened vengeance, when they were told that the impostor Herman had succeeded in escaping. They wished to hang in his stead the jailor, the keeper of the prison, and even the hangman, who did not give them the expected show. The chief of the police appeared on a balcony, and appeased the crowd by saying: "The impostor Herman has escaped us, but you shall have the show, all the same."

XIII.

And the heralds cried at the four corners of the palace: "The wretch who helped the condemned to escape you shall see hung without trial." The crowd clapped their hands and the hangman brought his rope; the victim was brought, and the fairy saw something wonderful. The saviour of Herman was no other than Master Bonus, who advanced calmly, committing his soul to God. "It is done," he said to the fairy, who approached him: "once I did not take good care of the prince, and I was condemned to the fire; to-day I have saved him, and behold the rope. I have fulfilled my destiny."

XIV.

Master Bonus, after the departure of his pupil, had wearied of the kingdom of the fairies; he had been ashamed of his cowardice, and had moreover thought to himself that the Prince Herman, being the lawful heir to the crown, would save him from the stake. Taking advantage of the neglect of the fairies in his desertion, he had started eight days previous, and had been able to enter the city unrecognized in his woman's apparel. There, learning that the prince was in prison, he went to the prince regnant.

XV.

He swore to him that Herman was his brother, and the reigning prince gave him permission to attempt an escape, on condition that they should both return to the fairy kingdom, and never disturb again the peace of the realm. Master Bonus saved Herman by giving him his robe and hood. He remained in prison, trusting that he would be safe on showing the safe-conduct of the reigning prince; but in the haste of changing clothes, he had left the paper in the pocket of his robe.

XVI.

And, without knowing it, Herman carried away this paper, while they proceeded to hang Master Bonus. Zilla resolved to save the old man, and, snapping her fingers, she struck down the executioner, who fell as if intoxicated, and could not be roused by the cries of the multitude. The guards, who tried to seize the fairy and the prisoner, were struck motionless, and all who offered to take their place were unable to shake off the stupor with which the magician fettered them.

XVII.

She conducted the old man to a forest, where, as he rested, he told her the route which Herman had supposed could be taken without risk, thanks to the safe-conduct. "Let us seek him," said Zilla; and they set out at once. After several days they found him in the territory of a neighboring prince, where he was felling and cutting up trees for a living. When he saw his friends, he threw down his axe, wishing to follow them.

XVIII.

But a young girl, who approached at this moment, arrested him with a glance more potent than that of all the fairies. She was only a poor barefooted girl, the servant of the head woodman, who had hired the prince as a journeyman. Daily she brought upon her head the bread and water which were Herman's midday meal. She went thus to serve the other laborers scattered through the forest, and never stopped to talk with them.

XIX.

She had scarcely exchanged a word

with Herman ; but their eyes had spoken. She was beautiful and modest. Herman was twenty years old, and had never loved. For three days he had loved poor Bertha, and when the fairy said, "Let us go," he replied, "Never, unless you will let me take this companion." "You will always be a fool," replied Zilla. "You have hardly passed one season among men. They have tried to kill you, and you pretend to love one of them."

XX.

"I pretend nothing," said Herman. "Yesterday I was about to die on the scaffold, and I cursed my race ; to-day I love this girl, and I feel that humanity is my family." "Do you not see," said the fairy, "that you will live here in servitude, toil, and misery ?" "I accept all evils, if I am so happy as to be loved." Zilla took the young girl aside, and asked her if she wished to be Herman's companion. She blushed and did not answer. "Consider," said the fairy, "that his kingdom is solitude."

XXI.

Bertha inquired if he were an exile. "Forever," said the fairy. "But are you not betrothed to him ?" The fairy smiled disdainfully. "Pardon me," said Bertha, "I wish to know whether he loves any one besides myself." The fairy saw that Bertha was jealous of her beauty, and it gratified her pride ; but the maiden wept, and Herman, hastening to her, said to the fairy : "Why do you grieve my beloved ? And if you do not wish to have her follow me, how can you hope that I shall follow you ?"

XXII.

"Come, then, both of you," said the fairy ; "but if you become tired of living among us with this companion, do not reckon upon my feeling any further interest in you." They set out, all four of them, for Master Bonus had now, more than ever, had enough of human society, and they returned to the Valley of the Fairies, where the marriage of Herman and Bertha was consecrated by the Queen ; and then the young pair went to live with Master Bonus in a beautiful wooden house which Herman built for them.

XXIII.

Then the fairies saw what a powerful thing is love in two pure hearts, and what happiness the two young people enjoyed in their solitude. Master Bonus resumed his woman's dress with eagerness, and his culinary functions with pride. Bertha, in her simplicity and humility, respected him, and admired his pastry work. Herman, since his tutor was devoted to him, pardoned his gluttony, and was very friendly to him.

XXIV.

He labored zealously in cultivating the earth, and in preparing the most pleasant conditions for the existence of his family ; for before long he had a son, then two, and afterwards a daughter, and at each gift of God his foresight increased, and his domain grew more beautiful. Bertha was so lovely that she gained the favor of Zilla and all the young fairies ; and, indeed, thenceforth Zilla loved Bertha more than Herman, and their children more than either.

XXV.

Zilla was no longer herself when she was with these children. The desire of being loved had become so strong that her sense of right was disturbed by it. One day she said to Bertha : "Give me your daughter. I want a soul which shall belong wholly to me. Herman has never loved me, notwithstanding all I have done for him." "You are mistaken, madam," said Bertha. "He has wished to cherish you as his mother ; it is you who have not loved him as your son."

XXVI.

"I could not so love him," replied the fairy. "I felt that he was longing for something, or aspiring to a tenderness with which I could not inspire him ; but your daughter will never feel this. She will regret no one. I will take her into our sacred places ; she shall never see any one but me, and I will have all her heart and all her mind to myself." "And will you love her as I love her ?" said Bertha ; "for you always speak of being loved, and never promise anything in return."

XXVII.

"What matters it whether I love her,"

said the fairy, "if I make her happy?" "Swear that you will love her passionately," cried Bertha in distrust, "or I swear that you shall not have her." The fairy went in anger to complain to the Queen. "These beings are senseless," she said. "They do not understand what we are to them. They are indebted to us for everything—safety, plenty, the offer of all the gifts of science and intellect. Ah, well, they do not willingly know anything about us. They fear us, perhaps, but they have no desire to love us unconditionally."

XXVIII.

"Zilla," said the Queen, "these beings are right. The most beautiful and precious thing they possess is the power of loving, and they feel that we have it not. We, who despise them, are tormented with the want of inspiring love, and the sight of their ephemeral joy disturbs the repose of our immortality. Why should we complain? We have wished to escape from the rigid laws of death; we escape from the sweet laws of life, and feel a deep and indefinable regret."

XXIX.

"Oh, my Queen," said Zilla, "behold you speak as if you had yourself felt this regret which is consuming me!" "I have long felt it," replied the Queen. "It has devoured me—but I am cured of it." "Tell me your secret," cried the young fairy. "I cannot, Zilla! It is terrible and would freeze you with fear. Bear your evil, and endeavor to forget it. Study the courses of the stars, and the wonders of the mysterious universe. Forget humanity, and hope not to establish relations with it."

XXX.

Zilla retired in fright; but shortly the Queen saw other young fairies come to her, who made the same complaint, and begged of her permission to go and steal children from among men. "Herman and Bertha are too happy," they said. "They possess these little beings, who wish to love no one but them, and who give us only tremblingly or distractedly their smiles and caresses. Herman and Bertha envy us nothing, while we envy them their happiness."

XXXI.

"It is a shame," said Regis, whose spite was the most ardent of all. "We have entertained these feeble and perishing beings, in order to have the pleasure of comparing their misery with our happiness, to smile at their weakness and labors, to amuse ourselves with them, in a word, while we enjoyed doing them good, the privilege and solace of power. And behold them braving us, and thinking themselves our superiors because they have children and love them!"

XXXII.

"Make us also capable of loving them, O Queen, who hast made us what we are! If thou art more wise and learned than we, prove it now by changing the nature which thou hast left incomplete. Take from us some of the privileges with which thou hast endowed our marvellous intelligence, and put into our hearts those treasures of tenderness which beings destined to die enjoy so arrogantly before our eyes."

XXXIII.

The elder fairies came in their turn, and declared that they would quit the kingdom, if the family of Herman were not chased from it; for they foresaw that his posterity would usurp the valley and the mountain, cultivate the earth, break the rocks, enchain the waters, vex, destroy, or subject the wild beasts, banish silence, violate the mystery of the desert, and render impossible the ceremonies, meditations, and studies of the learned and venerable fairies.

XXXIV.

"If you choose to form an alliance with the vile race," said old Trollia to the young fairies, "we cannot prevent you; but we have the right to separate from you, and seek some other really inaccessible sanctuary, where we can forget the existence of man, and live solely for ourselves, as is fit for superior beings. As to our Queen," she added, casting on her a menacing look, "keep her if you wish; we shake off her authority, and declare war against her."

XXXV.

The young fairies vehemently defended the Queen's authority. Those who were neither old nor young were divided,

and the council became so stormy that the frightened fairies fled through the valley, and Bertha said smilingly to Herman: "Do you hear those poor fairies abuse us? They roar like thunder and rage like the storm. It is very fine to be able to do everything they wish, but they do not know how to be happy like us. If they go on quarrelling like this, they will tear down the mountain."

XXXVI.

Herman was anxious about Zilla, whom he loved more than he liked to acknowledge. "I do not know what harm they can do her," he said; "I am not initiated into all their secrets; but I should like to know that she is safe from this tempest." "Go and seek her," said Bertha. "Ah, if she were able to understand that we love her! But it is her misfortune to speak of the hearts of others as a mole would speak of the stars. Try to pacify her. Tell her that if she wishes to live with us, I will lend her my children to divert her."

XXXVII.

"Nobody lends to fairies," thought Herman; "they want everything and give back nothing." He went up the mountain, and heard near at hand the clamor of the mad assembly; for these beings, who were devoted to a worship compelled by power and wisdom, had been seized with vertigo, and all demanded a change, upon the nature of which no two could agree. The Queen, firm and silent, allowed them to agitate themselves around her, like leaves in a whirlwind. They spoke in the language of mysteries, which Herman could not understand.

XXXVIII.

In the delirium of their excitement, they floated upon the heath in the last rays of the sun; some bounding fantastically upon the high rocks, to rule the tumult and make themselves heard; others crowding among the lower walls to consult or excite each other. It looked like one of the strange conventicles which nightingales hold on the house-tops, when on the point of starting for some unknown destination. Herman sought for Zilla in the crowd, and saw that she was not there.

XXXIX.

He plunged into the dark recesses of the mountain, and reached a grotto of porphyry, to which she often resorted. She was not there. He penetrated still farther into the distant regions, where the gentian blossomed blue as the sky. He found Zilla stretched upon the ground, on the edge of an abyss, in which a cascade was engulfed. The beautiful fairy, sunk upon the trembling rock, seemed ready to follow the inexorable fall of water into the gulf.

XL.

With an involuntary movement of fright, Herman took her in his arms, and bore her from the terrible place. "What are you doing?" she asked with a sorrowful smile. "Do you forget that if I should seek death it would not come to me? And besides, why should you be troubled, since you cannot love me?" "Mother!" said Herman. She interrupted him: "I never was, I never will be, anybody's mother." "If I offend you by calling you so," said Herman, "it is because you do not know the meaning of the word."

XLI.

"Moreover, when as a child I wept for her who had given me life, and whom I never could see again, you told me that you would take her place; and you have done all in your power to keep your word. I have often wearied your patience by my ingratitude and frivolity; but you have always forgiven me, and when you have driven me from you, you have run after me to bring me back. I know not what it is that separates us; the mystery is above my knowledge; but one thing I know:

XLII.

"This one thing which you do not comprehend is this, that if my happiness can dispense with your presence, it cannot dispense with the knowledge of your happiness. You have often told me that it was unalterable, and I believed you. So, having no power to serve or to comfort you, I have lived for my family and myself; but if you have deceived me, if you are capable of suffering, of submitting to wrong, of feeling the weariness of solitude, of having a

wish which cannot be realized, behold me, ready to suffer and weep with you !

XLIII.

"I know that there is nothing else which I can do. I am not wise enough to banish your weariness, nor powerful enough to shield you from wrong ; and if your gigantic wish should be to conquer and possess the universe, I, an atom, cannot grant it ; but if you desire a loving, filial heart, here I bring you mine. If it cannot appreciate the grandeur of your destiny, it can at least adore the goodness which dwells in you, as light palpitates in the stars. I know well that you ignore tenderness, but I know that you also ignore those defilements of men, tyranny and severity.

XLIV.

"And if I have sometimes suffered at the sight of your greatness, I have oftener known the sweetness of feeling your kindness and your unwearying care. And, always, in spite of my coolness and waywardness, I have reproached myself for not being able to love you as you deserved. This is all that I can say to you, Zilla, and it is nothing to you. If you were my equal, I would say, 'Do you wish my life?' but the life of one man is a little thing to one who has seen generation after generation fall into the abyss of time.

XLV.

"Ah, well ! Since I have nothing to offer you which is worth your acceptance, behold my bitter regrets at my impotence, and let this sorrow atone for my nothingness. Think of the dog I loved in my childhood. He could not speak to me, he could not comprehend my sadness, and when I foolishly talked to him for my own comfort, his eyes seemed to say, 'Pardon me, for not knowing what you say.'

XLVI.

"He would have wished—I am sure of it—to have a soul like mine, that he might share my grief ; but he could speak to me only with his eyes, and sometimes, I have thought, with tears in them. And I have tears for you, Zilla—a sign of weakness which need not be despised, for it is the feeble expression and the supreme effort of affection which cannot

exceed the bounds of human intelligence, and which gives you all which is in its power to give."

XLVII.

"You lie!" replied Zilla. "I have asked for one of your children ; your wife has refused me, and you do not bring it to me!" Herman felt his heart grow cold, but he restrained himself. "It cannot be," he said, "that so pitiful a desire troubles the immutable serenity of your soul." "Ah ! see how you recoil already," cried the fairy, "and how you contradict yourself. You pretend to be willing to give up your life for me, and I ask much less." "You ask much more," replied Herman.

XLVIII.

"Say, then," said the fairy, "that you fear the tears and reproaches of Bertha. Do you not know that your daughter will be happy with me ? that if she is sick I shall know how to cure her ? that if she is wilful I shall subdue her by gentleness ? that if she is intelligent I shall give her genius ? and if she is not, that I shall give her amusements and poetic dreams as sweet as the revelations of science are beautiful ? Confess that your love for her is selfish, and that you wish to educate her in human selfishness."

XLIX.

"Do not tell me all that," said Herman, "I know it. I know that love is selfish, at the same time that it is a sacred thing in the human heart ; but it is love, and you will not give it to my child. Well, no matter. I know that you cannot see her suffer, and that if you see that she is unhappy you will give her back to me. You speak of the tears of her mother ! Yes, I already feel them fall upon my heart ; but tell me that your own heart suffers from this unsatisfied maternal longing, and I yield her up to you."

L.

"See you not," said the fairy, "that I have come to the point of cursing the eternity of my life ? that I am oppressed with weariness, and am no longer myself ? Ought not you, who have caused this trouble, to cure it ? Yes, it is by striving to love you in your infan-

cy that I have come to *love* your child." "You love her then?" cried Herman. "Oh, mother, it is the first time that you have spoken this word. God has put it upon your lips, and I have no right to prevent it from reaching your heart."

LI.

"Wait for me here," he added, "I go to seek my child." And, not willing to hesitate or reflect, for he felt that he promised all that a man could promise, he hastily descended to his home. Bertha slept with her daughter in her arms. Herman took the child gently, wrapped her in a soft fleece, and noiselessly departed; but he had scarcely passed the threshold, when the mother furiously darted forward, believing that the fairy was carrying away her child.

LII.

And when she knew what Herman intended to do, she burst into tears and reproaches; but Herman said to her: "Our great friend wants to love our child, and the child, who scarcely knows us, will not suffer with her. She will not have the regrets and memories which once tormented me. We must make this sacrifice to gratitude, my dear Bertha. We owe everything to the fairy; she saved my life, she gave you to me; if we die, she will take care of our orphans."

LIII.

"She is our visible Providence. Let us sacrifice ourselves to acknowledge her kindness," Bertha dared not resist. She said to Herman: "Take my treasure quickly—hide it—go. If I give her a single kiss I cannot part with her." And when he had gone three steps, she ran after him, covered her child with caresses, and rolled upon the ground, hiding her face in her flowing hair, to stop her sobbing. "Ah, cruel fairy!" cried Herman, vanquished. "No, you shall not have our child!"

LIV.

"Is that what you say?" said Zilla, who had secretly followed him, and was stupefied at witnessing their despair. "Then fear lest I despise and abandon you!" "I fear nothing from you," replied Herman; "are you not wisdom and power, consequently gentleness?"

But I fear for myself perjury and ingratitude. I have promised you my daughter—take her!" Bertha vanished, and the fairy, bearing away the infant as an eagle bears a sparrow, brought it into the night with a shout of triumphant joy.

LV.

Neither the tears nor caresses of its mother had troubled the deep and trustful slumber of the child; but when she felt herself upon the strange, mysterious heart of the fairy, she began to dream, to stir, to moan; and when the fairy was far away in the forest, the child woke, frozen with fear, and sent forth piercing cries, which Zilla tried to stifle with caresses, that they might not reach even to the ears of Herman and Bertha.

LVI.

But the more she embraced the frightened child, the more it writhed in despair, and cried the only word it knew wherewith to call its mother. Zilla ran up the mountain, vainly hoping that the quickness of her pace might stupefy the child or put it to sleep. When she reached the cascade, the child, worn out with crying and weeping, seemed dead. Zilla tried to rouse it by a song, which woke the envious nightingales; but she could not stop the mournful sobs, which seemed as if they would burst the infant's breast.

LVII.

And, continuing her song, Zilla mused upon the mystery of love hidden in the heart of this little being, who could neither reason, nor walk, nor speak, and yet could love, regret, desire, and suffer. "What!" said the fairy, "shall I not get the mastery of this moral resistance which is not conscious of itself?" She changed the melody, and, in that wordless language which Orpheus of old chanted upon his lyre to the tigers and the rocks, she sought to subdue the infant's soul to the delirium of dreams divine.

LVIII.

So beautiful was this song, that the mountain pines trembled from root to summit, and the rocks made mute palpitations; but the child was not comforted, nor its moanings stopped. Zilla invoked

the magic influence of the moon; but the pale astral visage frightened the child, and the fairy prayed the moon to look at them no longer. The cascade, weary of lamentations which it took for defiance, began to roar stupidly; but the infant's cries strove with the thunders of the cascade.

LIX.

This obstinate despair overcame by degrees the patience and the will of Zilla. There seemed to be something in these infantile tears more powerful than all the charms of magic, more ringing than all the voices of nature. Zilla fancied that in the depth of the valley, through thick forests and deep ravines, Bertha heard the weeping of her child, and accused the fairy of not loving it. Anger rose in the mind of Zilla; a convulsive trembling shook her limbs. She sat down on the brink of the abyss.

LX.

"Since this insensate being refuses to love me," thought she, "why have I taken this torment, this living reproach which fills heaven and earth? If the longing for this love must consume me, or the regret at not inspiring it must wound me, the only remedy is to annihilate the cause of the evil. Is it not a blind cause? Has this child, scarcely awakened to live, already a soul? And, besides, if the human soul dies not, can it be harmed by being freed from its body?"

LXI.

She stretched both arms over the abyss, and the infant, warned of the horrible danger by the infernal joy of the cascade, uttered a cry so piercing that the frozen heart of the fairy was pierced by it as by a sword. She drew back the child impetuously to her breast, and gave it a kiss so warm and human that the child felt its maternal virtue, was quieted, and smilingly went to sleep. Zilla joyfully gazed at it, as it lay gently upon her knees, in the first pale light of the morning.

LXII.

And her soul was transformed like the thick clouds on the mountain side. Her ardent will melted like snow, her desire for rule was effaced like night; a new light, purer than that of the dawn, shone

NEW SERIES—Vol. III, No. 4.

within her, sweeter songs than those of the breezes sounded in her ears. She thought of the gentle Bertha, and became herself gentle. When the child awoke she stooped towards its little rosy lips, stole a kiss from them, and descended again, joyfully, to the abode of Herman and Bertha.

LXIII.

"Here is your child," she said; "I wished to prove your affection. Take back your blessing. Henceforth I know its value, for I feel that its mother has not purchased it too dearly by suffering. I understand your rights, Herman, also. When man subjects and plunders the earth, he obeys paternal foresight; death indeed is at the end of his task, but while he lives he has this compensation of love. I should offend justice in heaven and earth if I should aspire to possess at once both love and immortality."

LXIV.

She quitted them hastily, so as not to see their joy, and returned to her solitude where she wept all day long. She heard afar off the tumultuous assembly of her companions, who still continued their dispute on the height of their sacred place, but she could not feel for them. The pride of her immortal race spoke no longer to her heart, now softened by human weakness. She acknowledged that she had never loved her noble sisters, and that the kiss of a little child had been sweeter to her than all their glories.

LXV.

The night which terminated this unique day in the long life of Zilla rose, livid, in a dull, confused sky. The moon rose behind a fissure of desolate rocks, and, soon veiled by clouds, cast a cold and sinister glimmer upon the green walls of the ravine. On the bank of the sullen and turgid lake Zilla saw fires here and there and confused groups. In a living white aureole she discerned the Queen, sitting in the midst of young fairies, who seemed to be paying her a last homage, for gradually they left her and she remained alone.

LXVI.

They joined other indistinct bands, which sometimes grew larger and brightened with a red glare in the dark-

ness, sometimes diminished or were lost in the wandering crowds. Dancers glittered on the shore of the lake, sparks burst out from among the roses, but it was all in silence; no grand or fearful song accompanied these mysterious evolutions, and Zilla beheld in astonishment the performance of rites utterly unknown to her.

LXVII.

She bethought herself that if she loved any one there, it was the Queen who was ever so grave and gentle. She wished to know what she had ordained, and sought her on the shore of the lake, but all light had vanished, and Zilla uttered the cabalistic call which announced her approach to her sister. This call, usually responded to by a thousand voices, was lost in silence; and Zilla, seeing that some great event had overthrown all the laws of their sanctuary, was seized with fear and sorrow.

LXVIII.

She called again with an unsteady voice, but her memory had lost the sacred ritual words, and she could not utter them. At this moment she saw the Queen near her. "It is all over, Zilla; I am no longer queen. My people are scattered and have left me. See!" The moon bursting from confused clouds, showed to Zilla the long files ascending the mountain heights which were lost in the mist, and there losing themselves in their turn like vanished dreams.

LXIX.

Towards the North slowly defiled the old fairies, like a procession of black ants, clinging to the rocks so compactly that their insensible movement could not be distinguished. These were flying from the vicinity of their enemy, man, and going to seek amid polar ice a boundless desert and an unbroken solitude. Toward the South the young fairies ran panting, scattered, unopposed, pressing on as if to scale the heavens. These wished to conquer some desert island in sunny climes, and people it with children stolen from all parts of the world.

LXX.

At the east and west other groups, of different ages and instincts, intended to mix with the human race, teach it

their occult science, correct its errors, chastise its vices, or reward its progress. "You see," said the Queen to Zilla, "that they all are pursuing a dream. Weary and discontented, they seek to recover their lost power and activity. The old ones imagine they are leaving man forever; but they mistake; man will reach them everywhere and dethrone them in the solitude where the sun dies.

LXXI.

"The young fondly dream of forming a new race from the mixture of all races, and of changing, upon a virgin soil, the instincts and laws of humanity. They will not be able to do it; man will not be governed or ameliorated except by man; and the others, those who, taking him as he is, dream of changing the social state which he has created and in which he acts, deceive themselves with a no less foolish ambition. Civilized man believes only in himself, and the occult powers govern none but idiots.

LXXII.

"I have told them these truths, Zilla. I have wished to prove to them that, having become immortal, they have become sterile for good, and that, having drunk the cup, we have been more useful in the brief period of our human existence, than through a thousand years of resistance to the common law. They would not believe me; they pretended that they could and ought to share with man the empire of the earth, preserve, in spite of him, the inviolable sanctuaries of nature, and protect the animal races which he has sworn to destroy.

LXXIII.

"They accuse me of having checked their enthusiasm, of having forced them to respect the usurpations of the human race, always to fly before it, to yield the loveliest deserts, as if it were not the right of those who reproduce themselves, to chase the neuter and sterile before them. In vain have I told them that, having no wants, no fruitful occupations, and no possible increase of numbers, they might be contented with a limited space; they have cried out against me that I have betrayed the honor and glory of their race.

LXXIV.

"In fine they demanded by what right I governed them, since, having given them the cup of immutable life, I have not been able to give them employment for this power; and I have had to confess to them that I was myself deceived in bestowing upon them this magnificent power, whose nothingness I have since learned and whose misery detested. Then they were dizzied, and they all left me, some with horror, others with regret, all with consternation at the truth and an immoderate desire to become free from it.

LXXV.

"And now, Zilla, we are here alone. I wish to remain here in order to test the use of a discovery on which I have labored for a thousand years. Have you a wish to rejoin your departed sisters, or do you hope rather to live quietly in this solitude, watching over the family of Herman?" "I wish to remain with you," replied Zilla. "You alone have understood the dull and terrible agony of my false happiness; if you cannot console me, I, at least, will not offend you by telling you that I suffer."

LXXVI.

"Consider what you say, my dear Zilla. If nothing can console you, it were better to drown yourself in tumult and illusion with your companions. For myself, I shall not be long here, and soon you will see me no more." Zilla recollected that the Queen had once spoken to her of a supreme remedy for discontent, of which she expected to make use, and whose terrible secret she had been unwilling to reveal to her. She besought her long before obtaining her wish to be initiated into this mystery; at length the Queen yielded, and said to her, "Follow me."

LXXVII.

Through a thousand fearful windings known only to herself, the Queen conducted Zilla into the heart of the glacier, and, penetrating with her into a cavity resplendent with sombre blue, showed her, upon a block of ice shaped like an altar, a cup of onyx, in which steeped an unknown philter. She said to Zilla: "By force of seeking the means of destroying

the fatal effects of the cup of life, I believe that I have at last discovered the divine and beneficial cup of death. I wish to die, Zilla, for more than yourself I am unhappy and despairing.

LXXVIII.

"I have suffered in silence, and I have tasted, drop by drop, from century to century, the bitterness of vain regrets and lost illusions; but what rends my heart is the thought that we are to perish with this world, as a punishment for our resistance to the laws which govern it. We have sought our Eden upon earth, and not only are the other dwellers upon earth alienated from us, but the earth herself says to us, 'You cannot possess me. It is you who belong to me, and my last day shall be yours.'

LXXIX.

"Zilla, I have seen annihilation rise before me, and the abyss of centuries which separates us from it appears to me like a moment in eternity. Then I have feared death, and have passionately begged the master of life to replace me under the beneficial laws of natural death." "I do not understand you," replied Zilla, pale with fear. "Are there then two deaths? and do you wish to die as men die?" "Yes, I wish it, Zilla; I seek it, I attempt it, and I hope that at length my tears have prevailed with *him* whom we have braved."

LXXX.

"Has the master of life pardoned your revolt? Has he promised that your soul shall survive this death?" "The master of life has promised me nothing. He has permitted me to read this saying in the hieroglyphics of the starry world. '*Death—it is Hope.*'" "Ah well! let us wait for the death of this planet—is it not to fall asleep by the same promise?" "Yes, for it has fulfilled its destinies; but we who have considered them too formidable, and have freed ourselves from them, have lost all right to the universal renovation.

LXXXI.

"And now farewell, my dear Zilla. I wish to remain here to prepare myself for the expiation. Return to the infatuations of light, and if you cannot forget your sorrow, come back and share my

lot." "I hope," said Zilla, "that your poison will prove powerless; but swear to me that you will not undergo this terrible experience without calling me to be with you." The Queen promised, and Zilla, eagerly quitting the glacier, hastened again to see the sun, the fine waters, the wandering clouds and the blossoming flowers. She still loved and admired nature.

LXXXII.

She came to the dwelling of Herman, wishing to become accustomed to the sight of his happiness. She found him overwhelmed. Bertha was sick; the grief caused by the loss of her daughter had kindled a fever in her blood. She was delirious, and begged incessantly for the child, whom she held unconsciously in her arms. Zilla ran to seek healing plants, and cured the young woman. Joy returned to the little dwelling, but Zilla continued ashamed and sorrowful. She had caused grief to enter it.

LXXXIII.

She thought that Master Bonus resented it also; he scarcely spoke, and was unable to walk. "He is not ill," said Herman to her; "he has no trouble, and does not understand ours. Nothing is the matter with him but old age. He neither wakes nor sleeps. His hours are drowned in a perpetual dreaming. He does not suffer; he is always smiling. We think that he is about to die, and have tried in vain to prolong his life." "Then you wish that he should not die?" said the fairy.

LXXXIV.

"We do not wish for what is impossible," replied Herman. "We shall mourn our old companion, and would prolong as much as possible the time which remains to him to spend with us, but we are submissive to the law imposed upon us by the master of life." Zilla approached the old man, and asked him if he would like to have her attempt to restore his powers. Master Bonus began to laugh, and thanked her in a childish way. "You have done enough for me," said he; "you have saved me from punishment. Since then I have lived long in peace, and it would not be right to wish for more."

LXXXV.

When the fairy came again to see him, he suffered a little, and complained feebly. "The pains of death are upon me," he said to her. "You can hasten your end," replied the fairy. "Why wait for it, since it is inevitable?" "Life is good, even to the last breath, Lady Fairy, and reason, our harmony with God, forbids that we should shorten it." "And after it, what do you expect to find beyond this life?" "I shall soon know," said the dying man; "but as long as I am ignorant, I do not torment myself about it."

LXXXVI.

Zilla saw him die soon afterwards, like a lamp going out. Herman and Bertha brought their children to kiss his ivory forehead. "What are you doing?" asked the fairy. "We respect death," replied Bertha, "and bless the departing soul." "And whither does it depart?" asked the troubled fairy. "God knows," replied the woman. "But have you no fear for this soul of your friend?" "We are taught to hope." "And you, Herman?" "You have taught me nothing concerning it," he answered, "but Bertha hopes, and I am tranquil."

LXXXVII.

Zilla comprehended the sweetness of this natural death, after the accomplishment of natural life; but violent, sudden death, the death of the young and strong, was terrible to her, and she longed to ask counsel of the Queen. But the Queen did not reappear, and Zilla dared not return to her. One night the Queen's phantom came to summon her; she followed it, and found her noble friend, calm and smiling in the heart of her sapphire palace. "Zilla," she said, "the hour has come—you must help me."

LXXXVIII.

"But first I wish to give you many secrets which I have discovered for curing diseases, healing wounds, and at least diminishing suffering. You will give them to Herman in order that he may, as much as possible, avert premature death and needless suffering from himself and his family. Tell him that he should seek to surpass us in this science, for man ought to help himself and com-

bat continually. His evils are the chastisements of his folly and the results of his ignorance.

LXXXIX.

"By wisdom he will put an end to homicide, by science he will subdue disease. Farewell, my sister. Death is nothing to those who have lived well. As for myself, I know not to what punishment I give myself up, for I have committed a great crime; but I ought not to fear to expiate it, and become acquainted again with grief." "Are you then going to die?" cried Zilla, endeavoring to upset the fatal cup. "I do not know," answered the Queen, retaining it with a firm hand. "I know that with this drink I destroy the accursed power of the cup of life."

XC.

"But I know not whether I shall become mortal or die. Perhaps I shall reassume my existence at the point where I left it when I became unchangeable. In that case I shall have some days of happiness upon the earth, but I have not deserved them and I do not ask for them. Let us not lull ourselves with a vain hope, Zilla. See what comes to me, and if I am thunderstruck, leave my body here, where it is buried in advance. If I struggle in the hour of agony, repeat to me the words which I read in the vault of heaven, "Death—it is Hope."

XCI.

"Wait," cried Zilla; "what if I wish to die—I also?" The Queen gave her a magic formula saying, "You can yourself compound this poison. I do not wish you to drink it without having time to reflect. Give me the benediction of friendship. My soul is ready." Zilla threw herself at the knees of the Queen, and begged her to wait still longer, but the Queen, afraid of being softened by her tears, asked her to go and bring her a rose, that she might once more contemplate a pure expression of beauty upon the earth, before leaving it perhaps for ever.

XCII.

When Zilla returned, the Queen was sitting near the block of ice, her head carelessly leaning upon her arm, the other hand hanging down, and the empty

cup had fallen upon the border of her robe. Zilla thought that she slept, but the sleep was death. Zilla had, without emotion, seen many human beings die, never having wished to love them. Now, seeing that the immortal had ceased to live, she was seized with terror. She still hoped that this death was only a lethargy, and stayed three days with the Queen, expecting her to awake.

XCIII.

The awakening did not come, and Zilla saw this calm, majestic figure slowly harden, and fled away in despair. She returned several times. The snow preserved the beautiful body, and kept it from corruption; but it petrified more and more the expression of repose upon the features, and changed this marvel of life into a statue. Zilla, beholding it, wondered if it had ever lived. It was no longer her friend and her queen, but an image unmindful of her sorrow.

XCIV.

By degrees the young fairy accustomed herself to the idea of becoming like it, and she resolved to follow the destiny of her friend, but after she had compounded the death-philter, she placed it upon the block of ice and fled from it in horror. Since she had learned that she was free to die, she had felt the charm of life, and wearied of it no longer. The spring, newly opened, seemed the first whose incomparable smile she had appreciated. Never had the trees had so much beauty, never had the flowery meadows exhaled such delicious odors.

XCV.

She looked upon the reawakening of the insects, which winter had benumbed, and when she discovered the butterfly bursting from his chrysalis, she tremblingly asked herself if it were the emblem of a soul escaping from the bonds of death. She felt herself summoned by the Queen to the kingdom of shades; she saw her in a dream and questioned her, but the phantom passed without response, pointing to the stars. She tried to read in them the promise which had emboldened her friend. The fear of death prevented her from finding in them the mysterious cipher.

XCVI.

She saw Bertha daily, and became attached more tenderly than ever to her little daughter. Herman's other children seemed to her lovely and good, but her chosen darling absorbed all her cares. The child was delicate, and intelligent beyond her years, and when the fairy held her on her knees, she began to speak of things which seemed to come from another life. She cared neither for the white lambs nor the newly blossomed flowers; she stretched incessantly her little arms toward the clouds, and one day she uttered the word *heaven*, which no one had ever taught her.

XCVII.

One day the child grew pale, laid her fair head on Zilla's shoulder and said to her, "*Come!*" The fairy thought that she asked her to walk with her, but Bertha uttered a loud cry: the child was dead. Zilla tried in vain to revive her. All the secrets she had known were powerless. The soul had departed. "Oh, wicked fairy!" cried Bertha, in the fever of her grief, "I knew that my child would die! Since the night which she passed with you upon the mountain she has lost her freshness and gayety. Your fatal love has killed her."

XCVIII.

Zilla made no answer. Bertha was perhaps wrong, but the fairy felt that this afflicted mother could never love her more. Herman, in dismay, vainly endeavored to heal their wounds. Zilla left their dwelling, and hastened to the glacier. She dared to kiss the Queen's insensible body, and she drank the cup: but, instead of being thunderstruck, she felt as if new-created by a sensation of confidence and joy, and seemed to hear a childish voice calling to her, "*Come!*"

XCIX.

She returned to Herman's house. The child reposed in a cradle of flowers. Its mother was praying at its side, her other children around her, trying to comfort her. She looked at them tenderly, as if to say, "Do not be troubled, I shall love you none the less." The father dug a little grave under a hawthorn bush. He shed many tears, but with love and care he prepared the last resting place

of his child. Beholding the fairy, he said to her, "Forgive Bertha!"

C.

Zilla threw herself at the knees of the wife. "It is you who must pardon me," she said, "for I am going to follow your child in death. She has called me, and, without doubt, she is to live again in a better world, and needs another mother. Here I have only done her harm, but it must be that I am destined to do her good also, since she calls for me." "I know not what you would say," replied the mother. "You have taken my child's life, will you take from me her soul also?" "The soul of our child is with God alone," said Herman; "but if Zilla knows his mysterious designs, let her accomplish them." "Put the child in my arms," said the fairy. And when she held the little body against her heart, she still heard its spirit softly speaking to her, "Come, let us go." "Yea, let us go," said the fairy. And, bending towards it, she felt her soul exhale, and gently mingle, in a maternal kiss, with the pure soul of the child. Herman made the grave larger, and placed them both in it. During the night, an invisible hand wrote upon it these words: "Death—it is Hope."

GEORGE SAND.

PALAISEAU, April 10th, 1865.

The Art Journal.

MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE
AGE.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

It was not my happy destiny to know much of Robert Southey—the man of all the Men of Letters of my time I most revere: yet it is something to have conversed and corresponded with that truly great man—a lofty poet, a sound teacher, a thorough Christian, who, if he ever wrote a line that "dying he might wish to blot," certainly never penned a sentence that was not intended to do good. He was not a Christian only in theory; he practiced *all* the virtues inculcated by the precepts and example of his Divine Master; and the less assured

believer may refer to him as one of the many great intellectual lights, who had faith in the Divinity of the Saviour, and in the Gospel as a direct gift from God. Who shall say how much, in the perilous time of prevalent infidelity in which he lived, he dispelled doubts and destroyed skepticism, by exhibiting a man who had read and thought extensively and deeply, seeking for truth in every occult as well as open source—who was not a missionary by profession, nor a teacher of whom instruction was demanded as a duty—declaring implicit belief in Christianity, and thus confirming and strengthening thinkers and reasoners comparatively weak in Faith? *

I desire to do justice to the memory of this illustrious man, chiefly because he was a man of letters *by profession*: it was his pride so to proclaim himself. There is "a craft," of which he is the chief (I have the honor to be a humble member of it), which numbers many thousands, who derive honorable independence solely from literary labor: "whose ways," to borrow a sentence from Southey, "are as broad as the Queen's high road; but whose means lie in an inkstand." It cannot fail to cheer and encourage all such to consider the career of Robert Southey; so useful to every class that came under his influence—at once so high and so humble; so honorable, so independent, so pure; so brave, yet so conciliating; so prudent, yet so generous; so careful of all home duties; so truly the idol of a household; so just in all his dealings with fellow-men; so rational in the expenditure of time; so lavish in distributing good in thought, word, and deed; so true to man and so faithful to God!

The family of Southey was originally—

* Writing to James Montgomery in 1811, he says: "I have passed through many changes of belief, as is likely to be the case with every man of ardent mind who is not gifted with humility;" adding that Gibbon first struck his faith in Christianity, and that he became, "for a time, a Socinian," was then "inclined to try Quakerism," but ended "in clinging to all that Christ has clearly taught, yet shrinking from all attempts at defending, by articles of faith, those points which the Gospels have left indefinite." "For many years," he writes at a period long afterwards, "my belief has not been clouded with a shadow of a doubt;" and still later, "without hope there can be no happiness, and without religion no hope but such as deceives."

as far back as the poet could trace its history—settled at Wellington, in Somersetshire, where their "heads" appear to have been small farmers or substantial yeomen. His father was a linen-draper at Bristol, where the poet was born on the 12th August, 1774. The house is still standing in Wine-street. It has not undergone much alteration, except that what was formerly one house is now divided into two.*

Chiefly by the help of a maternal uncle, the Rev. Herbert Hill, Southey was sent, in 1788, to Westminster School; and in 1792 was entered at Balliol College, Oxford. His boy-teaching had been obtained at Corston, near Bristol; in 1793 he visited the school "when it had ceased to be one," and that visit induced a poem, entitled "The retrospect," which shows, however much he may have wandered from the right road to happiness, the seed of goodness was fructifying in his soul. It is dated 1794,

* In 1836, accompanied by his son Cuthbert, Southey visited his old haunts in Bristol, and was entertained by Joseph Cottle, who had published his "Joan of Arc" in 1793. He had forgotten nothing—not even a by-way!—in the city of his birth. Let us imagine his feelings, so long after the battle had been fought and the victory won, and when, by universal accord, he was recognized among the foremost men of his age and country. Sixty-two years had passed since his birth, and nearly fifty since he had gone out into the world to find the road to fame. He was a way-worn, though not a way-wearied man, for life had been pleasant to him, and he had trodden, mostly, in the paths of peace; but he had a long career of struggles past, obstacles encountered, and difficulties overcome, to look back upon, as he stood before that tradesman's house in Wine-street, and walked among his fellow-citizens, few of whom knew the glory he conferred upon their city, and the wealth he had acquired to lavish on mankind. Probably, in that great capital of commerce, he would have excited more homage if he had been a prosperous sugar-baker; but if that thought had come to him, which we venture to say it did not, it would not have kept away the God-given happiness with which he reviewed his past, or have lessened his gratitude for the mercy that had kept him active in His service for nearly half a century of life. He visited the school-house where he had been taught fifty-five years ago. Fifty-five years ago! His teachers, no doubt, had gone home long before, and we are not told that there were any to greet him in the streets or in the houses of magnanimous Bristol! But we are free in fancy to picture the venerable white-headed man wearing his crown of glory, conscious of his triumphs, and going back, back—with the pride that God sanctions and approves—into the long past!

and addressed to "Edith," his after wife. These are the concluding lines :

"My path is plain and straight, that light
is given,
Onward in faith, and leave the rest to
Heaven."

He was, in a manner, compelled to leave Westminster: his "crime" being that he had written "a sarcastic attack upon corporal punishment," at which the self-accused head-master took mortal offence; and on that ground he was refused admission to Christ Church, which thus lost the glory that would have clung to it for all time—conferring it on Balliol.*

In 1791, while at college, having made the acquaintance of Coleridge, they entered into the Utopian scheme of "Pantisocracy," agreeing to become emigrants to the New World; "to purchase land by common contributions, to be cultivated by their common labor"—and so forth. However much of thoughtless folly there was in the project, it certainly originated in benevolence; and that it met the earnest advocacy of Southey is only evidence of large and genuine love of his kind. Fortunately it was abandoned, mainly by the wise advice of good Joseph Cottle, the first publisher of Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, to whose volume of *Recollections* I have referred in writing of Coleridge. By him "Joan of Arc" was published in 1794.

Southey was married to Edith Fricker on the 14th November, 1795, at Redcliff Church, Bristol; her sister having been wedded to the poet Coleridge. It was a marriage of pure affection, without a worldly thought, scarcely with a worldly hope; and it endured unbroken and undiminished through a varied and trying life during the long period of forty-two years.

In 1801 Coleridge was residing at Greta Hall, close to Keswick, in Cumberland; he described to Southey the attractions of the locality: "a fairer

scene you have not seen in all your wanderings" (Southey had but recently returned from Portugal); and to that house, in 1805, Southey removed; there he dwelt all the remainder of his days; and in the neighboring church-yard of Crosthwaite he is buried.

There were a few friends in the neighborhood—many far off, with whom to correspond; the labor in which he delighted sweetened pain; with beautiful scenery, the wonderful works of God, in rich abundance all about him, and a library full of the books he loved—all his own!

In 1813, by the death of Pye, the Laureateship became vacant, and the appointment was conferred upon Southey, having been, however, previously offered to, and declined by, Walter Scott; and, for the first time, the office, instead of conferring dignity, received it from the holder. Southey's successors have been Wordsworth and Tennyson.

It is needless to give, even in outline, a history of the full life of Southey: its main facts are well known; yet some notes I may offer in prefacing my slight personal Memory of the great and good man. His first work, the drama of "Wat Tyler," written when he was a mere youth, haunted by visions of imaginary freedom, has been, for more than half a century, a subject of irrational censure; and because he repented him of the evil, he has been branded as a traitor and renegade, by men who were utterly incapable of comprehending the change that time and reason—and, surely it is not too much to say, Providence—had wrought in the mind and heart of the poet. To call Southey a renegade is tantamount to calling the Apostle Paul an apostate.

Loyalty is now the easiest of all our duties: thank God! It was not so when Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey were republicans.

Byron had "a sort of insane and rabid hatred" of Southey; but the Laureate was an over-match for the chief "of the Satanic school." He "sent a stone from his sling that smote the Goliath in the forehead." When in 1817, in the House of Commons, William Smith, of Norwich, branded "Wat Tyler" as "the most seditious book that ever was written," and its author as a "renegade,"

* Southey was never "at home" in Oxford. Coleridge, writing to him in 1794, says: "I would say thou art a nightingale among owls; but thou art so songless and heavy toward night, that I will rather liken thee to the matin lark; thy nest is in a blighted corn-field, where the sleepy poppy nods its red-cowled head, and the weak-eyed mole plies his dark work: but thy soaring is ever unto Heaven."

Southey addressed to him a letter; explaining that the obnoxious poem had been written twenty-three years previously to 1817; that a copy of it had been surreptitiously obtained, and made public by some skulking scoundrel, who had found a bookseller to issue it without the writer's knowledge, for the avowed purpose of insulting him, and with the hope of doing him injury; that it was "a boyish composition," "full of errors," and "mischievous," written under the influence of opinions long since outgrown and repeatedly disclaimed; that the writer had claimed the book only that it might be suppressed.*

The "reply" to William Smith was scathing: it is, perhaps, as grand a "defence" as the English language can supply: stern, fierce, and desperately bitter; yet manly, dignified, and thoroughly TRUE. There was self-gratulation, but no self-glorification, in his reference to Wat Tyler—"Happy are they who have no worse sins of their youth to rise up in judgment against them"—and when he says of himself, "he has not ceased to love Liberty with all his heart, with all his soul, and with all his strength." It was with a pride not only justifiable, but holy, that in this famous letter he said, in future biographies of him it will be recorded that "he lived in the bosom of his family, in absolute retirement; that in all his writings there breathed the same abhorrence of oppression and immorality, the same spirit of devotion, and the same ardent wishes for the amelioration of mankind; . . . that in an age of personality he abstained from satire."†

* Sir W. Scott, writing to Southey in 1817, refers to William Smith as a "coarse-minded fellow," who "deserved all he got." "His attack seems to have proceeded from the vulgar insolence of a low mind, desirous of attacking genius at a disadvantage."

† He indulged, at times, in mild and gentle satire, such as left no festering wound. In Mrs. Hall's album he wrote the following. I must premise that the autographs of Joseph Buonaparte and Daniel O'Connell occupied the "opposite page." On the same page are the autographs of Amelia Opie and Maria Edgeworth:

"Birds of a feather flock together,
But *vide* the opposite page,
And thence you may gather I'm not of a feather
With some of the birds in this cage."
"ROBERT SOUTHEY, 22nd October, 1836."

Some years afterwards Charles Dickens, good-humoredly referring to Southey's change of opin-

His biographers may say much more than that. Although there is abundant evidence of his sacrifices to serve or comfort young aspirants for fame, to draw upwards and onwards struggling men of letters who needed help, there is not a tittle of proof—there could not be, for it does not exist—of his ever having written a line to discourage deserving. [In a letter to Bernard Barton, Southey, referring to his connection with the *Quarterly Review*, makes note of "the abuse and calumny he had to endure for opinions he did not hold and articles he had not written."] Now that every review he ever wrote is known, they may be read to obtain only conviction that he was generous as well as just, merciful as well as wise, whenever a work came under his hands as a reviewer. "As a writer" (I quote from Coleridge, who knew him so well) "he has uniformly made his talents subservient to the best interests of humanity, of public virtue, and domestic piety. His cause has ever been the cause of pure religion, and of liberty; of national independence, and national illumination."

These are, among others, the subjects on which he wrote—advocating religion, virtue, the cause of humanity, and the natural rights of man—at a time when envenomed slander was brawling to "cry him down" as a Tory, a Government hack, and a hired enemy of freedom:

The diffusion of cheap literature of a healthy and harmless kind; the importance of a wholesome training for children in large towns; the wisdom of encouraging female emigration under a well-organized system; a better order of hospital nurses; the establishment of savings-banks throughout the country; the abolition of flogging in the army and navy; extensive alterations in the game laws; greatly diminishing the punishment of death; regulations for lessening the hours of labor of children in factories; the policy of discontinuing inter-

ion, wrote in the album, immediately under Southey's lines, the following:

"Now if I don't make
The completest mistake
That ever put man in a rage,
This bird of two weathers
Has moulted his feathers,
And left them in some other cage!"
"BOB."

ments in crowded cities and towns; the employment of paupers in cultivating waste lands; proposals for increasing facilities for educating the people;* the wise humanity of Magdalen institutions; against a puritanical observance of the Sabbath; advocating judicious alterations in the Liturgy. In short, there is hardly a theme of rational reform of which he was not the zealous and eloquent advocate.

These lines were written by Southey in the year 1813, long after he had become, by God's mercy, "a renegade:"

"Train up thy children, England, in the ways
Of righteousness, and feed them with the bread
Of wholesome doctrine. Where hast thou
thy mines
But in their industry?
Thy bulwarks where, but in their breasts?
Thy might but in their arms?
Shall not their numbers, therefore, be thy
wealth,
Thy strength, thy power, thy safety, and
thy pride?
Oh grief, then, grief and shame,
If in this flourishing land
There should be dwellings where the new-
born babe
Doth bring into its parent's soul no joy,
Where squalid poverty
Receives it at its birth,
And on her withered knees
Gives it the scanty food of discontent."

It was Southey who edited the first collected edition of the poems of Chatterton (published 1802), by which the sister and niece of the unhappy boy obtained £300, that "rescued them from great poverty." It was he, too, who, when reviewers were hard upon Henry Kirke White, reached out a hand to him struggling amid troubled waters, editing his poems, and consecrating his memory after his death. For Herbert Knowles, who had written a poem "brimful of power and of promise," he "wanted to raise (and did raise) £30 a year," of which "he would himself give £10," to send him as a sizar to Oxford. Like unhappy White, however, who died while "life was in its prime," Knowles en-

joyed the aid but a short time: "the lamp was consumed by the fire that burned in it." So far back as 1809, he wrote encouragement to Ebenezer Eliott, saying, "Go on, and you will prosper." The footman, "honest John Jones," and the milkmaid, Mary Colling, were not too humble or insignificant for his helping praise. Both had that which peers coveted at his hand in vain—laudatory reviews in the *Quarterly Review*; and of the poems of each he was the "editor," to the profit as well as honor of both. When he dipped his pen in gall—for, as he somewhere says, he was not in the habit of diluting his ink—it was to assail those he considered equally the foes of God and man. The impetus may be found in the following passage from one of his "Letters concerning Lord Byron:"

"The publication of a lascivious book is one of the worst offences that can be committed against the well-being of society. It is a sin to the consequences of which no limits can be assigned; and those consequences no after repentance in the writer can counteract. Whatever remorse of conscience he may feel when his hour comes (and come it must) will be of no avail. The poignancy of a death-bed repentance cannot cancel one copy of the thousands that are sent abroad; and so long as it continues to be read, so long is he the pander of posterity, and so long is he heaping up guilt upon his soul in perpetual accumulation."

Yes, a very large portion of his busy, active, and hard-working life was devoted to the cause of benevolence—the whole of it to the advancement of his kind in knowledge, virtue, loyalty, and piety. It was, indeed, a hard-working life; yet so regular, so methodic, so "systematized," that when one reviews his habits, one ceases to wonder at the enormous quantity of labor he "got through."*

It was to this regularity the world is

* Some idea of his early industry in verse making may be formed from the fact that in 1793 he burned ten thousand verses, preserved about the same number, and put aside fifteen thousand as "worthless," excluding letters, many of which were written in rhyme. "Time has been when I have written fifty, eighty, one hundred lines before breakfast, and I remember to have composed twelve hundred (many of them the best I ever did produce) in a week."—*Southey in a Letter to Montgomery.*

* "I want to show how much moral and intellectual improvement is within the reach of those who are made more our inferiors than there is any necessity that they should be; to show that they have minds to be enlarged and feelings to be gratified as well as souls to be saved."

mainly indebted for the rich and abundant legacy he bequeathed to posterity. "Every day, every hour, had its allotted employment," his son tells us, and he himself describes the even tenor of his way from early morn till night. He was "by profession a man of letters;" and though he found ample leisure for home duties, for the domestic charities that dignify and sweeten life, he had none for what is usually called pleasure. He dared not be idle; for continual and arduous labor only could bring to that home the comforts and small luxuries there were so many to share; not alone of his own immediate family, but of near and dear relatives, whose dependence was mainly, in some cases solely, upon the fruits of his toil.

"My notions of competence," he writes, "do not exceed £300 a year." Earlier than that, in 1808, we find him rejoicing that the "£200 a year which is necessary for my expenditure is within my reach." In that year, writing to Cottle, he says: "The very money with which I bought my wedding-ring, and paid my marriage fees, was supplied by you;" and, he adds, "there lives not the man upon earth whom I remember with more gratitude, or more affection."

The income he derived from his post of Poet-Laureate, he devoted to effect an insurance on his life. Indeed, at no period of his career was his income so large as that of a first-class banker's clerk; yet he was often described as "rich," and once, at least, as "rolling in riches unworthily obtained."* He was a spendthrift only in books—the tools without which he could do no work: among them he lived. De Quincey calls his library "his wife;" it was, at

all events, there his time was spent. "They are on actual service," he writes. They were books, not for show, but for use; acquired by degrees, as his means enabled him to procure them; gradually they multiplied till they numbered fourteen thousand volumes. With them he dwelt, "living in the past," and "conversing with the dead." In one of his Colloquies he gives a few interesting notes as to the sources from whence some of them came; from monasteries and colleges that had been ransacked, many; from the old book-stalls, where he hunted, others; while some were the welcomed gifts of cherished friends. Again they have been dispersed; but they had done their work. "Wherever they go," he writes, "there is not one among them that will ever be more comfortably lodged, or more highly prized by its possessor." Yes, they had done their work; the proof is this: he published nearly one hundred volumes, original and edited, and upwards of two hundred articles contributed to the *Quarterly* and other reviews. He had, as one of his friends writes, "enjoyment in all books whatsoever that were not morally tainted or absolutely barren." He read with amazing rapidity, and saw at a momentary glance over a page where was the grain and where the chaff.

"Here," he exclaims, "I possess those gathered treasures of time, the harvest of so many generations, laid up in my garners; and when I go to the windows, there is the lake, and there the circle of the mountains, and the illimitable sky!"

The pure and lofty—nay, the "holy"—character of Southey may be judged from his works; but if other testimony be needed, there is ample—not alone from friends, but from foes. "In all the relations and charities of private life," writes Hazlitt, who was in many ways his adversary, "he is correct, exemplary, generous, just." William Howitt—who takes a by no means generous view of his Works, their motives and their uses—deposes to his "many virtues and the peculiar amiability of his domestic life." Lamb, after his unmeaning quarrel with him, is made happy by the tenderness with which the high-souled Laureate sought reconciliation: the essayist writ-

* From a letter (inedited) to Miss Seward, I quote the following passage: "Your estimate of the value of my copyrights moved me to a doleful smile. I sold the copyright of 'Joan of Arc' for fifty guineas and fifty copies. I sold the edition of 'Thalaba' for £115, and the edition hangs on hand. The fate of 'Madoc' you know. No bookseller would give me £500, nor half the sum, for the best poem which it is in my power to produce. Constable would not even make me an offer for 'Kehama,' when, in return to his overture (which proved to relate to his Review), I asked him, through Scott, what he would give for it. It is only Scott who can get his thousands. He has got the goose. My swan's eggs are not golden ones. Now that looks like a sarcasm, and it belies me in looking so."

ing, "Think of me as of a dog that went mad and bit you." The political bias of Thackeray was the opposite to that of Southey: yet this is the testimony of the author of "The Four Georges" to the Poet-Laureate of George IV.: "An English worthy; doing his duty for fifty noble years of labor; day by day storing up learning; day by day working for scant wages; most charitable out of his small means; bravely faithful to the calling he had chosen; refusing to turn from his path for popular praise or prince's favor. I hope his life will not be forgotten, for it is sublime in its simplicity, its energy, its honor, its affection."

Let us honor Thackeray for that generosity—"thorough."

I offer no comments on either the poetry or prose of Southey; I assume both to be sufficiently known to my readers. Indeed, generally in these "Memories" I adopt that plan. Others have shown, and others may yet show, the purity of his style. No author, living or dead, drank more exclusively from "the pure well of English undefiled," and no student of "English" can drink from a better source than the writings of Southey.*

That he had many and bitter foes is certain. No doubt they disturbed him much; but "the conscience void of offence" justified his repeated declaration that they took little from his peace and happiness, and affected him no more than a pebble could a stone wall. It is, I think, Coleridge who says: "Future critics will have to record that quacks in

education, quacks in politics, and quacks in criticism were his only enemies."

The earliest testimony to his moral and intellectual worth is that of the publisher Cottle; yet this of Coleridge may have been even earlier: "It is Southey's almost unexampled felicity to possess the best gifts of talents and genius, free from all their characteristic defects." He deposes also to the poet's matchless industry and perseverance in his pursuits, and the worthiness and dignity of those pursuits; to the methodical tenor of his daily labors, which might be envied even by the mere man of business; the dignified simplicity of his manners; the spring and healthful cheerfulness of his spirits. As "son, brother, husband, father, master, friend, he moves with firm yet light steps; alike unostentatious and alike exemplary;" and in one of his letters to Southey, of a later date, he writes, "God knows my heart. I am *delighted* to feel you as superior to me in genius as in virtue."

I might quote such testimonies in abundance, but another will suffice. It is that of one who knew him as intimately, and had studied him as closely, as his friend Coleridge—the poet Wordsworth. These lines, written after Southey's death, are inscribed on his monument:

"Whether he traced historic truth with zeal
For the State's guidance or the Church's
 weal,
Or Fancy, disciplined by studious art,
Informed his pen, or wisdom of the heart,
Or judgment sanctioned in the Patriot's
 mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind,
Wide were his aims, yet in no human
 breast
Could private feelings meet for holier rest."

I may add, perhaps, that of one other dear friend and true lover—the author of "Philip Van Artevelde":

"That heart, the simplest, gentlest, kindest,
 best,
Where truth and manly tenderness are met,
With faith and heavenward hope, the suns
 that never set."

The earliest description of his person is that of his friend, the Bristol publisher, Cottle. The youth, as he pictures him, was "tall, dignified, an eye piercing; a countenance full of genius, kindness, and innocence; possessing great suavity

* In a ms. note of Lætitia Landon concerning Southey, I find this remark: "There is something in Southey's genius that always gives me an idea of the Alhambra. There is the grand proportion and the fantastic ornament. The setting of his verses is like a rich arabesque; it is fretted gold. The oriental magnificence of his longer poems—such as 'Thalaba'—is singularly contrasted with the quaint simplicity of his minor poems. They give the idea of innocent yet intelligent children, yet almost startle you with the depth of knowledge that a simple truth may convey." Some one said of his "style," it was "proper words in proper places."

Thus Lamb writes to Southey: "The antiquarian spirit strong in you, and gracefully blending even with the religious, may have been sown in you among those wrecks of splendid mortality"—the dim aisles and cloisters of the old abbey at Westminster.

of manners." * His height was five feet eleven inches. "His forehead was very broad; his complexion rather dark; the eyebrows large and arched; the eye well shaped, and dark brown; the mouth somewhat prominent, muscular, and very variously expressive; the chin small in proportion to the upper features of the face." So writes his son, who adds that "many thought him a handsomer man in age than in youth," when his hair had become white, continuing abundant, and flowing in thick curls over his brow. Byron, who saw him but twice—once at Holland House, and once at one of Rogers' breakfasts—says, "To have that man's head and shoulders, I would almost have written his sapphics." That was in 1813, when Southey was in his prime. † Hazlitt thus pictures him: "Southey, as I remember him, had a

hectic flush upon his cheek, a roving fire in his eye, a falcon glance, a look at once aspiring and dejected." Other authors write of him in similar terms—all describing him as of refined yet manly beauty of person.

To his habits I have made some reference. Cottle says of him when a youth: "His regular habits scarcely rendered it a virtue in him never to fail in an engagement." Thus wrote De Quincey long afterwards: "So prudently regular was Southey in all his habits, that all letters were answered in the evening of the day that brought them." "Study," Hazlitt says, "serves him for business, exercise, recreation." Not quite so, for he was a good walker, "walking twenty miles at a stretch." It was thus he made acquaintance not only with the mountains and lakes, but with the hills, and dales, and crags, and streams of the wild district in which he dwelt. He did not often, as Wordsworth did, sound their praises in verse, but he had as full a capacity for enjoying the beauties of nature—the more so because he ever looked from nature up to nature's God.

His manner seemed to me to be peculiarly gentle. William Hazlitt has complained that "there was an air of condescension in his civility." To him, perhaps, there was, for he neither respected the writer, nor liked the man; but De Quincey also writes: "There was an air of reserve and distance about him—the reserve of a lofty, self-respecting mind—perhaps a little too freezing, in his treatment of all persons who were not among the *corps* of his ancient fireside friends." But he adds: "For honor the most delicate, for integrity the firmest, and for generosity within the limits of prudence, Southey cannot well have a superior." He writes also "of his health so regular, and cheerfulness so uniformly serene;" and adds that, "his golden equanimity was bound up in a three-fold chain—in a conscience clear of offence, in the recurring enjoyments from his honorable industry, and in the gratification of his parental affections."

(CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT NUMBER.)

* There is a portrait of Southey engraved in *Cottle's Reminiscences*, picturing him with long hair, "curling beautifully," the hair which he declined to submit to the shears and powder of the barber at Oxford, to the intense disgust of the latter.

† A pleasant rambling epistle, in rhyme, to Allan Cunningham, and published by Allan in the *Anniversary*, of which he was the editor, treats of the various portraits that had been painted of him. Of most of them he complained—

"They
(Who put one's name, for public sale, beneath
A set of features slanderously unlike,
Are our worst libellers."

He showed to Allan such an array of "villainous visages" as would suffice to make him, in "mere shame," take up an alias, and forswear himself. First, was "a dainty gentleman," with sleepy eyes, half closed, "saucy and sentimental;" next, "a jovial landlord," whose cheeks had been engrained by many a pipe of Porto's vintage; next, a leaden-visaged specimen of one in the evangelical line; next, one sent from Germany by the Brothers Schumann; he wished them no worse misfortune for their recompense,

"Than to fall in with such a cut-throat face
In the Black Forest or the Odenwald."

He owned "Sir Smug," and recognized the likeness when "at the looking-glass" he stood "with razor-weaponed hand;" but next saw himself so pictured as if on trial at the old Bailey, when

"That he is guilty
No judge or jury could have half a doubt."

Notwithstanding, however, these "complaints" he was often "well and truly" painted. The best portrait of him, probably, is that by Lawrence, which has been often engraved.

The Shilling Magazine.

A NIGHT IN THE COLISEUM.

I HAVE been a wanderer all my life, a truly migratory bird, and, as such, have had an instinctive conviction that a constant residence in the same spot is not only unpleasant but unnatural. Added to this, I believe I have a spice of what it is now the fashion to call upper-bohemianism in my nature; that is to say, although I am no musician, I am devoted to music and its followers; no author, no poet, yet do I number among my friends and acquaintances many of the most notable names in the world of literature; no actor, but again the green-rooms and *coulisses* of many of the first theatres and opera-houses in Europe and America are as familiar ground to me as the shady side of Pall Mall in the month of May. I never drew a line with a pencil or brush in my life, yet at home and abroad I have watched in the painters' studios with the greatest interest the progress of many of the finest pictures that have delighted multitudes during the last twenty-five years. If I may say it of myself, I have been tolerated in this sort of society, possibly from a natural appreciativeness and love of the arts, in addition, perhaps, to a certain *bonhomie* and geniality of disposition, which is surely a passport to some extent among those who gain their living by the exercise of their fancy and imagination.

Had it not been my misfortune to be the possessor of a considerable independence, it is possible I might have made some figure in the world in one of the walks of art it has been the delight of my life to watch and be associated with.

After this slight hint at my tastes and proclivities, it will not be considered a very extraordinary thing that in the early spring of 18— I should have found myself in Rome. I had been during the winter revelling for about the twentieth time in all the glorious and picturesque antiquities of the Eternal City, and my migratory disposition had given sundry warnings that I might soon spread my wings, and travel, more or less slowly, northwards. Indeed, warm weather was beginning to set in, and the nights were frequently becoming truly Italian,

and the last I had intended to spend in my present locality proved to be one of the most lovely we had had that year.

I had been making some small preparatory arrangements for my departure on the morrow; I had also made a slight change in my attire for the sake of coolness, for although nearly nine o'clock, and early in the month of April, it was yet quite sultry. I was enjoying to the utmost a cigar at my open window, overlooking the Piazza del Popolo, and listening to the hum and stir of life around, with the cool, silvery trickling of the fountains rising above all, when my mind went back to past ages, to a time when the only shows which could divert a Roman populace were the deadly struggles for life between Roman heroes; and I thought of the mighty ruins of the Coliseum, and how grandly the moon, then rising, would light up its soaring arches.

Acting, as usual, upon impulse, I determined on the instant to stroll off and pay a parting visit to them under so favorable an aspect. So, putting on my hat, I descended the staircase of the palatial abode in which my apartments were; and after threading the narrow streets of the modern city, I found myself in the Via Alessandria; on leaving which my way lay through a green lane, where relics of the past, half buried under the turf on either side, met me at every step, and which made me think how often, perhaps, along the path I was even now treading, had rushed the Roman multitude, eagerly pressing forward to enjoy their "butcher's" holiday! But the image of imperial Rome in all her pomp vanished away when, having reached the termination of the lane, the ruins in their full beauty rose before me, and I found myself in a few moments standing alone in the vast arena of the Coliseum.

It is not my purpose, nor does the adventure I am about to relate require that I should attempt to describe a scene so familiar to all visitors to Rome. Viewed under the circumstances in which it was then presented to me, it is one of the grandest sights the city affords, and one which has been most ably described in many works of history and fiction.

It seemed to me that I was the sole occupant of the place, which but for the

fact that the Roman season was near its close would probably not have been the case, as the full moon would have been sure to attract groups of tourists to the spot. I wandered about in a dreamy kind of mood for some time, and I then seated myself in a niche of shadow, as I might have done in a painter's studio, the more fully to enjoy the burst of light which fell upon the picture before me.

I can hardly say how long I had remained there, nor whither my thoughts had led me, as I sat contemplating the extreme beauty of the scene, and noticing with what tenderness the moon shed her kind rays alike over the divers symbols of Christian and Pagan faith which lay mingled together around me, when I became conscious of approaching footsteps breaking upon the peaceful stillness, which had hitherto remained undisturbed save by the occasional humming of the night insects. Looking in the direction from whence the sound came, I saw emerging from the shade of one of the opposite arches a tall, dark figure. At first I could hardly discern whether it was that of a man or of a woman; but on its drawing nearer, and coming into one of the broadest patches of moonlight, I discovered it was a sacristan or lay brother belonging to one of the monastic orders. His head was enveloped in his cowl, and for a minute or two I could but observe, with a painter's eye, of what great advantage, pictorially speaking, this dark figure was to the scene. As I have before hinted, although thoroughly accustomed to foreign travel, I had never quite got rid of the natural suspicion invariably entertained by all Englishmen towards strangers of every degree. I was perhaps scarcely conscious of the direct working of this feeling; but probably to it is to be attributed the impulse which instantly induced me to show myself; and, coming out from the obscurity of the shadow, I passed slowly within speaking distance of him, and we mutually acknowledged each other's presence by a "Buona notte, Signor." Soon after we again met, and he made some commonplace observation upon the beauty of the night, to which I responded, and in a few minutes we were civilly chatting together.

I speedily found from his conversation, and his remarks upon the ruins of the

place, that he was a man whose education was very superior to that generally possessed by those occupying the position in life indicated by his dress and appearance. We conversed long, and, finally, with enthusiasm—a discussion having arisen as to the time in which the gladiatorial combats were given up. My companion maintained that a close was put to them by the Emperor Honorius, towards the end of the fourth century. On the other hand, I contended that they had ceased under Constantine, more than fifty years earlier, and quoted, as I deemed correctly, several contemporary authorities in support of my opinion. Again he declared that Muratori, the most eminent of all Italian annalists, had fixed the date in the last year of the reign of Honorius, A.D. 423.

"If that be the case," I replied, "then you are right, most undoubtedly, and I am wrong; but I cannot help thinking that you are mistaken in saying that Muratori has made this statement."

"Oh, yes, I can soon convince you of that fact, for it is only this evening that I met with the passage. Moreover, singularly enough, I have the volume with me, and," he continued, drawing forth a small book from the pocket of his robe, "I believe the light is strong enough for you to read for yourself that which I assert to be the case; see here." He went on, turning over a page: "If we sit on this column we shall have the light of the moon at right angles with our leaf."

Saying this, he sat down in the place he indicated. In my excitement—for I was most enthusiastic in all such matters—I leaned or crouched down close over him, the better to see the words. Sure enough it was as he had stated, for the moonlight was so powerful that I could plainly read the passage to which he had alluded.

I remembered afterwards that he held the book in his left hand, while I bent over him from the other side, and thus his right hand was left free, and close to my side. A few more words passed, and at last I was fain to admit that he had had the best of the argument. He rose rather abruptly, and good-humoredly added that, having convinced me of my mistake, he must wish me good-night; and with a courteous yet some-

what hurried salutation, passed on, saying he supposed I was not yet inclined to return home. I had given no cause for him to imagine this, and it struck me as strange that, after our friendly conversation, he should apparently so suddenly wish to get rid of my company.

His departing footsteps were still echoing through the ruins, when I thought possibly it was time to be turning homewards. Instinctively I put my hand to my waistcoat pocket, with the intention of looking at the hour, when, lo! my watch was gone! "By Jove!" I exclaimed, "that scoundrel must have been a pickpocket, and this is a new disguise and dodge for easing the tourist of his superfluous property!" Straight upon the impulse after him I flew. I could yet hear his quickening footsteps in the distance. Very soon I had him in sight, and in two minutes more by the throat, half-choking him, as I said: "You thief, you have stolen my watch!" He protested, as well as he was able, that he had done nothing of the kind, and remonstrated with me against my violence. I took no heed of this, but instantly commenced turning his pockets inside out; and sure enough, in another instant I had abstracted from the breast of his cassock the missing treasure. Yes, there it was, palpably enough, my own large, old-fashioned silver repeater, without chain, ribbon, or any appendages, carried loose in the pocket, as was my custom. Half-shaking the life out of him, I poured forth a whole volley of abuse, telling him he might think it exceedingly fortunate that I did not at once march him off to the authorities; for, remembering I was leaving Rome the next morning, I thought it better to inflict a little personal chastisement than delay my departure to an unknown extent, by seeking the dilatory assistance of a papal court of justice. The fellow vainly attempted to cry for aid, but my grip was so strong upon him that he, being a rather elderly and wheezy man, could only give vent to a few groaning and squeaking ejaculations. With one final outburst of wrath, I flung him headlong upon the ground. Boiling with rage and indignation, I strode away at a rapid pace in the direction of the city.

All is quiet as I regain the streets, and the French sentries at the different points of guard are the only people astir. I reach my hotel, congratulating myself upon the presence of mind I have displayed, and the courage and off-hand manner by which I have recovered my property, and inflicted speedy justice on the criminal. I ascend the staircase to my apartments, now in complete darkness. I enter in rather a perturbed state; I am some little time before I can manage to find the matches; at last I lay my hand upon the box containing them, I strike a light, and as it blazes into a flame, and lights up the room, the first thing it shows me, to my utter consternation, is my watch lying upon the table!

The conflicting feelings that then rushed into my mind can be easily imagined. Here was I, nothing short of a highwayman, having robbed and most unmercifully beaten a civil and unoffending man. There was his property, sure enough, in my possession; the two watches stared me in the face—not much alike on comparison, except in size, and that they were both silver, and with the strange coincidence that they had no appendages of any kind. I had been guilty of the very crime against the very person whom I had just accused of committing the same outrage upon myself! What was to be done? Of course I could easily explain the mistake, and make the poor fellow ample compensation for the wrong I had done him; but in the meantime I might be apprehended, as it were, red-handed. Worse than this, I had made my arrangements to depart by six the next morning, and my place was already booked in the diligence for Civita Vecchia.

I dare not go, for if I were discovered apparently taking flight, it would be no easy matter to prove that my escape was not intentional. Further, what was I to do with the stolen property? All these contingencies went with a whirl through my brain. The plain truth of course was, that when I had changed my dress just before going out, I had simply omitted to replace my watch in the fresh waistcoat I had put on, and the sudden departure of the sacristan after our argument, which I had remarked with suspicion, was merely accidental. There was

but one thing for it—my departure must be deferred; and as soon as daylight would permit, I must go to our consul and place the stolen property, together with an explanation of the circumstances, in his hands. This of course I did, and the matter was eventually made straight by an ample bonus and apology to my poor victim. The consequences to myself entailed nothing more serious than the postponement of my journey for a few days. This was counterbalanced, possibly, by the lesson learned, of the folly of giving way to undue impetuosity, and the injustice of the suspicion which my countrymen are too ready to attach to all people whom they do not know, especially foreigners, which gives rise to a great many of the mistakes made by other nations in their estimate of English character.

Popular Science Review.

BALLOON ASCENTS, AND THEIR SCIENTIFIC IMPORTANCE.

BY JAMES GLAISHER, F.R.S., PRESIDENT OF THE MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY, ETC., ETC.

SEVENTEEN years before Gay-Lussac made his balloon ascent for the advancement of science, M. De Saussure, of Geneva, performed his memorable journey of ascending to the summit of Mont Blanc, and succeeded in making observations at the height of fifteen thousand feet and upwards; an achievement which had been the desire of his life. This was in the year 1787, four years after the first ascent of a hydrogen-gas balloon with Messrs. Charles and Robert, from Paris.

The weather was favorable, the snow was compact and hard. The party consisted of De Saussure, his servant, and eighteen guides. There was no difficulty or danger in the early part of the ascent, their footsteps being either on the grass or the rock itself. After six hours' incessant climbing the party found themselves six thousand feet above the village of Chamouni, from which they had started, and nine thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. At this height De Saussure and his party prepared to encamp, and to pass the first night. They slept under a tent on the edge of the

glacier of the Montagne de la Côte. By next day at noon they were two thousand feet above perpetual frost; and after eight hours' climbing on the second day, they were thirteen thousand three hundred feet above the sea, having made less than four thousand feet of vertical height during the entire day. Here they passed the second night. The guides had to dig out the snow for their lodging. Into the hollow thus made some straw was thrown, and across it a tent was stretched. Their water was frozen; but they were furnished with a small charcoal brazier to melt snow, which, for twenty persons, proved insufficient.

The cold next morning was excessive; but before they could again depart on their toilsome journey, they had to melt snow for their breakfast and to serve on their journey to come.

On starting on this the third day, the rarefaction of the air affected their lungs, an inconvenience increasing step by step. But little advantage was found by frequent prolonged rests, made in the hope of recruiting their strength; at every dozen steps they were again compelled to halt to recover breath; and thus toiling at last the summit was reached.

On arrival here, the keenest impression was one of joy at the cessation of labor and great anxiety; for the prolonged struggle, and the recollection of the sufferings this victory had cost, says De Saussure, produced rather a feeling of irritation, and he stamped his foot, he says, more with a sensation of anger than pleasure. His object was not only to reach the crown of the mountain, but to make such observations and experiments there as would alone give any value to the enterprise, and he began to be afraid lest he should fail in his intentions in this respect. He had already found out, even at a much lower elevation, that every careful observation in such an attenuated atmosphere was fatiguing, on account of the necessity of holding the breath while thus engaged; and as the tenuity of the air at this elevation necessitated increased frequency of respiration, this suspended breathing caused De Saussure a sensible feeling of uneasiness, and he found himself compelled to rest and pant after each careful observation, as after having mounted one of the steepest slopes.

Four hours were thus spent on the top of the mountain, three hours and a half being devoted to observations and experiments on the summit, when the party began to descend. They passed the night (the third since they left Chamouni) on Les Mulets, and De Saussure writes :

"At the moment of my reaching the summit I did not feel satisfied; I was less so when I left it. I only reflected then on what I had not done. But, in the stillness of the night, after having recovered from my fatigue, when I went over the observations I had made, I enjoyed a true and unalloyed satisfaction."

The simple narrative of this eminent man is throughout a commentary upon the use of a balloon for the purpose of exploring the higher regions of the atmosphere. This ascent—the one great fact of De Saussure's life, the accomplishment of the wish of twenty-seven years—to what did it tend? Of what value to science is one isolated day's experience? What can a single set of observations amount to, except to appease curiosity? Up to this time, however, all our knowledge of the physical state of the upper atmosphere was based upon the observations which for ages had been made on mountain sides, yielding results always differing from each other; and, up to the time of the balloon, we had no means of ascending into the air at all to test the conditions of the atmosphere apart from the terrestrial influences and the inevitable labor of ascending the mountain's side. The results thus found were of necessity disconnected; for the time occupied between one elevation and reaching another was so great that the two could not be otherwise than very loosely related.

When, therefore, the first balloon ascent was made with human beings, who recorded the history of their sensations and the conditions of the atmosphere at various elevations as the natural incidents and circumstances of their voyage, a practical application of the balloon to the purposes of those aerial researches of De Saussure was thus spontaneously suggested.

Seventeen years, however, passed before Gay-Lussac solicited the French Government for the use of the balloon in which he ascended to the height of twenty-three thousand feet. Very great

were the expectations, and much disappointment followed this memorable journey.

Account had not been taken of the want of sensitiveness of the instruments, and that the balloon would be constantly moving, so that readings taken at one elevation really belonged to another, either much below or much above, according as the balloon was ascending or descending, through that space of time required for the instruments to take up true readings. When far more sensitive and accurate instruments were constructed, by modern opticians, a desire again arose to ascend into the atmosphere, and the British Association appointed a committee, consisting of Colonel Sykes, M.P., the Astronomer Royal, Lord Wrottesley, Sir David Brewster, Sir J. Herschel, Bart., Dr. Lloyd, Admiral Fitz-Roy, Dr. Lee, Dr. Robinson, Mr. Gassiot, Dr. Fairbairn, Dr. Miller, Dr. Tyndal, and myself, for carrying out these experiments; and it is under this committee the experiments have been made.

Elevations by means of the balloon are gained so easily, and without fatigue, that an observer, thus situated at different heights, separated from all connection with the earth, and quite free from any unpleasant sensation till he passes beyond three miles, is by far better situated than the Alpine traveller. He can prove the history of physiological sensations, and best pursue physical researches generally. In this case he travels free from the effects of muscular exertion, which makes fatigue so formidable in the higher regions of the earth's surface; and, apart from all terrestrial influence, can investigate the true conditions of the atmosphere, with instruments complete, carefully arranged, and always ready for use; advantages which speak for themselves. He can also repeat to-morrow that which he has done to-day, and successively in the different seasons of the year.

It will be convenient here to speak of the subjects of research by means of balloons with which I was charged.

The first in importance was the confirming or otherwise the result obtained from the observations on mountain sides on the decline of temperature with increase of elevation—namely, the lower

ing of temperature of the air 1° for every increase of elevation of three hundred feet.

The next in order of importance was the law of the distribution of the water in the air, in the invisible shape of vapor, near the earth, near clouds (but below them), in different kinds of clouds, and at high elevations above the clouds. These determinations to be made by the use of different instruments—namely, by Daniel's hygrometer, Regnault's condensing hygrometers, by dry and wet-bulb thermometers, as ordinarily used, as well as when under the influence of an aspirator, so that considerable volumes of air could be made to pass over both their bulbs at pleasure.

To compare the results thus found together: firstly, to determine whether Daniel's or Regnault's hygrometer were the better instrument; secondly, to compare the results as found by the use of the dry and wet-bulb thermometers, as in common use, with those under the action of the aspirator; thirdly, to determine what confidence could be placed on the use of the dry and wet-bulb thermometer at high elevations, but particularly up to those heights where man may be resident, or where troops may be located, in the highlands and plains in India.

To determine the effects which the sun produces upon delicate thermometers, exposed to its full influence, at different heights, in excess above the readings of equally delicate thermometers protected from the direct beams from the sun; and also the effect the sun exercises on the readings of Herschel's actinometer, at different heights, when fully exposed to his rays at different elevations, in comparison with the increase of readings in the same interval of time when on the ground.

To determine whether the solar spectrum, when viewed from the earth, and when examined far above the earth, exhibited any difference; whether there were more or less black lines crossing it; whether these lines were better defined or not; and whether, towards sunset, there was any increase in the number of these lines.

To compare the readings of mercurial barometers and aneroid barometers together.

To determine the electric state of the air.

To determine the oxygenic conditions of the atmosphere by means of ozone papers.

To determine the intensity of magnetism.

To collect air at different elevations:

To note the kinds of clouds; their heights at their lower and upper surfaces; their density, etc.

To collect information about the currents of the atmosphere.

To make observations on sound.

To make physiological observations.

To note atmospheric phenomena in general.

To attain these objects, it was necessary to think well in respect to the kind and character of the instruments to be used, as well as to their arrangement for use.

The instruments, of necessity, must be of extreme accuracy and delicacy; and upon their convenient arrangement, in so confined a space as the car of a balloon, a great deal was dependent. The kind of instruments used, and their arrangement in the car of a balloon are shown in Plate XVI., as prepared for observation.*

Near one end of the car was placed a board or table, the extremities of which rested on the sides of the car, and were tied to it. Upon this board were placed suitable frameworks to carry the several instruments, arranged as shown in the Plate. At the extreme left hand (1) is shown a blackened-bulb thermometer with its bulb in a vacuum tube; just above it (2) is placed a very delicate blackened-bulb thermometer—both these instruments were exposed to the full rays of the sun; at (3) and (4) were placed delicate dry and wet-bulb thermometers; these instruments were covered with double highly-polished silver caps, in the form of a frustum of a cone, open both at top and bottom; that for the dry-bulb is shown at (5), being removed to show the forms of the bulbs of these thermometers; that for the wet bulb is placed *in situ*. At times, additional protection was applied to these in-

* We regret that we cannot reproduce the diagram given here for illustration. Still the paper is intelligible without it, and highly valuable.—Ed.

struments. From the wet-bulb (4) the conducting thread is seen passing from the muslin covering the wet-bulb beneath the silver cone to the water vessel (6), from which water was conveyed to the wet-bulb thermometer. The next instruments in order are a similar pair of dry and wet-bulb thermometers (7 and 8); these were inclosed in two silver tubes placed side by side, and connected together by a cross piece joining their upper ends, and over both were placed double shades with spaces between them (not shown in the Plate), as in the other pair of thermometers. In the left-hand tube was placed the lower end of the stem and bulb of the dry thermometer; and in the right-hand tube the same parts of the wet-bulb thermometer; towards the lower end of the left-hand tube there was an opening; by means of the aspirator, to be spoken of presently, a strong current of air was drawn in at this aperture, then passed the dry-bulb, in its upward passage into the small horizontal tube, and from thence into the right-hand tube, passing downwards over the wet-bulb, and away by the flexible tube to the aspirator under the table. Near to these instruments was placed a watch or chronometer (9) adjusted to Greenwich time, resting on the table, but hanging to a hook in the framework. The next instrument on the framework was a Regnault's hygrometer with a single silver cup (10), with a tube leading from it with a glass terminal of sufficient length, that when blowing into it by the mouth, any other instrument, at any part of the table, could be read. Next to this instrument was the mercurial barometer, a perforation being made in the table admitting its lower branch to descend below (11), leaving the upper branch (12) at a convenient height for observing, with respect to the other instruments. Near to this instrument was placed a large aneroid barometer (13), its lower part resting on the table, while its upper part was fixed to the framework; above this instrument, placed on the framework, was a second Regnault's hygrometer (14) with a pair of gold cups; in the lower part of its central supporting stem there was an open projecting pipe, with flexible tube attached, leading to the aspirator below. A Daniel's hygrometer (15) occupies the next position,

conveniently placed for inversion with the right hand, and admitting a ready perception of the first appearance of dew, being nearly central among the instruments; beyond these are placed two exceedingly delicate thermometers, the one with a spiral bulb (16), and the other with a gridiron form of bulb (17); beneath these, resting on the table, are two spectroscopes (18 and 19), and at the extreme right hand (20) Herschel's actinometer; on the table, besides, is a lens with bottles of water and ether. Beneath the table the aspirator (21) was fixed, near the centre of the table, so as to be conveniently worked by the hands by taking hold of both sides, or by the foot resting on the trestle beneath. Holes were cut in the board to admit the passage of the flexible tube from the dry and wet-bulb thermometers and the flexible tube from Regnault's hygrometer, previously referred to, both of these tubes being furnished with stop-cocks (22 and 23).

While this operation was proceeding, the readings of other instruments were taken and recorded till the time approached when undivided attention was required to the right-hand gold cup of instrument 14, in comparison with its left-hand gold cup, to note the first dimming of the bright surface of the former by the deposition of moisture upon it, then to cease working the aspirator to read both the instruments of 14, and then to read instruments 7 and 8.

The mercurial barometer employed was a Gay-Lussac's siphon. The inner diameter of its tube is one fourth of an inch. The graduations were made on a brass scale from its middle point upwards and downwards; each division was about 0.05 inch in length, representing twice that value; so that an observation of either the lower or upper surface of the mercury would give the approximate length of the column of mercury.

The barometer was furnished with its own thermometer, whose bulb was immersed in a tube of mercury of the same diameter as that of the barometer. The readings of this thermometer frequently read from 30° to 40° in excess of those of the sensitive thermometers.

The bulbs of the sensitive thermometers were long and cylindrical, being about three fourths of an inch in length,

and one twelfth of an inch in diameter. The graduations extended downwards to minus 40° , and were all on ivory scales. These thermometers, on being removed from a room heated 20° above that of an adjoining apartment, acquired the temperature within half a degree in ten seconds; but on taking the thermometer back to the heated apartment it took nearly double the time to rise within half a degree of the true temperature. They were sufficiently sensitive, therefore, for my purposes, and no correction ordinarily is needed for sluggishness, except only when the balloon was moving with great and unchecked rapidity.

Besides the instruments shown in the Plate, there were ozone papers pinned to the table and to the cordage near, a compass, magnetical instruments, my note-book, etc. My position was in the front of the table, almost equidistant from the extreme right and left instruments.

The successful working of these instruments depended very much, as I have before said, on their arrangement, a quick eye, and the orderly habit of a trained observer. The arrangements of reading of every instrument and of every subject of investigation were such that the one constantly checked the other; any erroneous reading of the dry-bulb thermometer, for instance, was shortly detected by the reading of differently graduated, spirit, or gridiron-bulb thermometers, and any systematic error in the reading of the wet-bulb thermometers was checked by the observations of the hygrometers, whose readings, though related, were very different. Thus the arrangements included a system of checks, so that it was not possible to continue erroneous readings when either the instruments needed attention, as the wet-bulb requiring more water, or the water not frozen on it when it ought to be, or still frozen when it ought not to be (in the latter case requiring the immediate application of heat, the only source of which in the balloon is the mouth), or from the painful state of the observer at times, losing to some extent the power of accurate observation. These arrangements were necessary, the situation of an observer in a balloon being so peculiar, and there being no means after-

wards of discovering erroneous observations, if not discovered at the time, or the means of discovery be included in the arrangement of the series of observations. It remains to mention that the arrangements must also include that every instrument be screwed down to the table or framework, so that no lurching of the balloon, no vibration of the car from dropping the grapnel, and no accident can displace them; everything else must be tied with rope of sufficient length for use and safe when out of use; for instance, the lens, which comes into active use when at high elevations, where the eye loses some of its power, must be fixed to cordage near the right hand with string of sufficient length that it can be directed to any instrument; in fact, every instrument must be screwed down if to be kept firm, and everything else tied, and all so arranged as to be readily removable.

The object of this communication is to give the reader a sketch of the operations in balloons for such investigations; the nature and arrangement of the instruments used, and some of the results found. It is not the object, nor would the allotted space admit, to speak at all upon the management of balloons, with which, indeed, I had nothing to do further than indicating when to control the rate of ascending or descending in each stratum, so that the instruments might have sufficient time to take up true readings.

In speaking of the results obtained, it will be convenient to keep each subject of investigation separate, and first I shall speak of the Decline of Temperature.

In every ascent the series of observed temperatures, when compared with the calculated temperatures at the rate of 1° decrease for every three hundred feet, were found to be very different, and these differences, with different ascents, when compared, did not agree. The most marked differences, in this respect, were found dependent on the state of the sky, which exercised a great influence, and the experiments had to be divided into two groups, one with clear or nearly clear skies, and the other with cloudy skies; the decline of temperature being the more rapid with skies free from cloud.

I will first speak of the results with

cloudy skies as based upon all the experiments under those circumstances.

At one thousand feet high the decline was $4\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$; in the second and third thousand there was a further decline, a little more than $3\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ in each thousand feet; this amount decreased to 3° between five thousand five hundred and six thousand five hundred feet, and was less and less in each successive one thousand feet, till it was as small as 1° in this space at about twenty-one thousand feet high.

Therefore, an average space of two hundred and twenty-three feet was passed for a decline of 1° up to the first one thousand feet, this space becoming greater, till, at an elevation of twenty-one thousand feet, the sky being still obscured by cloud, a space of fully one thousand feet had to be passed for a decline of 1° .

Up to five thousand feet the results are based upon experiments varying from thirteen to twenty-two; at six thousand and seven thousand feet to seven and five respectively; from seven thousand to sixteen thousand to four only; these having been made on two days in 1863, June 26th and September 29th, on which days the balloon was frequently enveloped in fog and clouds to the height of three or four miles, and those above sixteen thousand feet on the former of these two days only, during the ascent and descent; the sky being still covered with cloud, when the balloon was between four and five miles high.

I may here remark upon the fact of passing through clouds situated three and four miles high, and finding clouds higher still. Clouds of a dense character were previously supposed to be always located very much nearer the earth; and to one mass of clouds alone, namely, the cirrus, commonly called mares' tails, was attributed elevations at such great heights.

With clear skies the decline of temperature within the first thousand feet was $6\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$; in the next, $4\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$; and decreasing continually with elevation, till at twenty-seven thousand feet the decrease in one thousand feet was 1° only. Up to the height of twenty-two thousand feet, the number of experiments had varied from seven to seventeen in each step of one thousand feet, and there can be but little doubt that the numbers re-

sulting from so many experiments are very nearly true.

The space necessary to pass through for a decline of 1° of temperature, is less than one hundred feet near the earth; averaging one hundred and sixty-two feet for the first one thousand feet, and at heights exceeding twenty-five thousand feet, it is necessary to pass through one thousand feet of vertical height, for a decline of 1° of temperature.

I have endeavored, thus far, to give the results for temperature. They differ in both states of the sky from the results found from mountain observations, and, consequently, this value can no longer be used in any physical investigations where needed. Without exception, the fall of 1° has always taken place in the smallest space when near the earth, and the space continually increases the farther removed from the earth.

These results were those based upon summer observations, made when the sun was well up, or during the hours of the day. A question then arose, "Will the same laws hold good in all seasons of the year, and will the laws during the day be true at night in that season of the year?" To answer these questions, experiments have been made in different seasons, and at different hours of the day. It was found, even in summer, that the rapidity of the decrease was checked for some time before sunset, and that, on one occasion, in the month of June, there was found to be no difference of temperature from the earth for two thousand feet above it; and on another day, in the same week, the change of temperature after the sun had set was very small up to three thousand and six thousand feet. From these results, it seems probable that, for some time after sunset, the temperature may increase instead of decrease, for some distance from the earth; but no experiments have, as yet, been made at night.

The results as found in winter, spring, and autumn, do not accord very closely with those found in summer, and therefore all the results cannot, as yet, be combined to deduce general laws. In winter, on January 12th, a stream of air one mile in thickness was passed through of higher temperature than then on the earth. It was a strong current of air, about a mile in height, passing from the

southwest, and moving differently from the stream of air on the earth's surface; above this warm stratum the air was very dry; and higher still, fine granular snow was falling into the warm air beneath.

The meeting with this southwest current of air, which was watched for several days afterwards, moving in the same direction, what direction soever the wind was below, is certainly of the highest importance to us. It bears directly on our very high mean temperature in winter, so much higher than is due to our geographical position on the earth's surface, and it is very highly probable that to its fluctuations the variation of our winters is due.

The high winter temperature has hitherto been referred, for the most part, to the influence of the heated water of the Gulf Stream; but if this was the case, the same agency being at work around the coasts of France should exercise the same warming influence; yet we know that the winters of France are more severe than our own.

Upon this matter, Dr. Stark, of Edinburgh, in writing some years since on the mildness of the winters in Britain, attributed them to the prevalence of the southwest or anti-trade wind, which is the prevailing aerial current in Britain during winter. He remarked, that as long as these winds blow, we experience no frosts nor intense colds; but the moment the wind changes during winter to an easterly, northeasterly, or northerly direction, we have both frost and snow; and more or less intense cold. The southwest winds in their course meet with no obstruction in coming to us, but blow directly to Norway, and to us over the level Atlantic; and hence, it seems probable, we enjoy a much milder climate during winter than any other countries not similarly situated with respect to such winds.

- The southwest winds cannot reach France till after they have passed Spain, and crossed the high and cold mountain range of the Pyrenees; and by the time they have crossed that mountainous country, they are deprived of so much of their high temperatures, that France can derive comparatively but little heat, if any, from them—and hence, apparently, is due her cold winters. One other

fact I may refer to in respect to the circumstance met with on that day—the presence of cold snow above the warm air. Such a state of things is quite sufficient to account for the production of any amount of fog, extending over any amount of surface; and it may be that the simultaneous appearance of dense fogs at times over the whole country, and even extending far out to sea, may be attributable to it. Till the present time, I have never been able to account at all for the production of such extensive fogs.

A useful inference may be drawn from the fact of hot and cold currents of air of different velocities and extent existing at the same time, in contact with each other. Such a state is but a struggle between forces, either of which may preponderate at any moment; and to this cause may be attributed, with high probability, the all but unaccountable changes that so suddenly take place at times during winter, and clearly indicates that how warm soever the weather may be at this season of the year, the warm current may be deflected at any moment, and give place to the then dominant cold current, for which we should at all times be prepared.

It deserves consideration, whether the secular increase in the temperature of the air in England is not due to these anti-trade winds; whether, in fact, the currents of air which constitute the equatorial streams of England have not, during the present century, continually been increasing in strength and duration; and the continuation of the increase set in a hundred years ago probably may be greatly dependent on the corresponding change of force of the trade-winds themselves.

Respecting the results of the researches connected with the varying amount of water in the air, at different elevations, it may be the most convenient mode to express in the terms of humidity of the air, considering that the whole amount possible at the then temperature be represented by one hundred, and determining how many such parts were really present—the more or less dryness of the air, at the different elevations, will thus be made apparent; one hundred showing complete wetness, there being present then all possible, the number fifty will show that one half only of the quan-

deal of information was collected in relation to them, in the twenty-five different ascents: in all it was found that the velocity at the earth's surface was very much less than at high elevations.

The aneroid barometers at first failed; an inch graduated on the dial plate was not an inch; but ultimately the results were as good as those by the mercurial barometers. Of the several hygrometrical instruments, there was very little difference in the results, as found by different instruments, and then the dry and wet-bulb thermometer is found to be a perfectly trustworthy instrument up to considerable heights. A magnet was found to occupy a little longer time in vibration when high up than on the earth, and therefore magnetism was slightly less in intensity.

The results which have been obtained by the balloon ascents already made, give us a good deal of information upon points in which we could gain none by any other means. Those made upon the decline of temperatures instruct us that we must again investigate the laws of refraction, and they indicate that the laws of refraction good at one place may not be good at another; for we may infer that the state of things existing at different observatories, differing the one from the other so greatly, may require a special determination of the laws of refraction, as applicable to those different states.

The subjects of investigation which may be pursued in balloons are very varied; they are so conducive to the good of science as to be of the first importance. Still, this country, from its variation in climate, its small extent, and the consequent great uneasiness of mind of the observer, when above the clouds, and out of sight of the earth—not knowing or having any means of judging of the velocity of his motion; being equally insensible whether he is moving at ten miles or seventy miles an hour, and whether or not he is then over the sea—that this country is not well suited for these experiments, and, perhaps, not the best for determining the laws which govern atmospheric changes.

I am in hopes that similar researches will be made in France, and, I hope, in other countries. It is probable that in the large plains of the continent, where

the weather is more uniform, and the land of greater extent, the experiments can be made more easily—and, probably, with the further advantage, that general laws may be made more easily apparent.

The importance of such a series can scarcely be overrated; for, whether we regard the atmosphere as the great laboratory of changes which contain the germ of future discoveries, to be applied as they unfold themselves by the chemist, the meteorologist, the physician, the astronomer—facts physical relative to animal life at different heights; the form of death, which, at certain elevations, is sure to take place; the effect of diminished pressure upon different individuals similarly circumstanced; the comparison of results by mountain travellers with the experience of physical researchers in balloons; the comparison of differently constructed instruments for the same purpose—these are some of the researches, and some only, to which the balloon traveller may apply himself: all of which are of such great importance, that we do hope that other nations will do their part in these important researches. The amount of information collected in England, in the twenty-five ascents I have made, needs combination; and further balloon experiments in relation to the subjects upon which I have been engaged, had better be deferred till this work is done; so that future experiments should be made in those directions most needing additional facts. Entertaining these views, I consider this series of experiments for the present as completed.

SIR HENRY RAWLINSON, BART.

A BRIEF SKETCH BY THE EDITOR.

THE original of the fine portrait which embellishes the present number of *THE ECLECTIC* is Major-General Sir HENRY CRESWICK RAWLINSON, formerly of the British Army in India. His eminent services on behalf of the British Government in the Indian Army and afterwards in the Army of the Shah of Persia, his military talents, and his valuable labors and discoveries among the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon in the cause of sacred learning and history, have endeared his

These researches led to the use of Herschel's actinometer, shown at the extreme right hand in the Plate. It is an awkward instrument in a balloon, and somewhat difficult to use, but the views then opening to me, and of which I shall presently speak, indicating a new link in the chain of our knowledge by which the several members of our solar system are united together, by receiving heat from the sun, in precisely the same manner, and possibly to the same amount, were so important, and this instrument was the only one I knew which could give the necessary information, I resolved to contend with the difficulties and use it in the balloon. The general results from its use are as follows: That, when on the ground, the number of scale divisions increasing in a minute were between forty and fifty; at the height of three miles, with a deeper blue sky, and a brighter sun, the increase in the same time will be but seven or eight divisions, agreeing with the previous series of experiments.

These remarkable results lead us to new ideas respecting the passage of the heat-rays through space. From them, it would seem as highly probable that the heat-rays from the sun pass through space without loss, and become effective where wanted only, and in proportion to the density of the atmosphere, or the amount of water present, through which they pass; and if so, the proportion of the heat received at Mercury and Venus, Jupiter and Saturn, may be the same as that received at the earth, if the constituents of their atmospheres be the same as that of the earth, and greater if the density be greater; so that the effective solar heat at the superior planets, Jupiter and Saturn, may be greater than at the inferior planets, Venus and Mercury, notwithstanding their far greater distances from the sun.

If this be true, then there will be no need to refer to the law of the decrease of radiant heat, namely, that of the inverse square of the distance, as applying to the temperatures at the different planets, a law which gives to the surface of the sun such an intense heat, far beyond any we have the power of producing, and in such amount, that no theory that I have seen advanced would seem capable to supply the continual demand.

But few of the heat-rays can be used by the earth; yet there must be an unceasing flow of such rays in all directions from the sun into space; not a very large number relatively can be used by all the planets and satellites of our system, and of those which are received at the planets as on the earth, does the earth absorb them all? or what part is radiated and reflected back, and spread again into space? We know that the presence of water in the air checks both these operations, and, as before stated, the air is never free from water up to the highest point that I have been, namely, seven miles. We may also ask, what becomes of the heat-rays which meet with no constituent matter to generate heat? Where do they go? Do they ever stop? They are not lost, we may feel certain. These and other questions press on us, but with our present knowledge we cannot answer them.

Let us now turn to another investigation still connected with the sun—one of absorbing interest, one promising to tell us something about the constituents of the sun itself. The spectroscope directed to the sun, as is now well known, shows the solar spectrum crossed by dark lines. Some observers attribute some of these lines to our atmosphere; and it became a subject of inquiry of deep interest, to ascend above the lower portion of the atmosphere, and examine the solar spectrum there. This was done, with three different spectroscopes; the one which had been used by Professor Piazzi Smyth on the Peak of Teneriffe, belonging to the Astronomer-Royal, and lent by him for these experiments, and two others more convenient for use, and shown in the Plate. The spectrum at all times was found to be brighter and the colors purer than when viewed from the earth; also every line seen from the earth was seen from the balloon, but all better defined and more distinct. The line H, as seen from the earth as nebulous, was seen as made up of fine parallel lines; and generally the spectrum was longer, the lines more numerous, the colors brighter, as seen at a high elevation, than when viewed from the earth.

Let me now briefly refer to a few facts connected with the wind. Firstly, to the currents in the atmosphere. These were found to be very different, and a good

deal of information was collected in relation to them, in the twenty-five different ascents: in all it was found that the velocity at the earth's surface was very much less than at high elevations.

The aneroid barometers at first failed; an inch graduated on the dial plate was not an inch; but ultimately the results were as good as those by the mercurial barometers. Of the several hygrometrical instruments, there was very little difference in the results, as found by different instruments, and then the dry and wet-bulb thermometer is found to be a perfectly trustworthy instrument up to considerable heights. A magnet was found to occupy a little longer time in vibration when high up than on the earth, and therefore magnetism was slightly less in intensity.

The results which have been obtained by the balloon ascents already made, give us a good deal of information upon points in which we could gain none by any other means. Those made upon the decline of temperatures instruct us that we must again investigate the laws of refraction, and they indicate that the laws of refraction good at one place may not be good at another; for we may infer that the state of things existing at different observatories, differing the one from the other so greatly, may require a special determination of the laws of refraction, as applicable to those different states.

The subjects of investigation which may be pursued in balloons are very varied; they are so conducive to the good of science as to be of the first importance. Still, this country, from its variation in climate, its small extent, and the consequent great uneasiness of mind of the observer, when above the clouds, and out of sight of the earth—not knowing or having any means of judging of the velocity of his motion; being equally insensible whether he is moving at ten miles or seventy miles an hour, and whether or not he is then over the sea—that this country is not well suited for these experiments, and, perhaps, not the best for determining the laws which govern atmospheric changes.

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the weather is more uniform, and the land of greater extent, the experiments can be made more easily—and, probably, with the further advantage, that general laws may be made more easily apparent.

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name to and made it renowned among all the scholars and oriental travellers of modern times. Because of his eminent position and distinguished services, it gives us pleasure to present to our readers a finely-engraved portrait of him. In this portrait, which is a very good likeness of this remarkable man, his eye seems looking into some hidden mystery in the distance. But no artist can adequately copy the full expression of that clear, brilliant eye as it appears when animated in speaking to an assembly of listeners. During the nine-days' session of the British Association at Bath, October, 1864, we had the rare luxury of hearing the observations of Sir Henry every day, and sometimes oftener, in Section E, where Sir Roderick Murchison presided, in explanation of some subject connected with his travels and discoveries among the ruins of ancient cities in India. A brief and imperfect sketch must suffice for our purpose as an outline of his life and public career.

Sir Henry Rawlinson was born in 1810, in Chaddington, Oxfordshire. He was educated at Eton. At the age of sixteen he entered the military service of the East India Company, and served with the troops of the Bombay Presidency until 1833. He was first sent to Persia in November, 1833, and joined the Army of the Shah of Persia, holding high commands, and did good service in organizing the Persian Army. The rupture with Persia compelled Sir Henry to withdraw from that country, and he returned through Scinde to Afghanistan. In June, 1840, he was appointed political agent at Candahar. Throughout the troubles that ensued, he held the second capital of the Affghans safe from all intrigues

within and attacks without, and was commended by General Nott for his services in the field. He returned with the avenging army through Cabul and the Punjab to India. In March, 1844, he was appointed Consul at Bagdad. In 1850 he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in Turkey, and in 1851 was made Consul-General. He resided at Bagdad till 1855, prosecuting diligently his study of the cuneiform characters and of the oriental tongues. He published the processes of his investigations in numerous papers in the *Journal* of the Royal Asiatic Society. Returning to England, he was appointed a Crown Director of the East India Company in 1856, and created a Knight Commander of the Bath. In January, 1858, he was elected to Parliament. In April, 1859, he was sent as Envoy to the Persian Court at Teheran, with the rank of Major-General. Sir Henry—who is an F.R.S., Honorary D.C.L. of Oxford, and LL.D. of Cambridge, a Chevalier of the Order of ——— in Russia, and Corresponding Member of the French Institute—is the author of many papers in the *Journals* of the Geographical and Asiatic Societies, chiefly in the antiquities of the East, and in the interpretation of the cuneiform inscriptions of Persia, Assyria and Babylonia. Sir Henry is now a resident of London, attending to various public duties, and contributing by his presence and vast stores of knowledge to the interest and instruction of learned societies in England. We confess to an admiration of the man. His last historical work is *The Five Great Monarchies of the Ancient World—Chaldea, Assyria, Babylonia, Media, and Persia*—a work of vast learning.

TRUE OR FALSE.

So you think you love me, do you ?
Well, it may be so ;
But there are many ways of loving
I have learnt to know—
Many ways, and but one true way,
Which is very rare ;
And the counterfeits look brightest,
Though they will not wear.
Yet they ring, almost, quite truly,
Last (with care) for long ;

But in time must break, may shiver
At a touch of wrong :
Having seen what looked most real
Crumble into dust,
Now I choose that test and trial
Should precede my trust.
I have seen a love demanding
Time and hope and tears
Chaining all the past, exacting
Bonds from future years ;
Mind and heart, and joy and sorrow,
Claiming as its fee :

That was Love of Self, and never,
Never love of me!

I have seen a love forgetting
All above, beyond,
Linking every dream and fancy
In a sweeter bond;
Counting every hour worthless
Which was cold or free:
That, perhaps, was—Love of Pleasure,
But not love of me!

I have seen a love whose patience
Never turned aside,
Full of tender, fond devices;
Constant, even when tried;
Smallest boons were held as victories,
Drops that swelled the sea;
That I think was—Love of Power,
But not love of me!

I have seen a love disdain
Ease and pride and fame,
Burning even its own white pinions
Just to feed its flame;
Reigning thus, supreme, triumphant,
By the soul's decree;
That was—Love of Love, I fancy,
But not love of me!

I have heard, or dreamt, it may be,
What Love is when true;
How to test and how to try it,
Is the gift of few;
These few say (or did I dream it?)
That true Love abides
In these very things, but always
Has a soul besides;

Lives among the false loves, knowing
Just their peace and strife;
Bears the self-same look, but always
Has an inner life.
Only a true heart can find it,
True as it is true,
Only eyes as clear and tender
Look it through and through.

If it dies, it will not perish
By Time's slow decay,
True Love only grows (they tell me)
Stronger, day by day;
Pain—has been its friend and comrade;
Fate—it can defy;
Only by its own sword, sometimes,
Love can choose to die.

And its grave shall be more noble
And more sacred still,
Than a throne, where one less worthy
Reigns and rules at will.
Tell me then, do you dare offer
This true love to me?
Neither you nor I can answer;
We will—wait and see!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

—*Victoria Magazine.*

TWILIGHT.

THE last bright wave of day hath ebbed
From off the western strand,

And now, with balmyest repose,
Blessing the darkened land,
Twilight and Peace from heaven descend
Together hand in hand.

The reaper's long day's work is done
Among the glowing grain;
The chestnut boughs have swept the sides
Of the last loaded wain;
Only the cricket's shrill voice sings
Along the leafy lane.

A soft obscurity lies round
Meadow, and road, and stream;
Under entangled blue-bell stems,
Moveth the glow-worm's beam;
And white across the dusky path,
The dog-rose petals gleam.

Anon the great dor-beetle sails,
With musical deep boom,
From where the hornbeam branches make
A cool and odorous gloom,
Into the jasmine's pendent mass
Of silvery star-bloom.

All silently the cereus buds
Their gentle eyes unclose;
No whisper stirs the lightest leaf
Of the old yellow rose,
That round the mossy garden wall
Long scented garlands throw.

Flowers grassy-couched in wood and dell
Know that the night is nigh,
For the first fairy bells of dew
Have rung their lullaby;
Faintly from out the distant brake
I hear the fern-owl cry;

And aromatic breathings come
From the far thymy lea,
Bringing the sweet sad memories
Of summer eves to me,
That, in the freshness of their joy,
Ah, never more shall be!

A REMEMBERED SPRING.

Oh, how sweet, when the woods were green,
With my own white maid
When I sat in the shade,
And the sunlight streaming, the boughs between,
Poured its largesse of gold down yon forest
glade,
O'er which the larches lean!

Ah! how sad, now the boughs are bare,
And the breezes moan,
As I sit here alone,
And picture the ghost of her golden hair,
When the sun of winter has feebly thrown
A pale and sickly glare!

Still we meet in the city's street—
She, as his bride,
By the rich lord's side,
And I—who die for her dear deceit,
Yet love—and must love her, whatever betide,
Till my heart shall cease to beat!

I can pass by with my grief hid well;
 But, ah, my hound
 To her feet will bound:
 She caressed him once, and how should he tell
 That between us there lies a gulf profound,
 Lit up by flames of hell?

Yet a word might bridge it, as well I know,
 For her lord is old,
 And cruel and cold;
 But to her it spoken would injure so
 Her image, which still in my heart I hold,
 That that word must never flow!

So, strangers still in the street we meet;
 But I envy each day
 My dog—who may,
 Without reproof, kiss the glancing feet,
 At which the wreck of my heart I lay—
 For still I love you, sweet!

—*London Society.*

THE CHURCHYARD YEW.

UNDER the black yew-tree
 (Its berries like drops of blood)
 I love to sit,
 In a moody fit,
 Thinking of how to clay and dust,
 Canker, decay, and moth, and rust,
 Come all that we love, and hope, and trust—
 Beauty and Wealth, and Pleasure and Power,
 And Learning, and Sense, and Wit.

Down in your coffin there,
 Beauty, answer me now,
 As here I sit,
 In a cynical fit,
 Where is hidden thy jewel chest?
 Where are the diamonds that once did rest
 On the rise and fall of thy snowy breast?
 They sparkle no more in the gloom and dark
 Than does a *cretin's* wit.

Ambition, thou misled fool,
 Thou with the rusty crown,
 As I meditate
 On thy fallen state,
 Open thy coffin lid, and tell
 Of the battles thou hast won so well;
 How many wretches there bleeding fell,
 All for a fort or some farm in a dell,
 A mound of earth, or a line on a map,
 Wrestling so hard with fate.

Learning, thou purblind thing,
 Sage with the half-closed eyes,
 Come, answer me,
 In my tyranny,
 And prove me how thy midnight toil,
 Thy waste of wholesome, harmless oil,
 And all thy fretting and careful toil,
 Thy nouns declined, thy accents marked,
 Avail in the dull Dead Sea!

Pride, thou art humble now,
 Thanks to the sexton's spade;
 Around this tree
 Lies good company,
 Yet none to flatter, or fawn, or bend.
 Pomp and pleasure have come to an end;

Narrow the chamber is left thee, friend:
 Pedigrees, parchments, charters, and rolls,
 Are little avail to thee.

Wealth, thou art last of all,
 Laggard and lazy of old;
 Come, knave, up here
 From thy velvet bier,
 What is that strange frilled robe thou'st on?
 'Tis out of fashion, thou simpleton.
 Are all thy tinsel and trappings gone?
 Yes! time is over for change and freak:
 Money is useless here.

Under the Churchyard yew
 (Its berries as red as blood)
 I love to sit,
 In my moody fit;
 Round me rise the hillocky graves,
 The Dead Sea's green and silent waves,
 Death's black banner, the dark tree braves,
 As I think of how vain are Power and Wealth,
 Beauty, and Love, and Wit.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE LADY MERLE.

As formal and lone as the statue of stone
 That stood on his terraced wall,
 Was the noble Earl till the Lady Merle
 Moved mistress of heart and hall:
 Till he met the Lady Merle—
 Till he met, and loved, and wooed, and won,
 And married the Lady Merle.

As grave and as cold as the portraits old
 That hung on his panels of oak,
 Did the lines of his race o'ershadow the face
 That never with laughter broke:
 Till he met the Lady Merle—
 Till he met, and loved, and wooed, and won,
 And married the Lady Merle.

As silent and dark as his untrodden park,
 Lived the Earl from year to year,
 And his haughty pride fell far and wide,
 Chilling the land with fear:
 Till he met the Lady Merle—
 Till he met, and loved, and wooed, and won,
 And married the Lady Merle.

But beamingly bright as the morning light
 On statue and pictured wall,
 Did the light of her love through his fortunes
 move,
 And over his manhood fall;
 When he met the Lady Merle—
 When he met, and loved, and wooed, and won,
 And married the Lady Merle.

And never, they say, was a fairer day
 Than that when the grave-faced Earl
 His nature forsook for the kindly look
 And the heart of the Lady Merle;
 When he met the Lady Merle—
 When he met, and loved, and wooed, and won,
 And married the Lady Merle.

Oh, is it not strange how our natures will change
 In a woman's holy control,
 And how the strong grace of a lovely face

Will conquer and fashion the soul,
When we meet our Lady Merles—
When we meet, and love, and woo, and win,
And marry our Lady Merles?

—Public Opinion.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

Lucy Arlyn. By J. T. TROWBRIDGE. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866. This novel opens in a fresh and lively manner; but the interest is not fully sustained. The long episode in relation to spiritual mediums is excessively tedious, and not necessary to the working out of the plot. The relations of Guy and Lucy also, in the first part of the book, are not clearly defined, and room is left for grave doubt and suspicion. Bating these defects, the book is highly interesting and entertaining. The Colonel and Archy are quite original characters.

Spencerian Key to Practical Penmanship. Prepared for the "Spencerian Authors," by H. C. SPENCER. New-York: Ivison, Phinney, Blake-man & Co. 1866. So far as we are capable of forming a judgment, we think this in all respects an admirable text book in this too much neglected branch of education. The principles and rules laid down are judicious and practical, while the numerous illustrations afford all the help needed for the correction of faults and the securing of a good penmanship. The publishers have given it an elegant dress for a school text-book.

SCIENCE.

A New Island.—A correspondent of the London *Times*, writing from Athens, Greece, announces that a new island began to rise above the level of the sea in the Bay of Théra (Santorin), in the Grecian Archipelago, on the 4th of February, and in five days it attained the height of from one hundred and thirty feet to one hundred and fifty feet, with a length of upwards of three hundred and fifty feet and a breadth of one hundred feet. It continues to increase, and consists of a rusty black metallic lava, very heavy and resembling half-melted scoria which has boiled up from a furnace. It contains many small whitish, semi-transparent particles, disseminated through the mass like quartz or feldspar.

The eruption began on the 31st of January. A noise like volleys of artillery was heard, but without any earthquake. On the following day flames issued from the sea, in a part of the bay called Vulkanos, where the water is always discolored and impregnated with sulphur from abundant springs at the bottom. The flames rose at intervals to the height of fifteen feet, and were seen at times to issue from the southwestern part of Nea Kaiméné. That island was soon rent by a deep fissure, and the southern part sank considerably.

On the 4th of February the eruptions became more violent and the sea more disturbed. Gas forced itself up from the depths with terrific noise, resembling the bursting of a steam boiler; flames arose at intervals, and white smoke, rising stead-

ily, formed an immense column, crowned with a curled capital of dark, heavy clouds. The new island was visible next morning, increasing sensibly to the eye as it rose out of the sea at no great distance to the south of Nea Kaiméné.

The new island has been visited by Dr. Dekigalla, a man of science and an able observer, who will record accurately all the phenomena of the eruption as it proceeds. The heat of the sea arose from 62° Fahrenheit to 122° as near the vicinity of volcanic action as it was safe to approach. The bottom of the sea all round Nea Kaiméné appears to have risen greatly. In one place, where the depth is marked on the Admiralty chart one hundred fathoms, it was found to be now only thirty, and at another where it was seventeen it is now only three fathoms. The new island, as it increases, will probably form a junction with Nea Kaiméné. It grows, as it were, out into the sea, the mass below pushing upward that which is already above water. The lower part is hot, its fissures, where they are deep, being 170° Fahrenheit, and the upper part, after four days' exposure, was found to be still 80°.

At present the centre of the volcanic force lies evidently far below the bottom of the sea, and only gases and smoke work their way through the incumbent earth to the water, and escape in noise, flames and smoke to the surface. But should a fissure at the bottom of the sea allow the water to penetrate to the fires that throw up the melted metal of the new island to the surface, an eruption may take place of a kind similar to that which destroyed Pompeii, but far more terrible.

The eruption that formed the present island of Nea Kaiméné began in the year 1707, and the volcanic action continued, without doing any serious injury to the inhabitants of Théra until 1713. It is possible the present eruption may continue as long, and be as mild in its operation. But as late as 1850 a terrible eruption laid waste a great part of the island, and raised an island on its northeastern coast, which soon sunk again into the sea, leaving a shoal.

The island of Old Kaiméné made its first appearance in the year 198 before the Christian era. Its size was increased by several eruptions mentioned in history. The last addition it received was in 1457. The Small Kaiméné, which is nearest to Théra, was thrown up in 1573. All the eruptions in the bays have been attended with similar phenomena.

The British naval commander at Malta has sent two ships to the scene of these phenomena. A letter dated February 7th, containing the latest news, says:

"The same smoke and fire in the evening as yesterday, and the hillock continues its operations. The sea, too, boils beyond the cove more than yesterday. The hillock, or land, will probably by to-morrow increase as far as the entrance to the cove, and be joined by its sides."

An Ancient Dinner.—The excavations at Pompeii are going on with an activity stimulated by the important discoveries made at almost every step, and the quantities of gold and silver found, which more than suffice to cover the cost of the works. Near the Temple of Juno, of which an

account was recently given, has just been brought to light a house belonging to some millionaire of the time, as the furniture is of ivory, bronze, and marble. The couches of the triclinium, or dining room, are especially of extreme richness. The flooring consists of immense mosaic, well preserved in parts, of which the centre represents a table laid out for a grand dinner. In the middle, on a large dish, may be seen a splendid peacock with its tail spread out, and placed back to back with another bird also of elegant plumage. Around them are arranged lobsters, one of which holds a blue egg in its claws, a second an oyster, which appears to be fricasseed, as it is open and covered with herbs; a third, a rat *farci*, and a fourth, a small vase filled with fried grasshoppers. Next comes a circle of dishes of fish, interspersed with others of partridges, hares, and squirrels, which all have their heads placed between their fore feet. Then comes a row of sausages of all forms, supported by one of eggs, oysters, and olives, which in its turn is surrounded by a double circle of peaches, cherries, melons, and other fruits and vegetables. The walls of the triclinium are covered with fresco paintings of birds, fruits, flowers, game, and fish of all kinds—the whole interspersed with drawings which lend a charm to the whole not easy to describe. On a table of rare wood carved and inlaid with gold, marble, agate, and lapis lazuli, were found amphoræ still containing wine, and some goblets of onyx.—*Shilling Magazine*.

Caves in Fifeshire.—At a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Professor J. Y. Simpson gave an account of the visits paid by him last summer, along with other eminent Scottish antiquaries, to the caves on the coast of Fifeshire, at East Wemyss. There were, he said, eight or nine of these caves, and on the walls of most of them they had found sculptured symbols almost identical with those found upon the sculptured stones of Scotland. These sculptured stones were found along the east coast, running northwards from Fife, only two having been discovered south of the Forth. They were for the most part monoliths, and the symbols had hitherto been supposed to possess a sepulchral character, an idea which was not, he thought, consistent with the circumstances that the very same emblems were now found inside these caves, which were the abode of man in his archaic condition. In these caves they found representations of the elephant, the horse, the dog, with collar round his neck, exactly like those found in the sculptured stones. They had also the bear, the deer, the swan, the peacock, the fish, the serpent; also the comb and mirror, the horseshoe, etc. They had in some cases the symbols of Christianity. Some marks were evidently pre-Roman, while the series continued down to the time of Christianity. The cave sculptures, he had no doubt, were coeval with the monoliths. They found crosses on them in considerable numbers, sometimes the cross standing on a tripod: and in one case they had the cross and tripod inverted. For himself, he had come to no conclusion as to what was the purpose of these carvings, for he thought their supposed sepulchral character was taken away by the position in which they were found. As Dr. Mitchell had found, there were even yet

families in Scotland who lived in caves, on the Galloway coast; and they had recently had the description of the district of Charteris, in France, where about one hundred and fifty thousand people still lived in caves. No doubt caves formed a very good shelter for man in his rude state—much better, perhaps, than anything he could construct for himself. In some of these caves had been found the stone weapons in use before man had metallic tools to work with, and at the time when animals which now had no existence were walking over France and England in great abundance.—*Chambers's Journal*.

The Accommodative Power of the Eye.—As recent continental inquiries have shown how utterly impossible it is for the ciliary muscle or processes to have any action on the crystalline lens, the following interesting case shows how much the phenomena of accommodation may depend upon the cornea or iris, or both. The case is given in a paper by Dr. Mackenzie, and is as follows: "As illustrating the power of distinct vision, sometimes possessed by those who have lost the crystalline, I may notice the instance of a gentleman, mentioned to me by Professor Allen Thomson. This gentleman had cataract in both eyes at rather an early period of life. He regained the use of one of them some twenty or twenty-five years ago, by extraction, under the care of the late Mr. Alexander. Employing a convex lens of about four inches focal length, he possesses an acuteness of vision wonderful, not merely for a person in his circumstances, but for any one. Always employing (as far as Professor Thomson recollects) the same lens, he enjoys as complete a power as most persons of seeing with clearness and precision near or distant objects. To show how minute his vision was, he wrote a long passage of a letter in so small a character that Professor Thomson found it necessary to use a strong magnifier to enable him to read what had been written. Professor Thomson had frequently seen this gentleman read alternately the smallest type of a printed book at a near distance and the larger type of the title page across a room, as well as the words of a sign board or the names over shops, across a wide street. He could have no doubt whatever that *his vision at these various distances was just as well defined and precise as that of persons possessing the ordinary powers of accommodation.*"—*Vide Ophthalmic Review*, No. VII., p. 227.

The Green Marble of Connemara.—Professor Harkness, of Queen's College, Cork, communicated his observations on these rocks to the British Association, at its last meeting. A series of sections and maps, which he displayed, proved that the green marbles of Connemara are a local and peculiar development of light-gray subcrystalline limestone, which lies on the north side of the gneiss rocks of the south of the Bens of Connemara. This limestone dips conformably under these gneissic rocks. It is superposed conformably on quartz rocks, and these quartz rocks, with their superposed deposits, are thrown into numerous contortions in the Connemara country. Where they are most curtailed, the limestones have opened out in their lines of lamination, and into these openings the serpentinous matter, to

which the green marble owes its color, has been introduced. The metamorphic strata in the Connemara country appertain to the Lower Silurians. They are the equivalents of the Quartz Rocks, Upper Limestone, and Upper Gneiss of the Highlands of Scotland, described by Sir R. I. Murchison. It has been stated that *Eozoön Canadense* occurs among the green marbles of Connemara. The structure which has given rise to this opinion is purely mineral, and has resulted from the deposition of Serpentine upon Tremolite and asbestiform minerals.—*Popular Science Review*.

The Birds of Siberia.—In an important treatise, published under the patronage of the Imperial Geographical Society of St. Petersburg, and which is the second of a series intended to be issued on Siberian Zoölogy, the author, Herr Radde, not only records the species, but gives an account of the periods of the migration of Siberian birds. He gives a list of 368 species, which he refers to the following orders: Rapaces, 36; Scansores, 19; Oscines, 140; Gallinacæ, 18; Grallatores, 74; and Natatores, 81. Concerning the migration of birds, Herr Radde confirms the result arrived at by Von Middendorf in his learned memoir, *Die Isepiptesen Russlands*; the most important of them being, (1) that the high tableland of Asia and the bordering ranges of the Altai, Sajon, and Dauria retard the arrival of the migratory birds; (2) eastward of the upper Lena, towards the east coast of Siberia, a considerable retardation of migrants is again noticeable; and (3) the times of arrival at the northern edge of the Mongolian high steppes are altogether earlier than those of the same species on the Amoor.

VARIETIES.

Chinese Literature.—A work of a somewhat curious kind has been published within the last month or two at Canton, being an attempt by a native Chinese to afford foreigners a handbook in acquiring the Mandarin (spoken) language, as well as to assist natives speaking the Northern dialects in learning English. The publication of a thick and well-engraved octavo volume of this nature is an evidence—perhaps the first public one—of the gradual spread of a desire for acquaintanceship with foreign tongues among the inhabitants of the remoter provinces, and even among the higher classes, by whom the "Mandarin" dialect is used. Its title is "*Ying Yu Kwan Hua Ho Kiang*—the English and Mandarin Languages conjointly explained"; and its contents are chiefly in the nature of a vocabulary, interspersed with conversations, the English sound being represented, in addition to the text, by Chinese phonographic devices of the ordinary description. A brief introduction deals with a few of the most frequent grammatical peculiarities of the English language. The author is a native of Canton, whose father compiled many years ago the handbook of Cantonese and Mandarin, from which the late Robert Thom compiled his *Chinese Speaker*, a little manual for students, which was extremely useful to beginners before other aids were at hand.

In connection with the invaluable contribution to Anglo-Chinese literature, which has recently

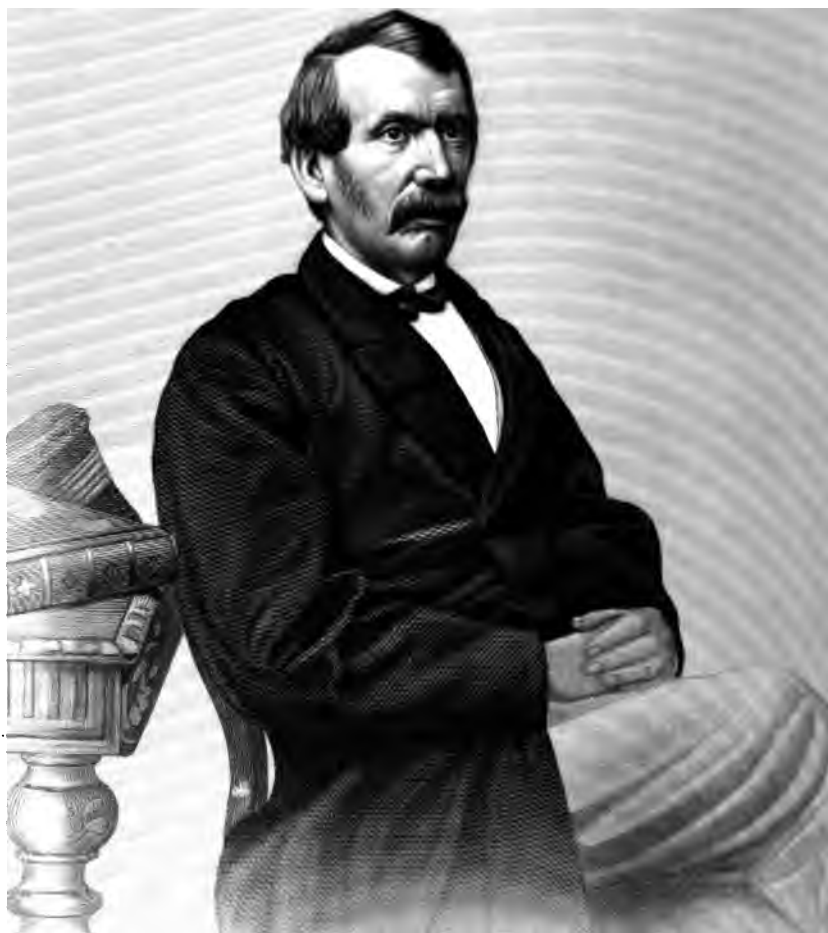
appeared in the shape of the Rev. Dr. Legge's translation of the *Shoo-King*, may be mentioned a Map constructed by the Rev. John Chalmers, A.M., of the London Mission, at Canton, representing the territorial divisions and extent of the Chinese Empire in the days of Confucius. The Map has been engraved by a native workman at Canton, and is a useful aid to students of the classical history of the period to which it refers.—*Trübner's Literary Record*.

Assumed Literary Names.—To the list of American authors writing under assumed names which we gave in No. 9, we now add the following: Oliver Optic, *William T. Adams*; Paul Creyton, *J. T. Trowbridge*; Christopher Crowfield, *Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe*; The Disbanded Volunteer, *Joseph Barber*; Major Jack Downing, *Seba Smith*; Ethan Spike, *Matthew F. Whittier*; McArone, the late *George Arnold*; Carleton, *Charles Carleton Coffin*; Warrington, *William S. Robinson*; Straws, Jr., *Miss Kate Field*; Perley, *Ben. Perley Poore*; Burleigh, *Rev. Matthew Hale Smith*; Walter Barrett, clerk, the late *Joseph A. Scoville*; Private Miles O'Reilly, *Colonel Charles G. Halpine*; Job Sass, *George A. Foxcroft*.—*Historical Magazine*.

Important Sale of Books.—The *Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung* contains the following communication from Venice, for the truth of which we are able to vouch: "There is no small stir occasioned here by the sale of the large stock of books left by the late G. Canciani, bookseller of this town, to the great house of F. A. Brockhaus, of Leipzig. This assortment, undoubtedly the most important in all Italy, not only on account of the number, but also of the quality of the books, is well known in all the circles which are interested in literature, and it is greatly to be regretted that this rich treasure should go abroad. That it has not met with a purchaser here is a proof of the low ebb to which the spirit of enterprise has sunk. A representative of the well-known Leipzig firm is now here, to take possession of the stock, for the packing of which about three hundred and sixty large cases will be required."—*Trübner's Literary Record*.

Neapolitan Brigandage.—"Neapolitan brigandage," says Count Maffei, whose former official connection with the province enables him to speak with authority on the subject, "is only the symptom of the decay that for centuries has been constantly undermining that unhappy country. The peasant there has no interest to bind him to the soil. In those districts there is a part of the population designated by the name of *terrazzanti*, who have actually nothing to live upon but the proceeds of plunder and theft. The misery and destitution of these classes are the direct causes of brigandage. When the poor laborer compares the brigand's life with his own wretched lot, he cannot avoid drawing conclusions far from favorable to the cause of law and order; and we cannot wonder that that romantic existence lures him from the constant labor and misery to which, in his own station, he is hopelessly condemned. The voice of conscience is silenced, and he betakes himself to a course of life which appears to him a legitimate way of obtaining his livelihood."





Separated from the great plateau by the Debbit-er-Ramleh is the grand tumultuous mountain system of Sinai—the mountains of Târ, as they are collectively called, Târ being the Arabic word for mountain; hence the adjective Towâra, as applied to the Arabs of the district. This is a highland region of great magnificence and intricacy, rising to a maximum height of nine thousand three hundred feet. On the northwest the mountains are limestone and sandstone; Mount Serbâl, and the mountains south of it, are red and gray granite.

This ganglion of mountains again is surrounded by a coast margin of level gravelly ground, called El-Kâ'a, "the plain," except at the extreme southern point, where the mountain mass projects a tongue of granite into the sea; and on the east, where, towards 'Akabah, it terminates in cliffs overhanging the sea.

This cluster of mountains, of which Sinai is nearly the centre, is intersected by deep, tortuous valleys, and by narrow and rugged passes. Its three principal peaks are Serbâl (6759 feet) on the northwest; St. Katherine (8705 feet) in the centre; and Um Shômer (9300 feet) in the southeast. The Sinai mountains can scarcely be said to form a system. There are no regular ranges, as in the Alps, or in the Highlands of Scotland: all is intricate, tumultuous confusion, as if a vast molten explosion had suddenly congealed in the upper air. "It is," says Sir Frederick Henniker,* "as if Arabia Petræa were an ocean of lava, which, while its waves were running mountains high, had suddenly stood still."

Unlike other mountainous countries, the district of Sinai is utterly barren and desolate. The Alps and the Highlands are clothed with pine forests, and their intersecting valleys are carpeted with greenest grass: but no tree grows upon the granite sides of Sinai; no verdure of any kind relieves their desolateness. A few odoriferous herbs, and here and there a stunted shrub, are found in their recesses; but neither tree nor grass, nor any green herb, appears to the eye: the valleys are simply torrent beds, wreathed with drifts of sand, and strewn with huge boulders, through which, for a few days in the year, the deluge of rain, fall-

ing upon the mountains, rushes with a depth and a force that are irresistible and almost incredible. The mountains are Alps without verdure, the valleys are rivers without water. There are but few of the springs that commonly abound in mountain regions and give rise to great rivers. Hence the desolation of Sinai. In Wâdy Feirân, where there is a spring of water tolerably affluent, there is a luxurious vegetation. But what the scenery of Sinai lacks in verdure is almost compensated by the gorgeous colors of its mountains. It is almost impossible to conceive, and it is difficult to exaggerate, the magnificence and variety of coloring, in both the limestone and sandstone mountains of the north, and the granite mountains of the south. The sandstone deepens into the rich glowing red which gives its name to the similar formation of Edom; and where it is not a gorgeous green, the granite vies with it, and in the ever-changing light they present infinite varieties of tint and combination. The same effect is never produced twice. Nothing can be more magical than these effects of coloring. We shall often be constrained to speak of them in their local peculiarities. They far surpass the wondrous hues with which the setting sun suffuses the *Aiguille Rouge*, while the mystic shadows are climbing, and just before they envelop the summit of the "great white throne;" they are more gorgeous even than the marvellous "after glow" which we so often saw in Egypt.

The lack of geographical magnitude in the Peninsula of Sinai is more than compensated by its geographical position and its unique associations. In the old world, its position was at the junction of the two great continents of civilization, and closely adjacent to the cradles of the world's chief religions. Indeed, each religion in its turn seems to have regarded Sinai as its holy place. There are reasons for thinking that, before the time of Moses, Serbâl was a shrine of Egyptian pilgrimage. To the Jew it was associated with the most awful and sacred events of his religious history. The footmark of Mohammed's camel upon Jebel Mousa is still pointed out, as a tradition of the prophet's association with it; while it has ever been a chief resort of Christian Eremites. And yet

* Quoted by Stanley, *Sinai and Palestine*, p. 12.

the moral influence of these traditions is so utterly lost, that, perhaps, no people upon the face of the earth are more destitute of all that constitutes a religion than the Towâra Arabs.

But although Sinai has always lain, and still lies, beside the gateway of nations, it has never been their path. No city has ever stood within its boundaries. No port has ever given commercial life to its shores. Migratory Bedouins, scattered hermits, and passing pilgrims have, from the days of the Amalekites, been its only inhabitants; the little ecclesiastical city of Paran being scarcely an exception, inasmuch as it was only, for a while, a larger aggregate of pilgrims and hermits.

The entire history of the Peninsula is restricted to the eighteen months during which the Israelites sojourned in it. It has formed no nation; it has had no government; it has witnessed no events that the historian might record. In all other countries that have won a record in the annals of the world there has been, first, a local history, generally springing out of legend and myth, and recording invasion, conflict, and conquest—one nation superseding or intermingling with another, till national character is formed and national history achieved. Not so with the Peninsula of Sinai: it has no aborigines; it is identified with no race; it has no autochthonous history; it owes all its renown to the transient passage through it of a foreign people, and the remarkable events that befell them therein. Before their advent, we know only that it was possessed by the wandering descendants of Esau; and since their advent, we know only that it is possessed by the wandering descendants of Ishmael. Its history is a great darkness upon which only the light of the pillar of fire and of the lightnings of Sinai have broken in. But these were so vivid and divine, that they have filled the world with their awful glory; and Sinai has become one of the world's most sacred places. With the Jew it divides religious reverence with Jerusalem—with the Mohammedan, with Mecca—with the Christian, with Bethlehem. There is, perhaps, no place that gathers so many various sanctities, that inspires so much reverent awe, the associations of which are so thrilling, the power

of which is so subduing. In part, this probably arises from the fact that its sacred associations have been preserved so inviolate. Its desert barrenness, its mountain ruggedness, have restricted human habitations to the tent of the Bedouin or the cell of the hermit. It has thus been preserved sacred to the associations of the law-giving. In Jerusalem the hurrying, irreverent foot of generations of crowded city life, interrupted only by the devastations of war and the solitude caused by exile, have almost obliterated the sacred footsteps of Him who once trod its ways. The *débris* of its ancient buildings lie twenty feet thick beneath its modern streets. Even Gethsemane has been desecrated into a trim and gravelled garden, with gaudy flowers in partitioned beds, and fancy palings around its venerable olives—the whole inclosed by a lofty wall, within which the cottage of the custodian is built, and at the doorway of which you pay for admission; a place over which irreverent crowds are irreverently shown. The loneliness that sustains hallowed association; the venerable antiquity that no modern touch profanes, that only hushed and trembling feet approach, are utterly wanting. The Mount of Olives, again, whose paths remain as when trod by

“Those blessed feet
Which eighteen hundred years ago were
nailed
For our advantage on the bitter cross,”

is the suburb of a great city, and is daily trodden by hundreds of thoughtless wayfarers. Not so the valleys and mountains of Sinai; rarely is it visited and the traveller conscious of other presence beside his own, save a few monks and servants of the convent, occasional pilgrims—whose reverence is attested by their arduous pilgrimage—and perchance a few Bedouins pasturing their flocks. The holy mount has ever been a desert solitude. It has suffered no effacing power of later events, or of a numerous population. Like a great cathedral in the heart of a city, it has stood sequestered from the world. Its awful peaks are solitary, solemn, and unchanging; they are as when the foot of Jehovah trod them, as when the lightnings of Jehovah enwrapped them, as when the awful trumpet reverberated from

summit to summit, and the still more awful thunder made them tremble to their base. Cities change; mountains remain the same. It is, therefore, with a feeling of undisturbed and indescribable awe, that the pilgrim first beholds these solemn peaks, and climbs to their summit. It needs but little imagination to make him feel as if the Divine footsteps were still upon them, as if the awful voice that the people could not "hear any more" were latent in the atmosphere. And yet no solitary ruin remains to help the imagination of the traveller; no record save the mysterious inscriptions here and there upon the rocks—which only fanaticism can associate with the law-giving; no monument save the unchanged and silent face of nature, which in every feature and with startling minuteness testifies to the local truthfulness of the historian.

Such is the district traversed by the writer and his friends in March, 1865. The preparations for our journey were made in Cairo, and occupied several days. First, a dragoman had to be chosen out of some six or seven, who gave us no peace until our choice was made. They beset our going out and our coming in; we passed them when we went to our bedrooms at night, and found them at our doors when we rose in the morning. Our choice fell upon Hassan Ismael, a Nubian, from Assouán. He was about fifty years of age, and black as a coal; but with a shrewd, good-tempered face, which his character did not belie. He had been a dragoman for upwards of twenty years, and had accumulated considerable property. Although unable to read, he had given his two sons a good education in the school of the American mission, and had himself picked up a considerable amount of miscellaneous information from gentlemen with whom he had travelled. He was tolerably well acquainted with the history of Egypt, and with the general state of things in Europe. Although a Mussulman, he was liberal in his conceptions. He had a great reverence for Isa (Jesus), and even avowed his belief, which, he said, he had heard an Imaum avow from the pulpit, that, one day, Christianity would be the religion of the world. He was inquisitive after knowledge, sensible in judgment, and shrewd

in observation. "You cannot," said he one day, "expect all Arabs to be good; *angels is seldom.*"

Hassan had been strongly recommended to us; and his sensible, business-like way of negotiation predisposed us in his favor. "Fight," said he, "for your bargain, and be good friends ever afterwards." We had no cause to repent our choice. Hassan served us faithfully and honorably, and provided for us carefully and liberally. Fiery in temper, rapid and vehement in expression, he was also experienced and wise. He managed his Arabs admirably, and proved himself equal to every emergency. At the expiry of our sixty-days' contract with him, we parted with, I believe, mutual esteem and regret.

Our contract with Hassan was duly executed at the English consulate. In consideration of a fixed sum *per diem*, he was to conduct us, as we might direct, from Cairo to Sinai, and through the great desert to Palestine and Syria. He was to provide everything necessary for the journey—camels, horses, tents, bedding, provisions, and servants. He was to pay all bakhshish, provide local guides where necessary, and whenever we chose to sleep in convents, or stay at hotels, where such were available, he was to pay the bill. Indeed, so far as the necessary expenses of travel were concerned, we needed no money until our contract expired.

Hassan's first concern was to covenant with a Sheikh of the Towâra Arabs, through whose district we were to pass. They occupy the peninsula of Sinai south of the Jebel Tih; and are said to number between five and six thousand. Sheikhs of the desert always hover about Cairo in the travelling season. Hassan, therefore, had no difficulty; he engaged Sheikh Taima, who undertook to provide twenty-one camels, with sufficient attendants, to take us to Sinai, and thence to Khan Nakhil—half way between Sinai and Hebron, beyond which he had no power to take us. The contract is for so much each camel, *per diem*, the men being thrown into the bargain. Each Sheikh is the patriarchal head of his family. Taima's family consisted of about eighty persons, including sons and daughters, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law, nephews, nieces, grandchildren, etc.

It is not always easy to ascertain the numbers of a family. "How many children have you?" I asked of an Arab. "Four, and two girls," was the reply. Taima was between fifty and sixty years of age—a simple, unsophisticated, faithful fellow, with a good-natured countenance, always cheerful, willing, and polite; full of solicitude for our safety and comfort, occasionally keeping watch all night round our tents. He was somewhat buckish, occasionally coming out in a sheep-skin, and sandals roughly made of the skin of a fish. He was a true gentleman, and, no doubt, could boast a pedigree beside which that of the Percys is but of yesterday. His *salām* was very emphatic and graceful. His son Salama accompanied him—a bright, laughing boy of fifteen or sixteen, with handsome features, a clear olive complexion, brilliant dark eyes, and a set of teeth that any dentist's door might envy. Taima had also an Abyssinian slave, named Abdallah, intensely black, the blackness being peculiarly lustrous, like velvet, or the bloom of a damson. His mouth was prodigious, and its tusky, disparted teeth unpleasantly suggestive of those of an alligator, of which, as he was in a perpetual grin, we had the full benefit. He was, indeed, the merriest of the party, although any of us might have purchased him for £15 or £20. He was, moreover, a very clever fellow; besides being the best shot of the party, he was an accomplished botanist, and generally well informed.

The camels belonged to different members of Taima's clan, and were accompanied by their owners—ten genuine Bedouins, sons of the desert, scarcely civilized; all, however, courteous, some of them handsome, and with a natural grace of figure and movement that would not have discredited "the first gentleman in Europe." It was an unfailing interest, out of the recesses of our tents, to watch their movements as they sat around their camp-fire, or stood and gesticulated in animated conversation.

The great weakness of the Arab is tobacco. We generally in the morning gave them a supply for the day; they were just like children, always on the look-out for what we might give them—thankful even for a few crumbs of biscuit or fragments of orange. The diffi-

culty about the supply of the Israelites in the desert is greatly diminished on seeing upon how little an Arab and his camel can live.

Taima did not always maintain his authority. His men would sometimes struggle with him very irreverently. Hassan, too, would settle a dispute by seizing the first huge stick that he could lay hands upon, and thrashing away right and left, Taima coming in for a full share of the blows. This, indeed, is so much a matter of course that it is resented no more than a sharp word is with us. Happily we never had occasion to use our sticks, although it was repeatedly urged upon us as the only way of managing Arabs. May not this oriental readiness to administer blows be the special reasons of the Apostle's injunction, so strange and superfluous to our Western notions, that "a bishop should be no striker"?

The personal staff of Hassan consisted of a cook—a dreamy, introspective man, with eyes like half-opened oysters, but a capital *artiste*; and of two servants to attend upon us—'Abishai, a Coptic Christian, who was graduating as a dragoman, and Ibrahim, who, Mohammedan though he was, got to our canteen and made himself drunk, stole a pair of boots, and had to be ignominiously dismissed at Jerusalem.

We were thus wholly free from responsibility. Hassan was primarily responsible for both our lives and our property. If he failed in any part of his contract, he might be taken before the first pasha we reached: Taima was responsible to him; and through Taima, his whole tribe. If, through them, harm happened to any of us, he would be seized and imprisoned the first town he entered. If any article were lost, he must make it good or find the thief; the Sheikh alone is responsible for the members of his tribe. Thus, an English traveller to whom Hassan was dragoman the previous year was robbed of his revolver at Shiloh, by a fellow who, in the same place, hung about us for some time. Complaint was made to the Pasha of Nablus, who immediately paid the traveller the estimated value of his pistol, arrested the Sheikh of the village, and imprisoned him, until a fine which he had levied upon the inhabitants was

paid. It was for the Sheikh to discover and punish the individual offender. This is no doubt a rough kind of justice, but it is the only justice possible among the Bedouins. It has the merit of being very simple and very effective. In most parts of the desert a traveller is as safe from personal injury, and much more safe in his property, than in Cheapside. So far as we had experience of the Tow-ara Arabs, they are scrupulously honest. If any trifling article was dropped or left behind in the tents, it was invariably brought to us, generally before we had missed it. It is said that, if a camel laden with goods should fall in the desert, its owner may draw a circle round it, and leave it in perfect security, even for days, while he fetches another.

For the sake of such as may be curious about tent life in the desert, I may say that it is very enjoyable. An hour's rest for lunch, in the middle of the day, enabled the camels to reach the camping-ground before us, so that we commonly found our canvas city built. This consisted of two large tents for ourselves, and a third for Hassan and the servants. Culinary rites were performed in the open air by the side of the latter, at a portable stove sheltered from the wind, if there was any, by a bit of canvas. Three or four fowls—on Sundays a turkey—were generally being prepared for sacrifice when we arrived. The camels were permitted, for awhile, to roam in search of the prickly ghurkud. At dark they were picketed close by; their drivers sleeping between their legs. Our chief inconvenience arose from their inconceivable and incessant chattering, sometimes squabbling, which was often prolonged far into the night; and from the guttural grumbling of the camels. Of our twenty-one camels—our party being large—twelve or thirteen were baggage camels, carrying, besides our portmanteaus, almost all conceivable things: coops of live poultry, casks of water, butchers' meat—always mutton; cooking necessities, crockery, glasses, etc.—ingeniously packed in two large canteen chests; tents, bedsteads and bedding, camp-stools, and metal wash basins—all spontaneously provided by Hassan. Nothing was wanting. Our tents were comfortably carpeted; small iron bedsteads, with new bedding, three in

each tent, were, with our portmanteaus, arranged around the sides. One table for dinner was adjusted against the tent-pole; another for washing was adjusted outside the door of each tent. We were astonished to find our table laid with home neatness and comfort—a white table-cloth and napkins, always scrupulously clean; glass, plate, salts, etc. The dinner generally consisted of five courses, namely, soup, mutton, fowls—on Sundays, turkey—fritters or puddings, mish-mash or prunes, cheese, with a dessert of dried fruits, oranges, and preserves; the liquid accompaniment being bitter beer, sherry, and, when it was necessary to neutralize the active qualities of doubtful water, cognac. A fragrant cup of *café noir*, and, about an hour after, a delicious cup of tea—provision for which should always be made in England—followed by a *tchibouk*, crowned the whole. Indeed, Hassan's care and experience omitted nothing. The only defect of our *cuisine* was its necessary monotony, mutton and fowls alternating with fowls and mutton. On the whole, the fare of the desert was not to be complained of—it was far in advance of manna and quails.

Reading, journal-writing, or flower-pressing occupied us until about ten o'clock, and then to bed; taking care to tuck in warmly, for nights in the desert are cold, often intensely so. By five in the morning we were shivering at our tent-door, under an *al fresco* sponge, making the most of a regulation supply of water. Then breakfast—coffee or tea, with three or four hot dishes of some kind or other, eggs, and jam or marmalade; by seven, or half-past, our city of the desert has disappeared, and we are patiently doing our two and a half miles an hour. About twelve o'clock we lunch, either upon the burning sand under our umbrellas, or, if we can find one, "under the shadow of a great rock;" cold meat, hard-boiled eggs, bread, biscuit and cheese, an orange each, and a few dates or figs; water limited, and often doubtful—a curious leathery concoction, out of a kind of leathern boot, called a "*zemzemia*"—generally, therefore, adulterated with a little brandy; only a desert traveller can appreciate the blessing of pure water.

Travellers to Sinai usually cross in

boats from Suez to the "Ayûn Mousa," a distance of six or seven miles; the camels being sent round by the head of the gulf. We determined to accompany our camels, that we might get a better conception of the formation of the gulf: this was a day's journey of about seven hours. We left our hotel, however, on the preceding evening, that we might inaugurate the tent life of the next sixty days by an experimental encampment a mile or two in the desert. It was a new and strange sensation, when the early sunset permitted the night rapidly and silently to gather round us, and when the silvery light of the young moon had dimly lit up the solitary scene, and when, after infinite bustling and chattering on the part of the Arabs, our tent lights were extinguished. So truly and utterly was it desert; Suez might have been a hundred miles away. Our sense of solitude was disturbed only by another encampment of travellers at a short distance from us. I walked a little way from the tents. The Jebel 'Atakah was dimly seen in the distance; the undulating waves of the desert rolled away on every side. In this sky the fiery pillar shone — these sands reflected it — these mountains were lit up by it. Over this ground the terrified Israelites crowded onward, as they discovered the pursuing Egyptians in the distance. Over this ground the vengeful chariots and horsemen of Pharaoh eagerly rushed, till arrested by the mysterious pillar of cloud. Now these look like common spots and things: they give no sign, they bear no impress of the stupendous miracle; and yet they saw it. One feels as if one faint would question them, or find some memorial inscribed upon them; but they are silent as the sphynx, barren as the commonest part of the earth's surface. The night was intensely cold, although we lunched the next day with the thermometer at 110° under the shade of our umbrellas; even when all our wraps were utilized, we could scarcely obtain adequate warmth. Our Arabs slept comfortably enough among the legs of their camels; neither the drenching dew nor the piercing cold, apparently, affecting these children of the sun. The novelty of our circumstances, and the excitement of so many strange thoughts, rendered sleep impossible.

At length we were fairly started, and soon reached the banks of the ancient canal, upon one of which we had to travel northwards for a mile or two, in order to find a passage across the salt marsh which they inclosed. Salt is collected here in considerable quantities. We then crossed the imaginary line which divides Europe from Asia, with the feeling that we had left behind us all the Christianity of the West; a civilization too that was older than Greece, or Rome, or Nineveh; and that we were now in the early footsteps of a dispensation that preceded Christ. Then, turning southwards, we fell into one of the great highways of the desert — the caravan route from Cairo to Tûr, marked by from twenty to twenty-five parallel camel tracks, stretching away, like the lines of a railway, over the undulating desert, when not obliterated by sand-storms. Even were there no such tracts, bleached skeletons of camels occur often enough to suffice for waymarks. We observed here some fine effects of mirage. Suez suddenly assumed the appearance of a vast fortified town, with castellated walls and frowning bastions, having ships in its harbors and roads. Frequently, in after days, like fantastic tricks were played with our deluded vision; blue lakes and shady groves were its most frequent illusions. We began, after a while, to realize the weary monotony of an ever-receding horizon, disappointing our hope of our resting-place, or of some "shadow of a great rock" that might be a brief protection from the vertical torrent of the sun's fierce rays: but the crown of one swelling eminence only brought into view another; it was unchanging, continuous, endless desert, more vividly impressive, more physically distressing, than on any subsequent day. At length we saw a distant speck of verdure, and after a little while joyfully encamped near the Ayûn Mousa — the Rosherville of Suez. There, about two miles from the sea, are nine brackish fountains, most of them mere holes in the sand; one, however, is a regularly built fountain of ancient masonry. The Arab tradition is, that the Israelites here wanting water, Moses furnished them with a supply by striking the ground with his rod. These wells give life to a little bit of the barren waste, which breaks out in a few palm,

pomegranate, and tamarisk trees, with an undergrowth of shrubs, and vegetables, and flowers. The bud of a monthly rose was offered me as the choicest production of the gardens; it had a pleasant association of home. The whole is contained in two or three inclosures or gardens, in which are rude huts for their keepers. Hither picnic parties come from Suez and Cairo. His Excellency Sir Henry Bulwer had been there but two or three days before.

We were now beyond all doubt upon the track of the Israelites. Here, probably, where the shore forms a gentle bay, the desert sons of Ishmael were startled by the strange advent of the descendants of Isaac, and by their exultant song of triumph, awakening echoes never awakened before—even those that slumbered in the distant sides of Er-Rahâh. Here, probably, for days and weeks, strange spoil would be gathered upon the shell-strewn shore. Near the Ayûn Mousa we kept our first desert Sabbath—a grateful rest, and a tent service, in which, while our friends at home were gathering round the Lord's table, we held holy communion with them. We sang the hymn, "Guide me, O thou Great Jehovah," then strolled along upon the beach and sat upon the rocks for an hour or two, quietly musing amid these scenes of strange experience and wondrous association. Again the almost sudden darkness fell. It was the Sabbath evening; and, in the translucent atmosphere, the moon and stars seemed to hang down like lamps from the lofty roof of God's great temple; clearly defined as if seen through a telescope, they shone with a brilliancy of which, before visiting the East, we had scarcely conceived.

For two days we traversed the desert of Shur—the border strip between the mountains and the sea. Passing Ain Howârah and the Wâdy Ghûrûndel—the Marah and Elim of the Exodus—on the third day we entered the highland district of Sinai by a narrow gorge formed by spurs from the Jebel Râhah meeting the Jebel Hûmmâm. Turning suddenly to the right we descended the valley Tayibeh, or "the bewildering," to the sea. This is a perfect labyrinth of grotesque and towering mountain forms—gloomy, desolate, and

magnificent, as if scorched and twisted in some great conflagration, which had left upon them the marks of its blended smoke and flame; wonderful amphitheatres, terraces, pyramids, fortifications, castles, columns, quarries, indeed almost every conceivable form and freak of nature presented themselves in most rapid succession, each at the moment photographing itself upon the memory—a picture to be distinctly reproduced, when, even in old age, these glorious days of travel are recalled; and yet so intruding upon and effacing each other, that they leave but a confused recollection of a grand pageant of nature. Beneath our feet, ploughed up into channels, heaved into sandbanks, and strewn with huge boulders, bearing everywhere the marks of terrific winter torrents, was a glittering surface of whitish mud baked by the sun so as to be impervious to the foot of the camel; and reflecting a glare and a heat that were almost intolerable, even when our eyes were protected by colored spectacles, and we were elevated upon the backs of our camels. Above our heads was a cloudless translucent sky of the deepest purest blue, "as the body of heaven in its clearness."

At the foot of this pass is "the encampment by the sea" where, the provisions brought from Egypt being exhausted, manna and quails were first given to the Israelites.

Then across the rocky headland of Zalimah and the plain of Mûrkah, till we reënter the mountains by the rocky gorge of the Wâdy Shellâl, "the valley of cataracts;" which after two hours terminates in a fine amphitheatre, over the ridge of which—the "Nûkb-el-Bûdrah," "the pass of the sword's point"—the path lies. A rugged camel track made by Major Macdonald makes somewhat easier what for thirty centuries must have been an arduous scramble up a precipitous bank of *débris*.

We felt the greatest difficulty in conceiving of a mixed host, like that of the Israelites, crossing such a pass as this. It is more probable that they entered the Wâdy Feirân by another and much easier route. Dean Stanley suggests two alternatives—"They may have gone, according to the route of the elder travellers—Shaw, Pococke, and the Prefect of the Franciscan Convent—to

Tûr, and thence by the Wâdy Hebrân and the Nûkb Hâwy to Jebel Mousa; or they may have gone, according to the route of all recent travellers, by the Wâdy Shellâl, the Nûkb Bûdrah, and the Wâdys Mokatteb, Feirân, and Es-Sheikh, to the same point. The former route is improbable, both because of its detour, and also because the Wâdy Hebrân is said to be, and the Nûkb Hâwy certainly is, as difficult, if not more difficult, than any pass on the route of the Wâdy Feirân.*

On this it may be remarked — First, that the route by the Wâdy Hebrân would not necessarily involve the difficult pass of the Nûkb Hâwy: the people might still have gone round by the Wâdy es-Sheikh. And next, that another alternative is possible. From their encampment at Mûrkah they may have proceeded along the shore till they came to a valley leading into the Wâdy Feirân at its juncture with the Wâdy Mokatteb, thus avoiding the difficult pass of Bûdrah. This was not our route, but we were informed by the Rev. W. Gell, who had just examined it, that it was broad and easy, offering no impediments whatever to the passage of a great multitude. On this supposition, there would be no physical difficulty in the entire route from Suez to Sinai, except the rocky headland of Zalimah, which no one would affirm to be either insuperable or serious.

There was but a slight descent from the top of the pass of Bûdrah, but the region was a strange one; utterly stern and desolate, it had neither vegetation nor sign of human presence; it was a defile of calcined rocks and huge boulders, burnt and contracted like scoria, with gray molten heaps as of boiling mud, as if it were the *débris* of a cyclopean iron foundery, or the huge crater of an extinct volcano. The very surface of the ground seemed cindery, as if from subterranean fires. It was a scene of vast and utter desolation, such as the plain of Sodom may have been before the Dead Sea covered the charred ruins of Sodom and Gomorrah. In the larger mountains, the dip and coloring of some of the strata were very remarkable; it was as if huge masses had been exploded

upwards, forming peaks and crags of the most daring forms—ribbed, black, gray, and red, and of almost perpendicular strata. We felt it a relief from its stifling, oven-like heat when, after a weary search, we found the shadow of a rock under which we might rest.

We then descended rapidly. Our direct route lay through the Wâdy Mokatteb; but we wished to visit the Wâdy Megârah, or "Valley of the Cave," which, through a sublime gorge, opens out on the left.

For nearly twenty years Major Macdonald has resided in this valley, working its famous turquoise mines. Its magnificent sandstone peaks rise to a great height on either hand. Among these we wound for about half an hour before we reached Major Macdonald's hermitage. Bright cultured vegetation and cattle feeding thereon gladdened our eyes; for by artificial irrigation, especially by the construction of ample cisterns, Major Macdonald, on a small scale, has demonstrated how "the wilderness might be turned into a fruitful field."

Some of his people had announced to him the approach of travellers; and, in old patriarchal fashion, he had begun to make hospitable preparations for our reception by killing, not "a kid of the goats," but a young capricorn, that he might regale us with mountain venison. He came a little way to meet us, and received us very heartily. His dwelling is a kind of rough highland shieling, a Robinson Crusoe structure, two sides of the apartment in which we dined being formed by the bare rock; thick rough walls constituted the other two, through which small apertures admitted the dim light. Various trunks and boxes containing stores were arranged around the room. The rest of the establishment consisted of a kitchen, and a couple of tents for the accommodation of passing travellers, a little garden, kennels for dogs, and pens for goats. All supplies have to be fetched from Suez, four days distant, where also is the nearest post-office. Major Macdonald's Sheikh was just starting with the letter-bag, of which we were glad to avail ourselves. The Major was just recovering from a fever, in which he had been his own doctor, and during which he must have been very lonesome indeed. No wonder that

* *Sinai and Palestine*, p. 38.

a fit of nostalgia had come upon him, and that he avowed his intention of returning to England. He has acquired great influence over the Arabs, and has secured their warm attachment. He has no civilized neighbors, yet he is a highly educated, intelligent, and most hospitable British gentleman.

Laborde is the first traveller whose visit to the Wâdy Megârah is recorded. He and almost all travellers speak of its *copper* mines. Mr. Bonar goes so far as to say that he picked up here some specimens of copper ore. Major Macdonald distinctly affirms that, although copper may be found in the peninsula—and indications of old copper mines are found near Sûrâbit-el-Khârdim—there is none in the Wâdy Megârah. The mines produce only turquoise, and are now, according to Major Macdonald, the only turquoise mines, that are wrought, in the world.

Some of the excavations from which the Wâdy derives its name are very extensive, and very ancient. Among the specimens of turquoise which Major Macdonald showed us, was one, polished, as large as a pigeon's egg—which, had the color been good, would have been among turquoises what the Kohinoor is among diamonds.

Unable, from the effects of his illness, to accompany us himself, Major Macdonald sent his cavass to show us the inscriptions near the mines, said to be antecedent to the time of Moses. We clambered a considerable height up the side of the northern mountain, until we came to the entrance of the principal cavern, which some of our party explored. It is a vast excavation, the roof of which is supported by a series of pillars. The chief inscriptions are near the entrance of this cavern; they consist of hieroglyphics, monograms and sentences, —some in Cufic, some in Greek characters, and of roughly drawn figures and cartoons, apparently relating to mining operations; most of which have been copied and published in Europe. Mr. Bartlett gives drawings and descriptions of three of the principal. According to Lepsius, the hieroglyphics belong to the period of the earliest Egyptian monuments, and represent the triumph of Pharaoh over his enemies. One of the cartouches is said to be that of Cheops,


the builder of the Great Pyramid, two hundred years before Abraham.

One reason assigned by Major Macdonald, why the Israelites were not likely to have come by the Nûkb Bûdrah, seemed to have in it some force—namely, that a strong Egyptian guard was always stationed near the mines. Moses, who was minutely familiar with the district, would hardly, therefore, have exposed the Israelites to their possible attack. This reasoning would have almost equal force, applied to the route from the sea to the entrance of the Wâdy Feirân, above suggested.

Resisting Major Macdonald's hospitable importunities to remain the night, we started by moonlight for our encampment in the Wâdy Mokatteb, two hours distant. The ride was very grand, almost solemn in its natural magnificence, its dim solitude, and its manifold associations; its excitement being heightened by just a *soupsçon* of peril from marauding Arabs, of whose camp-fires we occasionally got a glimpse. We reached our encampment in safety, however, where we found our servants wondering what had become of us.

In the morning we retraced our steps some way in order to examine the inscriptions which we had passed without recognition in the dim moonlight. The Wâdy Mokatteb, or "Written Valley," is the chief locality of the Sinaitic inscriptions; they occur in great numbers on the sandstone cliffs, and at no great height. The sides of the valley are low, broken, and irregular, having a background of granite peaks. Many of the cliffs have fallen, and the inscriptions are found upon their fragments. In some parts of the valley, the rocks are thickly covered with them; in others, they occur more scantily. The number of the whole is not so great as we had anticipated. Lord Lindsay and Dr. Robinson speak of "thousands;" Lepsius of "immense numbers." Dean Stanley says that they exist "at the most by hundreds or fifties." Our observations confirm the lower estimate. They are almost all written upon the surface of the soft sandstone; very few are found upon the harder granite, and these are but slightly scratched.

These remarkable inscriptions are found in various parts of the Sinaitic

peninsula, chiefly about Mount Serbâl, and extend eastward as far as Petra; they are found on Serbâl itself, but not on Jebel Mousa. They are first mentioned by Cosmas Indicopleustes, who visited Sinai in A.D. 518, who speaks of them as being then ancient. Pococke gave specimens of them. Niebuhr visited the peninsula for the special purpose of examining them, but by the mistake of his guide was taken to Sûrâbit-el-Khârdim. Subsequent travellers have copied and published the principal of them, especially Burckhardt in 1816, Gray in 1820, and Lepsius in 1845. They consist of inscriptions in the Sinaitic character, with some few in Arabic, Greek, and Latin; rude drawings of animals of all kinds, chiefly asses, horses, dogs, and ibexes, many of them in such grotesque forms as to render it impossible that they could have had any serious meaning; crosses of all kinds, chiefly + and , standing usually at the beginning of inscriptions. Scarcely any of them require either ladder or scaffolding of any kind; the highest might have been written, as Dean Stanley suggests, by one man standing upon the shoulders of another.

Various theories of their origin and character have been propounded. Cosmas and his fellow-travellers affirm that they were Hebrew in character and origin. Professor Beer thought them the passing records of Christian pilgrims—this is also the opinion of Lepsius. Professor Tuch thinks them the work of Pagans, either pilgrims or residents. Ritter connects them with the idolatrous worship of the Amalekites. Mr. Forster has labored very hard to prove them contemporary records of the Israelites. Dean Stanley, mainly from the occurrence of the numerous crosses, can “hardly imagine a doubt that they are the work for the most part of Christians, whether travellers or pilgrims.” Chevalier Bunsen thinks that they are of mixed origin—Pagan, Jewish, and Christian—which is probably nearest the truth. In 1839, Dr. Beer of Leipsic constructed an alphabet for the interpretation of the Sinaitic character, which is given by Bunsen in his Table of Semitic Alphabets,*

and with such success that Professor Tuch could not alter a single letter. He tested the inscriptions on the assumption that the alphabet would resemble the Phœnician, and that the language would be a dialect of the Arabic; and everywhere he found good Arabic, and good sense. After his death, Professor Tuch applied it to above two hundred additional inscriptions, and with equal success. The results of their investigation are—that the dialect is Arabic, with some peculiarities of form; that the inscriptions are Pagan, with some Christian intermixed; that they are the work of pilgrims, and consist chiefly of the greetings and names of travellers.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT NUMBER.)



Temple Bar.

FREDERICK WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

TWELVE years have elapsed since the death of the Rev. Frederick William Robertson, and the world is only now learning to understand what manner of man it was who died of overwork, with the reputation indeed of a fine and original preacher, of one in advance of his age, and of much intellectual power and activity, but really known to and appreciated by very few. Every aspect of his character is remarkable, every phase of his mental life is deeply interesting: in each we see the heights and depths of intellectual endowment of an extraordinary kind and degree united to marvellous spirituality, and sensitiveness of organization so great, that we cease to wonder and almost to regret that the superhuman laboriousness of his life hurried it to a close so early. His work remains—so much of it, at least, as was done by his pen—to do more good now than when he was living, suspected and despised by narrow conventional minds; contended about by warring factions, who trod truth and charity under foot in their noisy and contemptible conflicts; regarded with wonder, reverence, and admiration by those whose wider spiritual nature enabled them to understand, though they might not emulate, the dignity and expanse of his. His short, exceptional, wonderful, pathetic life was the seed-time; the present day and the

* *Philosophy of History*, vol. i., p. 256.

years to come will be the harvest, when treasures of mental and spiritual food will be gathered into the garner of his countrymen, of his fellow men—in his mind a dearer and far more expressive term—the time of acknowledgment of all his greatness and of his imperishable priceless worth.

The first impression made upon the mind by the perusal of the *Life and Letters*—which have been received with a popular welcome, amounting to enthusiasm—is painful. We resent the suffering, the calumny, the misrepresentation, the want of sympathy, the terrible loneliness of that life led always under the shadow of the Cross. It seems very hard—harder than the other puzzles which beset us daily in our mysterious life—that this man, the very personification of goodness, purity, zeal, tenderness, enlightenment, magnanimity, and intense, eager, unresting laboriousness, should have found his path darkened and contracted by the constant enmity and littleness of those among whom and for whom he literally worked himself to death. This feeling of pain, as at some unaccountable injustice, some radical wrong, troubles the pleasure, the astonishment, the eager admiration inspired by the grandeur and versatility of his genius, the originality, freshness, universality of his mind, the loftiness of his character, and the extraordinary vigor and novelty of the views which he sets forth. On a closer examination, however, this feeling gives way, and we perceive the rich fruit of all this chastening of the fine and gracious spirit, and learn, as he learned, to acknowledge that it was all well. Such a genius could scarcely have rusted; under any circumstances such a soul could hardly have been earth-clogged: but the genius might have shone with a less brilliant, a more transient light, and the soul might not have soared to such lofty heights of comprehension and communion, had the strife been more intermittent and less bitter. It is plain that he thought so; and was more than content.

The intellect of Mr. Robertson was so many-sided, his character was so complex, that their study is full of surprises, of ever-fresh novelty. If we regard him as a teacher, his life and his works are of value and importance hardly to be exag-

gerated; if as a writer, a man of high and uncommon literary attainments, from that point of view their interest is wellnigh inexhaustible; if as a man of action, the prodigious energy, the amount of physical exertion, the unrelenting labor, the unsparing self-sacrifice, which are the prominent features of his career, present one of the most remarkable pictures of sustained activity on record.

“Like a star, unobscured, unceasing,” he worked, “fulfilling his God-given best;” for though he complains of himself, that his excitability and nervous sensitiveness deprived him of calm, there is no external evidence of desultoriness; and nothing is more remarkable in his writings, and especially in his letters, than their completeness, carefulness, and polish.

If we regard him as a minister of God, filling an appointed place, and charged with a solemn and painful responsibility, can anything be grander, more dignified, more comprehensive, than his estimate of the nature and scope of his duties, his keen agonizing sense of the spiritual and physical destitution that surrounded him, and the steady and heroic courage with which he fought sin, ignorance, prejudice, stupidity, and stolidity, with the sword of the Spirit, and clad in the whole armor of God? He ministered to the intellectual wants of the people, whom he loved, in the truest spirit of fraternity, and with the widest application of the kinship of humanity. He labored for them, not only that their souls might be saved, but that their minds might be enlightened and educated. Not only eternal but temporal darkness was terrible to him to contemplate, for man, made in the image of God, and only a little lower than the angels; and he labored unceasingly to dissipate that darkness. With what a light did he replace it in those minds penetrated by the lustrous beams from the living brightness within him! With what a light would all the world be full if all teachers were like him, if all ministers were like him! He simplified, irradiated, and beautified everything he touched; the dullest could comprehend, the most cultivated find novelty and suggestion in his handling of thoughts, and facts, and theories.

Perhaps no more thoroughly real life ever went through its toil to its rest than that of which the long-promised record is at last before us. It is full of earnestness, truth, hard fact, and stern, subtle trial; full of movement, of speech, of action, and of responsibility; and yet it is an ideal life too, and one turns from the busy laborious exterior to contemplate with the purest reverence and pleasure the interior life, with its high poetical romance, its chivalrous dauntlessness and daring, its ardent aspiration, and its inexhaustible springs of suffering and sympathy. First of all, the uncommonness of the man strikes us. In every biography which is real the one respect in which its subject differs from every other person suggests or declares itself early, and lends the book, as it lent the character, its distinctive stamp. This is preëminently true of the life of Mr. Robertson. From the first page, which shows us the radiant eager child rejoicing in Nature, the love of which never forsook him, to the last delighting in birds, whose natural history he studied, and "in the freedom of whose life he rejoiced as if it had been his own"—to the last, which shows us the dying but victorious sufferer, gasping in his agony, "My Father, and my God!" the book is like a gallery of portraits, each indeed of the same individual, but each instinct with a new grace, a new beauty, a fresh development, which is distinct from, and yet intensifies and harmonizes with, the other.

In his early youth the poetic side of Mr. Robertson's character comes out very strongly, and stands in good union with his strength, daring, and delight in athletic exercises. The balance of characteristics comprised in his luxuriant nature is remarkable at once. To these active tastes he added a love of reading and of quiet remarkable at his age. On the brightest day he would become entranced in some tale of chivalry or imagination, which charmed him into stillness. He loved to fancy himself a knight—seeking adventure, redressing wrongs, laying down his life for maidens in distress; and often for hours together the vividness of these imaginary pictures would separate him from the commonly thoughtless activity of a boy's life, and exile him from his companions.

Lying at the root of much of this dreaminess was the sensitiveness of nerve and feeling which so strongly marked and influenced his whole existence. It betrayed its presence during boyhood in the shy and sometimes defiant manner, and in a settled self-distrust, often sinking into hopelessness. "Deficiency of hope," he says himself, "is the great fault of my character." He combated the tendency to idleness, which is a frequent accompaniment of the romantic temperament, with his stern sense of duty and his strong will. If he dreamed much, he studied hard, working with a fixed intensity which never failed him to the end, examining every subject which he took up in all its bearings, and doing his utmost to exhaust it. The delicacy, precision, and purity of his taste manifested itself, together with his consummate ability, during his studies at the Edinburgh Academy; and in these few lines we learn what the eager student was at home:

"Without sympathy he would have been hopeless, though he would not have ceased to work; for there was mingled in him the womanliness which seeks for external help, and the manliness which performs a duty in loneliness. To romance, sensitiveness, delicacy, humility, great gentleness, he added, even at this early age, a practical view of life, calm good sense, steady adherence to right, unselfishness, and a courage at once enthusiastic and prudent. . . . The slightest deviation from truthfulness in words, or truthfulness in action, was abhorrent to his nature. His mother said of him, 'I never knew him tell a lie; and he would rather have lost every prize at the academy than owe one to foreign help, or to the usual aid which boys seek from translations.'"

The dreams of Frederick Robertson's boyhood were destined to a glorious interpretation, though they seemed for a time to fade into sorry disappointment and indistinctness. He wished to enter the army; the whole bent of his inclination was towards a military life. He was a soldier by nature, and the true martial ring was in him always. In writing, years afterwards, of his childhood, when his father, Colonel Robertson, resided at the Fort, he said: "I was rocked and cradled to the roar of

artillery, and the very name of such things sounds to me like home. A review, suggesting the conception of a real battle, impresses me to tears. I cannot see a regiment manœuvre, nor artillery in motion, without a choking sensation."

He writes with such delighted pride of his brother's career; he reads books on military affairs with avidity, and enters into their spirit with fervor. He reads of the Meane, and thinks he ought to be lying on its bank wrapped in a dragoon's cloak; he tells of a European girl carried off by Australian savages into the bush, and he wishes he could head a party to explore the wilderness for her rescue, and prophesies evil to the blacks who should come within range of his rifle. His admiration of the unquestioning obedience, the systematic discipline of military life was enthusiastic; and his own plan of conduct was pervaded by the same spirit of exactness, alacrity, and order. This enthusiasm was largely fostered by his admiration for the Napiers, the delight with which he studied Sir William's works, and his father's personal and intimate friendship with Sir Charles.

He did not become a soldier, and the service had a great loss; but who can count the gain to the world, to the hearts, the souls, and minds of men? The boy's dream of the ancient chivalry, the young man's project of a soldier's career, were strangely blent in the actual life of him who went gallantly forth to slay the fiery dragons, the blatant beasts of ignorance, crime, hatred, and intolerance; to fight for the poor, the oppressed, and the miserable; to exalt the rights, the dignity, and the sanctity of womanhood; to claim and to wear the palm of deathless constancy to truth and virtue, the queens of his heroic and saintly life. Was there ever knight-errant who did nobler *devoir*, or did it more valorously, generously, and constantly? Was there ever a more perfect soldier than this one, who went out to battle in the strength of his youth, in the majesty of his intellect, under the banner of the Captain of Salvation; who was ever in the press and onset of the fight, wounded, tortured, fainting, but undismayed; who never once sheathed his sword, or rested from the struggle, and who died at his post?

The history of his ministry is remarkable in itself as a fact, as illustrating a period in the religious life of this country which it is difficult to realize, and which after some time, it is almost to be hoped, will cease to be believed. Not only against the natural enemies of the servants of God, had this good and gifted man to contend, but against everything which spite, malice, and those qualities which, if not so positively evil, are perhaps more intolerable—dense ignorance and hopeless stupidity—the self-complacent narrow-mindedness which believes that nothing is above or beyond its comprehension, and that everything which is not patent to its little glimmering perception is necessarily and inexcusably wrong. The resources of malignant envy and petty spite were exhausted in the slanders directed against Mr. Robertson during his short ministry at Oxford and Cheltenham, and even after he had attained his well-known celebrity at Brighton.

Not against his life or conduct indeed—even to the "religious" factions such enormous falsehood was not possible—but against his teaching, his opinions, his lofty ideal of God and humanity, his belief in good, his opposition to the popular "cries" of every kind, his steady and unfaltering advocacy of the rights of the poor, his efforts to raise them from the slough of despond in which poverty and ignorance had plunged them. He was a Radical, a Socialist, a Communist, a Neologist, anything and everything, provided the word were only sufficiently big-sounding and far removed from the comprehension of those who uttered it. He was not crushed by the malice of his foes, backed up as it was by the unscrupulous lying of the baser and more ignorant organs of the press, and by the countenance afforded to the persecution by many who had been his friends in the earlier years of his life, and who were incapable of understanding the progress and growth of his genius; good stupid souls, it may be, but dull enough to consider development synonymous with apostasy, and ill-natured as narrow-minded people invariably are. No virtue more imperatively demands the possession of brains for its exercise than toleration, especially when we have an uneasy sense that the individual on

whose behalf it is to be exercised is very decidedly our intellectual superior. Mr. Robertson's history is emphatically one of development, and therefore peculiarly incomprehensible by stupid people. They could not comprehend that because Mr. Robertson had, at twenty, advocated the doctrine—if doctrine it may be correctly called, which is rather a theory—of the pre-millennial advent of Jesus Christ, he might possibly be only wiser, and not more wicked, because he did not hold it at twenty-five. They could not comprehend that, having thoroughly and candidly examined the principles of the Tractarian party, and having found himself unable to subscribe to them, he did not immediately denounce them in all the choicest slang of acrimonious controversy, but persisted in admiring and bravely defending the manliness, devotion, and practical work of the leaders. His mind was as practical as it was poetical; his taste as pure and severe as it was artistic; and underlying his whole mental and moral system was the absorbing, uncompromising love of truth; therefore to him every kind of sham, self-delusion, or self-persuasion was detestable, and shibboleths, whether of creed or of party, contemptible to contemplate and impossible to adopt. This is very forcibly expressed in one of his letters. In October, 1849, he writes: "I do not read the Fathers. I know their system pretty well, I believe, from having examined with great interest their advocates' and their opponents' writing; and I am sensible of the healing effect produced by such a system on the minds of those who accept it; nay, I even know that their errors are but forms of truth which lie beneath them—false forms, which yet convey spiritual truth to those who do not know or suspect the falsehood of the form. But then I cannot by an act of volition receive a system for the sake of the comfort which I know *to me* is a lie. It is at my peril that I thus falsify my inmost nature, and consent to be deluded by a figment. To those to whom it is not a lie I cannot dispute—nay, I cordially, and I hope charitably, believe—that the system may be elevating, purifying, life-giving; but I would rather stand alone in a waste howling wilderness, tempted by Satan, and conscious of having stripped myself of all

unreality, than accept the happiest consolation that the more inhabited world could give me."

Our pages are not adapted for the discussion of the history of Mr. Robertson's religious views, which is, however, perhaps the most interesting section of the biography; but happily he was one of those in whom religion is the vital, the moving principle, all-pervading—the one grand reality of existence. It is with its manifestations we have to do, with the life of superhuman service, of intense and burning devotion, of marvellous humility and ever-increasing nearness to God. The faith of this man was the faith of the seraph; the aspiration of this illuminated heart was the glorious certainty of the heart of the seraph—

"Still to love on for ever
Just as it loves to-day."

From the rich, romantic, buoyant, enthusiastic nature of the young man, it was only natural that he should be chilled by the coldness, the pococurantism, the "donnishness," as he calls it, of Oxford; and this chill was only the first of many destined to strike him to the heart, though never to paralyze its energies or lessen its glowing love, its supreme mercifulness, its catholic sympathy. The luminous comprehensiveness of his intellect guided him to the conception of a wider, grander scheme of the Divine Nature, the purpose and ends of creation, and the reality and extent of the personal relations between God and man than had ever been set before his hearers. Some were offended; to others his teaching was first the dawn and then grew to be the day of a new life of unimagined fulness and intellectual vision.

His studies for the ministry, and the food with which he nourished his intellect and his spirit during the exercise of his sacred functions, were as much out of and above the common, as the reading to which he had resorted when expecting to receive a commission in the army and to be sent to India.

This is one of the most characteristic traits related of him, and is indeed a key to the energy and originality, the intense conscientiousness which distinguish his brief and brilliant career. "He would have thought it," says his biographer, "a sin against truthfulness of character

if he had adopted a career without a special training for his work. With this purpose he studied the early history and geography of India, and the characters of its various populations. He mapped the campaigns, and made himself master of the strategical movements of the British generals in that country. The fortunes of India, and the constitution which the English had elaborated for their large dependency, became familiar to him." It is interesting to observe how fondly he recalled at Brighton these youthful studies, how he followed the course of the Sikh war, and read with careful pleasure the exploits of Napier and the story of Major Edwards's career. In a series of lectures delivered at Brighton he treated of Christianity as it would come into contact with Hindooism with the same wide grasp of principles and in the same manner as he dealt with the advent of Christ to the Greek, Roman, and Barbarian. The seed, of which the lectures were the flower, was sown in his enthusiastic boyhood.

Thus the thoroughness of his nature, the exalted rectitude of his principles, his severe dealing with himself in the conceiving and executing of his duty, are evident from the beginning to the end. He was endowed with wonderful vitality in addition to extreme sensitiveness; and throughout all his sufferings, mental, spiritual, and physical, whether the torture were from without or from within, he never wished for death; on the contrary, we find in his letters frequent rebukes of such a desire, the imputation of something cowardly and half-hearted in it, a shrinking from service, a shirking of pain. He was a remarkably brave man, physically and morally, and he was proud of his physical courage; we never find him expressing any consciousness of the moral courage which his life exhibits in perfection. Loneliness of spirit is the inevitable lot of such men as he; and he experienced it to the full; for he had an intense craving for the precious human sympathy which he gave perhaps more lavishly and largely than any heart but his own has ever been gifted with the power to bestow it. There is an ancient theological saying, that every soul is endowed with some one particular grace in larger measure than any other soul; and assuredly

Frederick Robertson's special God-given grace was sympathy. Throughout his life, in all his writings, in his sermons, his essays, the brief reports of his conversation, above all in his letters, it prevails, it overflows. More than his learning, than his originality, than the beauty and rarity of his style—now soaring into flights of perfect and polished eloquence; now terse, quaint, and deliciously epigrammatic; now simply explanatory, anon painfully full of association and imagery—this marvellous gift of feeling with and for humanity in every particular of its strife, turmoil, weariness, hope, joy, and effort, has the power to delight and touch the heart. In the fullest and deepest sense, the Divine, the infinite sense, he accepted as a fact the brotherhood of the whole human race, by the virtue of the sacred humanity of the Redeemer; and that belief was a fact, a vital influence in his life, as true, as present, and as active as the visible legal ties which bound him to his family. The fatherhood of God, the sonship of man, the brotherhood of men in Christ, and Christ the vindicator of wrong, Christ the spotless purity, the absolute guide and example, the fulness of all things—these were the truths in and by which he lived. He was a mere boy when he declared his conviction that the world was a riddle to which the Christian religion was the only key; and his life was entirely devoted to the solution.

The history of the transmutation of opinion and feeling, of the phases through which such a mind passed, to the full assurance on which he based the teaching whose mere outlines are full of grandeur, encouragement, and sublime consolation, is only to be fully learned by the perusal of the *Life and Letters*, in conjunction with the *Essays*, *Sermons*, *Lectures*, and *Addresses*; and it is of surpassing interest. The ideal beauty and romance of his life is hardly lessened when, instead of the conflict of opinion, and comparison of certain methods and opposing schools of thought, he is called to wage a stern fight with worldly passions and open atheism. Then the soldier-like qualities of his nature spring up into action, and the frail body is tenanted by a gigantic spirit animated by the Lord of Hosts, mighty in battle.

Though we cannot really separate the

work of such a man from its motive, and though the spiritual dominated the intellectual nature, magnificent as were its proportions, so that the light of the soul shines over his writings with a radiance compared with which that of the intellect is feeble, they are most beautiful and valuable from the literary point of view. The lucidity of his arguments first conveys to the mind the delightful feeling of comprehension of the matter in hand, and taste revels in the purity and elegance of his style and the richness of his illustration. He never separated religion and life—to him it meant the end and the inspiration of life; so that it cannot be said of any of his writings that they are strictly secular; and they cannot be thoroughly enjoyed without a clear perception of the principles he lays down as their characteristics. The following is his own summary of these principles: "First, the establishment of positive truth instead of the negative destruction of error. Secondly, that truth is made up of two opposite propositions, and not found in a *via media* between the two. Thirdly, that spiritual truth is discerned by the spirit instead of intellectually in propositions; and therefore truth should be taught suggestively, not dogmatically. Fourthly, that belief in the character of Christ's humanity must be antecedent to belief in his Divine origin. Fifthly, that Christianity, as its teachers should, works from the inward to the outward, and not *vice versa*. Sixthly, the soul of goodness in things evil." The application and amplification of these principles are to be found in all his works, increasing in fervor, clearness, and energy; and though no doubt the spoken discourses had subtle beauties impossible of reproduction in the written form, the value of the latter is not to be exaggerated, and has received the stamp of wide and increasing popularity. An exceptional man in his greatness and goodness, Frederick Robertson has set his mark upon his age, and it will deepen with time.

The record of the amount, the routine, and the nature of Mr. Robertson's work during the period of his ministry at Brighton, is most interesting; but not from it can we derive a real understanding of his labors. The travail of the

spirit, the intensity and tension of thought, the eager inquiry, the exhaustive analysis, the ceaseless climbing the interminable stair which leads from the earthly to the infinite, the vital activity of heart and soul and brain, are only to be guessed at from a close perusal of all his works. Rich treasures of thought and teaching are contained in them when examined for their own sake, but they are most beautiful and touching when we read them for his, seeking to discern the man in his works, to get at the heart and soul through their graceful but insufficient interpretation by human speech. From this point of view the letters are all-important. They are worthily supplemented by the biography; but they might stand alone, and they would force the dullest to see that the spirit which speaks in them is such as we are rarely given glimpses of among men. We can build up the man from them, as a stately mansion is reared from the chiselled blocks. Early in the first volume we find him relating to a friend how he had a long discussion with Malan at Geneva, and that at parting the Swiss minister had said to him, "*Mon très-cher frère, vous aurez une triste vie et une triste ministère.*" In his comment upon the prophecy there is a clew to his whole mind: "It may be so; but present peace is of little consequence. If we sin we must be miserable; but if we be God's own, that misery will not last long; the evidence is lost only for a time, but I do feel sure it is lost. But God's promise is so clear—'sin shall not have dominion over you'—that the evidence must have become bright again by victory. Misery for sin is better worth having than peace." He held no truce with endeavor, no compromise with self; side by side with his intellectual avidity and acquisition marched his spiritual life toward the conquest of the world, the flesh, and the devil; and though, on a superficial view, the prophecy of M. Malan seems to have been fulfilled, it is only because we apply a common standard to the joy and sadness of uncommon nature. So disinterested and noble was he in his love of God and man, that the absence of reward for his work did not weigh with him; and the humility of his crystal clear heart kept him from feeling injustice, while its loving tenderness made the absence of

sympathy keenly grievous to him. A man of many sorrows, they were ministers of life to him, because they were not turned to poison by selfishness, because he suffered them with a grand simplicity and spontaneous spirit of sacrifice. The eloquence and grace of his letters resemble the qualities ascribed to his conversation.

"He was a marvellously bright and eloquent talker. His sermons give no idea of the uninterrupted river of his speech. It had all the variety of a great stream—quick, rushing, and passionate when his wrath was awakened against evil; running in a sparkling glitter for many a mile of conversation—over art, and poetry, and science, and the topics of the day, with power at will to stay its course, and collect itself into a quiet seriousness of waters; again shooting impetuously, yet without a false curve of its glancing water, when it got into the gorge and among the rocks of an argument; and flowing with a breadth and depth, a fulness and strength of stream, with a thousand eddies of illustrations and thoughts bubbling out of the opulence of its depths, when it expanded and went stately forward over a great subject."

The love of nature which he evinced in his childhood, and retained all through his life; which he cultivated by constant study of natural history, and combined with the highest faculties of artistic perception and criticism; which made him the eloquent interpreter and eulogist of poetry, which his essays and lectures prove him to have been, is strongly evidenced in his letters, written during foreign travel at different brief periods. The physical suffering which forced him to relinquish the exhausting labor of his life, toward its close, for a little, seems to have sharpened and exalted his sense of beauty, as it certainly increased the craving of his spirit for the higher life and the Promised Land—though that craving had no impatience in it; and when he speaks of the intense feeling of the "rest" which is coming, he never uses the term in the sense of suspended action. Not slumber, not folding of the hands, not beatific contemplation, was ever in his mind, or longed for by his ardent soul; but such rest as comes of the adjustment of the proportions be-

tween labor and power—the ease of equal might for motive and deed; the glorious boon of release from a dwarf's feebleness in doing a giant's work—a sphere to fit the soul, the stilling of the tumult of doubt and questioning, the repose of boundless comprehension, and eternal obedience, with no dissentient suggestions of the rebellious flesh. With such yearnings of the heart he looks upon the beautiful earth, and loves it, as the symbol of God; and the ardor and poetry of his nature are drawn out into fiery words of love and reverence, contrasting pathetically with his admissions of the weakness of the body and the strife of the spirit. A long series of letters, contained in the first appendix, and descriptive of a tour in Germany and the Tyrol, combines all the characteristics of his mind and style.

The impression made by the *Life and Letters* is on the feelings, even more strongly than on the perceptions; and there is an inexhaustible interest in the book, like the many-sided genius and glowing human-heartedness of the man whom it portrays. From the story of the labor, the love, the strife, the sacrifice, the suffering, and their close, at a period which would have been early for another, but meant old age for him, we turn to his own words, written in 1847, six years before the end: "I am getting tired. And the complexion of my spontaneous now is increasing the contemplation of rest. Rest in God and Love. Deep repose in that still country, where the mystery of this strange life is solved, and the most feverish heart lays down its load at last." O. P.

Bentley's Miscellany.

THE GIPSIES.*

THERE are several points connected with the gipsies which have attached interest to them. Such are their mysterious origin; their peculiar habits, manners, language, and appearance; their being a scattered people supposed not to intermarry with other races, and the

* *A History of the Gipsies: with Specimens of the Gipsy Language.* By WALTER SIMSON. Edited by JAMES SIMSON. Sampson Low and Son.

"wonderful" stories told of them or by them.

"Few things more sweetly vary civil life
Than a barbarian, savage tinkler tale,"

said Christopher North; and it being premised that Tinkler is the Scotch for Gipsy, it must be admitted that their modes of life are favorable for incident and adventure.

As to their origin, in Great Britain, where the Scriptures are so largely read and so much pondered upon, any theory would scarcely be accepted as complete which had not some biblical associations. Hence the author of the work now before us assumes that the gipsies were Egyptians, subjects of the Shepherd Kings, who left their country with the Jews at the epoch of the Exodus; and that as part of the "mixed multitude" they travelled into India and acquired the language of that part of Asia. All this is mere assumption. It is an attempt to reconcile a supposed origin with the positive associations of language. If Egyptians, why should the gipsies of different countries preserve a language which has Hindhu and Sanscrit connections, rather than that of other countries in which they have dwelt or dwell? As aliens in India, the peninsula was no more to them than any other portion of the globe in which they might be scattered. More importance must be attached to what can be made out of their language in the ethnological part of the subject than is here done. And yet the author of this biblical theory is excessively wrath with Mr. Borrow for having said that the tale of the gipsies being Egyptians probably originated among the priests and learned men of the east of Europe, who, startled by the sudden apparition of bands of foreign people in appearance and language, skilled in divination and the occult arts, endeavored to find in Scripture a clew to such a phenomenon; the result of which was that the Romas (gipsies) of Hindhustan were suddenly transformed into Egyptian penitents, a title which they have ever since borne in various parts of Europe.

"Why," inquires our author, "should the priests or learned men of the east of Europe go to the Bible to find the origin of such a people as the gipsies?" Just,

we might reply, for the same reason that Messrs. James and Walter Simson do, and with the same feeling that led Bunyan, who was a gipsy of mixed blood, anxious to trace his Israelitic origin. "For finding in the Scriptures that they [the Israelites] were once the peculiar people of God, thought I, if I were one of this race, my soul must needs be happy."

The fact is, that the slightest acquaintance with Oriental languages, Coptic, Arabic, Turkish, or Persian, suffices to show that what can be made out of the corrupt jargon of modern gipsies does not belong to any of the above, while striking analogies can be adduced with Hindhustani and Sanscrit. Our authors are indeed, while they advocate an Ethiopian origin, obliged, as we have before shown, to have recourse to a theory of a prolonged residence in India to account for this peculiarity. The only exceptions are in the names given to them in different countries. Thus, they are called Tschingenes by the Turks and other Eastern nations, Tzigany in Hungary, Cygani in Transylvania, Cingari in Italy, Gitanos in Spain, Siganos in Portugal, Zigeuners in Germany, and Gipsies in England—all of which names may be fairly looked upon as corruptions of their Eastern name, and not of "Egyptians." The terms Harami, or "robbers," of the Arabians, Heydens, or "heathens," of the Dutch, and Bohemians of the French, are mere epithets.

There are, indeed, few ethnological features to connect the gipsies with either Ethiopic or Jewish races. Neither color nor physiognomy, nor language, are African; and as to their being of the "mixed multitude," they would have been as likely, if so, to have preserved a religion as they have a language. But one of the great peculiarities of the gipsies is, that they have no religion peculiar to themselves. For this we have the authority of Hoyland, in his *Historical Survey of the Gipsies*, and the authors of the work before us. But they have, on the other hand, preserved traditions of their passage through Tartary, from the east to the west. One Peter Robinson, a famous celebrator of gipsy marriages in Fifeshire, had, we are told, suspended from his neck a large ram's horn, as a badge of his priestly

office. Again, two ram's horns are sculptured on the tombstone of a gipsy-chief in the churchyard of Kirkcudbright. The ram was an emblem of power among many Eastern nations, even among the Jews, but nowhere so much so as among the Tartars, with whom it was the banner of tribes, and the national emblem ever sculptured in their cemeteries. Gipsies also sacrifice a horse or ass on parting with their wives. The practice is Indian as well as Tartar; but the ceremonies are more similar in their details to those observed by the Tartars. Our author relates some curious instances of the practice as occurring in Scotland. In Sweden and Denmark, as also in some parts in Germany, gipsies are always called Tartars; and Grellmann tells us that the gipsies sometimes call themselves Tartars. The last by itself would, however, be of little importance; for they also call themselves sometimes Egyptians, probably from having been told that they were so.

Sir Walter Scott spoke of the language of gipsies as "a great mystery," and Dr. Bright considered its perpetuation as "little short of the miraculous." But when we consider that the race has always associated closely, and more or less exclusively, together, and that their language, although differing slightly in different countries, has become to them like the worship of a household god, hereditary, and is spoken among them under the severest discipline, there is nothing about it so very wonderful.

It is undoubtedly to the same peculiarity that we must refer what Dr. Bright considered to rank "among the most curious phenomena in the history of man"—the condition and circumstances of the gipsy nation throughout the whole of Europe. This condition, however marked in one aspect, is less so in another. So long as a gipsy dwells in a tent, lives in the open, and wanders about after his own fashion, earning a precarious livelihood by petty industry as a tinker or chair-mender, and the women as basket-sellers or fortune-tellers, they are, although no longer pastoral, still adhering, to a certain extent, to the manners of their ancestors and the original customs of the people; but when they become settled in life, either by marriage

or inclination (and they seldom leave the tent, except when their blood is diluted with the white), the prejudice against the name leads them to hide from the public their being gipsies; for they are morbidly sensitive of the odium which attaches to the name of the race being applied to them. The effect of a marriage between a white and a gipsy, if he or she is known as such, is, we are told, that the white instinctively withdraws from any connection with his own race, and casts his lot with the gipsies. The children born of such unions become ultra-gipsies, and this, not only among the lower classes, but even in higher. An illustration of this is given by Borrow in the case of an officer in the Spanish army adopting a young female gipsy child, whose parents had been executed, and educating and marrying her. A son of this marriage, who rose to be a captain in the service of Donna Isabel, hated the white race so intensely, as, when a child, to tell his father that he wished he (his father) was dead.

It is a very common idea that the gipsies do not mix their blood with that of other people. But this is so far from being the case, that Mr. Simson says he may venture to assert that there is not a full-blooded gipsy in Scotland. The high-caste gipsies call the mixed gipsies, who are basket-makers and live in caravans, "gorgios," and hold them in contempt. If a high-caste gipsy girl marries a white man, this is the way, we are told she brings up her children:

"She tells them her 'wonderful story,' informs them who they are, and of the dreadful prejudice that exists against them, simply for being gipsies. She tells them about Pharaoh and Joseph in Egypt, terming her people 'Pharaoh's folk.' In short, she dazzles the imagination of the children from the moment they can comprehend the simplest idea. Then she teaches them her words, or language, as the 'real Egyptian,' and frightens and bewilders youthful minds by telling them that they are subject to be hanged if they are known to be gipsies, or to speak these words, or will be looked upon as wild beasts by those around them. She then informs the children how long the gipsies have been in the country; how they lived in tents; how they were persecuted, banished, and

hanged merely for being gipsies. She then tells them of her people being in every part of the world, whom they can recognize by the language and signs which she is teaching them; and that her race will everywhere be ready to shed their blood for them. She then dilates upon the benefits that arise from being a gipsy—benefits negative as well as positive; for should they ever be set upon, garroted for example, all they will have to do will be to cry out some such expression as *Bien raté, calo chabo* (good night, gipsy or black fellow), when, if there is a gipsy near them, he will protect them. The children will be fondled by her relatives, handed about and hugged as ‘little ducks of gipsies.’ The granny, while sitting at the fireside, like a witch, performs no small part in the education of the children, making them fairly dance with excitement. In this manner do the children of gipsies have the gipsy soul literally breathed into them.”

All that is necessary, according to this view of the subject, to perpetuate the tribe, is simply for the gipsies to know who they are, and the prejudice that exists toward the race of which they are a part; to say nothing of the innate associations connected with their origin and descent. By this simple process, Mr. Simson argues, let their blood be mixed as it may, let even their blood-relationship outside of their body be what it may, the gipsies still remain, in their private associations, a distinct people, into whatever sphere of human action they may enter; although, in point of blood, appearance, occupation, character, and religion, they may have drifted the breadth of a hemisphere from the stakes and tent of the original gipsy. Gipsydom thus ever handed down and ever kept alive is an absolute fact, absolute as to blood, and absolute as to those teachings, feelings, and associations that, by a moral necessity, accompany the possession of the blood. Remove the prejudice against the gipsies, make it to be as respectable to be gipsies as the world, with its ignorance of the race, deems it disreputable, and such is the exclusive character of this people, that Mr. Simson argues the gipsies would always remain gipsies.

A curious instance of this preservation

of mental identity when all external circumstances may be altered, is related in connection with the Faas, the most powerful of the gipsy tribes in Scotland; to the consideration of which tribes the work before us is mainly devoted. The chief of the Faas was in 1540, or James V.’s time, lord-paramount over the gipsies in that country. One of the tribe rose to great eminence in the mercantile world, and his descendants were connected by marriage with distinguished Scottish families. This was the highly respectable family of Fall, now extinct, general merchants in Dunbar, and who were originally members of the gipsy family of Yetholm. So far back as about the year 1670, one of the baillies of Dunbar was of the surname of Faa, spelt exactly as the gipsy name. On the 18th of May, 1734, Captain James Fall, of Dunbar, was elected member of parliament for the Dunbar district of burghs. The same family gave Dunbar provosts and baillies, and ruled the political interests of that burgh for many years. Yet this family held by its gipsy origin, and to perpetuate the memory of their descent from the tribe of Faa, one of the Mrs. Falls, whose husband was provost of Dunbar, had the whole family, with their asses and gipsy-paraphernalia, as they took their departure from Yetholm, represented by herself in needlework or tapestry. One of the Miss Falls was married to Sir John Anstruther of Elie, Bart. At a contested election for the burghs in the east of Fife, in which Sir John was a candidate, his opponents thought to damage him by reference to the gipsy origin of his lady. Whenever Lady Anstruther entered the burghs during the canvass, the streets resounded with the old song of the “Gipsy Laddie” (which related the elopement of the Earl of Cassili’s wife with one John Faa, in 1643). A female stepped up to her ladyship and expressed her sorrow at the rabble singing the song in her presence. “Oh, never mind them,” replied Lady Anstruther; “they are only repeating what they hear from their parents.” Dr. Carlyle is made, with singular inconsistency, to speak of this “Jenny Fall” (afterwards Lady A.) as “a coquette and a beauty,” and yet to say that “he derived considerable improvement from constant intercourse with this

young lady, for she was lively and clever no less than beautiful." Burns also noticed a Mrs. Fall as a genius in painting. The family, or, at all events, the name, is extinct. Hoyland, in his *Survey of the Gipsies*, gives an explanatory clew to this by telling us that the Faas adopted the name of Fall from the Falls of Dunbar, and hence probably the latter were led to assume some other surname. We are likewise told that this eminent gipsy family was connected by marriage with the Footies of Balgoine, the Couttses (afterwards bankers), Collector Whyte of Kirkaldy, and Collector Melville of Dunbar. "We may assume," adds Mr. Simson, "as a mathematical certainty, that gipsydom, in a refined form, is in existence in the descendants of these families, particularly in such of them as were connected with this gipsy family by the female side."

Considering that the progress of absorption and assimilation has been going on for at least the last three hundred and fifty years, Mr. Simson argues that there are gipsies to be met with in every sphere of Scottish life, not excepting, perhaps, the very highest. There are gipsies, he asserts, among the very best Edinburgh families. "I am well acquainted with Scotchmen," he says, "youths and men of middle age, of education and character, and who follow very respectable occupations, that are gipsies." One of the "pillars of the Scottish Church" is, we are told, a gipsy. The gipsies of Fife at one time possessed a foundery near St. Andrew's, called "Little Carron." Gipsies have been employed in Scotland as constables, peace-officers, and keepers. A gipsy chief, of the name of Gillespie, was keeper for the county of Fife. He rode on horseback, armed with a sword and pistols, attended by four men on foot carrying staves and bâtons. He appears to have been a sort of travelling justice of the peace. The system, although still to a certain extent persevered in, never worked well; and an account is given of the melancholy fate of three of the gipsy constabulary force in Peeblesshire, one of whom was murdered, a second hung, and a third banished. The father of Sir Walter Scott assisted at the apprehension of one of these culprits, Keith by name.

Robert Keith and Charles Anderson,

gipsies, had fallen out, and had followed each other for some time, for the purpose of fighting out their quarrel. They at last met at Lourie's Den, a small public house in the Lammermoor hills, when a terrible combat ensued. The two antagonists were brothers-in-law, Anderson being married to Keith's sister. Anderson proved an overmatch for Keith, and William Keith, to save his brother, laid hold of Anderson; but Mage Greig, Robert's wife, handed her husband a knife, and called on him to dispatch him while unable to defend himself. Robert repeatedly struck with the knife, but it rebounded from the ribs of the unhappy man, without taking effect. Impatient at the delay, Mage called to him, "Strike laigh, strike laigh in;" and, following her directions, he stabbed Anderson to the heart. The only remark made by any of the gang was this exclamation from one of them: "Gude faith, Rob, ye have donè for him noo!" But William Keith was astonished when he found that Anderson was stabbed in his arms, as his interference was only to save the life of his brother from the overwhelming strength of Anderson. Robert Keith instantly fled, but was immediately pursued by people armed with pitchforks and muskets. He was apprehended in a braken bush in which he had concealed himself, and was executed at Jedburgh, on the 24th November, 1772. Sir Walter Scott and the Ettrick Shepherd notice this murder at Lourie's Den, in communications to *Blackwood's Magazine*.

The gipsies were largely impressed, during the American and French wars, both for the army and navy. Many deserted, and others mutilated themselves rather than be forced into a service so much against their inclinations. So terrified are gipsies at the mere idea of the thralldom of military or naval discipline, that many are said to have mutilated themselves at the commencement of the late Russian war. They serve, however, sometimes as musicians in the army and navy; and it is said that there were gipsy musicians in the fleet at Sebastopol. It is well known how largely the genius for music among the gipsies is turned to account in Austria, Hungary, and in the Danubian Provinces.

Many of the Scotch gipsies have, we

are told, betaken themselves to some of the regular occupations of the country, such as coopers, shoemakers, and plumbers; some are masons, an occupation to which they seem to have a partiality. Some of them are members of masons' lodges. There are many of them itinerant bell-hangers and umbrella menders. Among them there are tinsmiths, braziers, and cutlers in great numbers; and the tribe also furnish a proportion of chimney-sweeps. Individuals of the female gipsies are employed as servants. Some of them have been lady's maids, and even housekeepers to clergymen and farmers. Almost all the individuals hawking earthenware through the country with carts, and a large proportion of those hawking japan and white iron goods, itinerant venders of inferior sorts of jewelry, and dealers in gingerbread at fairs, are of the gipsy race. Many are horse-dealers, others keep public-houses, or shops of earthenware, china, and crystal, and have from one to eight thousand pounds invested in business.

Adopting the theory that a gipsy is always a gipsy—or, as it is once strongly expressed, "Let a gipsy once be grafted upon a native family, and she rises with it, leavens the little circle of which she is the centre, and leaves it and its descendants, for all time coming, gipsies," (p. 412)—the author and editor argue that ever since entering Great Britain, about the year 1506, the gipsies have been drawing into their body the blood of the ordinary inhabitants, and conforming to their ways; and so prolific has the race been, that there cannot be less than 250,000 gipsies of all castes, colors, characters, occupations, degrees of education, culture, and position in life, in the British isles alone, and possibly double that number. There is no doubt that, owing to intermarriages and the settling of gipsies, there are a great many more gipsies among the English, Scotch, Irish, and Welsh than is generally supposed. There are few persons of any power of observation who cannot recognize in their neighborhoods some who bear traces of gipsy origin. But the theory, as propounded by the Messrs. Simson, is manifestly untenable. The gipsies are, after all, only (to a certain extent) in the same category as the Jews, and it is not likely that their num-

ber is much greater. That their vitality should be so much more vigorous than that of the natives of the country as always to absorb the latter races, is opposed to all ethnological and physiological experience. If the grafting of a single female upon a native family left that family, for all time coming, and all its descendants, gipsies, the result would be that in the course of time the inhabitants of Great Britain must inevitably become all gipsies. Long and elaborate as is the argument that is laid before us, there remains nothing but mere assertion to show that gipsy blood cannot be absorbed in the native, as well as the native in that of gipsies. The contrary would be opposed to the known laws of nature, and would establish a peculiarity in favor of the gipsy race without a parallel, and which would be neither more nor less than miraculous.

Fraser's Magazine.

BALLADS FROM THE SPANISH.

THE first of the following poems, like all good ballads, belongs to that class of composition which suggests far more than it narrates. We may assume that the lady whose fate it describes was married against her will to the enemy of her family (see stanza 5), and that the stranger knight is her early love, whom she had been compelled to renounce. The mode in which her husband convicts her, by successive questions, reminds us of a well-known Scotch song of a purely comic character, and it is curious to trace this analogy between two poems of different countries, of which the spirit is so totally different. I allude to the song—the author of which is, I believe, not known—beginning with the following verse:

"Our gudeman cam hame at e'en,
And hame cam he;
And there he saw a saddle horse,
Where nae horse should be.
Oh, how cam this horse here?
How can this be?
How cam this horse here
Without the leave o' me?"

I ought to say, that I am by no means sure of the correctness of the reading in the original Spanish, nor of the transla-

tion of the last two lines of stanza four. I know no authority for the words "El Moron," signifying "The Moor."

I am quite aware of the fact that the second ballad cannot be ranked among the highest productions of the class to which it belongs.

EDMUND HEAD.

Blanca sol, señora mía,
Mas que no el rayo del sol, etc.
Primavera de Romances, vol. II., p. 53.
Duran., vol. I., p. 13; *Grimm*, p. 242.

I.

"Thou art fair, thou art fair, O Lady mine,
As the beam of morning bright:
May I rest unarm'd in this bower of thine?
May I sleep without fear through the
night?"

II.

"Seven years, seven years, it hath been the
same;
These limbs have their harness worn,
And are blacken'd as if by the furnace-flame,
All scath'd by the toils they have borne."

III.

"Thou may'st sleep, Sir Knight, thou may'st
sleep till day;
Unarm'd, thou need'st not fear;
To the mountains of Leon the Count is
away;
He is gone to chase the deer.

IV.

"Pray God, that his hounds may in madness
die,
And his hawks by eagles be slain,
And some Moorish chief to his stronghold
nigh
May drag him off in his chain."

V.

While thus they are talking, her Lord is
there,
And he calls in scorn and ire—
"Well, what art thou doing, my Lady so
fair,
Thou child of a traitor sire?"

VI.

"I was combing my hair, Sir, in sorrowful
cheer,
I was combing it all alone,
Because to the mountains to chase the deer
My lord and master had gone."

VII.

"This story, fair lady, a man may doubt;
This story is nought but a lie.
Say, whose is yon steed that is standing
without,
And that neigh'd as I came by?"

VIII.

"That steed is my father's, Sir Count," she
said:
"He hath sent it a gift to thee."
"Whose arms are those in a heap thus laid
At thy chamber door I see?"

IX.

"My brother, Sir Count, he hath sent to thee
here
Those arms which lie on the floor"—
"Aye, well! but the spear—say whose is the
spear
That is leaning against the door?"

X.

"Take thou that spear—I reck not of life—
And slay me where I stand:
'Twill be but the meed that a perjured wife
Hath earn'd at her husband's hand."

"Caballero de lejas tierras," etc.
Primavera de Romances, vol. II., p. 88.

"Thou stranger knight from foreign lands,
whom passing by I see,
Rein in thy steed, and ground thy spear,
and speak one word to me.
Oh! tell me if perchance abroad my husband
thou hast seen?"
"How should I know unless I learn thy hus-
band's guise and mien?"
"My husband is a gentleman, full young and
fair to see,
Well skill'd in chess, and courtly games,
and sports of chivalry.
A marquis is he, and his arms grav'd on
his sword-hilt he bears:
A surcoat too of rich brocade with crimson
lin'd he wears.
There dangles from his lance's head, and
glitters in the sun,
A pennon fair of Portugal, which in the
lists he won."
"If so it be, O Lady fair, I knew thy hus-
band well:
In a quarrel at Valencia, that Lord was
stabb'd and fell:
He was struck at play by a Milanese; and
many a knight and dame
Griev'd for his death, and cherish still, thy
gallant husband's name.
Nay, more than that, men say one maid,
the daughter of his host—
Of Genoa fair by birth she is—weeps for
her lover lost.
But should'st thou deign to love again—is
there no hope for me?"
"No, no, Sir Knight—urge no such suit—a
nun I'm doom'd to be."
"A nun! fair dame? Thou'rt surely bound
to pause awhile," he cried;
"For 'tis the husband of thy heart who stand-
eth at thy side!"

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LATE KING OF THE BELGIANS.

THERE is only one other man in Europe whose death would give rise to greater anxieties than the old king who has just died at Lacken.

The world had grown very weary of war when Leopold took his place in political life, and brought to the task before him that mass of qualities which, if not enough to make him a great king, stamped him as one of the wisest, most patient, and most observant of the public men of Europe.

The early life of King Leopold, like that of the French Emperor, was passed in the straits and difficulties of one who had his way to work in the world. With his good blood and his good sword he was a mere soldier of fortune. There is every reason to doubt the story related by O'Meara, that Prince Leopold had once applied for the post of aide-de-camp to the first Emperor; but there is quite sufficient in his career, without this incident, to show it was as checkered and eventful as that of any adventurer we read of.

Now there is this to be said of lives of adventure—they either make men shifty, selfish, and unscrupulous, or they are the finest teachers of determination, persistence, and self-confidence. These were the lessons that Leopold learned in his humbler fortunes, and they were the qualities which mainly distinguished him in after life.

Sovereigns are, in ordinary cases, from pure necessity, men little conversant with the world. They know events; they never know men. Their whole early training is especially conducted with a view to estrangement from persons with whom it is likely they might contract friendships; and thus they come to treat of great questions without being able to attach any weight to the capacities, the tastes, or the tempers of the men who influence them.

It was the good fortune of Prince Leopold to have lived long in a subordinate station, and to have had abundant time to become thoroughly acquainted with the character of the chief men of his day.

With the late Duke of Wellington he lived on terms of close friendship; and

there were many points of character and disposition in common between them. With Lord Palmerston, too, the King maintained a most constant correspondence, only once interrupted through a series of years, when the English Minister declined to advocate a Coburg for the hand of the Spanish princess, and refused all interference whatsoever in the Spanish marriage intrigue. This breach was, however, of very brief duration; and the King himself was the first to offer to repair it, and restore the old relations between them.

To the great knowledge of mankind—a knowledge in which probably no statesman in Europe could pretend to rival him—Leopold owed nearly every success of his successful life. It is not often given to men to read the designs of cabinets through the tempers of the men who rule them. It is a very rare gift in political life to be able to interpret acts through the medium of character; and this Leopold was fully able to do. He knew the impulsive and almost inconsiderate nature of Canning, and what value to attach to his hastily-formed designs, just as well as he read the wily duplicities of Louis Philippe, who imposed on so many by the *bavard* habit of his free speech, and the careless way in which he spoke of what ought to have demanded caution and reserve.

Leopold, too, did what few men in his station have ever arrived at—he looked beyond governments to the nation. He saw that cabinets represented, even at best, but some transitory mood of the country, and that behind them stood the people, fast, firm, and little changing. That he understood England as no man born out of England understood her, is beyond a doubt. He knew every trait and every temper of our people; and we ought never to forget in our affectionate remembrance of the Prince Consort how much we owe to the wisdom of the uncle who guided and counselled him. It was a rare stroke of fortune that united the destinies of King Leopold with Belgium. There were many things that accorded well with each; and if the Belgians could have been permitted to devise a king, they could not have formed a more admirable union of qualities than were possessed by King Leopold. They

wanted great moderation, patience, a tolerant spirit in religious matters, a keen sense of all industrial gain, the dignity that should inspire respect for a new nationality, and, above all, that even-handed justice to all other nations that would show Belgium relied upon the guarantees that secured her independence, and never sought to prop or support it by separate alliances.

It must be said the King had a fine soil to work on; and the difficulties of government are certainly diminished when an industrious, thrifty people can be advanced on the road to become rich and prosperous, and where every facility is provided to develop the resources and increase the revenues of the State.

Belgium was the first country in Europe to carry out to its full extent the railway system. While even France possessed but two trunk lines, Belgium was a perfect network of railways. Simultaneously with this means of progress Liège started up into a great manufacturing centre, and in a few years became the formidable rival of Birmingham.

While the Flemings were bringing agriculture to a degree of perfection by hand labor, which made the western province a garden, Eastern Belgium was becoming one of the great centres of European production.

The desire to be well-off—to be comfortable—is a very governable element. The people who have little to lose are proportionately hard to rule. It is your well-to-do, thrifty, careful populations, conservative of their own, that are very amenable to guidance, and especially so when they see that their own interests are among the chief objects of the ruler.

If Orangeism, as the sentiment of attachment to the old Dutch rule was called, was one of the early difficulties of Leopold's government, he showed consummate tact in the way he dealt with it. Never treating this party as opponents to his rule, he avoided giving them the importance of an enemy; nor did he, as the French Emperor with the Faubourg, endeavor to seduce them to his side by offers of place and advancement, and thus increase the animosity and bitterness of those who resisted such blandishments. No: Leopold simply ignored their resistance; he assumed, as it were, that the sentiment that bound

them to a former dynasty would die out with the generation that professed them; and he was right. In the very house that adjoined his palace at Brussels, and under whose vaults it was said barrels of gunpowder were placed to explode the palace and all its inmates—such was the sworn hatred of the new royalty—in this same house Leopold lived to see a new generation firmly attached to his cause and devoted to his dynasty.

Orangeism might very readily have been coerced into an opposition, and a formidable opposition too. A system of disfavor, a show of severity, any exclusion practiced to those who professed it, would have made of this party the same mass of discontent, intrigue, and malevolence we see in the Faubourg; but Leopold was too wise for this. He would not give them the martyrdom they sought for. The public service, the various roads to wealth and affluence which others enjoyed, were open to them as to the rest; even the Court itself and its hospitalities were not denied to those whose rank and station made them eligible to the honor.

The dignity which a course so perfectly impartial conferred was no small benefit to a new ruler. Men saw in it the element of a justice that augured well for the future of the State. Active, industrious, and independent, the Belgian asks for no favoritism. Freedom of action and freedom of speech, to be at liberty to advance his own interests and to express himself frankly on all around him, are his two objects in life; but he neither asks for any supremacy above his fellows nor any especial and peculiar privileges.

Leopold very quickly apprehended the instincts of those he was set to rule over. To make them governable it was only necessary to make them prosperous; but there was another feature of his subjects it was almost equally necessary he should regard, and this was the native jealousy they felt towards a stranger, and a stranger of a religion different from their own. The same abstinence that he employed towards the Orangeists served him here. No provocation could make him a partisan; and whether the Cabinet was presided over by M. de Theux, and advocated the ideas of the Conservative party, or led

by Lebeau, the more than John Bright of the Belgian Chamber, the King remained an almost impassive spectator of the contest that raged before him.

By the exercise of the same qualities which made him the great arbiter of Europe, he stood impartially between the parties in the State, and only pronounced when, in the full conviction of his integrity and his wisdom, men appealed to him for a decision. There was something essentially judicial in the whole course of his sovereignty. He had his periods of unpopularity, but he never prolonged them by any show of resentment; and even those public men whom he well knew to be animated with little feeling of attachment to himself, when elevated to power by the emergencies of political life, he accepted and treated as frankly and as loyally as the chosen followers of the Crown.

It is probable that he was enabled to perform this part of unswerving neutrality by the fact that there was scarcely a man in Belgium who did not desire to see King Leopold on the throne more than he did himself. He was there through a sense of duty; but the same sense of duty required that he should be there on the conditions that his conscience approved.

The writer of these lines once heard him regret that he had not taken the Crown of Greece. He thought the task was one to demand greater efforts, and call forth the exercise of qualities which the prosperous course of Belgian affairs could not possibly elicit. The avowal seemed to escape from him accidentally, for, as if eager to efface the impression of it, he added laughingly—"And the fine climate would probably save me from these bronchitic attacks I suffer from here."

While no reign could possibly appear more fitted to advance the cause and strengthen the claims of constitutional monarchy, is it not strange that, even before this wise and good king was carried to his last resting-place, Europe should be agitated by dark rumors, and that everywhere should be heard the question—"What is to become of Belgium?"

Is it the fact, as some assert, that monarchies can never take root again in Europe, and that the age of dynasties is

over, save when consecrated by the unbroken succession of ages? Is it true that men accept a Sovereign only as they accept a President, and take Government on trial?

What policy could have been more calculated to inspire sentiments of respect for a throne than that of the late King's? Was there a monarch in Europe who attracted more respect for wisdom, for integrity, for impartial justice and honorable dealing? And yet it would seem as though he had been building on sand, and if the language we hear around us have any significance, Belgium is once more unsettled, and her future on the cast of the die.

It is certainly not easy to understand the cry of the day that Belgium desires annexation to France; but that there is a strong party who so wish, and that France has long intrigued to encourage these views, is beyond a doubt. It is possible to believe that men might distrust the power of a small State to preserve its neutrality on the first great convulsion of Europe. It is easy to conceive how anxiously Belgium might regard the late increase of territory acquired by Prussia, and speculate on the compensations which France might think it right to insist on in consequence; but it is by no means so easy to see why Belgians would readily accept annexation to a kingdom which, besides effacing their nationality, would mulct them of the liberty they enjoy, and the privileges which they bought with their blood.

Belgium has a freedom like our own. The laws on the Press are, in liberty, nothing inferior to ours. Freedom of discussion is with them as with us; and what is to become of these if they vote themselves Frenchmen? When Italy revolted from Austria, she had before her the promise of a more liberal and enlightened rule. When Belgium herself shook off the Dutch yoke, it was to escape from the imposition of restrictions which she regarded as the enactments of slavery; and is she now, after thirty-odd years of prosperity and freedom, prepared to return to a bondage which Frenchmen accept exile that they may denounce, and go into banishment to stigmatize?

Any one who has bestowed common

attention on the late history of Europe, cannot be a stranger to the course of French intrigue. The system by which French opinion is propagated has risen to the dignity of a science. It is not, then, very difficult to understand that a large and very influential French party already exists in Belgium.

The artful policy of the present ruler of France has utterly destroyed that public faith in Europe which once made alliances possible. He has contrived to separate Prussia from Austria, and Russia from both; and he has so disparaged the power of England, that her word is no longer waited for on the Continent, and the side she may take in any coming event is a matter of comparative unimportance. Nor have we been slow to aid him in this process of depreciation.

Our truculent dispatches and our weak acts, our brave words and our poor deeds, have placed us before Europe in an attitude positively pitiable; and France is not the country to spare the nation she has so long viewed with jealousy and dislike the courteous attention of her ironical commiseration.

There was a time when the possession of the Scheldt by France was deemed the greatest menace that could be declared against Great Britain. I believe sailors still hold it that the Scheldt increases the peril of invasion fourfold, and that, to guard the Channel against fleets issuing simultaneously from Flushing and from Cherbourg, would require such a force as we never have yet possessed; and yet, were the French to march into Antwerp to-morrow, we should accept the fact exactly as we accept the occupation of Savoy. It is true we might relieve our indignation by an impertinent dispatch, an official note, to declare that we could not recognize the aggression; but there would end our interference.

Nor are these things easy to remedy. Parliamentary government in England has given us many blessings; but it is not, as regards foreign policy, without its difficulties; nor can we with confidence approach foreign countries with pledges of friendship and promises of aid which the first adverse division in the House may scatter to the winds. Our Radical leaders tell us that this is as it ought to be; they declare that we

have no rightful concern with the affairs of Europe, and that what preponderance any State of the Continent may arrive at, can never be a question of moment to us.

The men who deemed otherwise were not worse Englishmen, nor inferior in ability to Mr. Bright. The men who felt that the might of England was the greatest element in preserving the peace of Europe were certainly the equals of the Manchester school in knowledge and statecraft.

We have lost immeasurably through the influence of these men; we have led foreigners to judge us as a people totally destitute of honorable ambitions, and only eager for gain; and where once we were a name of honor and fair fame, we have become a reproach and a by-word. There was a period in our history—and not too far back for men still young to recall it—when the prospect of French designs on Belgium would have called this country into active preparation. Now, it is the signal of a Radical song of triumph, and the reduction of our army to fifty thousand men.

Of course we shall be told that nothing is more chimerical than any danger to Belgium, and that the kingdom is as safe now as in the most popular days of the late King. Indeed, already are we admonished to repress our causeless fears, by a reference to that courtly letter of the French Emperor to the Duke of Brabant. Now, surely, it is no sign of an over-suspecting nature not to feel the fullest confidence in those "comforting and sustaining expressions," when we remember the formal denials which emanated from the same source on the subject of Nice and Savoy—denials given after the ratification of a secret treaty at Plombières, by which these countries were ceded and made over to France.

It is not probable—indeed, it is highly improbable—that France will put forward, in an open shape, her pretensions to Belgium. Indeed, it is far more likely that we shall read some very indignant rebukes by the *Moniteur* on those "senseless agitators who disturb the peace of States by unfounded imputations." The high-sounding phrases which announced French self-denial in the Italian campaign are yet in our ears.

France need not shock the proprieties of European statesmanship. She has but to wait—to wait patiently on the course of events—and the condition of Belgium will, in all likelihood, offer her the pretext for at least an intervention. That the young King will be able to arbitrate between the two great parties which divide the country with any semblance of his father's success, no one presumes to hope.

Even were he gifted with all the prudential reserve—all that patient abstinence which characterized the late King, he would be wanting in that prestige which gave him his weight. Belgium could not—she never attempted to—disparage the wisdom which all Europe recognized and applauded; nor was any party in the State strong enough to set aside his judgments, or reverse his decisions.

Between the intolerance of the Roman Catholic, and the license of the Liberal party, the late King held the balance with a wisdom which certainly cannot be looked for from a young sovereign, new to the duties of his calling, and beset with the difficulties which a state of public distrust engenders.

It is well to bear in mind that France has now arrived at the position in Europe in which no change in the condition of a State, no compact of union, no rectification of a frontier, can be effected without her sanction. So far, indeed, has she pushed her pretensions, that we lately saw her justifying the increase of her own possessions by conferring on the country upon whose territory she had encroached a portion of another State. In other words, she paid for Nice and Savoy by the duchies of Tuscany and Modena. Is it very unreasonable, then, to suppose that Schleswig-Holstein may now be ceded under a like compact? France owns the territory of the King of Denmark fully as much as she owned that of Leopold of Tuscany. She has about an equal right to dispose of it.

Prussia is more interested than any Continental power in the extension of French territory to the north; but Prussia might be brought to concur in the annexation of Belgium by the bribe we have mentioned. It is very possible that M. Bismarck was not at Biarritz for nothing; and there is a marvellous simi-

larity in the apropos of "the comforting letter" with the bland assurances given by the Emperor to Lord Cowley, when asked his intentions on the score of Savoy. The disclaimer precedes the spoliation by a law as immutable as that which makes lightning precede thunder. If the independence of Belgium be not in danger, one thing is certain, the people of that country are now in a state of unreasoning and unreasonable panic. If Belgium be not menaced, the Belgians are about the most timid and apprehensive citizens of Europe; for so strong is the conviction of impending change, that vast numbers have already transferred their capital to foreign securities, and many have made preparations for seeking shelter in other lands.

For all these reasons, the life of King Leopold was precious to the peace of Europe, and all who desire that peace have sound reason to deplore him.

Fraser's Magazine.

AN ALPINE STORM.

IN every Alpine valley, the tales of disaster wrought from time to time by the tempest or the avalanche are among the most firmly rooted matters of local tradition. The landslip, the snowfall, the whirlwind, the storm, have written their story in indelible records almost everywhere beneath the shadows of the higher mountains—sometimes in isolated fragments which tell of a purely local catastrophe, sometimes in the more ample chapters of a history which covers a national misfortune. Of elemental outbreaks of the more general character, the inundations of 1853 afforded a striking example. For three days in succession, wherever an Alp reared its head, or a snow basin lay couched in a mountain hollow, the rain fell with a steady and persevering energy which, to those who knew the country, had something in it more ominous than the bursting of the wildest tempest. Without pause or variation of intensity, without break or gap for hundreds of square miles, and rendered infinitely more potent by a temperature high without precedent under such circumstances, the waters streamed down from the skies over a

thousand mountains and their intermediate depressions, and, with their volume swollen to an incredible extent by the *débris* of rock, glacier, and snow field, which they bore with them to the devoted valleys and lowlands, committed an amount of general ravage and destruction such as no living memory could parallel, and such as all the luxuriance of Alpine vegetation could not hide for years. Such disasters are overwhelming from their magnitude and universality. But the cause is at least obviously adequate to the effect, and the result foreseen as the inevitable consequence of a continuance of the downfall long before the waters rise to their full height. Local and partial inundations have often a peculiar intensity, not to say ferocity, of their own; and mischief such as in 1853 it took three days of bad weather to bring about, is sometimes the work of an hour. A remarkable outbreak of this kind occurred during the past summer, in the little valley of Sixt, which, it is believed, afforded an example of rapid destruction and of merely local activity rare even among similar phenomena, and may therefore deserve a passing notice.

The village of Sixt is situated at the confluence of two mountain torrents—the Bas Giffre and the Haut Giffre. The Bas Giffre drains a valley six or seven miles long, the upper part of which is well known to tourists as the Fond de la Combe, and receives the outpourings of several small glaciers clustered about the base of the Pic de Tinneverges, the principal one being the glacier of Mont Ruan, where Jacques Balmat, the pioneer of Mont Blanc, met a tragical death. The valley of the Haut Giffre is of about the same extent, but leads to mountains more generally known—the Buet, whence the traveller gazes on one of the noblest prospects to be found in the Western Alps, with the Col de Léchaud crossing its western shoulder, and westward still the rocky chain of Les Fys, terminating in the magnificent Pointe de Salles, and flanking the Col d'Anterne by a range of precipices which can scarcely be matched for abrupt and awful grandeur in Switzerland or Savoy. The valley penetrates into the very heart of the Buet, and is blocked at last by an amphitheatre of crag and precipice not unlike one of the well-

known "Cirques" of the Pyrenees, on a much larger scale. The rocks rise tier above tier, and wall above wall, with only here and there a narrow band of shelving verdure between one set of precipices and the next, from the bed of the watercourse to the glaciers by which the Buet is crowned, some five thousand feet above. Near one extremity of the horse shoe, a beautiful slope of mingled grass and firwood is banked up against the terraced structure of the mountain, in the form of an irregular cone, and presents a delightful contrast of color with the ever-changing shades of gray and brown and black that flit athwart the sombre mass as the clouds chase one another across the blue sky, or as the varying rays of morning, midday, or sunset play into the amphitheatre—sometimes concealing in a blaze of sunlight, sometimes exposing by the heavy shadows that attend them, the infinite intricacies of mountain architecture. At the base of this green buttress of the Buet, the valley forks again, the watercourse on the right descending straight from the Col de Léchaud, and that on the left receiving the far more considerable drainage of the great mass of the Buet itself. Two or three hundred feet above the confluence of these two waters a little plateau breaks the uniformity of the grass slope, and here is nestled a little collection of Châlets called Les Fonds, in front of which, on the very edge of the plateau, an English gentleman has built his "Eagle's Nest," a beautiful mountain home, forming a conspicuous object from many parts of the path from Sixt to the Col d'Anterne. It was here that the tempest burst in its full violence.

The following particulars have been collected, partly by conversation with a considerable number of people in the neighborhood, and partly by personal inspection. There was one source of information which appeared to be most comprehensive. A young *prêtre aspirant*, who had just donned his official costume, and whose *soutane* of the newest and glossiest black cloth shone in the sunlight as it never will shine again till polished into supernatural brightness by the friction of many years, paid a visit to the writer, accompanied by two or three of his seniors, and related many

details. He was wound up like a piece of mechanism, and you had but to touch the spring and off the wheelworks went. He was brought up every now and then by an untimely interruption from one of his associates; but on these occasions he quietly bided his time, with more or less of patience, and then took up his parable again just where he had left off, till he was fairly run down. But as his narrative began with an assurance that the atmosphere had a strong smell of sulphur, and as the writer's look of surprise was met by a ready explanation that "On prétendait qu'il y avait là-haut beaucoup de pierres soufreuses," his anecdotes have been received with caution, and used but scantily.

Early in the afternoon of the 22d of September, it was evident that a heavy storm was gathering. As far down the valley as Samöens—nearly eight miles below the Châlets des Fonds—it was so dark at three o'clock that the agent-voyer, Monsieur Barbier, who was at work in his office, was obliged to light his lamp; and the upper parts of the Buet, of the heights running from the Buet to the Col d'Anterne, of the Chaîne des Fys, and of the Pointe de Salles, were shrouded in one dense mass of impenetrable black cloud. To those who were in it, however, it does not appear to have been so thoroughly opaque as many a lighter mass of vapor; for the people who were in the Eagle's Nest speak of having seen the Châlets des Fonds, though, of course, obscurely; and, as will presently appear, when the storm was at its height they were able to distinguish the lower crags of the Buet at a much more considerable distance. The storm did not fairly burst till between four and five, and then while it lasted there was no lack of light either where it was actually raging or lower down the valley, for it is said that the lightning was to all appearance actually and absolutely continuous for half an hour together. The fall of water is described as having borne no resemblance to ordinary rain, but as having descended in sheets as if poured out of pails or tubs. Men who were at work mending the mule-path to the Col d'Anterne, at a height of between five and six thousand feet above the level of the sea, say that it fell upon them in spouts, like

great *douches*, four or five inches across, which pitted the ground wherever it was struck. Fortunately the Châlets of Grasses Chèvres were at hand, or they might have found themselves hardly dealt with by the elements.

A very few minutes after this deluge of water began to fall, two women who were at the Eagle's Nest observed a black cataract burst, as it were, out of the clouds, and come falling down a gully on the side of the Buet where it approaches nearest to the Châlets des Fonds. From this gully a water-course, called the Ruisseau des Fonds—often dry in summer—leads down to that arm of the Haut Giffre which descends from the Col de Léchaud, and in its lower part forms the boundary of the ground belonging to the Eagle's Nest. Along its side the owner has inclosed his property by a very substantial wooden palisading, built with a strength and solidity which prove that the difference between an Alpine and an English climate has been felt and appreciated. In some places this fence is strengthened by heavy walls of rough stone several feet in thickness; in others, the natural rock and soil have appeared to afford sufficient hold. Above the fence the ground rises very sharply till the little plateau on which the house stands is reached. Higher up the Ruisseau des Fonds, near to the place where the cataract was seen suddenly to emerge from the clouds, a huge withered pine had been felled for firewood for the inmates of the Eagle's Nest. It was of enormous growth, and the stem which remained, after being topped and lopped and dressed, is said by a very intelligent man, named Claude Gurlie, a sort of major-domo at the Eagle's Nest, to have been eighty feet long. It lay on the bank of the Ruisseau des Fonds, not longitudinally—parallel with the stream—but with the thick end near the bed of the water-course and the top above the bank, leaning against the steep side of the ravine. The flood of water caught the but end of the pine stem, and rolled the whole piece over till it fell into the torrent and was hurled down, as if it were a plaything. At the same time a heap of logs ready cut for firewood, and stacked some twenty or thirty feet above the bed of the stream, were reached by the water

and hurried away. The first obstacle the great pine tree met was the palisading of the Eagle's Nest, at an angle in the stream; of course it was swept away like so much gingerbread, and but for the stout wall at its base the bank above must also have been assailed, and it is difficult to say how much might not have been swept off by so irresistible a torrent, so charged with rocks and stones, and trees and timber. The Ruisseau des Fonds is perhaps the very smallest of the affluents of the Haut Giffre, but the marks along its sides showed that the water must have risen between twenty and thirty feet above its bed, and all observers concur in saying that the waters attained their full height in a few minutes.

Where the Ruisseau des Fonds joins the Haut Giffre that stream flows, or rather falls, by a set of rapids and cascades through a gorge of the wildest and most romantic description. Massive crags, of great height and perpendicularity, hem it in on either side, and almost meet in places. In one spot they are spanned by an old tree, which has fallen across, and almost forms a bridge, a hundred and twenty or thirty feet above the water. In ordinary times it is a stream that you leap across if you cannot walk over it dry-shod, but on the present occasion the water rose to within about fifty feet of the top of the gorge, so that the stream at this point must have been seventy feet in depth. Higher up, the ravine is shallower on one side, and the depth of the actual cut through which the river flows not above thirty or forty feet. The set of the stream, over a beautiful fall a little way above, is against this side; and ten days later the alder bushes and young firs which cover the steep slopes above it were so full of mud left by the swollen flood that the writer was half smothered with dust in pushing his way through them—certainly a hundred feet above the then level of the water. Lower down, and below the narrowest part of the gorge, is a fir tree growing just on the edge of a shelving bank ending in a drop of about thirty feet into the river. This fir tree is so bruised, and battered, and barked, to a height of about six feet above the ground by the trees and *débris* hurled past it, that it is doubtful if it can ever recover.

NEW SERIES—Vol. III., No. 5.

But if this was the condition of the smaller arm of the Haut Giffre, what was the volume pouring down the other arm, which receives the real drainage of the Buet? It is not easy to give a notion by description of what it must have been. But there was a bridge by which the path to the Châlets des Fonds and the Col d'Anterne crossed the river, just above the junction of the two confluent. Its highest point was about fifteen feet above the stream, which is not confined to a very narrow gorge like the smaller arm, but has abundant room to spread. This bridge was carried away, and the water-line was unmistakably traceable along the rock and in the shrubs and grass about twelve feet still higher. Not a hundred yards higher up, where the sides of the water-course are a little more contracted, the marks of the flood were not less than fifty feet above the bed of the stream. In this place the flood must have been fifty feet deep and at least a hundred wide. People who saw and heard the waters about two miles below, where the bed of the Giffre is still contracted, and before it had met with anything like a plain to overspread, say that when standing five hundred feet above it they felt the ground tremble beneath their feet as if they had been close to a railway train at its full speed.

Before reaching the point of junction with the Bas Giffre, which is a few minutes' walk below the village of Sixt, the river passes by a small but very fertile plain or delta of alluvial soil; and a village named Fée is planted close to the water side. There is a blacksmith's forge, worked by the stream, and several houses are also close along its banks. The rush of the water upon these devoted buildings is described as having been awful in the extreme. The blacksmith, Michetti, a provident and industrious man, who has been utterly ruined by the calamity, described to the writer how there was a cry that the water was coming—how he rushed to the door, which happened to face up stream, and saw a black wall of mud higher than himself sweeping down upon him with the velocity of an avalanche, and how he was splashed by the spray of the advancing torrent as he hurried up the bank above him. Two seconds later, escape would

have been impossible, and he must have perished with all that belonged to him. In another moment the wheels and hammers were smashed to pieces, or far on their way toward Samöens, and an hour after his workshop was one mass of mud, which had to be dug out as the ashes are dug out of Pompeii. The neighboring houses, of course, fared no better, and their inmates were happy to have saved their lives.

Sweeping past the hamlet of Fée, the torrent spread itself over the low-lying fields, and soon covered a great extent of land; but it appeared not yet to have spent the velocity of its current sufficiently to deposit the vast stores of mud and grit with which it was charged. It ploughed a deep channel through the soft soil for nearly half a mile, and even this was fairly silted up only at its lower extremity. The full measure of its destructive power was reserved for two smaller plains just below the junction with the Bas Giffre, separated from one another by a most remarkable gorge called Les Tines, where the Giffre flows through a narrow ravine cut in the course of ages through the solid rock—varying from twelve to twenty feet in width and about one hundred and fifty in depth—a dark, sunless chasm, at the bottom of which the stream glides on out of sight, and in ordinary times out of hearing. This gorge of Les Tines saved the people of the rich plains below from infinite mischief, for it is so narrow that it speedily arrested the great trunks of trees and blocks of wood which the torrent brought down. Ten days after the storm a heap of logs and timber fifty or sixty feet high was still collected against the entrance of Les Tines. It dammed back the water, ponded it on to the little plain above, and let it out to the plains below far more gradually than it otherwise would have come. But a little flat just below Les Tines, stretching on both sides of the stream, and one of the most fertile spots in this fertile valley, was nevertheless buried, like its neighbor above, three or four feet in grit and sand and *débris*. Houses that stood near the water side were half filled with mud, and humble homes made desolate for many a day to come.

All this ruin was the work of half an hour. The violence of the storm had

spent itself in that time, and what rain fell afterwards would not have been exceptional among the Alps. In that short time every bridge large and small between the Col de Léchaud and the gorge of Les Tines was swept away, and an amount of damage done, not great according to English notions, but disastrous in the extreme to the poor peasants who suffered from it. Skilled persons, directed by the Government to investigate the mischief done, assessed it at little short of one hundred thousand francs. That it was not far greater was owing partly to the peculiar nature of the course of the Giffre, which flows for a great distance between high and steep banks where it cannot do any great harm, and partly to the remarkably circumscribed area of the storm. It was confined in its violence almost to the Buet itself. The Bas Giffre was scarcely swollen—a little plank bridge not four feet above the water, and within two hundred yards of its junction with the Haut Giffre, was not disturbed. The region of the Col d'Anterne felt only the outskirts of the storm. The "Graignier de la Commune de Sixt," a mountain which furnishes some of its water-courses with a provision of huge stones and boulders so extensive and destructive that they are always called "*des plus méchants*," was hardly touched by the tempest; and so the stream, swollen as it was, lacked the ruinous power given to such torrents by the presence in their waters of the boulders with which they are often charged. The neighboring valleys on the other side of the Buet and the Col d'Anterne were visited by no unusual downfall.

Most readers probably know the kind of exaggeration that a Swiss or Savoyard peasant indulges in when any misfortune that affects himself or his neighbors is in question. The good people of Sixt are certainly no exceptions to the general rule in this respect. Among the happy results of French rule, an increased sense of self-reliance is certainly not to be counted. The wildest rumors were afflât as to the extent of the disaster. "*Tout est perdu!*" resounded on all sides, and Samöens was filled in an incredibly short time with a clamorous crowd, besieging the authorities and people of influence to procure for them

the assistance of Government. Among the first rumors that were extensively circulated was that of the complete destruction of the Eagle's Nest. Gurlie, mentioned above as the major-domo of the establishment, was at Sixt when the alarming intelligence was brought in, by witnesses whose testimony would have placed the fact beyond a doubt had not cross-examination elicited that they had neither been near the spot themselves, nor seen any one who had been. Gurlie sent at once to Vallon, a village an hour's walk down the valley, for his son Louis to accompany him on an expedition to ascertain the true state of the case. While he was waiting the arrival of Louis, fresh witnesses came in, who reduced the disaster to the annihilation of some of the "dépendances." By and by Louis arrived, having exercised his powers of observation by the way, and narrowly inspected the *débris* and broken timber cast up by the flood at the entrance of Les Tines. Louis's observations still further modified the gloomy anticipations of his father. "Il n'y a pas tant de mal," he laconically observed. "I have seen no timber such as would have come from the Eagle's Nest; some of the palisading is gone—that is all." And Louis's predictions were fully borne out by the facts.

The Government help so anxiously clamored for came in the shape of a subsidy of fifteen hundred francs, which, by all accounts, was to be distributed *pro rata*, giving to each of the sufferers an absolutely useless dividend of about threepence-halfpenny in the pound. Of course, some of those whose land was injured were perfectly able to take care of themselves, and were not proper objects for any kind of assistance; while to others, who were utterly ruined, the pittance that came to them in the general scramble was so small as to be utterly valueless. But the sacred principle of equality was preserved. So many pounds of loss, so many sous of subvention. What could be fairer or more admirable? An anecdote which came under the writer's notice is too characteristic of the people to be omitted. Some few families, specially recommended by the curé and the maire as being reduced by the inundation to the greatest straits, were saved

from utter destitution during the coming winter by the bounty of a passing traveller. One of them, an old wretch of the name of Michaud, was not forthcoming for some minutes when sought by the stranger. He had spent the time in hastily collecting together all the neighbors he could find at so short a notice, and on receiving the somewhat liberal benefaction bestowed upon him, scarcely thanked the donor; but introducing to him all the bystanders, asked if he would not do the same for each of them. The heads of two other families similarly rescued from the prospect of starvation, immediately gave out to all their neighbors that they had received just one third of the sum which had really been given to them. They were afraid the traveller's charity might be taken into account against them when the dividend of threepence-halfpenny in the pound came to be distributed!

Macmillan's Magazine.

ON THE DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH IN
ENGLAND DURING THE FOUR-
TEENTH CENTURY.

BY PROFESSOR J. E. THOROLD ROGERS.

It is obvious that these two subjects may be combined into widely different sets of economical facts. Wealth may be greatly divided—in other words, the general condition of a community may be prosperous—and yet the area over which wealth is possessed may be bounded by districts which are scantily occupied, and therefore scantily productive; and, on the other hand, a country may be fully occupied, but wealth may be accumulated in few hands, the mass of the community may be poor and wretched, and, unless the real condition of the people be estimated, the semblance of prosperity may be a mere delusion. Again, the whole capacities of any country may be fully understood, and its whole area economically worked, and wealth may be generally distributed; or, on the contrary, it is possible to find instances where the country is scantily or insufficiently worked, where such wealth as is possessed is held by few persons, and where, by the conjoint causes of great

riches enjoyed by some and great poverty endured by others, the economical progress of the nation is grievously crippled. The first of these social conditions may be represented by the United States and the Anglo-Saxon colonies; the second by Ireland and the greater part of the Indian peninsula; the third by the New-England States and Western Lombardy; the fourth by Russia and Central Germany. Our own country presents a singular anomaly. All its laws favor accumulation, and protect the accumulations when made. Were it not for the extraordinary circumstances which develop and continue new industries, it cannot be doubted that the policy of our law would be absolutely destructive to economical progress. In this country we have at once the phenomena of gigantic wealth possessed by a few individuals, the perpetual creation of fortunes from successful mercantile pursuits, and a peasantry more sordid and hopeless than can be found in any other part of the civilized world—a peasantry which holds the plough, and hardly holds an inch of the soil.

Historians, following the statements to be found in the earliest law books, have concluded of the fourteenth century, that England contained a few great and wealthy lords, temporal and spiritual, an intermediate but probably scanty body of freeholders, and a mass of serfs, possessing, in respect of their feudal superiors, neither property nor rights. The towns, it is admitted, were occupied by freemen, and engaged, under by-laws and municipal regulations, in the production or sale of various commodities of home and foreign make. The most cherished and valued privileges of these towns were, government by local magistrates, generally elected by the citizens, and absolute freedom from feudal dependence on any superior beside the king. The upland or outlandish folk, therefore, were almost universally in a state of bondage; the townspeople were free, and capable of conferring freedom on all whom they chose to welcome and protect within their walls. It is acknowledged that the process by which the serfs continued to emancipate themselves is imperceptible, and that the change from absolute dependence and complete deprivation of civil and

personal rights to the secure position of the copyholder was certain, but very gradual, because wholly insensible. And it is concluded that the grievances of their condition provoked the serfs to their outbreak in 1381, and that the insurrection of Tyler and his associates was identical in character with the uprising of the French Jacquerie in 1358. Many, however, of their views are unwarranted by facts.

Owing to the low rate of production from the soil—rarely exceeding, on an average, four times the seed sown—population was necessarily scanty; and most persons were, for certain times of the year, engaged in agricultural pursuits. During the harvest months, the townsfolk poured out into the country to aid in gathering the crops. When, as a result of the rise in wages consequent on the losses inflicted by the great plague of 1348, the Legislature strove to fix the price of labor by enactments, levying considerable fines on those who gave or received more than specified rates, and with much greater effect enacted a most rigorous law of settlement—permission was given that the inhabitants of certain northern counties should travel as they had hitherto been wont in quest of harvest work. It is said that the duration of the long vacation of the universities and law courts, extending from the beginning of July to the morrow of St. Dennis's Day, that is, October 10th, was expressly intended to cover the time in which harvest operations might be completed, and so to liberate all persons from other avocations in order for the performance of this necessary labor.

It would be an error to imagine that the size of a medieval town, as measured by the surface contained within its walls, is any sure indication of the population which it comprised. It is true that our forefathers had no very exalted notions of what we should call domestic comfort, and that the huddling together of many persons in the same rooms, which is now recognized as the great hindrance to sanitary improvement, was general in the Middle Ages. Wykeham, whose college was in all its particulars a more magnificent and commodious structure than any academical building which preceded it, put his warden, seventy fellows and scholars, ten chaplains and

the various servants maintained by the college into what now forms the first quadrangle, with, however, one story less than the present building contains. But, on the other hand, gardens were attached to most town houses, even in the city of London, where space was less plentiful. New College has possessed from its foundation certain tenements in Aldgate; and I have often seen in accounts of this college note taken of the purchase of old casks to form palings for the gardens annexed to these houses. So the site of New College itself was a void space within the walls, which the founder purchased of the city.

A small number of wealthy persons, the great barons, prelates, and abbots, formed the highest classes of the fourteenth century. These personages possessed large revenues, derived in some degree from the profits of land farmed by their bailiffs, but much more from the fines, quit-rents, and compositions levied on their tenants, from tolls of fairs, markets, and ferries, and from numerous other small sources of income, issuing for the most part from manorial rights. These resources of the feudal baron—seldom, except he were a Churchman, adequate to his necessities—were expended in some few foreign luxuries, in ostentatious attendance, in military display, and occasionally in public charity.

Trivial as the items seem which made up the income of the lord, they formed a considerable sum when the recipient was the owner of many manors; and, as the value of money varied in no perceptible degree up to the beginning of the sixteenth century, these fixed payments were the most important source of revenue possessed by the feudal baron. Mr. Hallam, indeed, has expressed an opinion that the spirit of chivalry, cultivated by the habits of the English nobility, would have disdained such pitiful sources of income as the contributions of their inferior tenants; and he infers that the gradual emancipation of the villains was due to the scorn which the lords would have felt at appropriating the poor accumulations of the lower classes. I cannot but think that Mr. Hallam has exaggerated the generosity of the chivalric spirit, and that his standard is wholly ideal. At

any rate, I have never seen in any of the accounts which I have investigated—and they are derived from the estates of many great barons of the fourteenth century—the smallest negligence in exacting the most trivial sums which might be due from their dependents.

A manor in the fourteenth century was generally divided into three portions. The lord held one, with the capital mansion of the estate; the second was divided out among the tenants, free and serf; and the third was the common pasture-ground of the inhabitants. Such an arrangement, in the total absence of roots and artificial grasses, was absolutely necessary for the subsistence of the cattle kept on the manor. It did not, indeed, follow that the pasture was always a separate portion of the estate. It was frequently the case that strips of arable were intermixed with pasture, that the ridges were sown, and a broad space between left for grass, and that the whole field was possessed in different shares by many occupiers.

The lord, as I have observed, cultivated his estate by a bailiff, who gave in an annual account of receipts and expenses. He collected for the most part the quit-rents and fines, the customary payments for the villains, and the dues of the manor court. In the roll of the court, all residents were registered before they reached adolescence, and were called on to serve in the various offices of the manor—as jurymen for instance, and ale-tasters. In accordance with the view of frank-pledge, the free tenant was perpetually open to supervision in reference to the conduct of his guests and dependents; he was liable to fine for breaches of police regulations, and was constantly bound to be answerable for the due discharge of amercements levied on any unruly or slanderous members of his household. It may be doubted whether, up to very late times at least, any local regulations have been—the differences of information on sanitary and similar questions considered and accounted for—more energetic and effective than were those in the ancient manor court. It is certain that the precautions taken to prevent fraudulent adulteration and dishonest weights, and to secure general order, were exceedingly practical under this obsolete machinery.

I have before me the rentals of two parishes in Oxfordshire and Bucks, Cuxham and Ibstone—the area of the former being at the present time four hundred and eighty-seven, of the latter, one thousand one hundred and twelve, statute acres. But the parochial and manorial limits are not identical, the latter being wider than the former. The date of the rolls is 1299, but they have been corrected in the margin for a century and a half later.

At Cuxham there are four free tenants: two hold a fourth of a knight's fee, both situate in Chalgrove, and worth, according to the valuation of a knight's fee, five pounds a year. One holds three and three quarter acres with a house in frank-marriage, and nine acres with another house. The rector of the parish holds a small piece. The prior of Holy Trinity, in Wallingford, has a mill, a house, and six acres in free alms; and another person holds a cottage on condition of keeping two lights in the church. Another mill is held by a tenant at will. Besides the freeholders, there are thirteen villains or nativi, each of whom holds at least a house with half a virgate of land, and some more. A virgate is variously computed from twenty-five to forty acres. The services payable annually for this portion of the land amount, on the larger estimate, to something less than sixpence an acre, when reckoned in money value. Besides these villains, there are eight coterells or cottagers, four of whom are women, and probably widows.

At Ibstone there are eight freeholders holding half a virgate and more, and twelve others holding smaller parcels. There are also four villains, each tenant of more than half a virgate, and four coterells.

I have adverted to the facts contained in these records, at the risk of being tedious, because, being illustrative of the custom which generally ruled in thousands of other manors, they indicate that the land was, on the whole, largely subdivided. The owner of twenty acres of land in these parishes (where the soil was better than the average), might, in addition to his right of common pasture, reckon on reaping, in ordinary years, about twenty quarters of different kinds of grain, if, indeed, the smaller husband-

ry was not more productive than the larger. Of these, perhaps, two quarters represent the permanent liabilities of his tenure, his quit-rent, and his payments to the manor court. The labor needful for cultivating his small estate was that of his own household; and we cannot doubt that, as is always the case of the peasant proprietor, his toil and care were unremitting. He contributed to the wages of the knights of the shire; and he must have watched with much eagerness those perpetual remonstrances against arbitrary taxation and purveyance which formed the burden of most of the complaints of Parliament in the fourteenth century. He won with his bow and axe the great battles over the French chivalry, and spread the reputation of English steadiness and courage through the length and breadth of Europe. And when, in the course of time, events put the means of extending his holding into his hands, and, in addition to his patrimony, he rented, and ultimately bought up, much of the land which had formed the estate of the wealthier franklins and barons, he became the rich yeoman of the fifteenth century, whose prosperity is lauded so highly by Fortescue and Fuller.

Again, it would be a great error to conceive that the condition of the serf was one of hopeless bondage—of complete annexation to the limits of a manor—to which, if he quitted it, he could be recalled by force; on which, while he resided, he had neither property nor civil rights. I do not pretend to say that servitude, in the sense given to it in the law books, did not exist under some of the Plantagenet or Angevine kings; but in the time for which we have contemporaneous testimony it is virtually extinct, and the tenancy in villenage is characterized by the incidents of labor rents, and the contingency of certain special disabilities. The villain of the fourteenth century was liable to fixed service only—such service being invariably compensated by the possession of land; and the service was as universally commutable for a low money payment. It was natural, indeed, that the lord, when the service was fixed, should accede to such a payment in lieu of actual service. Labor payments are never very heartily rendered, and money was always acceptable

in the Middle Ages; the more so, because so much significance was given to treasure.

I have been at the pains to calculate the average money value of the labor rents levied on the Cuxham and Ibstone tenants. Taking the half virgate at twenty acres, the quantity to which I incline, the highest value which can be annexed to the service of the villain amounts to a little more than sixpence an acre, in money of the time, on his land. Now, though this is a high rent, even for land the rate of production on which was so considerable, relatively speaking, as at Cuxham, yet it represents a state far removed from the condition of bondage which the law books state, and Mr. Hallam accepts. Furthermore, the villain was secure in his holding, and transmits his lands by descent, and even devises it by will. If, indeed, he commits a feudal offence against his lord, he is liable to ejection; but never, I am sure, by any other process than the presentment of the homage—that is, the freeholders who might sit in judgment on all offences. We know, too, that from the earliest times he was protected from injury on the part of his lord, and that the female villain had her remedy against insult, even when it was merely threatened.

The villain labored under a few social disadvantages. His daughter could not be given in marriage without the payment of a fine to the lord; and in some cases, it appears, the male villain was equally restricted. But this did not differ, except in degree, from the position of the ward in chivalry; whose liberty, in what seems to us so eminently personal a matter as marriage, was equally restricted. So, again, the villain was debarred from alienating his land except on payment of a fine. One of the Cuxham tenants alienates his half virgate and house, and the incoming occupier pays two marks for the privilege of possession. Such a payment does not indicate that the villain was destitute of property as against his lord.

Another disability was the prohibition laid on villains against educating their sons, or getting them ordained. In the Middle Ages, the small farmer strove to get one of his sons into the Church—

partly because it did credit to his family—just in the same way as the Irish farmer does, as the Scotch farmer did, perhaps does still, and as was done by the Bishops Fox and Latimer. Such persons formed the numbers, probably greatly exaggerated, who frequented the university of Oxford in the time immediately before the great plague of 1348. The Church, which in the Middle Ages formed the refuge for the oppressed, and was the surest method for the social exaltation of piety, activity, and learning, presented peculiar attractions to the peasantry, as it does, even without these accidental advantages, when it gives influence and comparative rank.

The influx of villains into the Church is the object of one of the constitutions of Clarendon, though even here the lord might permit the ordination. And this was the practice. The villain was fined for sending his son to school, and for the grant of a license for orders. The sum paid was never large, and denotes probably little more than a recognition of the lord's authority. After the revolt of Tyler, the knights of the shire, who seemed to have acted on this occasion apart from the burgesses, petitioned the king that the sons of villains should be henceforth disabled from taking orders. But Richard, or rather his councillors, negatived the petition.

The villain, as I have said, always held land, though he was bound to the soil, and could not depart without license. But he is always able to procure the license by a small annual payment, called chivage, or by a round sum, seldom of more than a trifling amount. These more enterprising villains migrated to the borough towns. It is said that the city of London would never admit a villain among its citizens; and Palgrave quotes a custom to that effect from the "*Liber Albus*." It is certain that the rule was very indifferently kept, for we know of aldermen who had no better origin. Nor was low birth fatal to success in other secular pursuits. Sir Robert Sale, who had been appointed captain of Norwich, the richest city after London, at the time of the insurrection of Tyler, was a villain born. We read that the insurgents parleyed with him, and asked him to become their leader, alleging that, as his origin was as low as theirs, he

should be naturally of their party. The reasoning, it is true, failed of its object, and Sale perished in his duty. Indeed, in an age of partisans, free companions, condottieri, it was not likely that curious inquiry would be made into the antecedents of vigorous, capable, and active soldiers.

We know but little of the condition of the townspeople. But an assessment levied in the year 1301 on the inhabitants of Colchester, an important town at the time, gives us a little insight into the occupation of its inhabitants. The number of persons assessed is 391, including the inhabitants of four hamlets in the immediate vicinity. The reckoning is probably exhaustive; and, taking five persons to a family, the population of this town and its neighboring villages was probably about 2000. The total assessment of the chattels possessed by the inhabitants is £518 1s. 4½d., and the fifteenth, £34 12s. 7d.; that is, £1 6s. 6d. of property, and 1s. 9½d. of tax.*

Colchester evidently possessed two local manufactures of some importance—tanning, namely, and shoemaking. The rest of the traders, in so far as they are specified, are just what one might expect to furnish the occupations of a small town. Eighty-nine heads of families have no distinct occupation, and were probably the employes of the various traders and manufacturers, and lived on wages. I may observe, in anticipation, that the eastern towns were far more prosperous than the western—none of which, except Bristol, were of any particular importance. Colchester had at this time a considerable foreign trade with France and the Netherlands.

The inferences, then, which an examination of the social state of England during the fourteenth century enables us to gather, as to the distribution of wealth among the inhabitants, are as follows: There was, as has been said, a small body of wealthy barons and prelates. Below these is a class of landed proprietors, who held one or more manors, whose land amounted in the aggregate, perhaps, to one third of the various estates known by this name—one third being

occupied by the king and peers, the other third by ecclesiastical corporations. Then come the freeholders and burgesses—the tenancy of the former being such as to supply its possessors with an income from agricultural pursuits of about five pounds a year in money of the time; the latter carrying on trade and manufacture in the neighboring towns, and occasionally assisting in the harvest work of the country. Next are the tenants in villenage, the average area of whose estate was, as a rule, equal to that of the freeholders, but whose holdings were liable to larger fines, and burdened with greater services. And, lastly, there were a few cottagers—the class who performed the hired service of the parish, as ploughmen, carters, cowherds, shepherds, and the like, whose money wages varied from six-and-eightpence a year to two shillings, and who received an allowance of wheat, at the rate of a quarter every eight or ten weeks, along with certain occasional gifts at harvest-time and Christmas, and the same common right of pasture with the other tenants of the manor. This income, it must be remembered, is that of the head of the family. The women and children also worked at day-wages and frequently earned considerable sums on special occasions. After the great plague, it is rare to see any entry of women's work—a sure sign that the condition of the laborer had materially improved.

It is always difficult to compare states of society at widely distant periods, with the purpose of determining the comparative prosperity of any particular class at these different epochs. This arises from the shifting nature of any standard of comfort. "These English peasants," said the envoys of Philip the Second of Spain, "live like hogs, but they fare as well as the king." The peasantry of the Middle Ages in England dwelt in small huts, built of wattles and mud, which generally contained but one room, and were unpaved, unglazed, and unclean. Their clothing was coarse and costly. Linen, to judge from the washing bills of Merton College, was an article of occasional luxury even among the better classes. Meat was cheap, but half the year the people lived on salted mutton and beef as well as on bacon. Vegetables were almost unknown, and

* Multiplied by 12, the average value of each householder's ratable property was £15 18s., his tax £1 1s. 6d. See Rot. Parl. ii, 201.

hence scurvy and leprosy were endemic. When the great plague came, it found ample occasion for its ravages, and the people perished by thousands. But, on the other hand, the mass of the people were well-to-do peasant proprietors, cultivating their own land, and obtaining, except on the rare occasions of absolute famine, abundance for their maintenance. An annual produce worth five pounds a year in money of that time would represent, in an estimate of the first necessities of life, at least sixty pounds in modern value. And, when the outgoings of these estates are calculated, the annual produce suggested is by no means an excessive estimate.

Let me attempt to reckon the actual value of a well-paid farm-servant's wages, with those of his family, in the first half of the fourteenth century. He received, in kind, say six and a half quarters of wheat during the fourteenth century was 5s. 10½d. This payment amounts, then, to about 38s. 8d. His money wages were, say 6s. 8d. His allowances during the harvest months were not worth less than five shillings. If his wife worked for 120 days in the year at a penny a day, it would add another ten shillings; and if his boy were also engaged at a halfpenny (and these were the customary wages of women and boys), it would add five shillings more. If we multiply this aggregate, that is, £3 5s. 4d., by 12, the wages of a hired farm-servant, conjointly with those of two members of his family, would have amounted in modern money to £39 4s., that is, to nearly 15s. a week—a rate far higher than the average wages of the modern agricultural laborer. And we must not forget that this calculation does not include his commonable rights, and that he held his cottage and curtilage at a rent of about 3s. a year—that is, again, in modern money, at about 9d. a week. Nor does it seem that the laborer ran any risk of not finding employment. Wherever peasant-proprietorship is the rule of tenancies, the wages of labor are comparatively high, because hired laborers are scarce. This is known to be the case in France and Lombardy. In our own country, the highest rate prevails in Cumberland, where the small proprietor, called the statesman, is not

yet extinct. And, though there are many conveniences which modern commerce and manufactures have supplied to the English peasant, it cannot, I fear, be doubted, that, estimated by the money value of his wages, his condition is far inferior in the command over the necessities of life to that of his ancestor in the fourteenth century.

There is, I believe, one source from which we may calculate the local distribution of wealth in England during the fourteenth century—that is to say, from records of subsidies or taxes. When a parliamentary grant was made in those times, assessors, sworn to execute their office favorably, were deputed to make a valuation of all personal property possessed by the parties liable to the tax—for an income tax, in our modern sense, was unknown. The assessors entered all the goods of each taxpayer in a schedule, enumerating his household furniture, his plate, his money, his clothing, and even his farm stock and corn. Farm implements were not, it seems, valued.

Save in the case of a few articles, such as corn and money, the assessment was generally taken on a low estimate, so that the money values given must not be conceived to denote real prices. It is an incident by the way in these taxations, that the assessors took bribes freely to undervalue the goods of the contributors, and entries are frequently found in farm accounts of gifts made to taxors in order to induce a favorable estimate. Indeed, one of the greatest grievances in the assessment of subsidies was the opportunity given for oppression, and the free use taken of any such opportunity.

None of these tax returns are perfect. It is possible that an exact and laborious study of the Pipe rolls—that is, the annual account rendered to the exchequer for the king's use—might ultimately supply the materials for a general estimate of population and public wealth, and also, in a rough way, enable us to discover the alternate rise and decline of prosperity in some towns. But the labor would be prodigious.

There does exist, however, one document, printed in the rolls of Parliament, which gives, with two exceptions, indirect information as to the total wealth

of each English shire. The two counties palatine, Durham and Chester, are omitted; for each was under a particular jurisdiction, was not reckoned in any general scheme of taxation or contribution, and was therefore not represented in Parliament.

In the year 1341, the Commons granted a subsidy of thirty thousand sacks of wool, to be assessed, according to their several fiscal capacities, on all the counties and towns which the Lower House represented. The tax, expressed in that raw material—for which this country had, it seems, almost the monopoly of produce—was intended to be, and actually was, paid in money; the value of the sack of wool in this year being, on an average, £4 in coin of the time—that is, about 2½d. a pound, or, taking my former multiplier, about 2s. 7½d. in modern money; a price low in fact, but even exceeding by comparison the great rise in the price of this material which has been lately induced by the cotton dearth.

The wool grown in England at this time was coarse and full of hairs. Specimens of cloth woven from it may still be seen in the lining of Wykeham's mitre case, preserved in the muniment room of New College. The growth of fine wools is matter of climate, and Spain and Saxony were then just as fit for the better sorts as they are now. But the king's peace was kept as well as proclaimed in England, and the administration of justice was, all things considered, certain and prompt, whereas there were little order and justice in Germany or France or Spain in the fourteenth century. It must be remembered that a sheep is very defenceless and very eatable. I am strongly of opinion that the fact of England having a monopoly of wool in the Middle Ages is closely connected with its habits of comparative social equality. It is said that the modern test of economical civilization is the quantity of sulphuric acid annually consumed by any community: in the middle Ages the gauge was the possibility of herding and keeping sheep.

The occasion on which this tax was levied was the commencement of the long claim to the French crown, and the assumption of a title which formed part of the English style for more than four hundred and fifty years. It was twice

almost successfully asserted, after Poitiers and Agincourt. The tide was twice successfully turned back—first, after the Spanish expedition; next, after the marriage of Bedford with Jacqueline of Luxembourg, and the defection of the Duke of Burgundy. The project occupied the best years of Edward the Third's manhood, and the reverses consequent on the rupture of the peace of Bretigni clouded his old age. The miserable inheritance of a French war saddled the administration of Richard, and undermined the throne of Henry the Sixth.

The fruit of Edward's claim was a strife between two nations which lasted nearly five hundred years, which estranged near neighbors and natural friends, and has been the fruitful source of misery to mankind. There is hardly any considerable country on the face of the earth in which hostile armies have not met in order to renew the great contest which began at the time before me, and has been continued with but few interruptions ever since.

It was almost in a spirit of prophecy that the king, on summoning the Parliament and Convocation by letters, dated August 21st, 1338, announced to the Archbishop that he was about to encounter a *profluvium expensarum*. The inheritance of the worthless Isabella, the wife of Edward the Second; a century later the intrigues of another still more infamous Isabella, the wife of Charles the Sixth—were the earliest sources of that protracted hostility which will, though we may believe it to be now quieted by fifty years of peace, have crippled the inhabitants of both countries with the burden of an enormous debt, and will cripple them for centuries to come.

Now, if we take the table given in the original, and divide the present area of the several counties in statute acres by the amount of the contribution assessed on it, we shall find that nearly the whole wealth of England lay in the south, southeastern, and south-midland counties—the western, north-midland, and northwestern counties being relatively very poor. Excluding Middlesex, whose contribution with London is much the heaviest—that is, 2½ times more than any other county—and without London, which, indeed, is separately assess-

ed, and is rated at exactly the same proportion as Oxford — the order of wealth, as estimated by acreage, is Norfolk, Oxfordshire, Beds, Kent, Berks, Rutland, Hunts, Cambridge, Suffolk, each of which contributes a sack to less than 1000 acres; and the first-named 1 in 610, the second 1 in 760. Wilts, Northampton, Herts, Gloucester, including Bristol (which is separately assessed), Surrey, Bucks, Sussex, Dorset, Warwick, Lincoln, contribute a sack to less than 1500 acres. Leicester and the East Riding, Southampton, Notts, Somerset, a sack to less than 2000. Derby, Worcester, Stafford, Northumberland, to less than 3000. Westmoreland, Devon, Shropshire, Cornwall, Hereford, to less than 4000. Lancashire and the North Riding, 1 in more than 4000. The West Riding, to 1 in more than 5000 acres. Middlesex contributes nearly 21 times as much, area for area, as the West Riding — $19\frac{1}{2}$ times as much as Lancashire. Again, Norfolk pays nearly $8\frac{1}{2}$ times as much as the former, nearly 8 times as much as the latter. Oxfordshire is 7 times as rich as the one, and nearly 7 times as rich as the other.

The great wealth of Norfolk, and of some other eastern counties, was due to the woollen manufactures, to the trade with the Continent, and to the immigration of the Flemings. These men alternately caressed and persecuted, invited to settle and exiled, flocked to the eastern counties and the southern ports, especially to the town of Southampton. Fleming is still a common name in the last-named place; and, as I find from a rental of God's House in Southampton, these foreigners were numerous in the town as early as the reign of Richard I.

I have assumed that the ancient and modern limits of these counties are identical. In fact, however such an hypothesis is liable to considerable corrections.

Even if the inland boundaries are unchanged, great differences have been made in the areas of the sea-coast counties by the dereliction and encroachment of the sea. Norfolk has gained largely by the former. Kent and Sussex have suffered much by the latter.

For instance, in the thirteenth century, and probably in the fourteenth also, Norwich was situated on an estuary of the sea. Beccles, a town on the bor-

ders of the county, is possessed of considerable corporate estates, the origin of which is ascribed to the fact that King John gave the town a meadow, which at that time stretched from the hill on which the church was built to the sea. The German ocean is now between eight and nine miles from the town. The accretion on the eastern coast of Norfolk must have been very great.

On the other hand, the isles of Thanet and Sheppey, the cliffs of Reculver and Dover, have been abraded. The low level coast which reaches from the Downs to the Channel, from Beachy Head to Selsey Bill, has been incessantly wasted, especially between Littlehampton and the shingle bank just named. In one night four hundred acres are said to have been lost at Pagham. Old men living near Bognor remembered to have played and labored in fields now far beyond low-water mark. The old town of Brighton stood on a spot which is now occupied by the extremity of the chain pier. I mention these facts because they show that, relatively to its magnitude, Norfolk was even wealthier in the fourteenth century than the present area of the county would suggest in its comparison with others. Its ports, Yarmouth, Lynn or Lenn, and Blakeney, were considerable for their foreign trade, and habitually held direct communication with the low counties, with the Hanseatic towns, and with the western coast of Norway.

According to the return given of the assessment of the income tax under Schedule A—that, namely, of land and houses—the average rental of all the English counties, except Durham and Chester (which I have not calculated, because they are omitted from the list of 1341), is £3 5s. 5½d. the acre. The highest rental is, of course, Middlesex, which is £98 3s.; the lowest, Westmoreland, 14s. 10d.; but Norwich has sunk to £1 18s. 10d.; Oxford to £2 4s.; Beds to £2 1s. 6d.; Rutland to £1 15s. On the other hand, Lancashire has risen to £9 6s. 10d.; Stafford to £4 18s. 10d.; Somerset to £3 0s. 10d.; other counties representing similar, but not such notable, alterations.

Time has, therefore, made great changes in the relative prosperity of these several localities. The wealth of England has migrated to her western

coast, or, at least, grown in far larger proportion in regions which were comparative deserts in the fourteenth century. Trade traverses other highways, explores other oceans, than those which were known in the days of the three Edwards. Men heard, indeed, of the far east, whose products were borne by slow transit from the Persian gulf, through the valley of Mesopotamia, and along the highlands of Armenia to the Black Sea, or, again, down the Nile to Alexandria, to be distributed by the energy of Venice and Genoa. But the vast ocean which lay beyond the western coast of England, and formed a boundary to the wild and unsubdued tribes of Connaught and Munster, was yet unexplored. The most sagacious man of those days could not have dreamed that in a few hundred years the further border of that trackless and stormy Atlantic would contain nations, sprung from his stock, speaking his tongue, living under his law; while he was doing his part towards building up the English mind, shaping English enterprise, and indicating English freedom, in the Parliaments of Westminster, in the factories of Norfolk, and in the yeoman's farm and homestead.

The place of those great hives of industry, which now store up the materials of the whole world, and diffuse their produce among all nations, whose energy is ceaseless, and growth unremitting, was then little else than moorland and fen, scantily peopled, imperfectly known, and rude even by comparison with the rude age before us. The course of inland traffic never lay on the western side of our island. It was only on few occasions that the towns of the great northern road were visited. In general, when the traveller had need to journey northwards, his route lay through the eastern highways, through the more hospitable and safer counties, to the more densely-peopled cities, and by the more wealthy abbeys which lay towards the coast of the German ocean.

The Mersey was then a silent estuary, the Irwell a mountain stream; the fells and valleys of the West Riding were unexplored and hardly tenanted; and the great mineral wealth of the midland counties undisturbed and unknown. Regions which are now the home of

thousands were then wooded solitudes, peopled by the red deer, by wild boars, and by wolves.

On the other hand, Ravenspur, the great Yorkshire harbor, lies below the ocean. The Norfolk sea ports have wasted away or been silted up. The Sussex forges are extinct. The widely-renowned fair of Stourbridge—famous as that of Novgorod, or Nuremberg, or Leipsic—is forgotten; and its rich harvest of tolls—once reaped by the Prior of Barnwell, is now, I conceive, no source of considerable income to his successor, the University of Cambridge. The chartered towns of the eastern, the south-midland, and the southern counties—all originally gifted with parliamentary representation, because they were the seats of medieval manufacture or trade—have now become, in many cases, rotten boroughs, *urbes umbratiles*, villages whose past prosperity can be guessed at only by the great gray church and the ruined castle.

This is not the occasion on which to interpret the aggregate of causes which have led, almost in our time, to the growth of population, and the settlement of vast industries in the north, the north-midland, and the western counties. We know how these results have been aided by the special advantages of vast mineral treasures, buried in the soil of these regions. But the labor which has discovered and applied these materials has been originally supported by the acceptance of sound economical maxims, by the development of commercial liberty, and by the early acknowledgment of some among the social principles which must needs be admitted before a true progress is possible. To have entered, after so many centuries of oppression and monopoly, on the vestibule of the temple of commercial freedom is, indeed, a great step. But the continuance of this prosperity must, after all, be expected in the fuller obedience to the same fundamental principles of freedom, whose initiative only has been hitherto taken. If hereafter other regions of the world offer fairer prospects to capital, thither, in the increasing intercommunion of nations, capital will inevitably flow. If hereafter the social dignity and material advantages of labor are vindicated in greater manner under other political and economical conditions

than those which characterize our polity, thither labor, on which so many circumstances are now conferring mobility, expansion, experience, will inevitably migrate. Hereafter, assuredly, the whole civilized world will become more and more one nation, governed by international interests as well as by municipal ordinances. Densely-peopled countries will be the cities of the globe, to which its more thinly-settled regions will be the source of agricultural and other supply. But, that the growth of any nation should continue in the same successful course, all the free forces which may stimulate and maintain the existing energies of special or local industry must be discovered and applied; for, as is well known, those regulations which tend only to the advantage of particular classes in a community are sooner or later fatal to its material as well as to its moral progress.

Saturday Review.

DYER'S HISTORY OF THE CITY OF ROME.*

MR. DYER'S thorough command of the topography of ancient Rome has been established by his article "Roma," in Dr. Smith's *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography*. In his recent volume we find him approaching the same theme from an historical rather than a topographical point of view. He has, with this aim, recast much of his former materials; and he has also accumulated a good deal of matter which is either new in itself or was excluded by the more limited scope of his previous survey. He has thus been able to connect the growth of the city, its structures and monuments, more directly with the political and social events of each successive period, as well as to bring down the history of their culmination and decay to a point nearer to that stage in which we now muse upon their bygone splendor.

In his Introduction, Mr. Dyer brings forward some able critical arguments in defence of the general trustworthiness of much of the early annals of Rome.

* *A History of the City of Rome, its Structures and Monuments, from its Foundation to the End of the Middle Ages.* By THOMAS H. DYER, LL.D. London: Longmans & Co. 1865.

After all the efforts of the skeptical school, there certainly remain solid monuments of the very first age, which cannot be explained away like the record of a law or a treaty. Whatever may become, in ruthlessly critical hands, of the political history of early Rome, the city of Rome has, like Thebes or Karnak, a history of its own, written in characters of stone and marble. There is little motive, as Mr. Dyer argues, to falsify the origin or date of public monuments and buildings; nor can we easily be made to believe that a nation which had arrived at the pitch of development implied in such works as the Tullianum, the Cloaca Maxima, and the Servian Wall, could in a few years have utterly forgotten all the acts—nay, even the very names—of the rulers who had executed them. In the general argument thus stated there is certainly much that is plausible *à priori*. And we are quite prepared to concur with Mr. Dyer, so far at least as to recognize the importance of making the stones themselves the evidence of their origin. There can be little harm, moreover, in acquiescing in the voice of tradition when it assigns such or such a work to Servius or Ancus, or to one or other of the Tarquins. But beyond this there are few details of positive history to be extracted from these relics. They are invaluable landmarks for determining a period, but, in the utter absence of inscriptions, they are far from yielding up even the amount of information that lurks in the monuments of Egypt. They leave undiminished—nay, they even augment—the difficulty which we find in reducing the mass of legend and fable to anything like positive truth. Nothing can more forcibly show the utter hopelessness of the attempt to discriminate between the fabulous and the true, in the early annals of Rome, than Mr. Dyer's own mode of dealing with the ancient lore of the city. He would have done better, in our opinion, had he restricted himself more guardedly to the study of the actual memorials that exist, and trusted to those signs of antiquity, scanty as they may be, which have a meaning of their own to the eye of a scientific observer. What is the use of dragging us once more through all the old slough of myth and fable that covers the first foundation of the city? Why should he gravely refresh our

memories with the nursery rubbish of Hercules and Evanda, Æneas and Lavinia, and "Romé," the Trojan foundress of the city? Could he not have passed over the twins and the wolf, the fig-tree and the hut of Romulus, or the loves of Numa and Egeria, and gone straight to those lessons which are to be read in the styles, and even in the materials, of the remains which stand before our eyes? It is in such points of construction and design that we can hope to trace, far more truly than in oral or even written records, what little we are destined to know of the period or origin of the earliest edifices of the city.

Writing as an antiquary rather than an architect, Mr. Dyer has not, we think, adequately seized these distinctions of structure. Neither, again, does he sufficiently exercise that critical discrimination which is required to raise the archæologist into the philosophical historian. In his summary of the tales concerning the foundation of Rome and its relation to the other cities of the Latin stock, he is not yet on his own ground. He seems to have made no acquaintance with Mommsen's broad and scholar-like treatment of the *origines* of the city, or with that historian's suggestive remarks upon the influence of Etruria and Greece upon the native developments of art. Else, instead of throwing us back upon the childish prattle of Livy or the absurd etymologies of Nonius and Varro, he might at least, from the foothold of historical and artistic criticism, have given us a hand out of the sea of fable, and let us feel the solid ground of fact beneath our feet.

If we look to the evidence of the monuments themselves, we are able to distinguish two great periods in the architecture of Rome. Under the Kings, that architecture was Etruscan. Towards the time of the Empire, it became Greek. During the intervening period, till quite the close of the Republic, little or nothing was effected for art. In the absence of more positive knowledge as to the names of their builders, or the dates of their erection, than we possess in the vague notices of writers living centuries after them, their mode of construction, together with the materials used in them, will make these facts clear. The Etruscans were engineers rather than

architects. Their works were designed for the purpose of public defence or utility far more than for ornament or artistic display. And what enables us to identify their builders as a class, whatever may be made of individual names, is the uniform system of construction pervading the whole. The masonry of all the monuments that remain is identical with that of the extant tombs and mural works of the cities of Etruria. The stone is either volcanic tufo or travertino, in blocks of a uniform size, a double cube of two Roman feet, exquisitely wrought, laid without cement in the manner styled by Vitruvius *isodomon*—that is, end to end in one course, and side by side in the next. In this mode are built the Servian walls, the Cloaca Maxima, the Pulchrum Littus, or wharf wall by the river side, and the Mamerline Prison. Nothing can more emphatically attest the skill of the Etruscan engineers than the arch which separates the upper chamber of this prison from the Tullianum or well-chamber beneath, hewn out in the solid tufo, the spring in which doubtless welled up ages before the imprisonment of Saint Peter. As a feat of masonic construction, the flatness of this arch enables it to vie with that singular chord of stone between the towers of Lincoln Cathedral which speaks for the skill of our medieval builders. The same style was observed in the few works undertaken during the Republic, as we see in what remains of the Tabularium, which, before its upper portion was rebuilt by Catulus, seems to have been called the *Ærarium*. The Peribolus wall of Mars Ultor, wholly different in style and material from Augustus's temple, proclaims itself to belong to the same early period. Of this magnificent wall, eighty feet in height, portions are to be traced to the extent of three or four hundred feet. Its semi-circular arch, slightly "skew," forms a splendid characteristic of the style. Brick construction was not wholly laid aside, though probably reserved by degrees for buildings of a private or inferior kind. In the original temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, terra cotta was used, after the Etruscan fashion, for the colored image of the God within, and on the acroterium, as well as for the quadriga, if not for portions of the temple itself.

The *epistylum* or architrave was of wood.

Toward the end of the Republic the national taste began to set in the direction of Greece, and not only were Greek architects called in to reproduce their native types, but Greek and other transmarine materials were largely introduced. The first marble temple was that erected in the Campus Martius, B.C. 143, under Q. Metellus, the conqueror of Macedonia. It was most probably the work of the architect Hermodorus from the Cyprian Salamis, who also restored for Metellus the Roman docks and built the Temple of Jupiter Stator, besides a temple to Mars in the Flaminian circus. The first private house adorned with marble pillars was that of the orator Lucius Crassus, on the Palatine, B.C. 91. The native quarries of Carrara (Lunæ) not being yet in operation, marble from Hymettus (Cipollin), Pentelicus, or Paros was largely used. Granite and other materials came from Egypt and the East, not only in the rough state, but in the shape of columns and other portions from existing buildings. The great Temple of Jupiter on the Capitol was embellished by Sulla with the columns of the Temple of Zeus at Athens. The lavish use of costly materials of this kind by Augustus bore out the well-known boast of that monarch that he found Rome brick and left it marble. The magnificent blocks—twenty-five feet in length, four feet wide, and two feet thick—disinterred by Canina, which form the upper door-step of the Temple of Concord to the north of the Forum, are evidently from a foreign source. So are the huge blocks which make up the unrivalled cornice of that temple, nobler in dimensions and even bolder in style than that assigned of old to Jupiter Stator, and at present to Castor and Pollux. This Temple of Concord is stated by Suetonius to have been erected by Tiberius. It was that the ruins of which Poggio pathetically tells us he saw in the fifteenth century, reduced to lime. It was probably a reconstruction of that dedicated by Opimius B.C. 131, in which Cicero delivered his orations against Catiline, and which in turn stood on the site of one executed by Cn. Flavius, B.C. 305. It is not to be confounded with the original fane dedicated by Camillus B.C. 367,

which, as Mr. Dyer correctly remarks, stood on the *arx* of the Capitol, nor with that erected by Livia, the daughter of Augustus, which stood in the Forum of that Emperor. A special class of buildings, in which the round cell peculiar to Etruscan worship was blended with the decorative features of Grecian architecture, is illustrated in the numerous temples erected to Vesta, and above all in the magnificent Pantheon of Agrippa. Here the singularly high pediment, together with the tripartite division that may be traced in the distribution of the portico prefixed to the rotunda, speak strongly of Etruscan ideas and rites.

It is mainly to the special study of sites and monuments on the spot that we owe such additions to our knowledge as have been made since the publication of Mr. Dyer's previous dissertation. The most important of these discoveries was the result of excavations made upon the Palatine Hill by order of the Emperor of the French, who has purchased from the ex-King of Naples that portion of it which comprises the Farnese Gardens. A certain depression or *intermontium* was found to have originally traversed the hill from north to south, dividing it like the Capitol, though not so strikingly, into two distinct eminences. From this fact Signor Rosa has been led to form the inference, in which he is followed by Mr. Dyer, that the primitive city of Romulus occupied only the western portion of the hill. The extent of the Palatine settlement or Roma Quadrata would thus be reduced from thirty acres to something less than ten—a limited space truly wherein to bestow the three thousand foot and three hundred horse who, according to Dionysius, formed the military array of the founder. It would, moreover, be no slight feat for a ploughman to carry his furrow, as we are to suppose Romulus to have done, up the steep acclivity at this point. We are, nevertheless, disposed to acquiesce in the arguments by which Mr. Dyer supports Signor Rosa's theory. We further think with him that the learned Italian is correct in assigning the name of Velia to the eastern half. But when Signor Rosa goes on to identify the whole western half of the hill with the Germalus or Cermalus of Tacitus and Varro, we confess, with Mr. Dyer, our inability to fol-

low him. What place is left for the original *Palatium*? We are expressly told by Varro that the Velia and Germalus were annexed to the Palatium. It seems to us far more likely that the name of Germalus properly belonged to the north-western slope of the hill towards the Forum Boarium, though not so far as the Vicus Tuscus, whither Mommsen wishes to carry it. The name of "Palatine" came in time to be extended to all three divisions of the hill, just as the two distinct projections or spurs of the hill suburb *Esquilæ* (*ex-quilicæ*, "out-buildings," like *in-quillinus* from *colere*), called Oppius and Cispus, were included at length in the common name of Mons Esquilinus. The short tracing by Tacitus of the line of the Pomœrium entirely favors this view, as does the discovery of the sites of the Porta Vetus Palatii, or Porta Mugionis, on the Summa Nova Via, and that of the Porta Romanula on the western side of the hill at the foot of the Clivus Victoriæ. A third gate, M. Ampère and Mr. Dyer are of opinion, existed, towards the Circus Maximus. If so, it can be no other than the Scalæ Caci, the *καλή ἀκρόγῃ* of Plutarch.

When we get among authentic—that is, contemporary—authors, the narrative of the growth and glories of the city is traced by Mr. Dyer with a degree of fulness and precision that leaves little to be desired. He has carefully studied the difficult question of the topography of the Forum and Capitol, and has corrected in some points his previous arrangement of the throng of perplexing edifices. His map is, unfortunately, on too small a scale to exhibit this arrangement with a precision at all adequate to his description. The true position of Jupiter Tonans for instance, the Hundred Steps, the lesser Temple of Concord, and other buildings on the Clivus Capitolinus, are left indeterminate; though, with all recent authorities, he refers to Vespasian and Titus the three graceful columns formerly assigned to Tonans. The latter temple doubtless stood upon the site indicated by Canina, on the slope behind the Schola Xantha. Mr. Dyer, we perceive, wholly passes over the portico of the twelve Dei Consentes above that school, of which eight or nine columns have been recovered and reërected *in situ* by Canina. But, on the whole,

his delineation of the city and of its history is truly admirable; while in his later sections he has poured a flood of wholly new light upon the downward fortunes of the mistress of the world. It was by no means to barbarian violence, as he incontestably proves, that the destruction of the city is for the most part due, but to the foes of her own household—the fury of the Christian rulers and priesthood against the monuments of Paganism, the cupidity of her later builders, and the strife of rival families and factions. Positive edicts for the destruction or conversion of heathen temples are met with early in the fifth century. No extracts can give any adequate idea of the richness and accuracy of the materials accumulated by Mr. Dyer in this portion of his book. We should wish to notice in particular such new and interesting features as his account of the school or colony founded by Ina, King of Wessex, about the year 727, for Anglo-Saxon students, and further endowed with the Romescot by Offa, King of Mercia, in 794. It embraced a considerable district on the right bank of the Tiber, on part of which now stands the Hospital of St. Spirito, founded by Pope Innocent III. It disappeared between the ninth and eleventh centuries, as did also the "schools" of the Franks, Frisians, Lombards, Greeks, and even Jews, which, however, appear to have been mere foreign settlements, apart from any purpose of education. But we have no space for more. We can but add our general impression of the value of Mr. Dyer's volume, as being by far the most complete and authentic work upon the great subject of which it treats.

Edinburgh Review.

LIFE OF CARL MARIA VON WEBER.*

ABOUT forty years have elapsed since the great German composer Carl Maria von Weber was prematurely arrested by the hand of death in the midst of a brill-

* *Carl Maria von Weber, Lebensbild.* Von MAX MARIA VON WEBER. Leipzig: 1866.

Carl Maria von Weber: the Life of an Artist. From the German of his Son, Baron MAX MARIA von Weber. By J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON, M. A. London: 1865.

iant career. During this period his fame has not diminished. His "Der Freischütz" and his "Oberon" still maintain their position on the lyrical stage in England; his "Euryanthe" and "Preciosa" still boast an equal preëminence in his native country; and his instrumental compositions are still familiar to the whole musical world. But, beyond his works, little of the man is known. A sort of traditionary feeling survived in this country that the celebrated composer was a quiet, affectionate, domestic being, who was early carried off by consumption—but no more. His son, Baron Max Maria von Weber, has, after these long years, presented to the world a biography of his father, which, spite of the tendency to heaviness, diffuseness, and incomprehensible psychological disquisitions, so characteristic of almost all German biographies—faults which have been greatly diminished in the English version—is replete with unusual interest.

Generally speaking, the lives of composers and musical artists are singularly devoid of stirring incidents, or, at all events, appear to be so from the scanty records of them which have been laid before the world. With Carl Maria von Weber it was far otherwise. Apart from his great and unquestionable genius, the composer may have been a very ordinary mortal, displaying only all the passions, loves, prejudices, susceptibilities, and sorrows of any less gifted man of a highly nervous and sensitive organization. But Weber's lot was cast in such wise, that his path in life was perpetually crossed by remarkable events, and tinged with a peculiar coloring of romance. The story of his early years reads like a series of chapters from the adventures of a German Gil Blas; and the romance of his life lies in regions of society almost entirely distinct from the interesting sphere of art with which his name is connected.

M. de Weber, with materials in his hands which could not fail to bestow upon the biography of his father something of the air of an entertaining work of fiction, seems to have feared incurring the reproach from his fellow-countrymen of having produced too light and agreeable a book to earn for him the title of a serious writer, and of being, as he

himself expressed it, "zu novellistisch." It is certainly hard upon the poor author, that, after having employed his best efforts to give the requisite weight of ballast to his book, he should have so utterly missed his aim as not to have escaped the deprecated censure of his German readers, and to have produced a biography of his father which is entertaining as well as instructive. As may be naturally supposed, M. de Weber has been able to command the most minute as well as authentic information relative to his father's life; and he has sufficiently mastered the state of parties in political as well as artistic circles, and the general condition of society at the period of which he writes, to explain the bearing of the political and social circumstances of the times upon the general cultivation of the earlier part of the present century—musical cultivation having of course a prominent place—and their direct or indirect influence on the mind and genius of one of the greatest and most popular composers of the age. A sufficient period has elapsed between the death of the father and the researches of the son to allow the acrimony of party feelings, the artistic enmities and rivalries, and the strange mixture of political influences which distracted the troubled career of the composer, to have subsided. Every facility appears in the present day to have been afforded to the author. Correspondences with celebrities of the time were liberally communicated; for Carl Maria von Weber had always been a ready letter-writer and prolific in newspaper criticism; although, strange to say, an autobiography written by himself, and a diary which the industrious artist never failed to compile for a long series of years, almost to the last hour of his life, afforded comparatively little assistance to the biographer. The former was found scanty in detail, and not without certain suspicious reticences; the latter, although profuse in small domestic records, was singularly deficient in remarks upon the more important incidents of the musician's career.

With all these facilities afforded to the son in the compilation of a biography of his father, one important requisite for such a task might naturally have been wanting—that of thorough impartiality. But M. de Weber soon convinces his

readers of the groundlessness of any such suspicion: he has dealt with his father, and indeed with all his connections, with a degree of impartiality which borders on the marvellous, and reveals a rare and, it may be said, almost unscrupulous conscientiousness. This impartiality is not only conspicuous in the author's judgment of his father's artistic powers, but is carried, in other matters, to an extent which savors of exaggeration. It is difficult to get rid of the feeling, that the youthful follies and errors of the father might have been treated by the son with a more delicate handling, or, at all events, with something less of a frankness which almost amounts to crudity. When, however, failings of temper, and the weaknesses of excessive susceptibility in the celebrated composer are justly ascribed to the impulsiveness of a genial character and a kindly heart, a general impression of truth is conveyed; and a conviction of the author's impartiality is thoroughly maintained. In one respect only, a tendency to exaggeration is visible. Carl Maria von Weber doubtless suffered much from his perpetual struggles against the evil influences of his youth, poverty and privations, the world's trials, enmities, jealousies, and, above all, the hostile intrigues of the masters and patrons of that Italian art which held the supremacy of fashion and favoritism at the time when these intrigues were employed to oppose the advancement of the German school of music, to the ends and aims of which his own life was devoted. But, much as his struggles for the good cause may have shattered a sensitive mind, and undermined a constitution always delicate, it is very evident that his biographer forms an undue estimate of these tribulations and annoyances when he bestows on the gladiator in the arena of art the crown of a martyr.

That the life of the great composer was a troubled, and in many respects a painful one, is clear. Born into a family in which a joint passion for music and the stage had been hereditary for many generations, Carl Maria von Weber was, from the first, nursed in all the dramatic fancies which were eventually to lead the precocious boy to a high pinnacle of fame. He may be said to have been cradled on the stage. At the time of

his birth, his father, who was possessed to a very extraordinary degree by the hereditary mania, had thrown up position, prospects of fortune, and all the ordinary decencies of life, to drag his numerous family, by a former wife, on the stage. This singular individual figures, in the earlier portions of the biography, more like the Turveydrop, Micawber, or Harold Skimpole of the novel-writer, than a reality. Vainglorious, bombastic, reckless, tormented by an inordinate vanity and an unsatisfied greed of name and fame, this father sought to make of his last born an infant prodigy. It is marvellous, on looking back to the period of Weber's childhood, to find that the brain of the young genius was not utterly ruined by its early forcing; just as marvellous to observe how little the boy's innate disposition—derived, it must be supposed, from his quiet, religiously disposed, and patiently suffering mother—was distorted by the defective education, the perverted ideas, the false rules of life, and the mountebank aspirations, which were the sum total of the inheritance that fell to Carl Maria's lot from the singular parent who guided his first steps. His childhood reminds us of the first chapters of *Wilhelm Meister*. His earliest glimpses of life were caught, no doubt, from the intrigues, the backbitings, the manoeuvres, and the loose conduct of the strolling company with whose children he played as a child; but to the knowledge of stage effect and practical stage requirements, which he began to imbibe at the early period when the rosin, the thunder-box, the silvered wooden swords, and the pasteboard armor were the child's playthings, and painted mountain slopes or canvas palace galleries were the arena of his games, may be attributed that peculiar insight into theatrical matters which gave the dramatic composer so great an advantage over his compeers on the stage. Amid all the drawbacks of Weber's early education, there were thus some compensations which exercised a beneficial influence on his career.

The period of history when Carl Maria first began to have an interest in life was full of stormy events. The wars with the republican armies of France were continually driving the boy, in his

wanderings with his clever, reckless, bombastic father, still the manager of a strolling company of comedians, from one part of Germany to another, in order to avoid the disasters of the times and seek better fortune upon a more congenial soil. But the current was ever sweeping after the wanderers, and the better fortune never came. When failure overtook Franz Anton's theatrical speculations, some praise is due to the father for the practical spirit in which he at last directed his boy's musical studies. At Salzburg he placed his son under Michael Haydn, the brother of the great Haydn, a severe and dry old musician of science; at Munich under the best masters, whom his ingratiating ways won over in default of pecuniary means. But the unscrupulous and vain-glorious nature of Franz Anton was ever an obstacle in the way of the boy's steady progress. The ill-will occasioned by his endeavors to turn the secrets of Sennefelder, the inventor of lithography, to his own advantage, compelled him to sever the connection with Munich; at Freiberg in Saxony, where he took refuge, his attempt at imposture, on the production of the first opera of the boy Carl Maria, then fourteen years of age—the "Dumb Girl of the Forest"—by advertising his child as younger than he really was, and pretending that he was a pupil of the great Haydn, brought on both father and son a degree of obloquy which obliged them to leave the place. After a series of wanderings, in the midst of many sorrows and privations, Franz Anton at length contrived to place the youth under the care of the celebrated Abbé Vogler, at Vienna. In this extraordinary individual, at once a man of science and a charlatan, a demigod of art in the eyes of some, an egregious impostor in those of others, a mixture of vanity, bombast, utter selfishness, and abstruse knowledge, the mountebank father of the lad seems to have intuitively discovered a congenial spirit to forward his own interests; and, for good or for evil, this Abbé Vogler was destined to be Carl Maria's principal instructor in the art of operatic composition. That anything so intrinsically genuine and sound as the artistic mind of Weber should have been cultivated on such a soil, amounts almost to a mar-

vel. But the affection cherished for this strange instructor by the boy remained firm to the end of his life: and that the master was sharp-witted enough to discover the budding genius of the lad was proved by his recommending his pupil to the post of musical director of the opera at Breslau, at the early age of seventeen. The recommendation, however kindly meant, was in some respects an egregious mistake. For although Weber, no doubt, earned in this new position a fund of experience of great use to him in his future career, his presumption, fostered by his injudicious and arrogant father, his youthful indiscretions, his levity and folly, soon plunged him into such an abyss of difficulties, that, no longer able to contend against the ill-will of the theatre committee, he was glad to resign his engagement. Overwhelmed with debt, hampered by his father, Carl Maria was almost sinking under his misfortunes, when a good genius arose, in the person of a Duke of Wurtemberg, who held a miniature court of his own on his estates of Carlsruhe in Silesia. In this little courtly nest, "where powdered and pigtailed courtiers, with cocked-hat and sword, wandered hand in hand with lofty-wigged and high-heeled beauties through the wondering green forests," and where music was worshipped by the Duke and Duchess as a religion, the youth for a time found rest. But the current of political events, which throughout exercised so notable an influence upon Weber's destiny, soon swept him away from this peaceful retreat. Germany had become more and more the great battlefield of the most important interests of the world; and the invasion of Silesia dispersed the fairy-like little Ducal Court, and would have left the youth Carl Maria again a beggar and a wanderer, had not his kind patron recommended him as secretary to his brother, another Prince of Wurtemberg, residing at the Court of Stuttgart.

In Stuttgart commenced one of the most romantic, and, at the same time, most baneful episodes in Weber's life. Employed by his master, the Prince Ludwig, in questionable money transactions, hated by the tyrannical, passionate, and filthy King, whose enmity the youth met by the most foolish tricks of

boyish levity, leading a wild and reckless life, against which innate noble aspirations were perpetually struggling, and hampered by his father's debts as well as his own, young Weber, after already undergoing a term of imprisonment for a supposed insult to the King, all at once found himself involved in an accusation of a far deeper dye. The greater the disasters which fell upon the country during the Napoleonic wars, the more wild was the obstinacy of the King, who favored the cause of the French Emperor, in pursuing his tyrannical measures of military conscription. There can be no doubt that Prince Ludwig was guilty of selling places at court to persons desirous of evading the rigors of these measures as placeholders; but it was against his young secretary that the charge was brought. Carl Maria was arrested, imprisoned, examined, and finally exiled, with his father, from the kingdom of Wurtemberg.

Almost penniless, but with his opera of "Sylvana"—a sort of elaborate *re-chauffé* of his boyish "Dumb Girl of the Forest"—in his portfolio, Weber now began a series of wanderings in search of fortune, which led him to Mannheim, Heidelberg, Darmstadt, where he again sought instruction from the Abbé Vogler, and formed his great friendship with the boy Meyerbeer; Frankfort, where his opera of "Sylvana" was at last performed, with sufficient applause to encourage the rising composer, but where, on a subsequent occasion, the severity with which the edict of the Continental blockade was enforced, drove him, almost penniless, to the verge of despair; Munich, where better fortunes smiled upon him; Prague, Gotha, Weimar, Dresden, and Berlin. In all these wanderings adventure pursued the erratic artist: his residence at the court of the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, whose eccentricities amounted almost to insanity, but who, madman as he was, had a real appreciation of true genius, which led him to foster talent wherever he found it, and treat its possessors not only with favor and regard, but even friendship and affection, was peculiarly fertile in strange events.

But it was in Berlin that the young composer's name and fame began to rise with that steady progress which in a

few years was to lead him to his zenith. His struggles to obtain the representation of his "Sylvana" against the potent opposition of the staunch old-world musicians, who reigned paramount in the Prussian capital, were still harassing and severe: but influential friends flocked around him; and his opera was eventually produced with a considerable degree of success. It was the political circumstances of the time, however, which now insured Weber's popularity throughout Germany. The triumphant feelings newly awakened in Prussia by the victories over Napoleon, on the conclusion of the War of Liberation, aroused the spirit of Weber to compose those famous Songs of Liberty, contained in his "Leier und Schwert," which first shed a general halo around him. In his own nature he was no politician; patriotic enthusiasm was a feeling almost unknown to him. But Weber was easily led away by the influences around him; and thus were those songs composed which caused him to be erroneously ranked among the liberal spirits of the age in popular opinion, and equally erroneously were subsequently reckoned as crimes against him by the conservative Court of Saxony.

Weber's fame was now spreading far and wide; and offers were made to him to assume the position of Capellmeister to the theatre of Prague. Here again his life was saddened by his own ill-directed passions. But here also came the turning-point in it. Through the mist with which an illicit and frantic love had clouded his youth, shone at last one "bright particular star." It was at Prague that he was thrown into more immediate intercourse with the woman to whom his heart was destined to cling with constancy to the last moments of his life—that Caroline Brandt who, after a series of those romantic struggles always supposed to prevent the course of true love from running smooth, eventually became his wife. From this period the interest in Carl Maria von Weber's story changes; and the erratic young German musical Gil Blas becomes the steady combatant in the cause of art.

It was at Dresden that the true position of Weber, as musician, composer, and musical director, was finally estab-

lished ; but there also commenced that incessant struggle in favor of German art which wore out, in great degree, the composer's life. Although Weber obtained, through a combination of circumstances, his appointment as Capellmeister to the German opera newly organized in the Saxon capital, his position was throughout the rest of his days one of perpetual distress of mind. At every turn in his directorship he was met by the increasing coldness of the King, and by the more active hatred of Count Einsiedel, the Prime Minister. He never could be forgiven, whatever his merits and his services, as the author of the songs of the War of Liberation, which celebrated victories gained by those who, in the position of affairs at the time, were the enemies of Saxony ; and though Weber was throughout his career an open enemy to all servility, he was too thorough a German not to entertain an excessive sensitiveness to court favor, and he was little able to contend against the endless mortifications and annoyances which his exceptional position as a court servant, at once esteemed and slighted, was perpetually entailing on him.

Other circumstances combined to add to the distresses of Weber's position as Saxon Capellmeister. He arrived at a time of transition, in which national aspirations for independence were mixed up with longings for the advancement of national art. Italian music had long held the sceptre of supremacy. It had been everywhere introduced and fostered by the various reigning heads in Germany, and had thus come to be regarded as a court institution, the maintenance of which ought to be dear to courtiers and officials — to all who looked upon aristocratic tendencies as emanations of true political faith — to all who accepted the worship of the great ones of the earth as an exclusive religion. The promoters and fosterers of natural German art, consequently, by a strange confusion of ideas, but still as a natural sequence, came to be connected in men's minds with the political innovators, the clamorers for freedom, the enemies of kings and courts, and the revolutionists of the times. National aspirations in the cause of music were looked upon with almost as much suspicion as na-

tional aspirations in the cause of independence. Thus, when German art ventured to lift its head, muster its forces, and enter the lists against its rival in power, to do battle in good earnest, the feud which arose between the dominant Italian party and the growing and ambitious national party was carried on with an acrimony and a virulence almost incomprehensible at the present day. The rival factions fought with an intensity of hatred which sundered families like a civil war. The struggle between the reigning school and its aspiring rival was carried on too near our own doors, during the famous battle of the Gluckites and Piccini-ites in France, not to have left a distinct impression of the virulence and intolerance with which such battles may be fought. But in Paris, fierce as the contest was, it was one of taste, and taste alone. In Germany the hostilities were intensified by the political sentiments attributed to the contending parties. There it was not only one school of art against another ; it was the defenders of king and court who fought against arrogant revolutionists — the promoters of liberal and thoroughly national feelings against exclusive narrowmindedness and the invasion of the foreigner. By this absurd infusion of political principles into matters of art and taste, the virulence of the two factions was naturally strengthened. The battle of the two parties raged incessantly in all the great German cities, towards the end of the last century and the earlier part of the present. As might be expected, it was the German party which more generally succumbed. The Italian party, with but few exceptions, had all the wealth, influence, and aristocratic weight of the country on its side, and looked upon the German as an intrusive, impudent, ignorant, upstart usurper, endeavoring to subvert the lawful pretensions of the rightful sovereign of art. In Berlin alone, from causes arising as early as the reign of Frederick the Great, the victory had been won for German music. Fortunately for its cause, the various rulers of the many States of Germany, however strong their predilections in almost every instance for Italian art, were accustomed by long prescriptive fashion to mix with

the celebrated musicians of the day on such familiar terms, rather as friends of the artists than as patrons of art, that they were in a great degree raised above the prejudices of faction; and their bias, however decided in reality, was never or seldom strongly pronounced. Still, even in the ruling houses of Germany might be found traces of that political coloring which tinted throughout the mass of the country the state of musical cultivation. It was the custom, perhaps the creed and policy of the times, as indeed of all times, for crown princes, hereditary grand dukes, and heirs to thrones in general, to affect liberal and progressive ideas; and with these ideas were sure to be combined a marked preference for national art, and decided efforts for the furtherance of its cause; but with the nobility, the great court officials, and the "high and mighty" of the land in general, it was far otherwise. Except in Austria and Bohemia, where the nobles were generally wealthy, and used the independence which the possession of wealth bestowed in the interest of art, but more especially of musical art, the German nobles, especially in the central States, were poor and needy; and lacked not only the means but the spirit and the desire to raise themselves into any distinguished position as cultivators and promoters of art. From the artistic world they held themselves arrogantly aloof, as though they feared contamination from creatures who had never been properly born, and who in but few instances had acquired the disputed right to be *hof-fähig*, or admissible to court receptions. Even Weber, who had an indisputable right to the title of *Freiherr* or Baron, and who never laid aside the distinctive "von," which should have been a patent of nobility admitting him at all events into the outer temple, was regarded as having forfeited the privileges of his birth by descending into an artistic sphere; the exercise of his genius in a professional form had obviously un-"von"-ned him; had he remained a needy court on-hanger, endowed with pleasant musical talents, he might have been regarded as a worthy member of society. But much as the German nobles, generally speaking (and always excepting the Esterhazys, the Pallfys, the Lichten-

steins, and other Austrian families of high station and wealth), held themselves apart from any communion with the artist world which was seething and stirring beneath them, they were no less animated with all the frenzy of party spirit in battling on the side of Italian art against German. Was not Italian opera the exclusive delectation of aristocratic fashion, a court institution, and, even in the eyes of the dazzled *bürger*, the proper attribute of "genteel" taste? So the German nobles undertook a war to the knife against German art. In their exclusive favoritism they descended even unto the basest intrigues and blackest calumnies to crush the upstart rival; all the petty warfare of faction was stretched to its most unwarrantable limits. As much backstairs influence at the court was employed to injure a German composer or debase German art, as might have been used to subvert an obnoxious minister or crush a political party. Now Weber was thoroughly German in all his musical aspirations, and (artistically speaking) although, as has been before observed, he had no strong political feelings, he was completely national. The struggle he had to undergo in a life's contest to support the cause for which he seemed almost exclusively to live and breathe, was, no doubt, a hard one.

When Weber commenced his artistic career as a boy-composer, German opera had made but little advance towards that supremacy which it was destined to attain, and which he contrived, in a great measure, to secure to it. Mozart, it is true, had long since been the pride and glory of his country. In the eyes of the lad Carl Maria, he was the one great sun, in the rays of which he basked, but the splendors of which he never dared hope to rival. But Mozart was of no especial nationality. He was a genius apart. He was Mozart. "Men were astonished," says M. de Weber in his biography, when on the subject of the state of musical parties of Vienna, "to hear music which was neither German nor Italian, but only music." He could not be ranged under the standard of either of the contending schools. Haydn—"Father Haydn," as Carl Von Weber always called the great composer with filial reverence—was not a luminary of

the operatic stage. The Abbé Vogler was cosmopolitan, if he was anything at all, in his style and tendencies, and of no real influence whatever in the cause of German art exclusively. At all events he can never be regarded as a successful champion in the arena of German opera. Even the mighty genius of Beethoven had not won any victory in the cause. Great as was his influence, undisputed as was his overwhelming supremacy in the concert room, he marked no step on the operatic stage. His "Fidelio" fell flat upon the ears of the Viennese; and when it was remodelled, and once more remodelled, never made any advance at the period of the struggle of German opera: Thus, when Carl Maria entered the lists as a composer for the German stage, the whole fight was still to be fought out.

As the champion for the cause of German art against its Italian rival, Weber was consistent throughout his whole career, from the first aspirations of boyhood to his last breath. Unlike Meyerbeer, who, for a considerable period of time, was perpetually feeling his ground, and trying his wings in flights to foreign climes, Weber clung from the first to an uncompromising nationality. He may in trifles have endeavored to please the patron of the hour, whose tastes were thoroughly Italian, and, in moments of leisure, amused himself with the composition of Italian canzonets; yet even in these fugitive pieces there was always an unmistakable German coloring. But in the invariable tendency of his musical aspirations he was national to the heart's core. In his musical creed he never wavered, and he fought the battle of his faith not only with zeal and courage, but with a partisanship not devoid of acrimony. In fact, there was frequently an honest exaggeration in the feelings which he displayed during the whole conflict of his life against the Italian invader. His grief at the temporary apostasy of Meyerbeer to the Italian side—an apostasy which unfortunately he did not live to see renounced—was so violent as more than once to lay him upon a bed of sickness. He had loved young Meyerbeer as a friend and fellow-pupil of the Abbé Vogler, although some years younger than himself; he was proud of him as a German artist; he had looked

upon him, as he himself expressed it, as a great pillar in that temple of German art which it was the main object of his life to see established in glory. Weber's exaggerated sensitiveness to the dereliction of his cherished "brother in art" found vent in a violence of despair on the production of any new Italian opera by young Meyerbeer which might have excited ridicule had it not been so genuine and heartfelt. As it was, it involved him in a series of distresses, arising from the acrimonious attacks of the hostile party, which made sad inroads on his health as well as his peace of mind. Fortunately, Weber was better judged by the parents of Meyerbeer, who knew the honesty of his affectionate but overzealous heart, and who, up to the last hour of their lives, treated him rather as another beloved son than as a simple friend. Towards the French school Weber evidently never entertained the same hostile feelings. He studied and put upon the stage the compositions of the earlier French composers with complacency; Méhul he always declared to be imbued with a thoroughly German spirit; and he even went so far as to assert that the "Dame Blanche" of Boieldieu was second only, as a comic opera, to the "Nozze di Figaro" of his great idol Mozart. But his enmity to the Italian school was uncompromising. Rossini, the musical demigod of his times, was a perpetual thorn in his side. Those who read the great German composer's life with attention, and learn to know the genuine soundness of his honest heart in all the dealings and failings of his life, will acquit him of all charge of envy or jealousy towards his most successful rival. Of prejudice he may perhaps be accused, but certainly not of all the meaner and more petty feelings of a vanquished man. Yet of Rossini's Italian "crinkum - crankums" Weber always spoke with undisguised contempt; and, when obliged to testify his unbounded admiration of two such artists as Lablache and Fodor in the "Semiramide," or the "Cenerentola" at Vienna, he left his box with rage in his heart that so much talent should be bestowed on music which he considered so weak and worthless; but he never envied his rival's triumph, and afterwards met Rossini in Paris upon pleasant and courteous terms.

With other Italian composers too much personal antagonism was mingled to enable a wholly unbiassed mind to judge of the aversion of the German composer to their style with equal confidence in the genuineness of his opinion.

Morlacchi, only known in these days by his best opera, "Tebaldo ed Isolina," although a favorite and favored composer of the time, was Capellmeister of the Italian opera at Dresden when Weber was summoned there. From the underhand intrigues of the rival Capellmeister, a thorough-paced Italian in the arts of secret diplomacy, Weber had to suffer bitterly during the whole period of his career in Dresden, and up to the last hour of his life. The battle of the rival operas, the struggles of the German composer against the alternations of backstairs court manœuvres and open hostility against him on the part of Morlacchi, form a great portion of the history of M. de Weber's second volume, and may be read with interest, as giving new insight not only into the state of musical parties at the time, but also into the social manners of the period at a small and narrowminded German court.

But slighted and harassed as Weber may have been in the country of his adoption, a popularity which had never been surpassed by any other German composer was gathering around him in other parts of Germany. In the summer of 1821 it was to reach its culminating point. Since the production of his boyhood's operas, his "Sylvana" and finally his "Abu Hassan," a gem of comic sprightliness, which was one of the emanations of his period of reckless extravagance at Stuttgart, ten years or more had passed; and Weber had not been able to gain possession of any opera text which could satisfy his longings. His dramatic instincts always sought their fittest occupation in romance, even bordering on exaggeration. In more modern times, his tendencies would have been stamped as thoroughly "sensational." After this long delay of years, a drama was at last laid before him which was thoroughly congenial to his fanciful nature. Defective as the treatment of "Der Freischütz" may be in many respects, it fully satisfied all Weber's romantic aspirations. Into "Der Freischütz" he poured all the essence

of his fancy. Of all his operas it contained the truest effusion of his own individuality; and it thus came into more direct sympathy with his public than any other of his subsequent compositions. "Strange to say, the idea of the wild legend had seized upon Weber's fancy ten years previously, but had been laid aside and forgotten. When the subject was again suggested to him by Friedrich Kind, it flashed before him like the familiar face of a dear friend; and Weber, with all his misgivings, never from the first moment doubted of the success of his "Der Freischütz."

From cold and repelling Dresden, Weber was summoned to give his great work at the far more appreciative capital of Prussia. There his great friend and patron Count Brühl had prepared the way for its acceptance. But, advanced as was the cause of national art in Berlin, compared with other German cities, the young German composer had still to contend against difficulties and obstacles in the production of his "Der Freischütz," which at one time appeared insurmountable. Spontini held the sole sceptre of musical supremacy in the Prussian capital, and was about, at the same juncture, to produce his gorgeous opera of "Olympia." It was difficult enough to fight the battle of German art against the influence of the Italian, solely on the score of nationality; harder still when the cold, hard, envious Spontini openly declared his hatred and hostility to the young man who sought to enter into the lists with him as a rival, threw every hindrance in his way, and heaped upon his head every possible mark of his contempt. In the excited state of angry partisanship on either side, the representation of "Der Freischütz" was regarded by the German party as a battle for life or death. The German opera was thrust aside by the court supporters of the Italian, until "Olympia" had marched in triumph over the Berlin stage; but, spite of court influence, lavish expense, and a magnificence of appointment unknown at the period, "Olympia" proved a failure; and the German party again raised its head with hope.

Perhaps never was an opera given to the world under circumstances of such wild excitement as was "Der Frei-

schutz." "The moment of trial was come," writes Weber's biographer :

"Four hours before the opening of the Schauspielhaus, crowds were beleaguering every entrance. To the excellent arrangements of the police it may be thanked that, when the doors were opened, clothes alone were torn, and only a few smart bruises given in the fearful rush. The pit was immediately filled to suffocation by a compact mass of students, young men of science, artists, officials, and men who, eight years before, had borne arms against the invader—the youthful intelligence, the patriotic fire, the enlightened opposition to the foreigner. Under Caroline's box stood Benedict, the long slim figure of Heinrich Heine, sarcastically punning upon the poetry of Kind ("a child," in German), and a little broadchested student with mighty lungs and spanking hands. Stalls and boxes were filled by members of the high society of Berlin, and the literary, musical, and scientific authorities of the day. The government officials were few: and scarcely a uniform was visible. Little by little the orchestra filled—the musicians began to tune their instruments—the hoarse murmur of the packed crowd, sweltering in the overheated house, grew louder and louder. All at once came applause from the orchestra. Weber had entered it. And now the whole house, with its thousand upon thousand hands, took up the sound, and thundered forth its echo. Three times was Weber obliged to let fall his baton and to bow, before he could give the signal to begin. In the midst of the storm came suddenly a solemn silence. The magic musical pictures of the overture were now spread forth in all their fulness. The impression was unmistakable. When, at last, the triumphant finale had blazed forth in all its glory, such a tempest of applause broke forth, such a universal shout *da capo*, that the entire overture had to be repeated, with still greater enthusiasm if possible. The first scene, admirably grouped, and represented with life and animation, produced a great effect; but Kilian's air and the laughing chorus, although sung with great intelligence, seemed, from a want of appreciation of its musical audacity, to miss fire. Not so the passage in the following trio, 'O, lass Hoffnung dich beleben,' which went immediately to the hearts of all, and drew down another storm of applause. The original melodious waltz had gone by. The stage grew dark: and the excitement created by the scena of Max, 'Nein, länger trag' ich nicht die Qualen,' was so intense that, in spite of Stümer's artistic yet simple delivery, the beautiful 'arioso,' 'Durch Die Wälder, durch die Auen,' went by without its tribute. On the appearance of Zamiel, a shudder ran through the agitated house.

After the gleam of light in 'Jetzt ist wohl ihr Fenster offen,' came again the same impression on the reappearance of the demon; and the conclusion of the air was crowned with tumultuous applause. Caspar's drinking-song, conceived so differently from all the well-established forms, was evidently not understood. The curtain fell upon an anticlimax: the applause was scanty. And now animated and even tumultuous discussions arose on every side. The Spontini-ites rubbed their hands, and said with scorn, 'Is this the music which is to throw the Vestale, Cortez, and Olympia into the shade? A mere melodrama! What monotony, too! A whole act without a female voice.' A storm of angry murmur filled the house. During the tumult once more appeared the maestro. The curtain rose. A salvo of applause greeted the pleasant forms of the two favorite singers as Agathe and Aennchen. They appeared to the eager youth of the day like forms of brightness and light after the dark scenes which had gone by. The opening duet, so magical in effect, and so new in form and treatment, and still more the air of Aennchen, 'Kommt ein schlanker Bursch gegangen,' told admirably on the house. But the brightest gem of the first representation was unquestionably the great scena of Frau Seidler, 'Wie nahte mir der Schlummer.' At this point the opposition surrendered its arms. Surprised, carried away, wholly overcome, Weber's bitterest adversaries succumbed to the general and irresistible torrent of applause. Stalls, boxes, pit, and gallery, felt the summer air floating around them, prayed 'leise, leise,' with Agathe, listened to the rustling of the trees, felt the approach of the expected lover, and with the maiden's joy burst forth into one great sympathetic jubilee in honor of the creator of the magic strains. It was long before the shouting could be stilled. From this moment the fate of the opera was decided. The following trio found the liveliest appreciation. The scene of the Wolf's Glen, with its wondrous instrumental effects, never before attempted, and so true to the composer's own peculiar genius, its supernatural accessories, and its romantic scenery, brought the second act triumphantly to a close. 'He's a devil of a fellow—that little Weber!' cried the lusty student beneath Caroline's box, as he blew upon his burning and blistered hands; 'but it is deuced hard work to do him justice.' If the storm of voices growled heavily at the end of the first act, it was perfectly overpowering now. But how different was the nature of the tempest! The Italian party was struck dumb. Expressions of admiration and ravished delight were to be heard on every side. And where was the maestro? Sitting in a dark corner in his wife's box, holding her trembling hands, and kissing away her tears of joy. After the

entr'acte, given with life and energy by the orchestra, Agathe's prayer, and Aennchen's air, half tender and half bantering, were admirably received. The Bridesmaids' song, with chorus, so popular in the best sense of the word, so thoroughly German in its spirit, was stormily encored, although sung with trembling voice by its nervous executant. The Huntsman's chorus, although greatly applauded, did not, strange to say, win its way fully with the public until about the eighth or tenth representation. Its melody was among the few in the 'Der Freischutz' that were not sung at once at every street corner. The finale, although its rather too greatly prolonged form produced a comparative tendency to coolness in the audience, brought the opera gloriously to its close. The curtain fell: but no soul left the house. Thunders of applause and thousands of voices summoned the composer before his enraptured audience. At last he appeared, leading Madame Seidler and Fräulein Eunicke by the hand. Amid the deafening shouting, flowers and verses were flung from all directions. The success of 'Der Freischutz' had been immense—unparalleled! Critics, artists, and dilettanti appeared intoxicated; and all with one accord—for that night at least—had no words but of delight, and joy, and praise." (Vol. ii., pp. 219-23.)

"Der Freischutz" had achieved a success unprecedented in the annals of German art upon the stage; and the "Der Freischutz mania," which rapidly spread over all Europe, became one of the historical events of the early part of the present century. Spontini was now Weber's bitter enemy for life; and, in subsequent years, the most active measures were employed by the influential and acrimonious Italian to prevent the performance of "Euryanthe" in Berlin. The long and angry correspondence between the two composers on this subject, followed, as it was, by the personal interference of the King of Prussia and his Prime Minister, the indiscreet exertions of Count Brühl, Weber's friend, and the great excitement of the public, comprise another interesting and characteristic episode in the troublous life of Carl Maria von Weber, all the more sadly and painfully interesting, since the blows bestowed in this last struggle were fatal blows to the artist's heart, and, in his failing state of health, materially contributed to hasten his death.

Weber, by his "Freischutz" alone, reached at once the highest pinnacle of popularity. Offers poured in on him

from many of the great operatic stages of Europe. The first which he accepted was that to write a new "grand romantic opera," for Vienna. "Weber," says his son, "in undertaking this fresh composition, which was to shame those who doubted of his sound musical science, and at the same time not be inferior to 'Der Freischutz' in practical effect, was naturally anxious to bring all his dramatic as well as musical forces into the field, and win his victory by their combined power. Not only was the new opera to be his musical masterpiece, but to give evidence, at the same time, of his poetical spirit, his scenic tact, his stage experience, and his pictorial taste." But unfortunately Weber's "evil star," in which, with that tendency to superstition that pervaded, more or less, his whole life, he was a firm believer, and to which his letters, his conversations, and his diaries bear constant and earnest reference, seems to have presided over the production of "Euryanthe." An unfortunate combination of circumstances led to its composition. A quarrel with his previous author, Kind, and a fortuitous meeting with Frau von Chezy, decided Weber's choice of his new text. The subject was an impracticable one from the first; and never was a more uncongenial combination than that of the sensitive and imaginative composer with the coarse, vain, insolent, bombastic, half-mad old coquette, who called herself a "poetess." The character of this absurd individual, as sketched in M. de Weber's book, and illustrated by amusing anecdote, was sufficient in itself to have stamped "Euryanthe" as a subject which could never fulfil all Weber's poetical and romantic aspirations. But the composer seems to have loved his opera as a mother loves best the ugly, ill-conditioned, wayward child, whose birth has cost her the severest throes, and whose bringing-up has occasioned the greatest sorrow and trouble. Weber himself always considered that the treasures of science which he lavished upon this work ought to have secured for it the greatest of all his triumphs; so much so that, in after years, he conceived a horror of his earlier great opera, which amounted almost to insanity, as the rival of the more cherished "Euryanthe." From the first, it is

true, he felt, as he himself expressed it, that "that young rascal 'Der Freischutz' had shot his poor sister dead;" but he no less hated the murderer of his favorite with a bitter hatred, until the very name of "Der Freischutz" would throw him into spasms of rage and indignation. But whatever Weber's estimate of his second great opera—an estimate, it must be owned, since shared by Weber's compatriots, although not awarded at the time—the subject was never so completely in accordance with the spirit and genius of the composer as the national devilry of the Black Huntsman. "Euryanthe" obtained no more than what is termed by the French a *succès d'estime* from the Viennese. Weber was unwilling to recognize his comparative defeat. But he acknowledged it at last; and the conviction went far to break a heart already worn by perpetual struggles.

Weber was already sinking rapidly into a premature grave, when Charles Kemble, then lessee of Covent Garden Theatre, made the celebrated German composer an offer to compose, expressly for that establishment, another great operatic work. Similar offers arrived, at the same time, from the French Grand Opera. But Weber allowed himself to be swayed by his lifelong partiality for England and the English character, and accepted Mr. Kemble's proposal. After some discussion as to the subject of this new work, the book of "Oberon" was placed in Weber's hands. The subject of the poem was doubtless more sympathetic in its nature, to a mind which revelled in the marvellous and supernatural, than that of the dry, stilted, and hyper-romantic "Euryanthe." But the text, at the same time, was ill calculated to rekindle that vivid inspiration which glows in every scene of "Der Freischutz." Despite its rich supply of Oriental fancy, fairy revelries, and supernatural effects, "Oberon" was as practically undramatic in its nature as any epic poem put into action must necessarily be. Never was that singular faculty of self-absorption, to the exclusion not only of the outward world but of the feelings of the inner man, more strongly evidenced throughout his life, than in the composition of this his last great work. Many of his liveliest strains had been conceived in

the midst of wearing distresses and annoyances; some of his most powerful dramatic ideas worked out when he was wearied with petty cares; but the greater portion of his melody-teeming "Oberon" was written when the weary composer was utterly prostrated by pain and suffering, and when death was gnawing at his heart. Weber arrived in London in the month of February, 1826, to reap some of the greatest triumphs and endure some of the most bitter mortifications of his life, and then to die. Most of the English readers of his biography will probably find their interest most excited by the latter portion of Weber's stirring and troubled career, by the descriptions of the musical and social condition of London when he visited the capital, and, more than all, by the feeling, always present, of the coming catastrophe, and the touching account of the artist's death.

The accidental swallowing of some aqua-fortis, from the effects of which Weber nearly died when a youth, at Breslau, may have been the original cause of that disease of the throat from which he suffered through life; early excesses, it is to be feared, did much to undermine a constitution naturally delicate; but to the excessive and wearing susceptibility, which was the bane of the great composer's latter years, must be greatly attributed his premature decay. In his weak state of body and mind, cause and effect were constantly acting and reacting on each other. The perpetual gnawing and fretting of an over-sensitive disposition were ever inducing those attacks of sickness and utter prostration, which, at every recurrence, left the mind less capable of struggling boldly against the evil influences which preyed upon it. No doubt Weber had cause sufficient for this constant irritation. As the servant of the Saxon court, and eagerly desirous of pleasing his superiors by his zeal and the exercise of his talent, he naturally felt most bitterly the repelling coldness of the King his master, the want of acknowledgment of his services in the cause which he was engaged to support, and the frequent mortifications and slights heaped upon him by a Minister who hated his independence of spirit. The perpetual struggle against the hostile intrigues

and undisguised enmity of Morlacchi and Spontini, themselves irritated, it must be said, by the constant and openly expressed hostility of the German composer to the school of art they practiced, preyed heavily upon his sensitive disposition. No less wearing to his mind was the failure of all his efforts to propitiate the good esteem of men whom he revered deeply in his heart of hearts. From Goethe, whom he worshipped as a poet, he could never elicit any expression but that of contempt; Spohr, he was aware, treated him only as a somewhat clever amateur, and ascribed his popularity to his faculty for writing so as to please the masses, or, in other words, to his vulgarity of style; from Zelter, Bernhard Anselm Weber, and almost all of the elder musicians, he received only marks of aversion and superciliousness. Yet there was much thrown into the other scale, which might have been an ample compensation for all these mortifications to a man of a less morbid nature. Weber was surrounded by a host of friends, who respected, revered, adored him. By the public of the greater portion of Germany, and more especially in the Prussian capital, he was worshipped. Demonstrations of an idolatry, such as no other musician had received so triumphantly, met him at every turn. Nor did the favor of the great ones of the earth fail him, although he experienced only hatred and tyranny, from the King of Wurtemberg, and marked coldness and indifference from the sovereign of the country which he had adopted as his own. One of his most devoted admirers and friends was that strange, genial, highly gifted, but eccentric man, the Duke of Saxe-Gotha already mentioned. From the first moment of his acquaintance with Weber he was profuse in his tokens of esteem and love. Louis of Bavaria, then Crown Prince, another eccentric but well-intentioned man, was likewise the staunch friend, admirer, and patron of the German composer; the Crown Prince of Prussia was lavish in his demonstrations of respect. For the disparagement, the contempt, the envies and jealousies of other musicians, German as well as Italian, Weber had again an ample compensation in the good opinion of the composer he so greatly revered himself,

Ludwig von Beethoven. This great genius, usually so morose and chary of his praise, although he avowed himself incapable of understanding all Weber's tendencies, loudly expressed his admiration of "Der Freischutz," and wrote of Weber as his "dear friend." A meeting took place between the two great men after many years of mutual regard; and this remarkable interview forms one of the most interesting passages in M. de Weber's second volume:

"Weber knew then that he had earned Beethoven's respect before his visit. But he felt strangely moved when he entered the great man's poor desolate-looking room. All lay in the wildest disorder—music, money, clothing, on the floor—linen from the wash upon the dirty bed—broken coffee-cups upon the table. The open pianoforte was covered thickly with dust. Beethoven entered to greet his visitors. Benedict has thus described him: 'Just so must have looked Lear, or one of Ossian's bards. His thick gray hair was flung upward, and disclosed the sanctuary of his lofty vaulted forehead. His nose was square, like that of a lion; his chin broad, with those remarkable folds which all his portraits show; his jaws formed as if purposely to crack the hardest nuts; his mouth noble and soft. Over the broad face, seamed with scars from the smallpox, was spread a dark redness. From under the thick, closely compressed eyebrows gleamed a pair of small flashing eyes. The square broad form of a Cyclops was wrapped in a shabby dressing-gown much torn about the sleeves.' Beethoven recognized Weber without a word, embraced him energetically, shouting out—'There you are, my boy; you are a devil of a fellow! God bless you!' handed him at once his famous tablets, then pushed a heap of music from the old sofa, threw himself upon it, and, during a flow of conversation, commenced dressing himself to go out. Beethoven began with a string of complaints about his own position; about the theatres, the public, the Italians, the taste of the day, and, more especially, about his own ungrateful nephew. Weber, who was nervous and agitated, counselled him to tear himself from Vienna, undertake a journey through Germany, to convince himself of the world's judgment of him, and more especially to go to England, where his works were more revered than in any other country. 'Too late! too late!' cried Beethoven, making the pantomime of playing on the piano, and shaking his head sadly. Then he seized on Weber's arm, and dragged him away to the Sauerhof, where he was wont to dine. 'Here,' wrote Weber afterwards, 'we dined together in the happiest mood. The rough repulsive man paid me as much

attention as if I were a lady to whom he was making court, and served me at table with the most delicate care. How proud I felt to receive all this kindness and affectionate regard from the great master spirit! The day will remain forever impressed on my mind, as well as on that of all who were present. At table Beethoven turned the conversation to the subject of 'Euryanthe,' which Weber strove to avoid. 'How is the book?' he asked. Weber hastened to reply, 'Full of good situations.' But Beethoven had caught sight of Haslinger's shake of the head, and burst out laughing: 'Ah! the old story!' he shouted; 'these German authors never know how to concoct a good opera book.' 'But how about "Fidelio"?' rejoined Weber. 'Oh! that was derived from the French,' said Beethoven; 'and was translated into German out of the Italian.' And so the two great composers communed together. And the others sat by, and saw these two heads so closely bent together—from the one of which had sprung 'Eroica,' the 'C minor Symphony,' and the 'Fidelio'—from the other the 'Freischütz,' 'Leier und Schwert,' and 'Preciosa'—and thought how many treasures of the beautiful might still be there, and compared Weber's long, narrow, scantily-covered head, and refined spiritual, tender face, with the mighty lion-like facial mass of Beethoven, over which rose a very forest of hair, and reflected how the widely-contrasting genius of the two was so wondrously mirrored in each man, although both glowed with the same artistic fire, and both had the halo of immortality upon their brows. But the time came for departure. Again and again Beethoven embraced Weber, as though he could not part with him. It was long before he would relinquish Weber's long thin delicate hand from the grasp of his bulky fist. 'Success to your new opera! If I can I will come on your first night,' he cried; and so they parted. Weber returned to Vienna deeply moved." (Vol. ii., pp. 323-6.)

Unfortunately, envious mischief-makers and tattlers succeeded in sundering Beethoven and Weber; but no evil tongues could destroy the admiration each felt for the genius of the other. With Meyerbeer, although the cold and undemonstrative nature of the Northern German contrasted strongly with the warm-hearted fervor of his brother composer, Weber maintained a steady friendship, unimpaired by the severance of long years. With Mendelssohn, then only a lively boy, Weber had but little intercourse; but he knew and loved the lad, who in return seems to have looked up to one of the greatest composers of the time with respect and admiration.

An interesting anecdote of the gifted youth is given in M. de Weber's work. Weber was at Berlin; and the first representation of "Der Freischütz" was drawing nigh:

"One day, after rehearsal, Weber was strolling with Benedict 'Unter den Linden,' when a bright, charming boy, of about twelve years of age, sprang to greet them, with sparkling eyes and fluttering locks. 'Felix Mendelssohn!' exclaimed Weber, pressing his hand warmly. The boy strolled on with them; and, when they parted, carried off Benedict to his home, and presented him to his mother, with the words: 'Mother, here is Benedict, Weber's pupil; he can play us something out of the new opera.' And so Benedict had to sit down to the piano, and sketch out all his memory would permit him of 'Der Freischütz.' A few days afterwards the boy played him, in return, all he had heard, and explained all the instrumental effects, with almost unflinching correctness, as if he had invented them himself." (Vol. ii., pp. 218, 219.)

Weber's highly sensitive nature, painful as it became in many of his social relations, exercised a powerful influence on his genius. Although, on the one hand, he preëminently possessed the faculty of shutting out the impressions of the world without when engaged in operatic composition, and creating for himself an inner world of his own—an imaginary stage, in fact, animated by imaginary characters, who moved in obedience to his fancy, imaginary scenery, an imaginary orchestra, every strain of which he heard, and an imaginary public, to whose judgment he endeavored impartially to listen—yet, on the other, there was perhaps never a composer so impressionable to the events passing around him, to the social conditions of his times, and even to animate or inanimate external objects, or who so completely absorbed their influence into his artistic nature. Thus, the political events of the day exercised a reactionary influence on his art by inspiring him with a horror for the invaders of his country, and by animating his genius, during all the triumphant stir of the festivities at Berlin consequent on the War of Liberation, to those songs of freedom, as they were called, which stirred all German hearts, and reflected back the spirit of patriotism that for the time became the very essence of the composer's genius, al-

though it never influenced the ordinary actions of his life. Thus, too, the ideas of progress which had been stirred up by the French Revolution, the rejection of old worn-out forms by renovated minds, the desire of emancipation from pedantic oppression, all the fermentation of a new world reacted powerfully upon the cultivation of the artist's genius, and the attempts at social change around him were constantly conveying impressions which when embodied in musical forms, in turn exercised their own influence on the state of society at the time. Then, again, his inspirations were constantly derived, after a singular, and, to laymen, a wholly incomprehensible fashion, from the outward objects around him. Of this latter strange source of musical inspiration, M. de Weber, the son, gives an interesting account :

"He may be said to have been always composing. The world appeared to him a world of tones. Color, form, space, time were transformed, by a mysterious process of his inward man, into sounds. Out of the strangest and most unharmonious noises his ear sucked in the most original and striking effects. Strange to say, lines and forms seem to have called forth melodies within him, as sounds gave rise to harmonies. His musical ideas, he was wont to say, came thickest upon him when the sight of outward objects was accompanied by the rolling of carriage wheels. Landscapes were symphonies to his ears; and melodies sprang up from every rise or fall of the road, from every trembling brook, from every waving field of corn; while the sound of the wheels supplied the richest harmonies. Thus, certain drives or walks were involuntarily mixed up in his mind with such or such musical ideas. Whenever any spot recurred to his memory, it was combined with the recollection of the melody it had inspired. But, happy as might be the ideas thus elicited by outward objects, Weber was slow to write them down. Experience had taught him that such musical inspirations might, like poetical improvisations, strike upon the ear with brilliant and startling effect, yet fall upon the paper dead and cold like shooting stars. Weber, however, was no lavish spendthrift of his ideas. Portions of these fleeting musical apparitions, to which he assigned no greater value, and which he considered unworthy of being stored up, he would reproduce in his inimitable improvisations on the piano; and, as he played, he would unroll before his mind's eye the landscape panorama whence the musical thoughts had sprung.

"But it must not be supposed, at the same

time, that the nature of the outward objects always elicited analogous feelings. Sublime mountain scenery, by some strange chain of thought, or perhaps contrasting feeling, might give birth to a droll capriccio—a joyous sunrise to a melancholy adagio—a grotesque object to a grave motive. After this fashion, the 'Laughing Chorus' of the first act of 'Der Freischütz' owed its origin to the impression made on the composer by the intolerably false intoning of the responses of a litany by some old women, during a sleepy afternoon service in the Pillnitz chapel. The music of the Wolf's Glen was conceived one morning as he drove to Pillnitz in a heavy fog, the changeful masses of which swept in multitudinous forms around his carriage. The magnificent march in 'Oberon,' it may here be related, also owed its existence to a still more singular apparition. Weber was accustomed, when performances took place at the 'Linkesches Bad,' to walk out after dinner and take his coffee there in the garden by the Elbe. One day a heavy rain had come on during the walk, to the capellmeister's infinite disgust. He was unusually silent and morose. When he reached the garden, all the guests had been driven away by the rain, and the waiters had heaped the chairs and tables one upon another, with their legs sprawling in the air. The capellmeister stood for a time, with his hands folded behind him, gazing at the grotesque grouping of these distracted looking objects. All on a sudden he called to young Roth, the clarionet player, who had been the companion of his walk. 'Look there!' he said; 'does not that look exactly like a great triumphal march? Donnerwetter! What chords there are for the trumpets! I can use that! I can use that!' He had just then been asked to compose a march for Gehe's tragedy of 'Henry the Fourth.' Immediately on reaching home, after the theatre, Weber wrote down his singular inspiration, at first only for brass instruments. It was afterwards turned to account, and arranged for the orchestra in 'Oberon.'" (Vol. ii., pp. 81-4.)

But, in spite of all these contradictory workings of the world without and the world within, in Weber's musical creations, there was a harmony in his productions, a thorough and intimate individuality, which never can be mistaken. He was himself in all he produced; and in this respect, Weber the boy may be found to have been throughout the father of Weber the man. But there was one of the characteristics of his nature, not derived from without, the influence of which was far more powerful than all: this was his spirit of order, which, conspicuous in the management of his affairs in daily life, was more conspicuous

still in the direction of his genius. Its assistance in the exercise of his greatest faculties, its use in maturing his powers, were constantly apparent. It was this innate quality, probably, which led, by constant application, to his possession of a singular faculty, not known to be enjoyed, to so great a degree, at all events, by any other composer. All Weber's compositions, in his maturer years, were carried in his brain. Not only were ideas conceived, and melodies inspired to be treasured up by an almost marvellous power of memory in his mind, but harmonies were wrought out, and all instrumental effects, even to the most delicate shadings of accompaniment, were arranged on imaginary scores of mental music paper, so as to be written down, when fully complete, with a perfection which required no subsequent alteration, and in a neat hand which rivalled the most exquisite copper plate.

Among the many instances of Weber's wonderful faculty of memory his son has recorded a remarkable incident which occurred when he was exercising his functions as Capellmeister in the Dresden theatre.

"One night the 'Zauberflöte' was to be given. The performance was about to begin, when it was found that, by some mistake, the conductor's score was not upon his desk. The musicians were all in a state of terror. The court might enter at any moment; and it was well known that, in the eyes of the punctual Friedrich August, it would have been an unpardonable transgression, had not the opera commenced at the very moment. This terror reached the public. Caroline saw the empty desk, and trembled in her seat. Weber entered the orchestra, was made aware of the terrible disaster, but smiled on the band to the surprise of all, and quietly dispatched a messenger for the missing score. The court entered—the desk was still empty — Weber gave a glance at his pale frightened wife to reassure her, raised his baton, and conducted the whole first act of the opera — with his usual fire and without a fault — out of his head; amusing himself, at the same time, by pretending to turn over the pages of the score in pantomimic action, at the due places. Mozart's opera had grown to be a portion of his own flesh and blood. The fact was known; and from many members of the royal family Weber received the most flattering acknowledgments of this wonderful proof of his heart's memory." (Vol. ii. pp. 194, 195.)

For his geniality and joyousness of

disposition Weber was eminently conspicuous during the greater part of his life; he was even celebrated for the incessant flashes of wit and humor which sparkled in his conversation; and, although sadly changed in temper when his fatal illness was perpetually tormenting his body, and rendering his mind, naturally prone to exaggerated susceptibilities, more assailable by the annoyances and mortifications continually heaped upon him, his kindheartedness, affectionate disposition, and placability, when one kind word was addressed him by an enemy, remained with him to the last. In earlier years, and even at intervals to the hour of his death, he was as childlike in manner and fancy as was Mozart—as even Handel was at times in spite of his irritable and passionate temper — as Beethoven could be when the dark cloud was swept away by some unusual genial current of thought — as Mendelssohn always was. Latterly a love of gain, the utter absence of which had been so remarkable in the youth and the man when struggling against penury and precarious fortune, became a strong feature in his character. For this last weakness the great artist is touchingly excused by his son. This abnormal state of mind, urges M. de Weber, was only superinduced by the strong and natural desire of the husband and father to provide as bountifully as possible for his family, when he felt that the hand of death was surely on him.

M. de Weber ascribes the indifference and the slights which so frequently fell to the artist's share in the world to his father's mean and insignificant appearance; it is a point which he presses frequently on his reader, more especially when writing of the want of all regard to him on the part of the English aristocracy. No doubt there was nothing imposing in the small, narrow-shouldered, thin, spare frame, with a limping gait occasioned by some early injury. The composer himself was accustomed to turn his own appearance into ridicule when he put on the hideous uniform of Saxon court etiquette, and to declare that he was fit only for a wax-figure show. But he certainly must have derived some great charm of manner and expression from nature. He was evidently regarded in early life with more

than complacency by the softer sex. He had a fine expressive head, although too large and too long to be in proportion with his slight stature, and somewhat encumbered by too marked and powerful a nose; his eyes were full of deep meaning, by turns benevolent, animated and flashing, even through the disfigurement of his spectacles; his smile had the power of winning all hearts. When he appeared in England, it is true, long and wearing illness had bowed his form and crushed his genial spirit. But it is to his morbid susceptibility, mixed with a certain degree of shyness and reserve, rather than to his frail uncomely form, that his want of success in society must be attributed. A man of greater vigor of character and intellect would have found in the inconceivable popularity which some of his works enjoyed at the time among all classes of the people of England, an ample compensation for the imaginary slights which may have afflicted him in May-Fair.

With such elements of romance as those which the life of Carl Maria von Weber affords, it has been impossible for his biographer, in spite of all his efforts not to be "zu novellistisch," to prevent the interest of his book from being in a great measure that produced by a work of fiction, and we are indebted to Mr. Palgrave Simpson for an English translation and reconstruction of these volumes, which are in more respects than one an improvement on the original.

Cornhill Magazine.

NOTES ON THE CATTLE PLAGUE.

INTELLIGENT foreigners have observed of us as a nation that though we fail to carry out our precautionary and remedial measures with that admirable and timely precision which is so easy to a despotic government, we attempt a greater number of things, and that if we accomplish them less perfectly, we do, in a fashion, educate ourselves in the process. When our education is complete, we shall, of course, undertake more feats, and perform them better, than any other people. Meanwhile, it may not be amiss to consider how we have dealt with the Cattle Plague which

now devastates our land; and though we have not any cure to propose which is the result of our actual experience, it may yet be that by a careful summary of all the views which have been unfolded, and all the propositions that have been ventilated, by pushing them to their logical conclusions, and making that which all sermon-writers know as the "third head, or practical application," something definite and useful may be evolved, if not for the animals, at least for ourselves. Of remedies so called there have been scores announced and sold; but of those absolutely efficacious, so far as is known, not one. Inoculation—the only thing which, short of death, was recommended by old Australian cattlemen—has been very little tried here, probably because those who advised it admitted that "it caused the tail to swell enormously;" and as we all made up our minds, in the first instance, that every beast attacked must die, we were desirous not needlessly to disfigure him, lest inspectors might challenge the carcase, and people refuse to buy and eat of it. The few large owners of the high-bred short horns (almost priceless in value) divided their herds into small lots, which were domiciled in different sheds far from the high roads. Each lot had its separate herdsman, whose duty it was to attend exclusively to his own animals, and on no account to approach the others, or to go beyond the boundaries of the farm, or to hold intercourse with other herdsmen, cattle-dealers, or drovers. Any stock sold, as sheep, pigs, etc., were invariably driven into the public road before changing hands; and no animals of any kind were bought or allowed to be domiciled in the farm, whether from infected districts or not. So far these expedients seem to have answered perfectly well. The small farmers and cowkeepers daubed the noses of their beasts with tar, and hung around their necks little bags of camphor or strings of onions, which it is to be supposed would act more as a species of charm than according to any rational theory. In a general way, these men attempted little more; and having done this, they awaited the result, some with confidence, some with fear. As might have been anticipated, they were heavy sufferers.

When the disease once commenced it quickly emptied the sheds and fields, and a week was often sufficient to turn a prosperous cowkeeper into a ruined man. When the cows were visibly affected some gave them salt, others chalybeate waters and quinine; some administered opium and castor-oil, others turpentine and gin; some sulphur and whiskey, others mineral acids and creosote; some rubbed them and gave them ginger, others fomented them and gave them globules; some kept them warm, some kept them cold; but all was wildness, terror, and confusion, or blind confidence and final dismay. Nothing seems to have been done on any recognized principle of medical practice. Miss Burdett Coutts loved her flock not wisely, but too well; for so much whiskey was administered that several died, not of the disease, but of *delirium tremens*. Teetotal papers have not yet thought fit to improve that occasion; and we make the Alliance company a present of the suggestion, and invite them to supply the omission. The action of the Executive seems to have been, in the first instance, confined to three measures. The Privy Council was summoned to deliberate, a Royal Commission was called into existence, and the Archbishop of Canterbury was ordered to compose a prayer. The results of the cogitations of the Lords in Council were communicated to the expectant world by Mr. Helps. These comprised a list of wearyful and onerous precautions to be observed towards the living, and of more innumerable and mournful duties to be performed in connection with the funeral obsequies, which no one has yet, so far as ordinary observation extends, attempted to carry out in their integrity. As for the animals actually affected, those in the first report my Lords doomed at once—for them there was no hope; all endeavors were to be directed to one final deed, that is, to knock the creature on the head. Smite hip and thigh, slay and spare not, was the advice of the Government and the practice of the inspectors and veterinary surgeons in the first panic of the plague. Another notable suggestion was that all persons attending diseased cattle should wear a safety dress. It is not needful to describe this dress as elaborately as Mr. Helps was

NEW SERIES—Vol. III., No. 5.

compelled to do; it will be sufficient to say that the man so equipped would in all essential particulars, and certainly in appearance, resemble the diver at the Polytechnic. He was not to see or tend healthy beasts, nor to wander about the roads, nor to touch or associate with his own kind until he had got out of his safety dress, immersed it in disinfectant fluid, and treated his own head, eyes, ears, and such parts of his person as had been necessarily exposed, in the same severe manner; and as the dress was to be worn over the usual clothes, the latter were likewise to be taken off and fumigated. It is always well to economize trouble, and the necessity for the last precaution might well have been obviated by the simple plan of the man getting in and out of his safety clothes in the dress with which nature has provided him. Some people thought that by smearing the skin well with oil, absorption and exhalation would be in a great degree checked, and infection thus prevented; but it is clearly better to take advantage of a great natural law than to provide against its operation. Man is an absorbing and exhaling animal; and by this perpetual soaking and saturation it was perhaps intended by the authorities that he should be transformed into a living and moving disinfectant, giving off fumes of chlorine gas in all directions; in fact, a kind of highly-charged vessel, or "head-centre" of health.

The funeral rites were too numerous to detail. The animals were to be buried where they died, and in quick-lime, with all their belongings, except the horns and hoofs. This was misplaced leniency, for the horns, hoofs, and tail are things well known to be typical and suggestive of the embodiment of evil, and therefore ought, more than anything else, to have been buried away out of sight. The droppings of the unfortunate deceased were ordered to be carefully interred where they were dropped, along with the piece of turf which they had defiled, by means of an instrument which, as described, would be a kind of cross between a "spud" and a long gravy-spoon. When this had been thoroughly and exhaustively done in every field, such grass as was bold and ill-advised to grow thereon, was to be formally burned.

The quickest plan would have been, no doubt, to have sown the accursed spot with salt; but in the hurry of business, this idea does not seem to have occurred to any one. These recommendations were eventually greatly modified, and indeed were never carried out with any kind of accuracy or unanimity. Otherwise it would have been a singular, and yet a suggestive spectacle, to see the landscape dotted over and our fair fields perambulated by the sombre and careworn figures of the men who, clad in their safety dress, and spud or spoon in hand, would patiently pursue their odorous and endless task. There was a cry at one time, that horses, chickens, pigs, and sheep were liable to the disorder, but this gradually died out. It is, however, pretty certain that sheep imbibe and carry about the infection in their wool; and it was proposed that all dogs should be tied up lest they should become mediums of contagion. This would have rendered necessary an enormous addition to the staff of shepherds and drovers, since, as is well known, a man and his dog can collect and drive more sheep than twenty men without a dog. A flock of sheep driven by a score of men disguised in the safety dress, would have been something to see, besides looking like being thoroughly in earnest. Sheep are notoriously stupid creatures, but a little child was not long since terrified to death by the sight of a surpliced clergyman, and to be pursued by such drovers might drive even sheep into insanity. Another idea ventilated, was to burn bonfires, let off crackers and fireworks, and make much smoke; it was reported that by these means the cholera had greatly abated at Toulon, Marseilles, etc., acting chiefly, it was supposed, by diverting the minds of the survivors; and assuming that the cholera and the rinderpest are alike judgments, what would remove one would remove the other. This was a bold adoption of psychological therapeutics, and as such might well be commended for its ingenuity. It has often been asserted that agriculturists, by the force of association, not only acquire the bovine gaze, but contract the bovine cast of thought; therefore each man would be competent to invent diversions for his own beasts. If any should be at

fault, or visibly incompetent to his task, the philanthropists who improvise recreation for the "pet lambs" of the Home Office ought to be made to assist him. What has been found to amuse the minds of the goats, could hardly fail to afford salutary distraction to the sheep. Up to this point no cures had been effected, hardly any even attempted; there was indiscriminate slaughter on all sides, so that it was computed that more were killed by order of the inspectors than really perished of actual plague, the deaths from lung-disease being often mistaken for the other. Owing to conflicting circumstances, the Archbishop had not yet composed his prayer, and many people called loudly for a day of fasting and humiliation to be appointed. One writer expressed himself in the papers as follows: "Like the potato disease, no satisfactory reason, humanly speaking, has been assigned as to the cause of this terrible calamity. It must, I think, be referred to a higher power, and should be regarded as a severe visitation from God." There was about this view one merit, that while we were all free to look upon it as a Divine judgment, we were all equally free to determine as to the person or things who had caused it; and equally sure to ascribe it to those most obnoxious to ourselves. Thus one man imputed it to slavery, another to the consumption of ardent spirits, a third to sabbath-breaking, a fourth to free-trade, a fifth to our persecution of the Pope, a sixth to our flirtation with the same. Orangeism, Fenianism, John Bright, Maynooth, and Earl Russell—all have had their turn, while the more orthodox of the bishops detected in it the just punishment of the nation which produced Colenso, and of the Privy Council which refused to excommunicate him. Another writer owned that to appoint a fast and day of humiliation might be in the abstract, and *per se*, highly desirable, only he was "afraid that it might be seized upon as a kind of holiday, and thus become to very many an occasion for sin." By this time not one, but many days of fasting and humiliation had come to be inevitable, at least for the poor; the holding of cattle-markets was in various parts prohibited by the authorities (though unfortunately this was not done unani-

mously), the slaughter was immense both of sound and unsound beasts; and, to be candid, a good deal more of the flesh of the latter has been eaten than people are at all aware of.* There was in many places quite a glut of beef in the market, but though the wholesale price was the same or lower than in 1864, the butchers with cynical shamelessness continued to raise their demands to starvation point.

At length the prayer of his Grace of Canterbury was published. Suggestions, advice, and commentaries respecting it had been already largely poured forth on the subject: some had predicted for it all sorts of one-sidedness and defects, others had questioned the lawfulness of it; but the final unkindness was dealt by those who undertook to describe the painful difficulties and protracted labors which attended its birth, the ruthless cruelties of the surgeons *accoucheurs*, the rough dandling of the nurses, and the sufferings of the august and reverent parent, condemned to stand in the background and behold in silent agony the mutilation of his offspring. Foreigners learned not without a certain compassion that *one* Archbishop is first ordered by the Queen to prepare a prayer on a given subject; this done, he is required to submit it for approval to the Lords of the Privy Council: these gentlemen, we are told, commonly make some alteration in it, sufficient at least to maintain their right to alter what they please. It has been said that a member of the Privy Council, many years ago, anxious to reassure the minds of those who feared "such Puseyite nonsense as the independence of the Church," remarked that "no one who had ever been present at a meeting of the Privy Council and seen the Archbishop stand waiting while the lay members of the Council were reading and altering his prayer, would ever again talk about *that*." The prayer, after being duly operated on, is sent as it were bleeding from all its wounds to the Queen's printer, and is thence dispatched to the parochial clergy, who are ordered to read it aloud in their respec-

tive churches—and read it is accordingly. Certainly it seems at first sight strange that, having appointed an Archbishop, and given him a subject for prayer, we yet cannot trust him to compose a fitting form without correction; and no doubt there are those who deem the ungodly creatures and lax theologians to be found in the Privy Council wholly unfit either to suggest or criticise in such matters. But as yet our people prefer to be in bondage to the State rather than to the bishops, and we like, though indirectly, to have some say as to what we will pray for and how we will do it.

The poor farmers caught it on all hands. In a paroxysm of terror and for any price they could get, they consigned to the butcher their beasts, fat and lean alike. On the first they had no profit, and on the last a considerable loss; they paid fees to magistrates' clerks and others for permits to travel, to the inspector who first inspected their cows and then condemned them, to the man who killed them, and to the fellow who buried them. One slaughterman was said to have realized £600 in three months. The members of the Cattle Plague Commission sat with great industry on what people irreverently termed addled eggs, and no one was found to admire the result of their hatching. The public was disappointed to observe that as to the origin of the disease, as well as to the mode of dealing with it, these gentlemen were equally divided, and as regarded remedy or curative treatment, they did not, at all events in their first report, even discuss it. The labors of the commissioners are only now beginning to acquire their real value in popular estimation. Unquestionably, had their somewhat timid recommendations been at once carried out, a very different state of things might have been anticipated. On one point they were very strenuous, namely, on the signal injustice of the order which required not only that beasts dying and dead should be slaughtered and interred, but that all which were attacked, or even supposed to be attacked, should be, without any kind of compensation to the farmer, at once knocked on the head by inspectors, who, newly appointed, and burning to distinguish themselves, had often very hazy views respecting the proper symp-

* One benevolent man did indeed transform himself into a *corpus vile*, and voluntarily consumed diseased meat, without any evil effects, it is stated.

toms of genuine rinderpest. That, in the first instance, *doctrinaires* in political economy should on principle object to reimburse the farmer for such of his stock as perished of disease, was to be expected; their theory has proved itself to be an expensive and short-sighted one, but it was at any rate logical and consistent. But when men, suffering already to a large extent, were ordered to sacrifice their property solely for the public good, and were refused liberty to use their skill in the endeavor to save the remnant of their stock, it would be difficult to imagine a case in which compensation for the ceding of rights over property would have been more wisely and justly accorded. Government did indeed accept the principle as laid down by the commissioners, but were more than usually unhappy in their application of it. Like an Irishman of all-work who darts off to carry out the first sentence of an order without tarrying to hear the conclusion, the Lords of the Privy Council were active in precisely the opposite direction of the one intended, and hastened, not to order compensation, but to stay the slaughter, lest compensation should become inevitable. And thus was stamped out, not the Plague, but the chance of extinguishing it. It had been originally ordered that all infected animals dying or slain were to be interred then and there on the spot, and thus to our knowledge it happened that out of six cows belonging to one man, and which died on a Saturday night, five were buried on the Sunday morning in the midst of a crowded district, and surrounded by houses, yards, and courts, swarming with women and children. This piece of hasty legislation had to be annulled, along with one or two other impracticable orders. In several towns the milkmen, envious of the superior opportunities of the butcher, held meetings at which they agreed *nem. con.* to raise the price of milk, and simultaneously to diminish the size of their measures; and though the matter was not openly discussed, there is little doubt that many of them did, in their own minds, propose, second, and carry a resolution to have a more frequent recourse in future to that which is popularly known as the "cow with the iron tail." On the surface the cowkeepers had jus-

tice on their side; but it was of a kind more apparent than real, for this reason: in nine cases out of ten the cowkeeper whose animals caught the disease lost, not one third or one half of his stock, but every head that he possessed. His trade was simply gone, and he had no milk, either good or bad, with which to supply his customers, and therefore could not be affected by the increased price of the commodity. Those who continued to supply milk were generally those whose stock had altogether escaped infection. It was they who reaped the profits, and though they had a perfect moral and legal right to do so, it would be a mistake for any one to suppose that by paying the extra price exacted, he was thereby reimbursing the "poor men who had lost their cattle." It was simply a mode by which those who had been exceptionally fortunate realized in solid cash the benefit of their good luck.

Meanwhile, though the prayer was duly said, the plague was not stayed. "We've gotten t' cattle pleague and it's naw use a praying to kep it fro' oor shores; it 'ud be moor likely if we were to pray to kep it oot of oor parish," said one despairing rustic to another after service on Sunday. It was believed, and there is much reason and evidence to support the assertion, that the Government inspectors were themselves the most active in disseminating the disease; that they went from herd to herd and farm to farm, carrying about with them in their clothes and on their persons the infection; that they adopted little or no kind of precaution, and that in some cases the horse they rode, being first tied up in one stable and then another, was a fertile source of infection whenever it approached sound cattle. "If I see one of these Government chaps on my farm I'll shoot him if I hang for it to-morrow," exclaimed one farmer in the extremity of his wrath and terror. It must be borne in mind that these gentlemen, besides their fixed salaries, received their travelling expenses, and were thereby stimulated into unnatural activity; and a large majority imagined that the more they slew, and the greater the quantity of ground they crossed, the greater their merit and vigilance. Perhaps if we had in the first instance be-

sought God for what we should stand the most grievously in need of ultimately, we should have prayed him to infuse—

A spirit of courage into the Queen's Ministers, so that they should not continue to behave as if the penalty for failure would be the loss of their heads instead of the loss of their places;

A spirit of unanimity into the commissioners, so that they might neither confound the dull nor anger the wise by reason of the opposite nature of their suggestions;

A spirit of decency into the butchers, so that they might resist the temptation for turning a national calamity into an occasion for wholesale robbery;

A spirit of moderation into the inspectors, so that they might neither infect nor slay more than should be necessary to earn their salaries and extras;

And lastly to send,

A spirit of patience into all men who should be required to have dealings with the above-mentioned persons in whatever capacity.

Meanwhile the authorities on the Continent dealt with the scourge in a widely different manner, and with a success which will be hereafter alluded to.

Before the old year was out it began to be rumored that the rinderpest was not the rinderpest at all, but malignant smallpox, for which it was reasonable to believe that vaccination was the true and specific remedy. Several eminent authorities were inclined to adopt this theory, and a number of sanguine spirits unhesitatingly proclaimed their conversion. Mr. Tollemache magnanimously devoted a portion of his stock for the purpose of experiment, and there was a universal rush for vaccine matter, which commodity consequently rose to a premium. Those who sought it went from one institution to another, from the National Vaccine Society to the Smallpox Hospital, from pillar to post, from one doctor to the other, with small success. The very hospital authorities declined to furnish vaccine for cattle, forgetful of the fact that one cow properly vaccinated would afford vaccine matter for twenty other operations within three days. A number of unprincipled scoundrels immediately advertised as true vaccine an abominable compound of irritant drugs,

which when introduced into the system did undoubtedly produce a quite useless eruption, sufficient only to add to the wretched animal's discomfort, and also to destroy faith in the so-called remedy. Meanwhile, for once, English people began to wish that they had been treated even as the Irish are; and that the enlightened despotism which then forbade the importation of cattle, and which, had it been more enlightened still, would have forbidden the importation of Fenians likewise, had been also exercised with regard to this country. In vain the leading clubs and societies, the Central Farmers, the Royal Agricultural and the Smithfield Club, besought the Executive for measures, not only immediate and stringent, but which should be everywhere alike compulsory. Alas! not even from the Vatican could the *non possumus* be uttered with a more plaintive obstinacy than from the English council-chamber. With a singular pusillanimity, Government persisted in declining its proper responsibility, and suffered the burden of authority to be taken up or cast off at will by those on whom it ought never to have been forced. The powers given to the courts of quarter sessions as regards transit, the stoppage of traffic, etc., were entirely optional, and no sort of unanimity in action resulted. In some places fairs and markets were prohibited, in others not. The incorporated market towns were in all cases a law unto themselves; and Leeds market was continued long after all surrounding fairs were closed, and became naturally a head-centre of infection. In other cases, towns, villages, and even farms, being, as it were, border towns, or lying within two quarter-sessions districts, had the advantage of being subject to two sets of conflicting regulations; and a man might start with some beasts, furnished with a clean bill of health and every requisite permit, and within a couple of miles, or even a couple of hundred yards, find himself where he could neither drive them further nor drive them back, sell them, pasture them, nor slaughter them.* Cattle might

* A very valuable bull, from the celebrated Warlaby herd, was some time ago dispatched into Berwickshire; the Catterick station-master, however, refused to book it further than Newcastle, and when it arrived there, another set of

be driven along the highroad to a railway station, but not to a butcher's shop, nor from one farm to another; offal and manure might be carted here, but not there; and an invisible line on the public road was the boundary on one side of which the owner might drive his sheep at pleasure, on the other he would be liable to a heavy fine. It was entirely optional with the railway companies to disinfect their cattle trucks or otherwise; and the utter fatuity of such regulations as Government had ventured to put forth may be measured by this, that whereas a respectable farmer, giving his proper address, and furnished with a license for his own district, might be summarily stopped as soon as he overstepped his boundary, there was, up to the second week in February, nothing which could possibly prevent a perfect stranger from driving his cattle all over the country. A rural policeman might indeed arrest him, but it would be at his peril; he might also ask him questions, equally the stranger might lawfully refuse to answer them. The justices were incessantly occupied in making new orders without repealing the old ones, until some conviction disclosed the fact that the two were in conflict. On an average, fresh instructions were issued once a week. The clerks to the magistrates and farmers were employed, how vainly they best know, in trying to understand or reconcile them. Drovers

were brought up and fined in nominal sums, because it was evident that they had acted in an ignorance which their best efforts could not dispel. No two sets of magistrates issued the same orders, no two inspectors gave the same advice; no one could show the boundary lines; and, in general, the justices could never agree as to what their own orders meant, or how they were to be carried out. If Government had tried to bring about a state of things in which concealment of disease, evasion of the law, and every kind of subterfuge, should appear to the stock-holder as his only chance of self-preservation, nothing better calculated for that purpose could have been devised than the present system.

Before January was out it was clear the theory of smallpox was no longer tenable. Several of the vaccinated calves and heifers which Mr. Tollemache had caused to be exposed to infection had died of rinderpest; and Professor M'Call, of Glasgow, reported to the *Lancet* that he had vaccinated successfully an animal which had passed through an attack of the plague. This, of course, indicates the absence either of identity or antagonism between cow-pox and rinderpest or plague. Hitherto it had been supposed that sheep, though they could convey infection in their fleece, were not liable themselves to take the disease. But in February, 1865, Inspector Day reported that a large number of sheep on a farm in Yorkshire were dead or dying with the plague. In the first three weeks of February the deaths reported averaged 11,000 per week, representing a loss of something like £300,000; the country gentlemen grew furious, and farmers were in despair. Meanwhile the plague had been stamped out in France and Prussia by the adoption of stringent measures—closing of the ports, strict isolation, and slaughter of all beasts either infected or which had been exposed to infection, accompanied in all cases by full compensation to the owners. The same thing was done in Belgium; which certainly proves that a strictly constitutional Government can, if it is disposed, deal satisfactorily with this calamity. The total amount expended in compensation did not exceed £12,000 for the three countries. There was a good deal of evasion and irregu-

regulations were in force, and a new certificate was requisite. The North-Eastern Company declined to convey it north, unless two farmers of substantial position, living within so many miles, could certify to its health. The farmers were found, but another hitch occurred. They must have known the creature intimately for the space of twenty-eight days, and the bull was, in every sense of the word, a recent acquaintance. It was equally useless to send for some of its old friends at Catterick, since they did not live within the limits laid down. The railway authorities besought of the attendant to vacate the horse-box, and take his bull with him; but this request was sturdily refused, and the evil disposition of *Taurus* was too plainly evident for any official to venture to evict him in person. So for ten days the animal lived in the horse-box triumphantly, along with the attendant who administered to its wants; at the end of which time the Company, urged probably by despair, agreed to convey it to its destination, where, in the first instance, the owner refused to receive it, on account of its long detention in a district notoriously plague-stricken.

larity practiced in the burying of diseased carcasses. The regulation was that they should be placed under at least five feet of earth; occasionally, therefore, it happened that they were put into a hole two feet in depth, and a little conical mound, not quite three feet high, was piled over them. These graves became, of course, centres of infection. The wretched animals suffered many things of divers physicians. A writer in the *Lancet* proposed that variolous matter from the Smallpox Hospital should be used instead of vaccine lymph for vaccination. The necklaces of onions not having proved sufficiently powerful, a benevolent gentleman (Lord Leigh) recommended the internal administration of a bruised pulp composed of onions, garlic, shalot, asafœtida, and ginger; and it is probable that the amazing nastiness of the mess would of itself inspire the agricultural mind with faith in its healing virtue. The most unkind cut of all was dealt by Ministers, who, when charged in Parliament with having conspicuously failed in their duty with regard to the plague, boldly declared that more than they had done, no mortal man could have accomplished, on account of the wretchedly backward state of public opinion. Up to this time the duties of fasting, prayer, and humiliation have been pretty evenly divided. The People have fasted, the Clergy have prayed, and the Ministers have humiliated themselves, and been humiliated by others. But at last—when this article is written—we have reason to hope for such energetic measures as are best calculated to overcome the disaster.

The Art Journal.

MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.*

SOUTHEY was "constitutionally cheerful and therefore hopeful." In a letter to James Montgomery, he thus writes: "Oh that I could impart to you a portion of that animal cheerfulness which

I would not exchange for the richest earthly inheritance. For me, when those whom I love cause me no sad anxiety, the sky-lark on a summer morning is not more joyous than I am; and if I had wings on my shoulders I should be up with him in the sunshine carolling for pure joy."

"A cheerful life is what the Muses love,
A soaring spirit is their prime delight."

His religion was practical. In his calm solitude, amid a quiet and contented peasantry, few cases of grief and misery came in his way, and he was ever too busy a man to seek them; but there were many pensioners on his small income, some who had rights, others who had none. This is one of his very few references to the subject: "It is my fate to have more claimants upon me than usually fall to the share of a man who has a family of his own." Only once in his life he was able to say he had a year's sufficient income "in advance." Yet he writes, "on the whole, few men have had more reason to be thankful for blessings enjoyed."

Although he said of himself—

"Thus, in the ages which are past I live,
And those which are to come my sure reward will give,"

anticipated honors were not the only ones he enjoyed, although he was so wise as uniformly to decline the political and social distinctions that were offered him. In 1826, during his absence in Holland, he was elected member for the borough of Downton, by the influence of Lord Radnor; that honor he declined, as consistent neither with his circumstances, inclinations, habits, nor pursuits in life. Moreover, his return was *null*, inasmuch as he held a pension of £200 a year "during pleasure," and was without a "qualification." The latter objection would have been removed by a subscription of admirers and friends to purchase for him the requisite "estate;" but other objections retained their force. Robert Southey, therefore, continued to be "Robert Lackland," and a new writ was moved for.

In 1835 (the letter is dated February 1st) Sir Robert Peel communicated to Southey thus: "I have advised the king to adorn the distinction of baronetage

* Concluded from p. 501.

with a name the most eminent in literature, and which has claims to respect and honor that literature alone can never confer." And in a second letter, Sir Robert alludes to the eminent services he had rendered not only to literature, but to the higher interests of virtue and religion.

That honor Southey also declined, having, however, first communicated with his son, and found the opinions and feelings of that son in entire and beautiful harmony with his own. "I am writing," he said, "for a livelihood, and a livelihood is all I have gained." Incessant work "enabled him to live respectably, nothing more;" "without his pension," he says, "it would not have done even that."

Walter Scott, in a letter to Southey, entreats him to take warning and not *overwork* himself. How frequently is this counsel given, where only daily toil produces daily bread! Few worked harder than Scott, and none harder than Southey. To Southey, however, mental labor was an absolute necessity; a year of illness such as most men have to suffer during life would have inevitably brought that which most of all things terrified him—debt. Of course he "overworked" himself; of course we all do, whose incomes are precarious, determined not only by the fancy of the public, but by a score of circumstances, on any of which depends life—the life of the "man of letters by profession." The caution, "Do not overwork yourself," to such men is something like the prescription of port wine daily to an artisan whose wages are twenty shillings a week.

The Prime Minister, however, had the happiness to augment his pension to £500. That independence came somewhat too late; it was the sunshine when the day was closing in; but it dispelled the clouds that otherwise would have darkened its decline. He had passed his sixtieth year, having known but one great sorrow, the loss of his darling son, Herbert:

"In whose life I lived, in whom I saw
My better part transmitted and improved."

The "common lot" had been his, but troubles were now gathering with age. In 1834 his beloved wife was placed in

a lunatic asylum, in the vain hope that her restoration might be surer there than at home. It had pleased God to visit him with the "severest of all domestic afflictions, those alone excepted into which guilt enters." He seldom afterwards quitted the retirement in which he lived at Greta Hall.

In November, 1837, his wife, Edith Southey, died. It was, as he writes to his old friend Cottle, "a change from life to death, from death to life." "While she was with me I did not feel the weight of years; my heart continued young, and my spirits retained their youthful buoyancy." "We have been married two-and-forty years, and a more affectionate and devoted wife no man was ever blessed with." "After two-and-forty years of marriage, no infant was ever more void of offence towards God and man. I never knew her to do an unkind act, nor say an unkind word." His wife was his "note taker;" her pen had been his ever-ready help before her daughters grew up to aid him. She made extracts for him; and, therefore, he writes in a letter after death: "She will continue to be my helpmate as long as I live and retain my senses."*

Two years afterwards, when his threshold rarely echoed to familiar footsteps, when his children and friends had gradually departed for homes on earth or homes in heaven, he resolved on marrying his very dear friend, Caroline Bowles. They were married, on the 5th of June, 1839, at Boldre church, and he returned to Greta Hall with her in the August following.†

She came to his home when it was all but desolate, when his vigor had declined, when he could no more take the

* It was at that time of trial, he quoted a passage from "some old author:" "Remember, under any affliction, that time is short, and that although your cross may be heavy, you have not far to bear it."

† "We have been acquainted more than twenty years, and that acquaintance was matured into friendship at a time when no possibility that it might ever proceed farther could have been looked to on either part. I am in my sixty-fifth year, Caroline Bowles in her fifty-second year. I shall have for my constant companion one who will render my fireside cheerful, and save me from the forlorn feeling against which even my spirits, buoyant as they are by constitution, might not always have been able to bear me up."

long walks that gave him health and strength; when his mind was clouded, and when his days could be but few; when he was indeed "shaken at the root."

I knew Caroline Bowles before she became the wife of Southey. She had long passed the middle age, was not handsome, though with a very gentle manner and gracious countenance; a lovable, because a good, woman. Her books, though now seldom read, are not forgotten. She was worthy to be the companion, the friend, the wife of Robert Southey. She has been silent as to his latter days; but it is certain, from the pious nature of her mind, that she led him onward toward the celestial city to which he was hastening.*

The "enemy"—so Death is wrongfully called—was creeping towards him. "His movements were slower; he was subject to frequent fits of absence; there was an indecision in his manner and an unsteadiness in his step wholly unusual to him." "He sometimes lost his way even in familiar places;" "in some of the last notes he wrote the letters were formed like those of a child." "His mind," writes one of his friends, "was beautiful even in its debility;" the river was not turbulent as it joined the ocean. In 1840, Wordsworth describes a visit to his old friend of half a century: "He did not recognize me till he was told. Then his eyes flashed for a moment with their former brightness, but he sank into the state in which I had found him, patting with both hands his books affectionately, like a child."

In the malady of his departed wife he had learned what a woful thing it is,

* At that time Southey writes: "Her health is so bad, and her bodily frame so frail, that you would suppose her to be on the very brink of the grave." I find I have preserved a letter from Caroline Bowles to Mrs. Hall, dated July 2d, 1830, which contains passages that may illustrate her character: "At present the little energy restored by partial restoration to health, is all in requisition to answer claims of this 'work-a-day world' which may not be put off till a more convenient season; and then, I must confess, that when I can command my own time, and a gleam of sunshine is vouchsafed to us, I am more restless *within walls* than a squirrel in his cage, and grudge every moment not spent in the garden, or in a little open carriage, or on the back of a certain palfrey, Miniken yclept, whose diminutive proportions would just fit him for a charger for

"When the poor flesh surviving doth entomb
The reasonable soul;"

and not long afterwards he was doomed himself to feel that terrible affliction.

It was a sad sight to see the aged and venerable man "shaken at the root," "irritable as he had never been before," "losing his way in well-known places," his form thin and shrunk, the fire gone from his eyes, or shining dimly as a light going out, and the bright intelligence fading from the still fine features; growing worse and worse, with brief intervals of consciousness, during which, with "placid languor," sometimes apparently torpor, he hopelessly and helplessly saw the shadow approach; still "mechanically" moving about his books, taking down one, then another, looking upon them with relics of old love, and mournfully murmuring as he put them by,

"Memory, memory, where art thou gone?"

So passed the last three or four years of his life, giving the clearest proof that he could do nothing, because nothing was done. There had been no sudden shock, no bodily ailment; the mind was simply worn out by the wear and tear of life—fifty years of labor, as "by profession a man of letters!"

On the 21st of March, 1843, he died, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, "in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection."

On the 23d of March, 1843, he was buried in the churchyard of Crosthwaite, where his wife, Edith, four of his children, and several of his dear household, relatives, and friends had been, or have since been, laid. The tombstone contains their names, the dates of their

Queen Mab, and who seems to have as much taste for scrambling with me over hill, dale, and common, as if he was still roaming his native isle. Judge by this very *unculled* for history of my most *un-literary* pursuits and rambling propensities, whether I cannot sympathize with your longing for green fields and babbling brooks. . . . I might well expect to be forgotten, except by the few who love me for myself, and expect no return but of affection."

In 1852 Caroline Southey received one of the Crown pensions—£200 a year—"in consideration of her late husband's eminent literary merits;" and in 1861 Miss Kate Southey received a pension—£100 a year—"on account of the important services rendered by her father to English literature."

births and deaths—no more.* Here “the dead speak and give admonition to the living.” His funeral was private. Except the members of his family, there were but two strangers; a white-headed man, older by four years than the departed, walked over the mountains that gloomy and stormy day to offer a last tribute of affection on his grave; it was the venerable poet, William Wordsworth, who leaned upon the arm of his son-in-law, Quillinan—a most estimable gentleman and true poet, who survived but a short time his illustrious father-in-law. It was told me by one who was present that as the solemn words were uttered, “ashes to ashes, dust to dust,” a ray of unlooked-for sunshine suddenly fell upon the grave; the rain ceased, the wind lulled, and, at the instant, two small birds sung from an adjacent tree. In a poem entitled “The Funeral of Southey,” written by Mr. Quillinan, he notices this—which we may therefore accept as a striking and most interesting fact:

“Heedless of the driving rain,
Fearless of the mourning train,
Perched upon the trembling stem,
They sung the Poet’s requiem.”

Posthumous honors were accorded to the poet. There is a bust in the Poet’s Corner in Westminster Abbey, and another in the cathedral of the city whose chiefest glory it is—or, at least, ought to be—that Bristol was his place of birth. But the monument in Crosthwaite Church is a fine and very beautiful achievement of sculptured Art; a recumbent figure, in pure white marble, without a spot; and the accomplished sculptor, Lough, by a happy inspiration, has preserved, with singular fidelity, the

features and expression of the poet,* as he describes him in placid and tranquil sleep. On the base are inscribed the lines by Wordsworth I have quoted elsewhere. Two of his own (writing of another) might also be placed there: he

“Teacheth in his songs
The love of all things lovely, all things pure.”

I have intimated that my personal memory of this great and good man, who was so “lovely in his life,” is but limited. ‘I knew him only in London, in 1830, when he was in the wane of life, yet not older than fifty-six; even then he had been forty years, or very nearly so, an author—living “laborious days” from his youth upwards. I met him more than once at the house of Allan Cunningham, whom he cordially greets in one of his poems:

“Allan, true child of Scotland; thou who
art
So oft in spirit on thy native hills.”

Though I can add nothing of worth to the portrait I have given, I may recall him as he appeared to me. He was the very *beau idéal* of a poet, singularly impressive, tall, somewhat slight, slow in his movements, and very dignified in manner, with the eye of a hawk, and with sharp features and an aquiline nose, that carried the similitude somewhat farther. His forehead was broad and high, his eyebrows dark, his hair profuse and long, rapidly approaching white. I can see vividly, even now, his graceful and winning smile. To the commonest observer he was obviously a man who had lived more with books than men, whose converse had chiefly been with “the mighty minds of old,” whose “days,” whose “thoughts,” whose “hopes” were, as he tells us they were, “with the dead.”

In the few and brief conversations I had with him, he impressed me—as indeed he did every person who was, even for an hour, his companion—with the conviction that he elevated the profession of letters not only by knowledge so

* The family have all passed away from Keswick; and only memory and these churchyard graves remain to preserve, as they will do forever, the renowned name, in that most beautiful district. Katherine Southey, who was born at Greta Hall, died at Lairthwaite Cottage, Keswick, on the 12th of August, 1864, and was laid by the side of her kindred. She was aged fifty-four. Her aunt, Mrs. Lovell (one of the three sisters, Mrs. Coleridge and Mrs. Southey being the others), died there but a few years previous, at the patriarchal age of ninety-one, having been a widow sixty-six years, and nearly all that time a cherished inmate in the dwelling of the Laureate, and, after his death, in that of his daughter Katherine.

* It ought to be recorded that the commission to the sculptor was for a work in Caen stone; but Mr. Lough (so writes the poet’s son), “with characteristic liberality, executed it in white marble at a considerable sacrifice.”

quired and distributed, not alone by the wisdom of his career and the integrity of his life, but by manners unassuming and unexacting, and by a condescending gentleness of demeanor that, if not humility in the common sense of the term, arose out of generous consideration and large charity.

The same modesty as regards self was conspicuous in letters I had the honor to receive from him when I was writing a memoir of him in the *Book of Gems*. Unhappily these letters I have given away as autographs. Possibly this remark may meet the eye of persons who are now their owners, and they may furnish me with copies of them.

Some ms. letters from Southey to Miss Seward have been kindly placed in my hands by John Dillon, Esq., whose collection of autographs is one of rare value and interest. Even at the risk of too much prolonging this Memory, I venture to print them as highly characteristic of the writer's mind. The first is dated 1807, the second 1808.

"Surely nothing was ever more calculated to deaden and dwarf the mind than that fashion of breeding up all persons to be critics! Did you ever see Dr. Aiken's *Letters to a Young Lady* upon a course of poetry?—as if it were a course of physic. They were written, I believe, to his daughter, Miss Lucy; and in these letters the Doctor says to his daughter, 'Make yourself mistress of the *Paradise Lost*.' The book fell into Erskine's hands: when he came to this passage he repeated the words, 'make yourself mistress of the *Paradise Lost*,' and with a wholesome malediction upon the author, which flows more pardonably from the tongue than from the pen, he whisked the unhappy volume behind the fire."

"I will tell you freely and fairly the impression which Mr. French's squib upon Wordsworth leaves upon my mind. You know that I am not blind to Wordsworth's faults; but when I see a man take up the poems of Wordsworth, and, passing over pieces of such beauty as the 'Tintern Abbey,' 'The Leech Gatherer,' 'The Brothers,' 'Michael,' 'The Song of Brougham Castle,' etc., fix upon the weeds of the collection, and join in with the yelping pack of curs who are attempting to hunt him down, I cannot but feel that it is no mark of a generous or a good spirit. If Mr. French does not admire, and greatly admire, the greater number of these poems, he does not know what poetry is. In that case, his satire is the effect of that common dislike which bad poets feel toward good

ones. But if he has any sense of the merit of these better poems, something of more importance than the understanding will be found in fault. This is a malicious age, an age of slander and of selfishness, and the spirit of the age has infected him. What would he think of a critic who, if Milton were mentioned, should immediately begin to ridicule his psalms, and his translation from Horace? What does every Englishman think of Voltaire's criticisms upon Shakespeare? And just such is the *jeu d'esprit* of Mr. French. I give it a French name, for any English one would be too good for its witlessness. What is the consequence of this prevailing disposition to ridicule the faults of men of genius, instead of giving them the fair praise which they deserve? That those persons who take their opinions from others are deterred from purchasing the books, and the author is disheartened from laying anything more before an ungrateful generation. This is the case with Wordsworth. He has stopped the publication of his *White Doe*, and it is probable that though he will continue to write as long as he lives, what he writes will be reserved for an age in which justice will be done him. With respect to myself, these things give me no pain as they do him. But they inflict upon me a heavier injury. I cannot subsist without the profits of my pen, and in consequence of the total failure of *Madoc*, whole years elapsed in which I did not write a single verse. Assuredly, now, I shall go on from poem to poem; but unless I can previously secure the fair price of the manual labor bestowed upon them, not one of them shall go into the world till I am gone out of it. By these means, at least, I can lay by some provision for my children, and elude the absurd laws of copyright, which would otherwise rob them of the property just when it will begin to be valuable."

A few months ago I made a pilgrimage to the house in which Southey lived, and to the grave in which he is buried. Greta Hall, for nearly half a century his residence—his "loop-hole of retreat"—stands on a slight elevation above the river Greta, and close to its confluence with the Derwent.* It is now the dwelling of an amateur naturalist, who has filled it—and by no means unpleasantly—with the skins of birds and animals of many lands. From a picturesque bridge—Greta Bridge—a view of the house is obtained. It was originally two

* The river Derwent connects the two lakes—Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite. The Greta joins the Derwent, and together they make their way into the lake (Bassenthwaite).

houses, converted by the poet into one. It consists of many rooms, all small, except what was the poet's library, his library in chief, that is to say, for every apartment was lined with books. "Books," writes Wordsworth, "were his passion." "*Books* were his passion, as *wandering* was mine;" and, he adds, circumstances might have made the one a Benedictine monk, in whose monastery was a library, and the other a pedler, such as he describes his "Wanderer" to have been. Adjoining it is the chamber in which he died, or rather in which his spirit was released from its earthly tabernacle, to companion the angels and pure spirits who had gone before, and to be with the Master he had long served. He there, to borrow a line from his friend Coleridge,

"Found life in death!"

A garden surrounds the house; there is a sloping lawn in front, and immediately facing the entrance are two "narrow-leaved" maple trees, planted by the poet. Let us hope that no thoughtless or heedless hand will ever remove them. Behind is a thick growth of shrubs and underwood, leading down to an embasure of the river; along the bank is the poet's walk, at the end of which was a seat beneath an elm tree, where he often sat looking across the stream upon the ruins of an old friary (now a barn) and the mountains of old Skiddaw and Blencathra.

In front of the house, however, the grandest view is obtained. It commands Derwentwater (the loveliest of all the English lakes: "I would not," writes Southey, "exchange Derwentwater for the Lake of Geneva"), on which look down the loftiest and the most picturesque of the mountains of Cumberland. From every one of the windows there is a glorious prospect. Within ken is the "gorgeous confusion of Borrowdale, just revealing its sublime chaos through the narrow vista of its gorge." There is bleak Skiddaw, with "its fine black head," that extorted a compliment even from London-loving Charles Lamb. There is Souter Fell, where ghosts have been seen in troops in the broad light of day. There is the Druids' Temple, little more than a mile from Keswick, at the

foot of Saddleback—old Blencathra—near the entrance to St. John's Vale, the stones of which "no person can count with a like result as to number." There is Derwentwater, seen from so many points, with its traditions of the young lord who was "out in the fifteen," and died on a scaffold on Tower Hill. You may still ascend "the Lady's Rake," up which his lady fled for shelter; and if you listen calmly, you may hear the distant Fall of Lodore. From his window he saw, as he wrote, not only Derwent "that under the hills reposed," but

— "the hills that, calm and majestic,
Lifted their heads into the silent sky, from far
Glamara,
Bleacrag and Maidenmawr to Griesdale and
westernmost Wythrop;
Dark and distinct."—

The walks that were familiar to the poet were in all directions; some at a distance from his home. He walked ever with his head raised, thrown back somewhat, looking upward, and was rarely seen without a book in his hand.* Of these walks his favorite was to "The Friar's Crag," or Walk—a promontory that overhangs Derwentwater a short way from Keswick. It was of this spot he said: "If I had Aladdin's lamp, or Fortunatus's purse, I would here build myself a house." The crag is said to have derived its name from the monks of Lindisferne coming to it once a year to receive the blessing of St. Herbert. The view hence is very lovely. Close to the foot of the Crag the rocks are washed by the waters of the lake, the whole expanse of which is seen, with its picturesque islands. On the right the eye takes in the sunny slopes of "the Catbells"—scarcely to be called mountains when compared with mighty Scafell in the distance—while beneath them lies the fairest of all the

* James Hogg, writing of Southey, says: "Deep thought is strongly marked in his dark eye; but there is a defect in his eyelids, for these he has no power of raising, so that when he looks toward the top of one of his romantic mountains, one would think that he was looking at the zenith." Although he adds, "this peculiarity is what will most strike every stranger in the appearance of the accomplished Laureate," I do not find the "defect" referred to by any other writer.

islands, the island dedicated to St. Herbert.*

At the head of the lake, standing like a sentinel guarding the entrance to Borrowdale, is Castle Crag, and on its left lies the beautiful Fall of Lodore, immortalized by Southey in some quaint verses which are known to most readers.

"And dashing and flashing, and splashing
and crashing,

With a mighty uproar,

And this way the water comes down at
Lodore."

Lodore Waterfall is about three miles from Keswick, on the road to Borrowdale, between two towering cliffs, one on the left, Gowdar Crag; on the right, Shepherd's Crag. The *perpendicular* height through which the water descends is said to be one hundred and fifty feet (the whole height of the fall is three hundred and sixty feet). The crags, on either side, are covered with trees overhanging the water; the oak, ash, birch, holly, and even the wild rose, flourish there in wanton luxuriance. The foaming cataract, as it bounds over the huge rocks, is to be seen more than three miles off. The fall runs into the lake, and the noise which it makes can be heard *miles* away. There is a pretty rustic bridge over it, and at its foot stands a little hotel, once an ancient hostelry, but now much enlarged to accommodate the many thousands that annually visit the place.

But the grand and glorious scenery of the Lakes may be adverted to more fitly when I recall to memory the great High Priest of Nature, Wordsworth.

An illustrative anecdote was told me by the sexton of Crosthwaite church, who, however, had little to say of the poet, except that he seldom saw him smile. He met him often in his walks, but he seemed pensive, full of thought, and looked as if his life was elsewhere

than on earth.* The anecdote is this: Southey had a great dislike to be "looked at;" and although very regular in his attendance at church, he would stay away when he knew there were many tourists in the neighborhood. One Sunday, two strangers who had a great desire to see the poet, besought the sexton to point him out to them. The sexton, knowing that this must be done secretly, said, "I will take you up the aisle, and in passing, touch the pew in which he sits." He did so, and no doubt the strangers had "a good stare." A few days after, the sexton met Southey in the street of Keswick. The poet looked somewhat sternly at him, said, "*Don't do it again*," and passed on, leaving the conscience-stricken sexton to ponder over the "crime" in which he had been detected by the poet.

The graveyard of Crosthwaite is a lonely graveyard, in the midst of mountains, commanding an open view of Derwentwater, on which the mountains Blencathra and Skiddaw look down. There are few human dwellings near at hand; the few there are being hidden by intervening trees. The church is very ancient—more than seven centuries have passed since its foundations were laid—but it has been "restored" by the liberality of an estimable gentleman, James Stanger, Esq., whose mansion is close at hand, and who happily lives to a green old age to rejoice in the many good deeds he has done.

In 1816, Southey, describing the churchyard, which thirty years afterwards was to be his resting-place, writes: "The churchyard is as open to the eye and to the breath of heaven as if it were a Druids' place of meeting." A wall has since been placed, but it is looked over—upon the lake and on the mountains, "the everlasting hills" of which he somewhere speaks.

And in that calm and isolated graveyard lie the mortal remains of Robert Southey—

"He who sung
Of Thalaba the wild and wondrous song;"

* Bede tells us that the saint went once a year to see St. Cuthbert, of Farn Island, and to hear from him the words of everlasting life. As they sat together one day, St. Cuthbert told his friend that he felt his time was coming, when his spirit would depart hence. St. Herbert, in his agony of grief, prayed to God that he might not survive his teacher. Tradition has it that the friends both died on the same day, even at the same hour (A.D. 687).

* "He was," writes to me another authority, "very silent in his walks. He walked rapidly, at the rate of four or five miles an hour. I knew a guide who had several times been his companion: he had been by his side for hours without exchanging a word."

he who, in so many ways, inculcated the wisdom of Virtue. If his prophecy of himself has not been as yet altogether fulfilled—

"Thus, in the ages which are past I live,
And those which are to come my sure re-
ward will give"—

at least it is certain that he has received the justice he looked for and knew to be his Right.

The Shilling Magazine.

THE CLIFF BALL.

"You dear delightful creature," said Emily Graham, looking up into the manly face of a young officer of her Majesty's—th regiment, who stood beside her, "it is the kindest thing that you have done for a long while, and I'll show my gratitude for ever and ever."

"I hope you will, Emily, and then I shall be amply repaid."

"You are quizzing me, Frank, and that is dreadfully unkind. But what girls are to be asked?"

"Almost everybody; that is, every available young lady who is good-tempered and pleasant and cheerful, and a few, for the sake of peace, who are neither."

"To which circumstance do I owe my invitation?" said Emily, pretending to look piqued, but smiling archly the while.

"The last, of course; I thought we should never have done quarrelling had *you* been left out. So, Cousin Emily, though you are neither pretty, good-tempered, cheerful, nor agreeable, I have brought you this card." And Frank Graham laughingly laid a little scented piece of pink on his cousin's work table.

"And I thank you very much for it," said the young lady, taking it up and playing with it between her dainty fingers and rosy lips, "for I like dancing as well as anything I can get in this remote unpolished district; and if *you* don't think I possess any attraction, it does not follow that all your company will hold the same opinion."

A less attractive girl than Emily Graham might without vanity have made this speech; as it was, you could hardly help convicting Cousin Frank of a serious want of taste, if his words were

spoken in earnest. The young girl was rather tall, of a slight graceful figure, with soft brown hair, clear, brown, mischievous eyes, and a fair complexion, a trifle too pale, perhaps, save when excitement lent color to her cheeks, and added lustre to her earnest eyes.

But it would have been unwise to have acted upon the expressed opinion of Cousin Frank, and to have said to his face a single disparaging word of his pretty cousin; nothing could sooner have enkindled wrath in those manly features, nothing have brought more hasty words to his courteous tongue.

"Good-by, darling coz," he said, at length, after a long pause had succeeded to her last words; "don't really make me jealous again."

"Jealous!" said Emily, archly accepting her vantage-ground, "you will surely not be jealous of *me*?"

Frank colored. "You provoking pet," he said, "I *am* jealous of anybody else that gets a smile, or a kind word, or look, or touch from you, and a dance means all that and more. I only wish uncle"—

"Hush, Frank! we had better not talk of it again; a few years is not much, if I *am* worth waiting for; let us think about the dance. Is there any shop in this place where I can buy a ball dress, or must I invent one from my present stock?"

"That will do just as well, Emily: we look upon this as a sort of picnic ball: you will not be expected to appear in costume fit for Almack's at the Cliff. The most we can expect of the ladies in such a place is, that they will look as much like fairies as possible, and be as good-natured too. If you have a white muslin, and loop it up in some style with my favorite pink rosebuds, you will look just as pretty as need be; now am I not a clever lady's maid? Good-by, dear, I must be off now."

Emily laid her hand in his. "Do you think it quite a safe place, by-the-by?" she asked. "I heard the other day there was great danger of the Cliff falling in."

"Nonsense, my pet; thousands more will trip upon 'the light fantastic toe' in that strange ball-room before that happens, even if it ever does happen, and I very much doubt it."

"Where is Esther's card, Frank?"

"I had quite forgotten it," he answered, again drawing out his card-case and opening it. "Give her my best compliments, and say how happy we shall be to see her. 'With you conversing I forget all time,' and the hours roll by like minutes; with everybody else—How many kisses will you give me for the cards?"

"None, Frank."

"Sly puss, then I must take them, must I? Fifty for each at least."

"Let Esther pay her own debts," laughed Emily.

"Certainly not; I don't go on the trust system, but have ready money for all my goods."

He stooped to claim and receive the treasured payment, when the door suddenly opened, and another young lady confronted them.

"Frank has just brought us our cards for the Cliff ball," said Emily, recovering her self-possession the soonest; "here is yours, Esther."

"I thought you were gone, Cousin Frank," said that lady, looking at the officer with proud uncousinly eyes. "What ball is this?"

"The officers of our regiment are going to give a grand dance in the Cliff ball-room to those gracious fair ones who will honor us by their presence, and I flatter myself both you and Emily will do me the favor to accept cards."

"I am not at all sure that papa would like us to do so, were he at home," said the elder sister, coldly. "You know as well as I do for what reason."

"Papa likes us to enjoy ourselves, Esther," said Emily; "and it is very dull while he is away."

"Of course, Emily, if you choose to go, I shall think it my duty to accompany you," said the elder sister; "but, though I am not sufficiently older than you to be able to control your actions,"—"I should think not," muttered Frank, in an under tone—"yet I feel this is a rash, unwise act on your part, and one which I cannot approve."

Miss Graham walked out of the room, slamming the door behind her, to give emphasis to her remarks.

"Now then, will you finish your kissing business?" said Frank Graham.

"I? Frank? for shame!" said Emily,

blushing and holding down her pretty head; but in some way it was soon raised again to Frank's shoulder, and in an ecstasy of delight, the young man paid himself in soft kisses for his ball tickets. "Don't make me jealous, Emily darling," he said again. "I think if I saw anybody else touching these lips with theirs I should get wild with anger. Good-by, my darling."

"Good-by, Frank."

"Just one word to show me that you really love me, Emily."

"Good-by, dear Frank."

With a passionate kiss he pressed her to his heart, and then hastily left the room. He looked up to the window as he passed it, and saw his gentle cousin looking out upon him with the utmost tenderness, soft tears filling her beautiful eyes, and tears for him. Before they could be dried, Esther reëntered: her presence and voice grated upon her younger sister, they were so utterly unsympathetic with her mood.

"What! tears, Emily? what a foolish girl you are to waste your love and your life on a penniless officer, and when papa so disapproves of your doing so."

"My heart is my own, not papa's; though I will not willingly offend him, he must not try to make me marry anybody else, because he likes," said Emily, earnestly, and she left the room.

Up in the welcome solitude of her own chamber, she thought of her sister's words—"waste your love and your life." Was it ever owned by a woman truly in love that her heart was wasted? Does she not rather feel that all she has is his, that the grand capacity to love has been called into being by him, that only in *not* fulfilling her heart's yearnings could she waste her love and life?

It was a strange place that the officers of the —th regiment had fixed upon for their entertainment to their young lady friends. On the coast line of old England, where the broad Atlantic dashes its proud waves against the shore, lies a small fishing village; and further down, a bold sharp cliff raises its giant front; and facing it, standing in the water itself at high tide, is an enormous rock, hewn out in the centre as if by herculean hands; and up the opening, roll the foaming waves, and through it, like a picture in a ponderous frame, the ships

are seen, their sails full set, steering their course along the trackless deep. For many years interested visitors have come to walk along the line of beach, to watch the rolling of the mighty billows, to look upon the Demon Rock; and from all the large towns in the neighborhood picnic parties have come and descended that tall cliff to mingle gay laughter, merry songs, and cheerful voices, like softest treble, with the deep bass of the waves.

The side of the cliff has been hewn out by the ingenious hands of man, and a house of entertainment formed in it, in whose rooms mirth and music have striven for mastery, and light feet have tripped gayly and thoughtlessly, beneath and between slowly yet surely crumbling walls.

Here, on the 16th of April, 18—, the young officers were busy preparing the somewhat dingy ball-room for their expected guests. With difficulty, loads of evergreens and flowers had been brought down the steep descent, and gay flags and banners draped the bare rocky walls and festooned the musicians' platform. Mine hostess and her daughters were busy all day long preparing for the sumptuous banquet; and over the supper-room hung the Union Jack and old England's standard, as if to insure thoughts of stability and glory. The steep steps in the cliff were carpeted with scarlet cloth and arched with evergreens: a transformation was accomplished upon which the artists might well gaze with pride and self-gratulation.

"And when fair Luna shines over the sea to-morrow night in full splendor, just as the dear girls arrive," said one sentimental lieutenant, "I am sure they will be delighted, and the novelty will more than compensate for any little extra trouble they may incur."

"I think you are right, Oswald," said an older officer, from whose heart, though time had effaced much of the outward expression of romance, could never be torn away its original love of the marvellous and mysterious. "'Tis a strange tumble-down old place, true enough; but with the Demon Rock bathed in moonlight, the ocean glittering and shining as if incrustated with jewels, the old cliff, black and ruinous as an ancient battlement, and underneath the fairy

grotto we have devised for their light feet to dance in, woman must have bid good-by to womanhood if she is not charmed."

Meanwhile young girls were busy with their toilets, and arranging with comical perplexity for that long descent in the cool spring evening that must intervene between the carriages and the ball-room. Cloaks and hoods must be worn, and dainty feet incased in some more durable substance than satin or kid; yet all these thoughts only lent zest to their predicted enjoyment, and the hours and days flew merrily by.

Esther Graham, alone, complained grievously of the inconvenience of the place, till poor Emily, in a fit of annoyance, begged her to stay at home and she would find another chaperone; but this was not Miss Graham's desire. Like many other good women, she loved to regard herself as a martyr to the wishes and caprices of others, and now that the glass told her that the young officers would rarely invite her for her own sake, she was the more inclined to be displeased with the sister, on whose account she made such sacrifices to health and comfort.

"I very much doubt whether father would like you to go at all, Emily; as if they could not find a better place for a ball than the Cliff House!"

"Oh, Esther dear!" said Emily, "I am sure you will enjoy it very much when once you get there, they have made everything so nice for us. Frank tells me that it looks quite a different place—that I shall hardly know it."

"Frank again, Emily? One would think your cousin was the only person you ever associated with."

Emily was silent, and soon it was time to dress, and a little later Frank arrived to escort them to the ball. He sat down contentedly enough to await for his cousins, thinking of the soft merry light that would shine in Emily's eyes when she gazed on their fairy grotto; thinking of the peeps at the moonlit sea they might get from certain nooks and corners that he had observed behind flags and banners when they arranged the supper-room; thinking of the warm pressure of her little hand as he led her cautiously and slowly down those rugged steps, over which he would

take care to provide Esther with another partner ; thinking of his poverty, and turning from that sad thought to the true, loving heart that had promised to wait, even for years, sooner than disappoint him. His stern old uncle, his prim cousin Esther, all faded into insignificance at the thought of the rich young love that was all his own. And then the door opened, a vision of white shone upon him, and Emily stood before him.

"My darling," he exclaimed, springing to her side, and kissing her fair forehead, "you *are* looking nice to-night."

Many others less interested might have echoed these words. In her simple white muslin robe, looped with pink roses, a wreath of pink and white rosebuds in her rich brown hair, a small locket chain of gold around her white neck, and golden bracelets on her arms, Emily Graham might well have suited the most fastidious of tastes ; in the eyes of Frank Graham she appeared as a smiling angel ; at the sight of her he was inclined to exclaim, with one of Chateaubriand's Moorish heroes, "C'est mon houris!"

Just then the door opened and Esther appeared.

"Good evening, cousin Frank ; I am sorry to keep you waiting so long : we are ready now."

"No apology is needed, Esther ; I am perfectly at ease ; we shall be in very good time."

Esther Graham looked well in a handsome light blue silk, and appeared rather more inclined to enjoy herself than usual. The three set off in good spirits ; Frank, opposite Emily in the carriage, sat watching her, and feasting his eyes on her gentle beauty.

A drive of two miles brought them to the steep steps. Esther was given in charge to Lieutenant Martin, who guarded the pass, and Frank followed with Emily, whispering words of love to her that sent a warm glow to her cheeks, and a joyful tide of feeling to her heart. The moon was just mounting the heavens in her car of light, dancing in pale beams on the green boughs and scarlet draperies, and peering into the deepest recesses of the Demon Rock.

"What a strange old place, dear Frank," said Emily, tightly holding his

hand ; "how such a night as this stirs up the strongest, deepest feelings of our nature."

"It does, indeed. There is poetry and love in every motion of these rippling wavelets, in every swell of the heaving ocean."

"But how pretty you have made it all, Frank ; it seems transformed almost. What trouble you must have taken."

"I am already paid for my share of it, if it pleases you, dearest," said Frank, wishing heartily that pleasant descent alone with Emily could occupy hours instead of minutes ; "but we have reached the sands now, and you must let me escort you to the cloak room ; there is a covered archway leading from it to the ball-room. Good-by, love. Promise me three dances, Emily — the first, the last, and one between."

"I promise, Frank. I would gladly dance with you only, if it might be so."

Frank joined his brother officers in the ball-room, already gay with pretty women and bright uniforms. The next to enter were the sisters, Esther and Emily Graham. A host of eager desirers of her hand in the dance clustered around Emily. Frank came among them, and gained again, in public, the promise for the first dance.

The music sounded gayly, light feet trod in the measured dance ; it grew faster, more exciting, more pleasant ; the dancers, unmindful of all but that ball-room—the bright eyes that beamed upon them, the strong arms that upheld them, the fairy feet that glided past them, the quick notes of music that struck upon the air — how should they hear the angry moaning of the wind around the old cliff, the heavy swelling of the surging tide ? Emily had danced the second dance with another partner, and Frank had slipped away to avoid a sight he could not enjoy. He was the first to notice the storm. It was awkward, he thought, for it to come on such a night as this ; however, there were bedrooms enough in the house for the ladies ; as for soldiers, if they could not be content with a shake-down in the deserted ball-room, or even with worse fare than that, they were muffs, not soldiers, that was all.

When his turn came to dance with his cousin, Frank returned, without the

slightest apprehension of approaching danger, to the ball-room. He told Emily what he expected about the storm raging at night, and the young girl answered jestingly, deeming it a good piece of fun to be compelled to remain under the shelter of the cliff. Again the music sounded, and light feet danced merrily, while without, the giant waves rose more furiously, tumbling and tossing over each other with crests of foam; the wind roared in the hollow of the Demon Rock, and though the dancers knew it not, the old cliff had begun to tremble and totter beneath his touch. The ball-room windows had been thickly draped to prevent the cold air from finding admission, but from the supper-room could be seen the foaming, dashing sea; the black clouds, with the struggling moon, anxious to behold the earth again from behind them, like some poor human soul whom Satan, by thick clouds of doubt, would drive from the presence of his God forever, yet who struggles on, knowing that some space in the firmament must still be free from gloom and despair.

Frank escorted Emily thither after their second dance.

"I knew you would like to see this, darling," he whispered, as she gazed with awed face upon the tumult of the elements.

"I do, indeed. Yet oh, Frank, is it not awful?"

"I do not think we need feel frightened; we are safe enough here."

"I should like to go out on the sands."

"But I cannot venture to take you there, Emily."

They stood silently watching the scene; then a flash of lightning was succeeded by a tremendous peal of thunder, that seemed to shake the ground beneath their feet.

"That was splendid!"

They waited for another flash, another peal of heaven's artillery, and then returned to the ball-room. Some of the ladies, especially the dowagers, who were acting as chaperones, had begun to feel uneasy; but a little reassurance quieted their fears, and made them hope that the storm would cease before they need brave its force. Dancing continued with much spirit, the party adjourned to the supper room, and then, at one o'clock

in the morning, came back to the ball-room for a parting dance.

"I claim this one also, Emily," said Frank, smiling, and she responded with a smile and a blush.

In the midst of the giddy maze, hands clasped in hands, with sheltering arms around them, those bright young girls were fated to meet their doom. Gayly played the musicians, still more gayly rose the ringing music of women's laughter, when a dreadful crash was heard, breaking in like some strange awful discord; heads were raised, to behold, fast falling upon them, the tottering cliff, shrouded by festive flags and draperies, but coming still, and faster, faster, with every added movement of velocity. Frank clasped his partner to his breast, and like many another manly form that night, looked down in tenderest pity on the white lips he had so loved to kiss.

"Emily, darling, death is coming upon us. Be calm; our only hope is that door; and the cliff will fall so much in one mass, that our hope is but despair."

Before he finished speaking there was a dreadful rush to that one door: too often man forgot to be generous, woman to be unselfish; each struggled for the dear life that was their own; but in most cases the gallant young hosts won braver names than that awful night than they ever merited in the fierce, unholy battlefield. Frank bore the trembling Emily in his arms. "Dearest, I must save you," he said, with panting breath, as he encircled her in a close embrace.

"Save yourself, Frank," she murmured; "kiss me, and let me die. May God have pity on my poor father! Where is Esther?"

"I cannot tell you, darling. Oh! it were sweeter to meet death thus with you, than to live as I have sometimes pictured life, alone and desolate. But I want to save you, Emily; cling to me, dearest; we will live or die together."

That blessed word seemed to strengthen the young man, and he pressed forward.

"It is no use," said an officer, who had opened the door, "the cliff has fallen outside also; we are buried in a living grave."

It was an awful sentence, that blanched many cheeks, and moistened eyes unused to weeping.

"Can we not make a way of escape?" suggested Frank; "cut through the fallen rock?"

"How?"

Frank could not tell. "At least," he continued, "we may hope that help will come ere it is too late. It is known there is a ball here to-night: the carriages will soon arrive."

"But we shall be dead before another hour, Frank Graham," said a despairing voice.

The last hour of life! How awful it looked to them all. How few had lived for that hour; how few had guessed that they should meet it among the gay festivities of the Cliff Ball.

And now the fragments of rock came rushing down upon them, breaking the lustres, extinguishing the lights, threatening to add the horror of "thick darkness" to their terror, bruising fair heads and delicate arms, and, at last, bringing death.

A huge fragment fell upon Frank and Emily as they stood together in the dim light beside a gay pennant that he had hung there so joyously only thirty hours ago, and they never spoke again, only with trembling clasping arms they fell together to the earth, bruised, and bleeding, and insensible. A little group gathered around, trying to discern, by the faint glimmering ray of their only remaining candle, which of their number had fallen, and marked their young and gallant comrade, with the lifeless form of his beautiful betrothed held tightly in his grasp. In sympathy for these stricken ones, men learned forgetfulness of their own imminent peril.

"Poor things! poor things! and her father opposed the match, didn't he? Poor old man! he, too, will be utterly undone after this shock."

"They have died, poor young creatures, as they would have wished to die; their souls, like pure white doves, shall flee away and be at rest."

"By my faith," said an Irish officer, "I wish I was gone, too; for this suspense, with death at the end of it, is worse than death itself."

Esther Graham had been lying in a stupor, succeeded by fits of hysterical fainting. They feared to tell her of her sister's doom, till she looked up and inquired piteously: "How is it

Emily does not come to me? Where is she?"

Then they gently told her, and she shut her eyes and cried quietly but ceaselessly. Another roll, another crash, and they were buried indeed.

Hours after, digging among the ruins, men found one man who had escaped the fate of his companions. Gradually he recovered from unconsciousness, and told his awful tale; and to this day, beside many hearths in old England is he welcomed for the strange and fearful story that he has to tell; but to none is he so welcome as to an old, lonely, white-headed man, who listens to the circumstances of his young daughter's death; and as he hears for the hundredth time how Frank and Emily fell together, he murmurs, "Righteous God, as I endeavored to divide the love of two pure innocent hearts in life, thou hast taught me that thy will decreed in death they should not be severed."

Macmillan's Magazine.

COMTE AND POSITIVISM.*

BY W. WHEWELL, D.D., MASTER OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

"POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY" has been frequently spoken of and discussed of late years; and the manner in which it is treated, and the publications in which the discussion is carried on, imply that it is supposed to be a subject of popular interest. It may, therefore, I trust, Mr. Editor, be a subject not unsuited to the pages of your *Magazine*; and I am ready to offer my contribution to the discussion. With regard to M. Auguste Comte and his *Philosophie Positive*, I have many years ago expressed my opinion. I then spoke of him as a person whose want of knowledge and of temperate thought caused his opinions on the philosophy and history of science to be of no value. I have seen no reason to change this opinion: but eminent writers of our own country have given to him an amount of attention and admi-

* Auguste Comte and Positivism. By John Stuart Mill.—*Fortnightly Review*, January 1. Auguste Comte, by the Editor.

ration which makes it very fit for me to reconsider this judgment.

We have especially the great authority of Mr. J. S. Mill calling upon us to give again our attention to M. Comte and his philosophy. No authority of our own time can be greater than this. Beside Mr. Mill's profound philosophical thought and wide sphere of knowledge, the dignity of his position naturally makes us look where he points. His love of truth and fearlessness of consequences have given him an eminence which all must rejoice to see generally acknowledged. It is no small glory of our times, that one of our most popular constituencies has fully and practically adopted the great Platonic maxim that it will never go well with the world till our rulers are philosophers, or our philosophers rulers. This popular recognition of Mr. Mill as the representative of the philosophical element in man may very fitly lead to a popular discussion of those whom he declares Worthies. To some of your readers, perhaps, it may be known that I have always regarded Mr. Mill's opinions with respect, and considered them interesting and important subjects of discussion, but that on many subjects I have held them to be erroneous, and have not scrupled to publish my reasons for thinking so. I must still keep the same attitude. I can in no degree share Mr. Mill's admiration for Auguste Comte, even though it is now limited in many points, and balanced by something very like contempt as to his more recent doctrines: and I am desirous of considering the matter a little further than I have yet done.

Perhaps I may be allowed to notice some of the features which seem to me to be those which especially recommend Auguste Comte's doctrines to Mr. Mill's approval. Among them are, I conceive, M. Comte's rejection of all abstract conceptions, causes, theories, and the like; and his assertions that phenomena alone are the proper subject of science. All beyond he stigmatizes as "metaphysical," a term which he endeavors to make an opprobrious one: a tendency in which we must allow that he sympathizes with the English "general reader" and general talker. Mr. Mill shares in this dislike to abstract terms, and ascribes to such terms a mischievous tendency. For example, he thinks there is

much harm in the old maxim that "Nature abhors a vacuum:" that it makes of Nature an active agent. Now this, I must profess, appears to me a kind of philosophical prudery. Why not state actual facts in familiar words, even if they be a little figurative? For is it not true that Nature, in this our terrestrial region, *does* abhor a vacuum? What would be gained to philosophy, if, instead of this simple rule, we were to be told that, "in a system of matter held together by attractive forces, there is a tendency to fill up all spaces empty of matter?" Is the abstract term Nature so very bewildering that we cannot for a moment recollect what it means? Have we such a horror of Nature's "horror," that we can be satisfied with any feeling whatever which may expel it?

As I have said, I conceive that one main feature in M. Comte's philosophy which recommends it to Mr. Mill is his horror of the word "metaphysical," and that the *Positive Philosophy* is positive mainly in *denying* all but facts—all abstractions, causes, theories, and the like. M. Comte holds (and apparently it is held to be one of his great discoveries, as it certainly is a very prominent part of his system) that in every science there is a metaphysical stage, which precedes that positive stage which is the true form of science. Now this I conceive to be a radical mistake. There is no science in which this pretended succession of a metaphysical and a positive stage can be pointed out. There is no science in which the discovery of laws of phenomena, when once begun, has been carried on independently of discussions concerning ideas, which must be called *metaphysical*, if anything be so called. There is no science in which the expression of the laws of phenomena can at this time dispense with ideas which have acquired their place in science in virtue of metaphysical considerations. There is no science in which the most active disquisitions concerning ideas did not come *after*, not *before*, the first discovery of laws of phenomena. This may be exemplified in all sciences which have made any progress. Kepler's discoveries would never have been made but for his metaphysical notions. And again: those discoveries of the laws of phenomena did not lead immediately to

Newton's theory, *because* a century of metaphysical discussion was requisite as a preparation. And, at this moment, those sciences which are most progressive, and which have the fullest promise of progress, are in want of metaphysical clearness of ideas, no less than of additional facts. Who will help us to a true view, or even to a view tenable for a year, of the atomic constitution of bodies; explaining why it is that, with every scheme of atomic constitution, we are perpetually driven to the contradiction of *half-atoms*, and how this is to be avoided? Who will guide us over the geometrical contradictions which beset us when we would imagine the structure of crystals? Who can give us a notion, metaphysically tenable, of chemical composition? Are all chemical compounds binary? M. Comte thinks they are: a metaphysical doctrine surely, for he gives no physical reason for it. Nor indeed is it reconcilable with the simplest facts of the newer chemistry. Who will define for us vital power and forces, avoiding metaphysical notions? And of what use could his definition be if he did so? But we might go on through the whole range of science asking the like questions, and every science in turn would reveal to us how baseless is the notion that there is a good positive stage of science which succeeds a bad metaphysical stage.

M. Comte's theoretical view of the progress of science includes a further assertion, which I mention because it has been much noticed, though to me it appears to be worthless, and, indeed, absolutely puerile. According to him, sciences go through three stages: they are, first, theological; secondly, metaphysical; thirdly, positive. Now, that in early times men believed the sun and the moon to be gods, or to be governed and guided by gods, is true; but this is not science, not even the beginning of science: it is a state of thought which precedes science. But be it so. Let astronomy be first theological. But what other science has gone through this stage? Physics has not. As Adam Smith says, there was never a god of weight. Has chemistry? Curiously enough chemistry has had a mythological stage, but it was not its first stage. It was the stage through

which it went in the ages of alchemy. When chemists described the substances and operations with which they dealt by the most curious and lively personifications, gold was the *king* of metals, silver, the *queen*: an object much aimed at was to obtain the *regulus*, the metallic young one, of the more imperfect metals. For this purpose there were *magisteries*, preparations which possessed power to change bodies, with many fancies of the same kind. In the same way astronomy had its mythological period in the age of astrology. But then—alas for the Comtian order of development of sciences!—this was long after there existed a positive science of astronomy among the Greeks, whose results are still part of our astronomical treasury. So that the history of science refuses altogether to lend itself to the attempt to find a profound and general meaning in the fact that men began to talk about the sun and moon by calling them Apollo and Diana.

Another feature of the *positive* philosophy is, that it denies (all its characteristics are negative, as I have said) modern theories, such as the undulatory theory in optics, and thus reduces science to its facts. Now to this there is an unanswerable reply. The facts cannot be *expressed* without the theory. It is a challenge which has been repeatedly addressed to the opponents of the undulatory theory, and never accepted, to express without the theory the facts of *diffraction* (the dark and bright lines which border shadows when exactly cast). There is in this case, and in many others, no possibility of stating the facts without using the language of the theory; and therefore on this subject there can be no Positive Science in M. Comte's sense.

But M. Comte was too ignorant of modern optics to know this. The language in which he speaks of modern optics (and of all modern sciences except astronomy) is that of a shallow pretender, using general phrases in the attempt to make his expressions seem to be knowledge. Thus he says that Fresnel applied the principle of interferences to the phenomena of colored rings, "on which the ingenious labors of Newton left much to desire;" as if Fresnel's labors on this subject had been the supplement of those of Newton!

I regard Comte as a notable example of the character generated in France by the prominence given to the study of mathematics in the last generation. He was in some degree a distinguished scholar of the Polytechnic School, though his attainments in this way have been much exaggerated; and his pretensions to discoveries are, as Sir John Herschel has shown, absurdly fallacious. But the mathematicians of that generation having, with great ingenuity and subtlety, completed the Newtonian theory of gravitation, seemed to think it intolerable presumption in any one to put forth a theory upon another subject, which should rival that of gravitation in its generality and the subtle mathematical artifices which it involved. As evidence of the prevalence of this temper among the greatest French mathematicians of that time, I may mention an anecdote which I had from Arago himself. He and Fresnel pursued together those experiments which established the undulatory theory. At a certain period they came to the experiment in which it appeared that two rays polarized in the same plane interfere with each other: two rays polarized in planes perpendicular to each other do not interfere. Fresnel said to Arago, "Do you not see that this is simply the fact that light consists of transverse undulations?" Arago, in relating this, said to me, "You will wonder how I could refuse to assent to this; for certainly the fact was so. But, in good truth, I *dared* not assent. I was in close relations with Laplace and the other leaders in mathematics, and they would not hear of undulations. So I held my tongue at that time." This "influence" of the opponents of the undulatory theory, I conceive, operated upon M. Comte also, and prevented him from learning the plainest facts in its history.

I am not going to trace M. Comte's views of the other sciences. He is, I conceive, very superficial in all, and in some grossly erroneous. But, as an example, I may quote what Mr. Mill himself says of M. Comte's way of dealing with one of the most conspicuous of modern sciences: one, too, of which he was especially bound to acquaint himself with the history, inasmuch as to it, under the name of Sociology, he professes to

have made great and improbable additions: I mean Political Economy. "Any one," says Mr. Mill (p. 80), "any one acquainted with the writings of political economists need only read his few pages of animadversions on these to learn how extremely superficial M. Comte can sometimes be. He affirms that they have added nothing really new to the original *aperçus* of Adam Smith; when every one who has used them knows that they have added so much as to have changed the whole aspect of the science." I should rather say, instead of reading a few pages of M. Comte to learn how extremely superficial he *can* be, the reader may read any page of his speculations to see how extremely superficial he is.

But I will say a few words on another aspect of the Positive Philosophy, which may have won it some favor from speculators who, like Mr. Mill, are very suspicious of ideas; it confines itself to the inquiry into phenomena, and rejects the inquiry into *causes*. Now that men need to be warned against making the inquiry into cause the first or the principal aim of scientific research, is true. But this is a truth which M. Comte was neither the first to propound, nor has propounded in a useful and intelligent manner. Those who have taught the opposite doctrine bear names so eminent, that men may well be warned against being swayed by them—names no less than Aristotle and Bacon: Aristotle, who says that to know truly is to know through the causes; Bacon, who seeks to discover the "natures" of things. In opposition to this, the study of really progressive science teaches us that the first step in a science is to discover the laws of phenomena; and that from these laws alone, ascending from one step of generality to another, we can hope to discover those very general laws which we call *causes*. But, when such general laws offer themselves, why should we not call them *causes*, when all the world calls them so? Take one of the most striking and progressive sciences of modern times—geology. It begins with observing and classifying the strata of the earth; but it aspires to discover the causes by which they came to be what they are, and where they are; whether, in each case, water or fire was the chief

agent; whether the causes acted continuously or in paroxysms. These are inquiries which to this day engage the attention and animate the labors of the eminent men all over the world who cultivate geology. Are they to desist from these labors because M. Comte assures them that the inquiry into causes is hopeless and unphilosophical? Or is M. Comte to legislate for the sciences, according to whom there can be no such science as geology?

As I have said, the main character of the Positive Philosophy consists in its negations; and there appears to prevail in some quarters a disposition to regard those as the most "advanced" philosophers who deny the largest portion of the truths which have been commonly accepted and established. As an example of this: besides the denial of causes, in the more general sense, as a fit object of scientific inquiry, there has been of late extensively prevalent a disposition to deny *final causes*, or the evidence of the adaptation of means to an end in the structure of animals. This evidence, which the sagacity of Socrates first distinctly fastened upon, and which has had a charm ever since, alike for the most popular and for the most philosophical thinkers, has of late been spoken disparagingly of, because structures which had been regarded as evidences of design have been by recent physiologists referred to a principle of morphology, according to which all animal structures are merely modifications of a general plan. And Bacon's maxim has been often quoted, that final causes are like Vestal Virgins, dedicated to God, and necessarily barren. That in Bacon's time the reasoning from final causes had been pushed too far may easily be shown. But it is certain that, with regard to the structure of animals, the most eminent physiologists in all ages have declared that at every step they did discover evidences of design, and that by holding to that principle, they made their discoveries. To take eminent instances: we know that this was the case with Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood. We know that this was the case with Cuvier's restoration of extinct animals from the evidence of their osseous remains. These authors tell us that it was so. Were they mistaken? Was

it a false, an unreal principle that thus led them to some of the most important scientific truths which we possess? Are the vestal virgins barren by nature, or only to place their Divine authority above suspicion? They *have* had offspring; great and glorious offspring. Still, it is in the highest degree important that no one should rashly ascribe to them children. No one should claim their parentage for the children of his own brain. Let the wise man's voice be obeyed. Let them not lightly venture from their temple; but while they continue their praises in the language which they have learned through all ages, from Socrates to Owen, let it not be supposed that their words are unmeaning because a few nonsensical phrases have been interpolated by men more pious than wise.*

I have said that the structures formerly ascribed to design have been recently supposed to be accounted for by morphology. I confess I have been astonished at the extent to which this elevation of morphology above teleology has been carried. The wing of a sparrow and the arm of a man consist of like bones, corresponding bone by bone: *that* is morphology. The wing is made for flying, the arm for holding and striking: *that* is teleology. How does the one principle exclude the other?

It is said that the structure most useful to the animal is elaborated by minute changes in countless generations: and so, all organs were not made for a purpose, but *grew* and made themselves. The eye was not made for seeing, the ear for hearing. Such an announcement, it is no exaggeration to say, takes away the breath of Philosophy; at least for a moment. But let it be for a moment only. Let Philosophy try to recover her self-possession. She then asks, What is the alternative supposition? The eye was not made for seeing. So be it, if it must be so. But how did it grow then?

* I refer the reader with much pleasure to Dr. Acland's recently published *Harveian Oration*. He there discusses the question of Final Causes, illustrating his reasons by the example of Harvey, and the remarks of many philosophers. He has even the patience to argue with those who deny that the eye was made for seeing, by pointing out the manner in which its optical adjustments reject the doctrine of its being self-formed.

Our teacher replies: "Several facts make me suspect that any sensitive nerve may be rendered sensitive to light. Numerous gradations from a perfect and complex eye to one very imperfect and simple, each grade useful to its possessor, can be shown to exist: further, the eye does vary, if only slightly, and its variations are unlimited; and if any variation or modification in the organ be ever useful to an animal under changing conditions of life, then the difficulty of believing that a perfect and complex eye could be formed by natural selection can hardly be considered real."

I confess I think that our Philosophy cannot do less than lift up her hands and eyes in astonishment at this gigantic fabric of hypotheses, of which the basis is a *suspicion* that any nerve may become sensitive to light. There may be gradations from an imperfect and simple eye — from a scrap of nerve sensitive to light, to a perfect and complex eye; and each grade is useful to its possessor, and hence the difficulty of supposing this to be the true history of the matter is not real! The inimitable contrivances for adjusting the focus to different distances, for admitting different amounts of light, for the correction of spherical and chromatic aberration, are all on the imaginary road from a bit of nerve to a complex eye; and therefore Nature *has* travelled on this road to the complex eye. This, it is confessed, *seems* absurd, but yet this is the doctrine insinuated. But the difficulties are not yet half stated. For, besides all this, and running parallel with these gradations of the *optical* adjustments, we have a no less complex system of *muscles* for directing the eye: some of them, as the pulley - muscle, dwelt on by Paley, such as resist the tendencies of their neighbors; and the numerical expression of these correspondences of the gradations of the optical and the muscular adjustment of the eye is to be multiplied into itself for every organ of the animal, in order to give the number of chances of failure to success in *this* mode of animal-making. Verily the Philosophy must have a large swallow that can gulp down these numbers!

And this, it seems, is the best physiological philosophy which we can get,

if we reject final causes! And those are "advanced" physiologists who hold such doctrines. I confess I see no reason to believe that advance of science consists in denying truths formerly established. I believe, on the contrary, that truths once obtained are true for ever; and I deem *that* "Positive Philosophy" to be a false and worthless lore which consists in perpetual negations of what has been established by thoughtful men in careful examination of facts.

I have written so much of M. Comte and his *Positive Philosophy* with great reluctance; for I cannot conceal my opinion that he is quite unworthy to be made the serious subject of discussion among philosophers. But the respect in which I hold some of the persons who have praised him—Mr. Mill and Mr. G. H. Lewes for example—has made me revise my opinion concerning him, long ago delivered; and I have thought it might be worth while to point out what seem to be the most attractive features of his philosophy, which I have tried to do. The praise which Mr. Mill bestows upon some parts of his writings is to me quite marvellous. But my wonder is somewhat lessened when I come to perceive, in reading these praises, that they refer to performances in which I conceive the object to be of small philosophical value, such as the classification of the sciences, and the arrangement of sciences one above another in a certain order. These attempts, even if successful, seem to me to be of small value. No science is yet complete; and yet when we classify and derive them, we suppose it to be so. I think M. Comte's performances in this way worse than those of other persons—than M. Ampère's, for instance; but I see no interest in weighing them against one another.

When I say that M. Comte's speculations on the history of science seem to me to be worthless, I shall not be supposed, I presume, to hold that *this subject* is of no value. I condemn M. Comte's speculations on this subject, because I find in them so little of the history of science, and in that little many errors in the most important points, as when he ascribes Newton's discoveries about central force to Kepler, who never had the idea of central force. And his dis-

course concerning the theological stage of science seems to me to have no more to do with the history of science than the stories about Thor and Woden have to do with the history of England. But if any one will write the history of any science, marking the Epochs of the cardinal discoveries which have made it to be a science, and their Preludes and Sequels (for of such periods the history of each science really consists), I shall gladly follow his teaching; and, if he has rightly interpreted the facts of history (for which purpose he must carefully read the original authors of guesses, discoveries, and developments), I shall be grateful to him as a fellow-laborer, or as a master.

I have confined myself hitherto to M. Comte's supposed achievements in the domain of the material sciences, because there we have a definite collection of established truths, and know what we are talking about. It was in that domain, I think, that M. Comte's reputation was acquired. He has since changed or extended the main business of his philosophy to the formation of a wonderful social system. And as I have not made it my business to study this, I shall, in the remainder of what I have to say, leave him in the hands of his admirers and critics, Mr. Mill and Mr. G. H. Lewes.

Mr. Lewes in a very amusing article (in the *Fortnightly Review*) has given a biographical sketch of M. Comte, which is not without its meaning, even as illustrative of M. Comte's "sociological" speculations and proposals. Mr. Lewes says: "At the age of seventeen he was admitted to the *École Polytechnique*, and there he found republican sentiments and scientific tendencies eminently suited to his rebellious and inquiring disposition. . . . His comrades respected and admired him. His professors recognized his eminent capacity. A brilliant career seemed certain, when it was arrested by a characteristic action of his own. One of the masters had insulted the younger students by his manners: the elder students took up the case, and after mature deliberation decided that the master was unworthy of continuing in his office. They drew up the following notification: 'Monsieur, quoiqu'il nous soit pénible de

prendre une telle mesure envers un ancien élève de l'École, nous vous enjoignons de n'y plus remettre les pieds.' This notification, drawn up by Comte, had his signature at the head of the list. The result was his expulsion. His official career was at an end. He was forced to return home, and remained there some time under the surveillance of the police."

After this he went to seek his fortune in Paris. He found an opening there which a less rebellious spirit might have profited by. "He became private secretary to Casimir Perier, but quickly found that the paid servant was expected to be a blind admirer. Called upon to make some comments upon the public labors of his master, 'elles ne furent pas goûtées;' and, after a trial of three years, the connection ceased."

He then passed over to the celebrated Saint-Simon, and became his secretary, pupil, and, for a time, friend. This connection had undoubtedly a large share in stimulating and shaping Comte's speculations on the structure of society. The Saint-Simonians formed a very striking epoch in French speculation. I think M. Comte's admirers have not done them justice. There are, perhaps, not many Englishmen who now recollect to have read their writings when they were published (about 1820 and after); but those who do must regard them as very striking works. Most readers at that time were deeply impressed by the largeness, subtlety, and ingenuity of their views of society. Their doctrine of the alternation of *critical periods* and *organic periods* was really a startling theory, bringing together into a general view many historical facts. And the boldness and imperiousness with which they legislated concerning a new state of society which was to be, was suitable to M. Comte's temper in his subsequent career; and accordingly he has it, and, as I should say, borrowed it of them; whether or no it was worth borrowing is another question.

In 1824 Comte came to an open rupture with Saint-Simon. Soon after he published an essay in which his admirers find the germ of his subsequent speculations. In this essay he maintains his doctrine of the three stages of

science—theological, metaphysical, and positive; also that human activity in society has three corresponding agencies—the conquering military, the defensive military, and the pacific industrial; and “that philosophy (or general beliefs) in passing from the theological to the positive stage must bring about the substitution of the industrial for the military régime; and, finally, that the spiritual reorganization which is the necessary condition of all social reorganization, must repose upon the authority of demonstration: it must be based upon science, with a priesthood properly constituted out of the regenerated scientific classes.”

Soon after this M. Comte married Caroline Massin, bookseller. He took to pupils as his support. “At the time of his marriage, Comte had but one pupil; this pupil was ‘the Bayard of our day,’ as his admirers style General Lamoricière. With the small sum of money brought by his wife a modest lodging was furnished in the Rue de l’Oratoire. Here M. de Narbonne proposed to place his son as boarder and pupil. Other aristocratic families would, it was hoped, follow the example. To receive these pupils, a more dignified apartment was taken in the Rue de l’Arcade, at the corner of the Rue St. Lazare, and fresh furniture had to be bought. But when the small stock of ready money was thus invested, the pupils never came, and the apartment was a burden. In a few months the solitary boarder was sent back, and the young couple had to migrate into more modest lodgings in the Rue Montmartre.”

In 1826, he commenced a course of lectures in exposition of his system; and many of the most distinguished men in Paris—Humboldt, Poinso, De Blainville, Carnot, etc.—with the good-nature in manifesting an interest in a brother professor’s lectures, which is happily and properly common among men of science—attended his lectures; but, after three or four had been delivered, an attack of insanity abruptly closed the course. Mr. Lewes has given very curious details of this season of insanity. He has added to them a very curious speculation; a list of “illustrious madmen.” To Lucretius and Cowper, he adds Mohammed, Loyola,

Peter the Great, Haller, Newton, Tasso, Swift, Donizetti, as showing that, in such cases, “the mind is lucid in its lucid intervals.” This will, I think, strike an ordinary reader as a curious way of proving the lucidity of M. Comte’s mind.

In 1830, he published the first volume of his Course, the sixth and last in 1842. And the admiring Mr. Lewes says: “With the publication of the *Philosophie Positive*, he assumed his place among the great thinkers of all ages, but drew upon himself the bitter hatred of rivals and humiliated professors, which, being supported by the indignation of theologians, metaphysicians, and journalists, who were irritated at his dangerous elevation and sweeping scorn, ended in driving him from his official position.”

I must refer to Mr. Lewes for the tale how certain eminent and generous Englishmen offered to replace the official salary for one year, understanding that, at the end of the year, Comte would be either reinstated or would have resolved on some other career. But M. Comte had other notions. From this time he regarded these and the like contributions as his right; and spoke in the tone of a man defrauded and betrayed when they were withheld. This tone of self-conceited ingratitude is so revolting to our ordinary feelings that I do not choose to dwell upon it.

But I will not omit a happier and more interesting passage in his later days, of which Mr. Lewes speaks from personal knowledge. He was separated from his wife in 1842. “In 1845, he first met Madame Clotilde de Vaux. There was a strange similarity in their widowed conditions. She was irrevocably separated from her husband by a crime which had condemned him to the galleys for life; yet, though morally free, she was legally bound to the man whose disgrace overshadowed her. Comte also was irrevocably separated from his wife by her voluntary departure, and, though morally free, was legally bound. Marriage being thus unhappily impossible, they had only the imperfect yet inestimable consolation of a pure and passionate friendship.”

Mr. Lewes adds, he was fond of applying to her the lines of his favorite Dante:

"Quella che imparadisa la mia mente
Ogni basso pensier dal cor m'avulse."

"Every one who knew him during his brief period of happiness will recall the mystic enthusiasm with which he spoke of her, and the inexpressible overflowing of his emotions, which led him to speak of her at all times, and to all listeners. It was in the early days of his attachment that I first saw him; he spoke of her with an expansiveness which greatly interested me." We cannot read without emotion what follows: "When I next saw him he was as expansive in his grief at her irreparable loss; and the tears ran down his cheeks as he detailed her many perfections. This happiness had lasted but one year."

His devotion to her memory, and the curious form that it took, must also be read with great interest; but I am perhaps borrowing from Mr. Lewes more than one writer in a magazine should do from a contemporary. I can only excuse myself by saying that the great interest with which I have read his account makes it difficult for me not to quote largely from it in speaking of M. Comte. But in speaking of M. Comte's later work, the *Politique Positive*, I will rather quote Mr. Mill, who has given an account of this portion of M. Comte's speculations which is full of interest; and which is, as seems to me, written as favorably to M. Comte as any rational person can write. One judicious remark of Mr. Mill will show the spirit and temper in which his criticism of M. Comte's "sociological" speculations is written: "We cannot but remark a singular anomaly in a thinker of M. Comte's calibre," [it is curious to me how often Mr. Mill is led to the assumption of "anomalies" by his steadfast belief in M. Comte's "calibre,"] "after the ample evidence he has brought forward of the slow growth of sciences, all of which, except the mathematico-astronomical couple are, as he justly thinks, in a very early stage, it yet appears as if, to his mind, the mere institution of a positive science of sociology were tantamount with completion." This remark Mr. Mill applies in detail to Comte's "sociology." I will borrow from him the outline of the Comtian polity (Mill, p. 122): "A corporation of philosophers

receiving a moderate support from the state, surrounded by reverence, but peremptorily excluded not only from all political power or employment, but from all riches, and all occupations except their own, are to have the entire direction of education, together with not only the right and duty of advising and re-proving all persons respecting both their public and their private life, but also a control (whether authoritative or moral is not defined) over the speculative class itself, to prevent their wasting time and ingenuity on inquiries or speculations of no value to mankind (among which he includes many now in high estimation), and to employ all their powers on the investigation which may be judged, at the time, to be more urgently important to the general welfare. The temporal government, which is to coexist with this spiritual authority, consists of an aristocracy of capitalists whose dignity and authority are to be in the ratio of the degree of generality of their conceptions and operations — bankers at the summit, merchants next, then manufacturers, and agriculturists at the bottom of the scale." According to my recollection, this "aristocracy" was the government projected by the Saint-Simonians. Mr. Mill adds: "Liberty and spontaneity on the part of individuals form no part of the scheme. M. Comte looks on them with as great jealousy as any scholastic pedagogue, or ecclesiastical director of consciences. Every particular of conduct, public or private, is to be open to the public eye, and to be kept, by the power of opinion, in the course which the spiritual corporation shall judge to be most right." The deference with which Mr. Mill discusses the Comtian scheme is a most edifying example of philosophical humility; and, in spite of what seems to me the absurdity of the process, is very instructive and very entertaining. I shall not, however, attempt to follow it, but some of the details cannot fail to amuse the reader, and have obviously amused Mr. Mill no little.

M. Comte in his later labors, as Mr. Mill says, came forth transfigured as the High Priest of the Religion of Humanity. A religion implies a *cultus*, and M. Comte, surrounded by the *cultus* of the Catholic religion, and aspiring to rival

or replace it and its influence upon the minds of his countrymen, was led to provide an equivalent both for the private devotions and the public ceremonies of other faiths. The reader will be surprised to hear, says Mr. Mill, that the former consists of prayer:

"But prayer, as understood by M. Comte, does not mean asking; it is a mere outpouring of feeling, and for this view of it he claims the authority of the Christian mystics. It is not to be addressed to the Grand Etre, to collective Humanity, though he occasionally carries metaphor so far as to style this a goddess. The honors to collective Humanity are reserved for the public celebration. Private adoration is to be addressed to it, in the persons of worthy individual representatives, who may be either living or dead, but must in all cases be women; for woman being the *sexe aimant*, represents the best attributes of humanity, that which ought to regulate all human life; nor can Humanity possibly be symbolized in any form but that of a woman. The objects of adoration are the mother, the wife, and the daughter, representing severally the past, the present, and the future, and calling into active exercise the three social sentiments — veneration, attachment, and kindness. We are to regard them, whether dead or alive, as our guardian angels, *les vrais anges gardiens*. If the last two have never existed, or if, in the particular case, any of the three types is too faulty for the office assigned to it, their place may be supplied by some other type of womanly excellence, even by one merely historical. Be the object living or dead, the adoration (as we understand it) is to be addressed only to the idea."—(P. 150.)

M. Comte having thus provided his disciples with forms of private prayers and with guardian angels, proceeds to public worship, and other matters, into which he enters with wonderful minuteness. But I will only make one more extract from Mr. Mill's extremely interesting and amusing abstract:

"Not content with an equivalent for the Paters and Aves of Catholicism, he must have one for the sign of the cross also; and he thus delivers himself: 'Cette expansion peut être perfectionnée par des *signes universels*. . . . Afin de mieux développer l'aptitude nécessaire de la formule positiviste à représenter toujours la condition humaine, il convient ordinairement de l'énoncer en touchant successivement les principaux organes que la théorie cérébrale assigne à ses trois éléments.'"—(P. 154.)

M. Comte made a craniological system of his own, which is here referred to; but

what parts of the head or face are thus to be successively touched in the mutual recognition of two Comtians, I have not studied the system sufficiently to be able to tell. But the effect must be much like that which has been thus described by a modern imitator of Homer:

"Then the youth to the tip of his nose put
the thumb of his left hand,
Spread forth his two bunches of fives by
joining his right hand."

And Mr. Mill plainly thinks so; for he says, with becoming gravity: "This may be a very appropriate mode of expressing one's devotion to the Grand Etre; but any one who had appreciated its effect on the profane reader, would have thought it judicious to keep it back till a considerably more advanced stage in the propagation of the Positive Religion."

THE ORIGIN OF THE SNOWDROP.

I

ADOWN the leaden sky
The drifting snow-flakes fall;
And o'er the ground they lie
A soft and velvet pall.
A symbol of the grief
That shivering Nature feels,
When ice on stem and leaf
Her every tear congeals:
Yes, on the earth so light
They form a velvet shroud;
And strange that flakes so white
Should come from blackest cloud!
Floating, drifting, soft descending
From their sources up on high;
Falling, floating, never ending,
In the dull and sullen sky.

II

The languid sun with slanting beam
Illumed a snowdrift fair,
And with his pale and wintry gleam
Formed silver crystals there.
But when the stealthy evening came,
And bathed the western sky
With indigo and lurid flame,
It bade the sunlight die.
Then, like a lovely robe of fur,
The snow lay far and wide;
A robe of whitest miniver
Cast o'er the earth, its bride.
A mantle for the slumbering night,
And though itself so cold,
It warms with its protecting might,
All things within its fold.

It shelters embryo life in seeds
That in the spring shall rise
In painted flow'rets o'er the meads,
With bright and loving eyes.
Those roots that hide and hibernate
Within their frozen home,
It covers up, and bids them wait
Till summer days shall come.
Floating, drifting, never ending,
In the dark and sullen sky,
Falling, floating, soft descending
On the earth so tranquilly.

III.

Then spoke small voices sweet.
From-crypt beneath the ground,
Where busy pigmies meet
To babble lore profound.
"Oh, Nature, hear our prayer,
The prayer of sprites who love
The spotless drift so fair,
Born in the heavens above.
We are not elves who dwell
In perfumed cups of flowers,
When summer lights the dell
And gilds the laughing hours.
We care not for the days
That dress in vesture green,
For we are winter fays
Who love the frozen scene.
We live in icy homes
Where bulbs and fibres grow ;
Yes, we are winter gnomes,
The genii of the snow.
So, Nature, hear our prayer,
The prayer of sprites who love
The spotless drift so fair,
Born in the heavens above."
Floating, drifting, never ending,
In the dark and sullen sky ;
Falling, floating, soft descending
On the earth so tranquilly.

To this replied a voice, in whisper low—
'Twas like the murmuring where waters flow :
"Speak, fairies, speak, and mine the task
shall be,
To grant the boon you seek, all willingly."

IV.

"Thanks, Nature, thanks ! we ask of thee
Memento of our darling snow,
Before that dreadful time shall be—
And come it must, we know—
When that the glowing days shall bring
Vertumnus and the sun,
To change the drift to gurgling spring,
And bid its waters run ;
We ask somethere ere the dress
Belov'd by every fay,
That cherished us in loneliness,
Be rudely torn away.
For we must wait the circling year
Before it comes again.

So, bounteous Nature, hear our prayer,
And ere the lovely frozen rain
Shall vanish quite, and winter go,
Oh leave some record of the snow."
Floating, drifting, soft descending
From its sources up on high ;
Falling, floating, strangely blending
With the dull and leaden sky.

They ceased ; then once again there fell
A voice which like a perfume filled the dell.
So mystic in its tones, it floated round
As gently as the snow, in flakes of sound,
Yet clear as Nature's whispers ever fall
For those who love her ; clear as madrigal
From reedy flutes where breezes lightly play,
And from the pipes evoke strange harmony.
For those who love her, fragments of a tone,
Or scent, or sigh, have meaning of their own.
Thus came, in trembling notes, her answer
sweet,
Which I, in feeblest verse, must fain repeat.

V.

"Oh, fairies of the frozen earth,
Who know the secrets of my power,
Who watch, and aid the magic birth
Of root to tree, of seed to flower,
I grant thy prayer, and freely give
A relic of the winter time ;
Within this very dell shall live
A lovely child of snow and rime.
Before the sun shall warmer grow,
And bid the drowsy Undines leap ;
Before the rivers dancing go,
That late were frost in tranquil sleep :
Within this fairy dell shall rise
A snowdrop from the frozen rain,
And pale with maidenly surprise
At gift of life, shall pale remain.
No color that can change or fade
Shall she assume, but like a nun
With hood of pearly petals made,
She'll 'scape the rude and garish sun.
Amid her maiden leaves so green,
She'll sit, and bend her head to hear
The words which call her winter's queen
From knightly crocus growing near.
Sir Yellow Crocus, gay and bold,
Would win her for his lovely bride,
Dressed in his panoply of gold,
With spears of sharp leaves by his side.
But soon the sunny days will shine,
And ice be changed to rippling water,
Then make, O elves, the snowdrop thine,
And love her as adopted daughter ;
And wipe the tear-drops from her eyes,
And tell her this sweet hope is given,
That though her mother melts and flies
She'll come again in flakes from Heaven !"
Floating, drifting, soft descending
From their sources up on high ;
And their whiteness strangely blending
With the dull and leaden sky.

—All the Year Round.

Saturday Review.

THE LOST TALES OF MILETUS.*

THE traditional reputation of the Milesian Tales is so questionable that, if the title had been revived by an unknown author, it would have been necessary to state that the *Lost Tales* are as unobjectionably moral as *The Caxtons*, or *What will he do with it?* Sir E. B. Lytton's Greeks, Scythians, and Gauls observe with the strictest care the rules of modern propriety, and Sisyphus himself indulges only in that comic cunning which furnishes lawful amusement to virtuous minds. A more positive merit of the poems consists in the skill with which the stories are told. According to English versions of Aristotle, the three elements of poetry are the fable, the manners, and the diction. Sir E. B. Lytton surpasses all his contemporaries in the management of the fable; but unluckily the manners, including the characters, are colorless and conventional, and such as can never have been witnessed in any place or time, or even definitely imagined. The old *Milesian Tales* may probably have been as deficient in individual portraiture, but they must necessarily have been faithful representations of the customs of Asiatic Greece. The *Arabian Nights*, which are the only perfect tales known to the world, record the adventures of princes, of merchants, and of travellers who have no distinct personal qualities; but the stories themselves are the best possible illustrations of Oriental life. The jealous husbands, the intriguing wives, and the dissolute monks of Boccaccio were evidently drawn from Italian experience, though the dupe or deceiver of one story exactly resembles the reproduction of the same type in another. It was impossible that the mind of a modern English writer should have been imbued with Ionian associations, and as imaginary heroes must say something, it was perhaps necessary that they should be supposed to moralize and generalize after the fashion of Ernest Maltravers or Dr. Riccabocca. Yet the incredulous reader pauses with a momentary surprise when a Gaulish chieftain of the third

century before the Christian era, having found occasion to kill a woman, declares that he has slain a theological or moral abstraction. As the lady had urged the Gaul to murder her husband, the conscientious barbarian was fully justified in putting her to death. He had been, however, not indifferent to her attractions, and it was for a high moral object, as well as from regard to hospitality, that he had executed an act of justice.

"Thou hast no cause to grieve; but I—but I, O Greek, I loved her: I have slain Temptation."

The resolution of a woman into an allegorical entity, and the converse process of personifying a Christian idea by the aid of a capital letter, would perhaps have puzzled the simple minds of Brennus and his followers.

In diction or poetical expression Sir E. B. Lytton has, notwithstanding his meritorious efforts, never risen above mediocrity. There may perhaps be a dozen living persons in England, and as many in the rest of Christendom, who have severally written one or more lines of real poetry. Sir E. B. Lytton surpasses some of them in brilliancy of endowment, but he is not included in their number. His verses are often graceful, scholarlike, and thoughtful, but they have not the indescribable ring of genuine poetry. His metrical experiments indicate rather imperfect appreciation of the common measures than the freedom of movement which accompanies mastery in the art. In default of a rare command of verbal music, it is prudent at least to satisfy the ear by the calculated recurrence of rhyme. It is possible for a copyist to imitate, to a certain extent, the complicated periods and studied cadences of poets who have written normal blank verse; but unrhymed lines of irregular and arbitrary length have scarcely ever been successfully constructed. Southey failed in the attempt in *Thalaba*, and Shelley in *Queen Mab*. The choruses of *Samson Agonistes* are intolerably harsh; and Milton's translations of a few psalms and odes of Horace are less agreeable than prose. Perhaps the only felicitous example of unrhymed stanzas has been furnished by Mr. Barnes, who is one of the most original of metrical composers, as he is

* *The Lost Tales of Miletus*. By the Right Hon. Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Bart. London: John Murray. 1866.

the first of English pastoral poets. A careless reader might almost neglect, in the following passage, to observe either the absence of terminal rhymes or the unexpected assonance in the middle of the fourth line :

"The brown thatchen roof o' the dwellen
I then wer a-leäven
First sheltered the sleek head o' Meäry,
My bride at Woak Hill.
But now o' leäte years, her light footfall
'S a-lost from the flooren;
Too soon for my joy an' my children
She died at Woak Hill."

As a skilful swimmer can support himself in the water without motion, and in almost any possible attitude, a poet who has thoroughly cultivated an inborn faculty of language has the power of making innumerable kinds of verses, which seem to sing themselves. But Sir E. B. Lytton's versification is not superfluously buoyant even when it is provided with all the accessory support of familiar metre and of rhymes. His artificial blank stanzas sink at once to the level of rhetorical prose, although it is cut, as in monumental inscriptions, into definite lengths. The obligation to obey a self-imposed rule has, nevertheless, an inconvenient tendency to twist and invert expressions which might in the natural order be sufficiently intelligible :

"For lo! the kneeler lifted over all
The front of him their best had fled before."

It is fair to state that, with the aid of the context, an attentive student may interpret the passage ; but every sentence in verse or in prose ought to include within itself its own interpretation. It may also be objected that the tallest hero could scarcely overlook an entire assembly as long as he remained on his knees. Even Germans, who have the peculiarity of writing in verse more plainly than in prose, could scarcely have jumbled nominatives, accusatives, and verbs more oddly together than in another stanza of the same poem :

"Perilous boundary-rights by Media claimed
O'er that great stream which, laving Scythian plains,
Europe from Asia guards,
The Persian Prince, in wedding Scythia's daughter
Might well resign, in pledge of lasting peace."

During the progress of four lines, which by parenthesis and inversion exact the closest attention, the anxious reader wonders what the perilous boundaries are going to do, or what is going to be done to them. The Persian Prince, on his first appearance in the sentence, bears no visible relation to the rights which, at the beginning of the next stanza, he is hypothetically to resign. It is not worth while to incur so much trouble for the purpose of eventually putting the horse before the cart. Some of the greatest poets, including Dante and Shakespeare, are, through complexity and compression of thought, frequently enigmatical ; but obscurity in the phrase which envelops a simple thought implies a want of art or of aptitude. In some instances, the meaning, although it may be guessed, is not contained in the words. The King of Scythia had a daughter, and he thought that no king on earth was too good to be her husband ; or, as the poet says,

"For whom no earthly throne,
Soared from the level of his fond ambition."

The language would have been at least equally appropriate if the father had wished his daughter to marry a private person. In that case the level of his modest ambition would not have been disturbed by the elevation of any coveted throne. It is not easy to apprehend the image of a flying throne which soars above any level. No writer understands better than Sir Edward Lytton how to make himself universally understood. As a novelist and as an orator, he is laudably perspicuous ; but he shares the not uncommon belief that verse may be manufactured by turning prose inside out. It would be harsh to grudge him an amusing occupation ; but the candid critic doubts whether it might not have been better to leave the *Tales of Miletus* unpublished, or to relate them in prose.

Some of the stories are interesting in themselves and valuable as early forms of romantic fiction. The legend of the Secret Way, taken from the compilation of Athenæus, is told with Sir Edward Lytton's accustomed skill, although the sentiments and language of the actors are oddly euphuistic. Omartes, King of Scythia, having, against the wish of his nom-

ad subjects, built for himself a capital city, observed that his daughter was, as in a modern romance, pining for some unknown reason. The high priest Teleutias, comparing—perhaps for the first, if not the last time—a maiden to a honey-suckle, advised the king to find a tree or a husband to support his woodbine. A marriage with the Persian prince or king Zariades was recommended by the hope of settling a dispute about the "perilous boundary rights by Media claimed," and, accordingly, a mission was sent to propose the alliance. The cause of the princess's melancholy was a dream in which she had seen an ideal lover; and, by a curious coincidence, Zariades had also dreamed of a beautiful lady. The Persian, accordingly, with the peculiar notions of fidelity which are found in the fictitious literature of all ages, rejected the Scythian overture in discourteous words, which were of course followed by war. In the decisive battle the Scythian horsermen

"Broke wings by native Medes outstretched for flight."

Where the critic may incidentally remark that the Roman *ala* and the wing of a modern army have not been so named because they were stretched out for flight. Zariades, with the Persians in the centre, retrieved the battle, and afterwards, besieging the capital, drove the Scythian garrison to despair. The priest Teleutias informed the king of a secret way leading underground into the open country, but Omartes considered it unbecoming to escape. His daughter was desired to choose one of the assembled chiefs, with whom, as her husband, she might fly to the desert; and while she was hesitating, Zariades, to whom the passage had been betrayed, appeared at the door. Sir Edward Bulwer "writes not for that simple maid, to whom in terms it must be said" that the dream-betrothed lovers recognize each other, that the troublesome boundary question is settled to general satisfaction, and that the Scythian and Persian kings, with their respective subjects, live happy ever after. The tale is pretty, and Sir E. B. Lytton tells it well; but Zariades must have been in advance of his age when he told the envoys of Omartes that

"Great rivers are the highways of the world."

The tale of Sisyphus is more original, as it is constructed from fragmentary hints of various writers; and it is also acceptable because it recalls to Sir Edward Lytton's older and laxer admirers the pleasant and easy morality of *Paul Clifford*, which from early habit they prefer to the austere virtue of *My Novel* and *The Caxtons*. As long as Sisyphus contented himself with robbing his fellow creatures, Zeus took the part of the thief against his innumerable accusers, for a reason worthy of George de Barnwell:

"Thought the All-wise, 'So many against one
Are ill-advised to call on Zeus for help.
Brute force is many—Mind is always one;
And Zeus should side with Mind.'"

Having, however, detected his client in an attempt to bribe the oracle, Zeus sent Death to fetch him. Sisyphus invited Death to sit in a mechanical chair, which caught and held him fast, and then persuaded him that he would be more comfortable in repose than roaming over the world to general annoyance:

"Night after night a cheerful sight it was
To see these two at feast, each facing each,
Chatting till dawn under amazed stars,
Boon comrades, Man and Death."

Men, in the mean time, released from fear of dying, followed their own inclinations, and as the temples were no longer frequented, nor the gods worshipped, Pluto was sent to release Death, and Sisyphus was carried off to the shore of the Styx:

"Death straightway gave to Hermes at the door
His charge, and passed away upon the storm;
On sea rose yells, soon drowned beneath the waves,
On land rose shrieks, soon stilled.
And the next morning all the altars smoked,
And all the fanes were carpeted with knees;
Death had returned to earth; again to heaven
The gods returned for men."

There is an inaccuracy in the antithesis between the literal or objective return of Death to Earth, and the subjective return of the gods to Heaven, in the belief or regard of men; but the effects of the in-

terruption of natural laws, and of the return of the regular order of things, are described with much spirit, and not without a certain humor. Sisyphus, who was still more amusing than his biographer, after provoking the crowd of unburied ghosts to laughter, contrived to return to life. His stolen goods prospered, and according to Sir Edward Lytton's allegorical doctrine, good came out of evil, and private vices proved public benefits:

"For all things prospered well with Sisyphus:

Out of the profits of his stolen beeves
He built him ships, and traded to far seas,
And every wind brought gold;

And with the gold he hired himself armed
men,

And by their aid ruled far and wide as
king;

* Filled justice halls with judges incorrupt,
Temples with priests austere."

Corinth rose from a hamlet into a city,
commerce and agriculture flourished:

"Thus each man's interest led to all men's
law;

And born of iron rule
Order arose to harmonize brute force;
And glimmered on the world the dawn of
Greece;

For if the gods permit the bad to thrive,
'Tis for the ends of good.

As tyrants sow the harvest freemen reap;
But Sisyphus built temples and decked
shrines,

Not for religious homage to the gods,
But as the forts of thrones.

There was no altar in his secret soul;
If he prized law, law legalizes power;
And conquest, commerce, tax, and tribute
were

The beeves he stole as king."

There are, perhaps, one or two slight flaws in the poet's political philosophy. It might be argued that Sisyphus, though a bad man inasmuch as he lifted cattle, was by no means a bad king. If tyrants sow harvests for freemen to reap, freemen are much indebted to them. Commerce is, according to sound economic theories, in no respect analogous to theft. It is pleasant to find that Sisyphus, after all, enjoyed his later and proverbial occupation. He informed Orpheus, in language which might have been mistaken for a platitude of the

nineteenth century, that in his punishment he had duped his judges, because

"They gave me work for torture; work is joy."

A sentiment which may be commended to the notice of unfortunate persons who are sentenced to penal servitude. Orpheus suggested that the stone would perhaps never reach the summit of the hill; but Sisyphus seems to have become in the other world as fertile in commonplace as he had been in crafty devices on earth:

"'Fool,' said the ghost,
'Then mine at worst is everlasting hope.'
Again uprose the stone."

Although Sir Edward Lytton's title to the character of a poet may be disputed, it is impossible not to admire the versatility and the elastic cheerfulness of his fancy. Indefatigable in the conception of literary enterprises, he is never careless in execution. His *Tales of Miletus* are as good as it was possible to make them in conformity with the condition of an almost impracticable class of metres. It appears from the preface that Sir Edward Lytton is tainted with the heresy of believing in accentuated hexameters and pentameters. In one of the tales his practice approaches to his theory, although the stanza is still formed of lines of unequal length. Metrical students may take as an instructive exercise the problem of scanning a line in the poem of *Corinna*:

"'Born blind are mortals,' he said, after
pausing long."

Some will perhaps incline to the belief that the line is a bad Alexandrine, while suspicious minds may inquire whether they have not been unjustifiably puzzled by a sentence of ordinary prose. Only on the assumption that the most far-fetched solution is always the true answer to a riddle, could it be supposed that the words are intended to form a dactylic tetrameter:

"'Börn blñd äre mörtäls,' hē säid, äfter
päsuing löng."

The total disregard to accent, as well as to quantity, is consistent with Sir Edward Lytton's opinion that Dr. Whewell's hexameter translation of Goethe's *Hermann and Dorothea* is a noble specimen of versification.

London Quarterly Review.

THE ZAMBESI EXPEDITION.

THE nineteenth century will be forever memorable in the annals of African discovery. The mystery which for ages had hung over the interior of the great continent has been in a great measure dispelled. Equatorial Africa especially no longer appears as a blank in our maps. Many of its countries and political divisions have been laid down with tolerable certainty, and the positions of some of its rivers and mountains partially defined; but the great lake discoveries more than any other have excited the wonder and admiration of Europe. All our preconceived ideas of the interior of the great continent have been reversed; for regions which were supposed to be a scene of everlasting drought, under the perpetual, unclouded blaze of a vertical sun, have been found to be refreshed with constant showers, irrigated by perennial streams, and teeming with inhabitants. The further discovery of stupendous mountains crowned with eternal snow, within a short distance of the equator, added greatly to the surprise of geographers; and as a climax to an unexampled series of brilliant discoveries, the Nile was confidently said to have at last revealed its mysterious fountains, and the secret of ages to be disclosed.

These important geographical discoveries have chiefly been made from the eastern coast. The missionaries Krapf and Rebmann, whose station was at Mombas, a few leagues to the east of Zanzibar, although they did not greatly enlarge our knowledge of the interior, yet were the precursors of Burton and Speke in those more extensive explorations, the results of which have so honorably distinguished their names. Dr. Livingstone, operating in a different region, but on the same side of the continent, has contributed in a very considerable degree to increase our geo-

graphical knowledge. Africa was first crossed by him from Mozambique, on the Indian Ocean, to Loanda, a Portuguese settlement on the shores of the Atlantic, in 1855, an achievement which was soon afterwards followed, we might even say surpassed, by the unparalleled march of Captains Speke and Grant, with a small armed escort, from the shores of the Indian Ocean to the Mediterranean Sea. The discoveries of Dr. Livingstone have made known to us an extensive portion of Africa, and their effect may ultimately be to open up to commerce and civilization a country which has few superiors in fertility on the African continent. Dr. Livingstone was the first European who crossed the African Continent from its eastern to its western shore. He found the great river Zambesi far in the interior, where its existence was not known even to the Portuguese, and he was the first who visited its stupendous cataracts, to which he gave the name of the Victoria Falls. He is also the discoverer of the great Nyassa Lake and the Shirwa, in the sense at least of having been the first European to visit them and to fix their geographical positions. He collected an immense amount of information respecting the manners, character, and habits of the people of this part of the African continent, formed lasting friendships with several of their chiefs, acquired a knowledge of the languages of the country, and laid the foundation of a more regular intercourse, for which it was one of the principal objects of his mission to prepare the way.

Having been deputed by the London Missionary Society to seek for a suitable place for the location of a permanent establishment, he ascertained that the highlands on the borders of the great basin of the Zambesi were comparatively healthy, and that it was desirable to open a regular and speedy communication with them, in order that Europeans might pass as quickly as possible through the pestilential regions of the coast. The character of the population appeared to be eminently favorable for an experiment being made for the improvement of their social state by means of commerce, and for their ultimate conversion to Christianity. These views received the cordial support of all classes

* *Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries, and of the Discovery of the Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa, 1858-1864.* By DAVID and CHARLES LIVINGSTONE. London. 1865.

Dispatches of Dr. David Livingstone to H. M. Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. *Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa.* By DAVID LIVINGSTONE, LL.D., D.C.L. London. 1857.

on Dr. Livingstone's return to England ; and on the publication of his *Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa*, his peculiar aptitude for enduring the hardships and perils incidental to African exploration, his tact in dealing with obstructive chiefs, and the heroism of his character, were so clearly but unobtrusively revealed that the Government readily responded to the public feeling, and, appointing him Consul for Southeastern Africa, gave to his second expedition the prestige of a national enterprise. Its principal objects, as set forth in his instructions, were to extend the knowledge already attained of the geography and the mineral and agricultural resources of Eastern and Central Africa, to improve his acquaintance with the inhabitants, and to encourage them to apply themselves to industrial pursuits and the cultivation of their land, with a view to the production of raw material which might be exported to England in return for British manufactures ; and it was hoped that an important step might thus be made towards the extinction of the slave-trade, which had been found to be one of the greatest obstacles to improvement.

Although the results of this expedition have not been in all respects commensurate with the sanguine hopes that had been formed of it, it has been the means of extending our geographical knowledge by several important discoveries ; and Dr. Livingstone and his fellow-travellers have collected much information on the geology, botany, ornithology, and zoölogy of the districts which they have leisurely surveyed ; they have thrown much light on the hydrography of the southeastern part of Africa, and obtained a far more complete knowledge of the native tribes, their languages, habits, state of civilization, and religion, than was possible in the former expedition.

The primary object having been to explore the Zambesi and its tributaries, with a view of ascertaining their capabilities for commerce, Dr. Livingstone was furnished with a small steam launch, the *Ma Robert*, which was sent out from England in sections, and put together at the anchorage at the mouth of the Zambesi, but which proved, by the imperfection of its construction, to be rather

an impediment than an assistance to his progress up the river.

The delta of the Zambesi seems to mark it as one of the most important rivers in Africa. The whole range of coast from the Luabo channel to Quillimane must be considered as belonging to that river, for the Quillimane is, in fact only a branch of the Zambesi, which takes a direction due east at about 16° south latitude. Between the most westerly entrance to the Zambesi and Quillimane, not less than seven subsidiary streams pour their waters into the Indian Ocean. This vast delta far surpasses in its dimensions even that of the Nile, and, if properly cultivated, would undoubtedly equal it in fertility. The Zambesi itself almost rivals in magnitude the great river of Egypt, and in some respects considerably resembles it. Like the Nile, it has its great annual flood, inundating and fertilizing the surrounding country. It has also its falls, cataracts, and shallows, which present obstacles to continuous navigation. The perpendicular rise of the Zambesi, in a portion of its course where it is compressed between lofty hills, is eighty feet. In the dry season there are portions of its course where it has only eighteen inches of water ; and Dr. Livingstone's party was repeatedly obliged to drag the small steamer over the shallows. A vessel of less than eighteen inches draught, therefore, would be required to navigate the Zambesi throughout the year, although steamers of considerable burden could ply in it when in flood as far as the Victoria Falls, most of the intervening cataracts being obliterated by the great rise of the waters ; but a high amount of steam-power would be necessary to stem the rapid current when the river is in flood.

The delta extends from eighty to a hundred miles inland, and the soil is so wonderfully rich that cotton might be raised in any quantity, and an area eighty miles in length and fifty in breadth could, Dr. Livingstone says, if properly cultivated, supply all Europe with sugar. Progress up the river was impeded less by sandbanks and rapids than by the miserable performance of the engines of the little steamer. The furnaces consumed an enormous amount of fuel, consisting of blocks of the finest ebony

and *lignum vitæ*, which would have been worth six pounds per ton in England; notwithstanding which, even the heavy-laden native canoes gained upon the asthmatic little craft which puffed and panted after them in vain.

On the banks of the lower course of the river, as is the case in all deltas, the scenery is uninteresting—a dreary uninhabited expanse of grassy plains—the round green tops of the stately palm trees looking at a distance as if suspended in air.

The aspect of nature in Southern Africa presents a striking contrast to European scenery. The trees and the plants are new; the beasts, birds, and insects are strange; the sky itself has a different color, and the heavens at night glitter with novel constellations.

The upper course of the Zambesi, when the hill regions are reached, possesses scenery of a very striking character, made still more so by the variety and beauty of the birds:

“The birds, from the novelty of their notes and plumage, arrest the attention of a traveler perhaps more than the peculiarities of the scenery. The dark woods resound with the lively and exultant song of the kinghunter (*Halcyon striolata*), as he sits perched on high among the trees. As the steamer moves on through the winding channel, a pretty little heron or bright kingfisher darts out in alarm from the edge of the bank, flies on ahead a short distance, and settles down quietly to be again frightened off in a few seconds as we approach. The magnificent fishhawk (*Haliastur vocifer*) sits on the top of a mangrove tree, digesting his morning meal, and is clearly unwilling to stir till the imminence of the danger compels him at last to spread his great wings for flight. The glossy ibis, acute of ear to a remarkable degree, hears from afar the unwonted sound of the paddles, and springing from the mud, where his family has been quietly feasting, is off, screaming out his loud, harsh, and defiant ha! ha! ha! long before the danger is near.

“The winter birds of passage, such as the yellow wagtail and blue arango shrikes, have all gone, and other kinds have come; the brown kite with his piping like a boatswain’s whistle, the spotted cuckoo with a call like ‘pula,’ and the roller and hornbill with their loud high notes, are occasionally distinctly heard, though generally this harsher music is half drowned in the volume of sweet sounds poured forth from many a throbbing throat, which makes an African Christmas seem like an English May. Some birds of the

weaver kind have laid aside their winter garments of a sober brown, and appear in a gay summer dress of scarlet and jet black: others have passed from green to bright yellow with patches like black velvet. The brisk little cock whydah-bird with a pink bill, after assuming his summer garb of black and white, has graceful plumes attached to his new coat; his finery, as some believe, is to please at least seven hen birds with which he is said to live. Birds of song are not entirely confined to villages; but they have in Africa so often been observed to congregate around villages as to produce the impression that song and beauty may have been intended to please the ear and eye of man, for it is only when we approach the haunts of men that we know that the time of the singing of birds is come. A red-throated black weaver bird comes in flocks a little later, wearing a long train of magnificent plumes, which seems to be greatly in his way when working for his dinner among the long grass. A goatsucker or night jar (*Cometornis vexillarius*), only ten inches long from head to tail, also attracts the eye in November by a couple of feathers twenty-six inches long in the middle of each wing, the ninth and tenth from the outside. They give a slow wavy motion to the wings, and evidently retard his flight, for at other times he flies so quick that no boy could hit him with a stone. The natives can kill a hare by throwing a club, and make good running shots, but no one ever struck a night jar in common dress, though in the evening twilight they settle close to one’s feet. What may be the object of the flight of the male bird being retarded we cannot tell. The males alone possess these feathers, and only for a time.”

The honey-guide is perhaps the most remarkable for its intelligence of all the African birds:

“How is it that every member of its family has learned that all men, white or black, are fond of honey? The instant the little fellow gets a glimpse of a man, he hastens to greet him with the hearty invitation to come to a bees’-hive and take some honey. He flies on in the proper direction, perches on a tree, and looks back to see if you are following: then on to another and another, till he guides you to the spot. If you do not accept his first invitation he follows you with pressing importunities, quite as anxious to lure the stranger to the bees’-hive as other birds are to draw him away from their own nests. Except while on the march, our men were sure to accept the invitation, and manifested the same by a peculiar responsive whistle, meaning, as they said: ‘All right, go ahead; we are coming.’ The bird never deceived them, but always guided them to a hive of bees, though some had but little honey in store.”

The Portuguese possess two stations or forts on the Zambesi—one at Senna, the other at Tette; but it appears that they hold both of these positions rather by sufferance than by the prestige of their name or by their power in Africa, for they are said to pay a species of black-mail in the form of presents of beads and brass wire to the neighboring tribes for permission to reside in the country; nor do the commercial advantages of the Portuguese settlements appear to compensate the cost of their maintenance. The natural resources of the district are nevertheless very great. Indigo grows wild on the banks of the river. The streets of Tette are overgrown with the plant as with a weed. The sugar-cane thrives admirably almost in a wild state. Caoutchouc and columba-root* are found in abundance. Iron ore is extensively worked by the natives, and excellent coal might be obtained in abundance, one seam which was seen cropping out on the banks of the river measuring twenty-five feet in thickness. At one period the produce of the gold washings on the Zambesi was considerable, but its tributaries have never been "prospected," nor has any but the rudest machinery been yet used.

The most interesting portion of Dr. Livingstone's last expedition, after the discovery of the great Nyassa Lake, is the exploration of the river Shirè,† the great northern tributary of the Zambesi, which it joins at about a hundred miles from the sea. The Portuguese are said to have known nothing of this stream, nor, it is believed, was the Shirè ever before ascended by Europeans: certainly the existence of the lake Shirwa, situated not far from the river's banks, had never even been heard of by them. The natives here were entirely ignorant of the existence of white men; and on the first appearance of the exploring party, the men were excessively timid, the women fled into the huts and closed the doors, and even the hens took wing and left their chickens in dismay. After ascending the river for a hundred miles the further progress of the party was arrested by cataracts, which Dr. Livingstone named after the President of the

Royal Geographical Society; but it was not deemed prudent by the exploring party on their first visit to push their explorations beyond the Murchison Cataracts.

A second excursion up the Shirè was made in 1859, when the natives were less alarmed, and Chibisa, the chief of the most important of the tribes, at once entered into friendly negotiations, evincing great intelligence, shrewdness, and good feeling. He was a firm believer in the divine ordination of royalty. He was, he said, but a common man when his father died; but directly after he succeeded to his high office, he was conscious of power passing into his head and down his back; he felt it enter, and then he knew that he was a chief possessed of wisdom and clothed with authority.

Leaving their steamer, Drs. Livingstone and Kirk, with a party of natives, then proceeded on foot to the lake Shirwa, which they found to be a considerable body of bitter and slightly brackish water, abounding in fish, crocodiles, and hippopotami. This lake, surrounded by lofty mountains, has no outlet, although thirty miles in breadth and sixty in length. Its elevation above the sea was found to be about eighteen hundred feet. It is separated from the great lake Nyassa by a spit of land, over which it is probable that the surface water of the Shirwa runs during floods.

The river Shirè is narrower than the Zambesi, but deeper and more easily navigated, possessing a channel of not less than five feet at all seasons for a distance of two hundred miles from the sea. It drains an exceedingly fertile valley flanked by finely-wooded hills. The stream in some places runs like a mill race, with a water-power sufficient to turn all the mills in Great Britain. Nowhere in his travels did Dr. Livingstone observe so large an extent and so high a degree of cultivation. Maize, yams, hemp, pumpkins, sweet-potatoes, peas, sugar-cane, lemons, ginger, tobacco, and cotton abounded, and the capability of the country for the production of cotton, can, he thinks, scarcely be exaggerated. From the samples sent to Manchester it has been pronounced to be of the finest quality, and 300 lbs. of clean cotton wool were purchased for less than

* Used extensively as a mordant for colors.

† Pronounced Shirrey.

a penny per pound; and it appears that free labor is as easily to be procured as in any country in the world. The discovery of this rich and densely-peopled district, with its fine navigable river, is perhaps the most important of the results of Dr. Livingston's enterprise. "We have opened," he says, in a dispatch addressed to the Foreign Office, "a cotton and sugar district of great and unknown extent, and which really seems to afford reasonable prospect of great commercial benefit to our own country; it presents facilities for commanding a large section of the slave market on the coast, and offers a fair hope of its suppression by lawful commerce."

The basin of the Shire is characterized by a series of terraces, the first being below the Murchison Falls, the second a plateau two thousand, and the third three thousand feet in altitude; it must therefore possess a considerable variety of climate; but cotton is extensively cultivated on all the terraces, and the population was everywhere observed to be engaged in picking, cleaning, or spinning it. As it is doubtful whether the cotton cultivation of the former Slave States of America will ever revive under a system of free labor, any addition to our knowledge of the districts where a material so essential for maintaining our manufacturing preëminence can be easily and cheaply produced becomes of the highest importance. The people have no cattle, but the quantity of wild animals is prodigious, and enormous herds of elephants roam over the marshes and plains.

It was on one of the elevated plateaux of the Shire valley that the enterprise known as the Universities' Mission had its first station, and here was the residence of England's first missionary bishop, the lamented Mackenzie. The remains of one of the most devoted of English Churchmen lie buried under the shade of one of the giants of the African forest, and within a few yards of the rippling waters of the Shire. Taking a false estimate of the duties of his position, he unhappily gave an active armed support to a tribe which had been attacked by another for the purpose of reducing it to slavery, and he thus engaged in a native war, converting a religious mission, the object of which was simply

to instruct and civilize by Christian precept and example, into an association for the forcible liberation of slaves. The country was, as it afterwards proved, altogether unsuited for a missionary experiment such as that projected by the Universities, being in a chronic state of warfare in consequence of the prevalence of the slave-trade; and the expedition was, after undergoing many privations and much suffering, very properly withdrawn some months after the lamented death of Bishop Mackenzie by fever, and the loss of other valuable lives.

The discovery of the great lake Nyassa would alone place Dr. Livingstone high in the rank of African explorers. It would have been first reached by Captain Burton if he had not been misled by erroneous information; for, having been told by some natives that the lake which he was directed by his instructions to seek was of inconsiderable dimensions, he altered his course from west to northwest, and thus came upon the lake Tanganyika instead. The journey to the Nyassa was effected by an overland march of twenty days from the Shire. The southern end of the Nyassa extends to 14° 25' south latitude. The stay made at the lake on the first visit of the travellers was short; it was found to be in the very centre of a district which supplies the markets of the coast with slaves. A second visit to the lake was made in the following year. The length of the Nyassa was found to be two hundred miles, and its breadth about fifty. It is liable to sudden and violent storms, in one of which the travellers were nearly shipwrecked. The difference of its level throughout the year is only three feet, although it receives the waters of five rivers on its western side. The principal affluent is believed to be at its northern extremity.

Never before in Africa had the travellers seen anything like the dense population on the shores of the Nyassa. Towards the southern end there was observed an almost unbroken chain of villages; crowds assembled to gaze at the novel spectacle of a boat under sail, and whenever the party landed they were immediately surrounded by men, women, and children, all anxious to see the "chirombo," or wild animals, feed—

the arrival of white men in one of the villages of the Nyassa exciting much the same kind of interest as that occasioned by the presence of the hippopotamus on the banks of the Thames. The people were, however, on the whole, inoffensive, only lifting slyly the edges of the tent, as boys do the curtains of a travelling menagerie at home, and exclaiming "chirombo! chirombo!" that is, wild beasts fit to be eaten.

The care bestowed on the graves of the dead in the villages on the banks of the Nyassa indicates an amount of sentiment scarcely to be expected in regions so remote from civilization. The burying grounds were found well arranged and protected; wide and neat paths were made through them, and grand old fig-trees threw their wide-spreading branches over the last resting places of the dead. The graves of the sexes were distinguished by the various implements or utensils which their occupants had used in their different employments during life; but they were all broken. A piece of fishing-net or a broken paddle told that a fisherman slept beneath. The graves of women were marked by the wooden mortar and heavy pestle used in pounding corn, or by the basket in which the meal is sifted; and all had placed over them fractured calabashes and pots signifying that the need of daily food was at an end forever.

The courtesy which we denominate good breeding was conspicuous in some of the chiefs of this district. A black potentate on the banks of the Nyassa, whom the travellers found in his stockade, behaved "like a gentleman," not only presenting handsome presents of food, but, pointing to his iron bracelet, richly inlaid with copper, inquired, "Do they wear such things in your country?" and on being told that they were unknown, immediately took it from his arm and presented it to Dr. Livingstone, the wife doing the same with hers.

The natives of Africa have not generally been found deficient in the virtue of industry in their own country. In all the districts traversed by the exploring party the cultivation of the land indicated general and careful industry. "I came out here," said Bishop Mackenzie, "to teach these people agriculture, but I find they know far more about it than

I do." The taste for husbandry, indeed, was found to be universal, and men, women, and boys were all eager to work for hire. In illustration of this an incident is related characteristic not only of the disposition of the people to labor, but of their eagerness to obtain European clothing. One of the exploring party, who possessed an old tattered pair of trousers, purchased with one of its legs the services of a man to carry a heavy load for a whole day; on the second day another man was hired for the other leg; and the remainder of the garment, including the buttons, secured the services of another for a third. The fertility of the country renders agricultural toil extremely light, and the task of subsistence is a very easy one.

The manufacture of iron tools is the staple industry of the highlands of the Nyassa. Every village had its smelting-house, charcoal-burners, and blacksmiths, who made the bracelets and anklets in general use. British iron is held in no esteem, and is pronounced "rotten." Samples of hoes from the Nyassa district have been pronounced in Birmingham to be nearly equal to the best Swedish iron, and the metal was found to be of so high a quality that an Enfield rifle was made from it. In the villages round the lakes Shirwa and Nyassa, and in other places, pottery is also manufactured.

The social and political state of the country visited by Dr. Livingstone and his party in those districts where the slave-trade had not penetrated, presented a marked contrast to the western coast of Africa and to the eastern region traversed by Burton and Speke. The Makololo appear to have been the most intelligent of the tribes inhabiting the region of the Zambesi. Polygamy is universal in this part of Africa, and the institution is warmly approved by the women. On being told that a man in England could have but one wife, they always exclaimed that they should not like to live in such a country, nor could they understand how English ladies could tolerate the custom. Yet its practical effect is to give a monopoly of the youth and beauty of the country to those who can afford to purchase them. The wealthy old men, therefore, marry all the pretty girls, and the young men who have no property must either

abstain from matrimony altogether, or be content with such wives as possess no personal attractions. The husbands, however, seem to be considerably hen-pecked. The travellers, endeavoring to purchase a goat, had nearly concluded the bargain, when a wife came forward and said to her husband: "You appear as if you were unmarried, selling a goat indeed without consulting your wife! What sort of a man are you?" The party tried to induce the crest-fallen husband to pluck up a little spirit and to conclude the bargain. "No, no," he exclaimed, "it is bad enough as it is; I have already brought a hornet's nest about my ears!" "We have known," say our travellers, "a wife order a husband not to sell a fowl, merely, as we supposed, to prove that she had the upper hand."

Notwithstanding their scanty clothing there seems to be a natural sense of propriety both on the part of the women and men, which is not always found in more civilized countries. "We frequently observed," say the travellers, "that the Mongamya women are very particular in avoiding any spot where men are supposed to be bathing, and it is only the chance of the first sight of the white skin that makes them forget their good manners; and when women and children were observed in the distance washing in a stream, the men did not venture to approach until they had asked leave to pass."

The Makololo ladies, having maid-servants to wait on them and perform the principal part of the household work, have abundance of leisure, which they are at a loss how to employ. The men wickedly aver that their two principal modes of killing time are sipping beer and smoking bang or Indian hemp. The husbands indulge freely in these pastimes, but they do not like their wives to follow their example, and many of the "monsters" positively forbid it. The women dress well, wearing a species of kilt and mantle and a profusion of brass and bead ornaments. The principal wife of one of the most powerful chiefs wore eighteen heavy brass rings on each leg and three of copper under each knee, nineteen brass rings on her left arm and eight of brass and copper on her right, together with a large ivory ring above

each elbow. The weight of the rings seriously impeded her gait; but as they were the "fashion," she disregarded it. The tyranny of fashion is, indeed, as irresistible in the high circles of Africa as in those of London and Paris. The most extraordinary device is the pelele—a ring which causes the upper lip to project two inches beyond the tip of the nose, giving to the mouth the elongation and somewhat the appearance of a duck's bill. No woman would think it becoming to appear in public without this strange appendage. If told that it makes her ugly, she will reply, "Really, it is the fashion." The women will not wear beads, however pretty, that are not of the latest importation. Plumpness is considered essential to beauty, but the obesity required in Uganda and mentioned by Captain Speke, would be considered vulgar. The caprices of fashion are nowhere more remarkably displayed than in the arrangement of the hair. Some ladies adopt the plan of spreading it out over a hoop, which thus encircles the head, like a nimbus round the head of the Virgin—a fashion which we have not yet adopted in England, but from which our ingenious coiffeurs may take a hint. Others supplement their own by tying behind it bundles of false hair—a fashion with which we are familiar in England. Some plait it into the form of horns, and sometimes the natural hair is drawn tightly up from the forehead in the form of a pyramid. The passion for dyeing the hair red, however, is confined in Africa to the men, who use pigments to give it that fashionable color. The most respectable chiefs always at first set their faces against these caprices, but in the end are always obliged to give up the attempt in despair, candidly acknowledging that fashion and female obstinacy are too strong for them.

The religion of the Zambesi and Nyassa tribes is that of simple monotheism, combined with a belief in spirits who are supposed to be influenced by incantations to act as mediators. There appears to be a firm belief in the immortality of the soul. "Their ideas of moral evil," Dr. Livingstone says, "differ in no respect from ours; but they consider themselves responsible to inferior beings, instead of to the Supreme." Evil speaking, lying, hatred, and disobedience to

and neglect of parents, are said to have been recognized as sins, as also theft, murder, and adultery, from the earliest times. The only addition which could be made by a missionary to their moral code is the rejection of polygamy. There is a general belief in a future life. "All the Africans," say the travellers, "that we have met with were as firmly persuaded of their future existence as of their present;" but it does not appear that they entertain a belief in any future state of rewards and punishments.

Their superstitions are rather childish than degrading. The belief in magic is so inherent in humanity that it would be strange if it did not prevail in countries where the human intellect may be said to be still in an almost infantine state. There are traces of serpent-worship, and little images are suspended as charms in the huts of the sick and dying. When a man has his hair cut he is careful to burn it, or to bury it secretly, lest, falling into the hands of one who has an evil eye, it should be used as a charm to afflict him with headache. There is a singular superstition that if a man plants coffee he will never be happy again, and no native can be induced to plant a mango, from a belief that if he did he would speedily die. Rain-doctors are common. The travelling party more than once got into trouble by putting up their rain-gauge, which was thought to frighten away the clouds.

That reckless disregard of human life, of which so many revolting incidents are recorded by Captain Speke in his account of Uganda, is unknown in this portion of Africa, nor does the rule of the native chiefs, however despotic, appear to be cruel. The reverence for "royalty" is universal, and the savage vagaries of King M'tesa would probably have led to his own decapitation but for the belief in the sanctity of kings, which is the pervading sentiment of the people. Divination is freely practiced, but fetish worship is unknown. A notion not uncommon among uncivilized people, and somewhat resembling that of the transmigration of souls, appears to prevail. It is believed that the spirits of departed chiefs enter into lions, which are consequently never molested, but, when met with, are saluted by the clapping of hands. The most singular ob-

ject of superstitious dread is the chameleon, of which the natives entertain an absolute horror. The English sailors left in charge of the "Pioneer," during the temporary absence of Dr. Livingstone, made a pet of one of these harmless little creatures, and turned it to good account. Having ascertained the market price of provisions, they paid the natives that and no more; if the traders refused to leave the ship unless a larger sum was given, the chameleon was forthwith brought out of the cabin and the deck was instantly cleared. Mechanism of all kinds appears so wonderful that it is naturally attributed to spiritual power. A Portuguese took into the interior an assortment of cheap American clocks to barter for ivory; but on setting them all going in presence of a chief, he became so alarmed that the unfortunate trader was ordered to instantly quit the country, and was heavily fined for his indiscretion.

There is probably no part of the world in which game of all descriptions is so abundant as in the region of the Upper Zambesi and of the Shirè, the banks of which absolutely swarm with antelopes, waterbucks, elephants, buffaloes, rhinoceroses, wild pigs, elands, and zebras; the woods are full of guinea fowl, and the rivers abound in hippopotami. Much destruction is caused by elephants tearing down trees with their trunks in the wantonness of their strength and for mere amusement. It is no easy task to bring one of these creatures on its knees, the ball of an Enfield rifle usually producing as little impression upon the head as upon an iron target, only making the unwieldy animal flap his huge ears and trot off out of further harm's way. The food which the elephant supplies would not be despised by an African sportsman, and is always acceptable in a country where the hunter must depend chiefly upon his rifle for his daily subsistence. The fore foot, cooked in the native manner, was pronounced by Dr. Livingstone excellent. A hole is dug in the ground, a fire is then made in it, and when the oven is thoroughly heated, the foot is placed in it and covered with hot ashes; a fire is then made above it and kept up during the night, and a dish will be ready for the morning's meal which would satisfy the most fastidious of epi-

cures. Elephant's trunk and tongue are also very good when similarly prepared. "English sportsmen," Dr. Livingstone says, "although first-rate shots at home, are notorious for the number of their misses on first trying to shoot in Africa. Everything is on such a large scale, and there is such a glare of bright sunlight, that some time is required to enable them to judge of distances. 'Is it wounded?' inquired a gentleman of his dark attendant, after firing at an antelope. 'Yes! the ball went right into its heart.' These mortal wounds never proving fatal, he desired a friend, who understood the language, to explain to the man that he preferred the truth in every case. 'He is my father,' replied the native, 'and I thought he would be displeased if I told him that he never hits at all.'"

The river Shirè swarms with crocodiles, and the travellers counted sixty-seven of these hideous reptiles basking on one bank. The corpse of a boy floated past the Pioneer; a monstrous crocodile rushed at it with the speed of a greyhound, caught it and "shook it as a terrier dog would a rat," and others immediately dashed at the body, making the water foam by the action of their powerful tails. Women are constantly seized by these creatures while drawing water, and the protection of a fence is required to keep the crocodiles from the river's brink. The attempts of the party to catch any of the reptiles were not very successful; although ready enough to take the bait, they flattened the largest iron hooks with their powerful jaws, and got away.

Periodical droughts seem to be the characteristic of every part of Central Africa except the rainy zone of the equatorial region. These visitations prevailed over areas of from one to three hundred miles. Dr. Livingstone's inquiries led him to believe that from 10° to 15° south latitude they may be expected once in every ten or fifteen years, and from 15° to 20° south latitude once in every five years. Their cause is unknown. The hills are generally clothed with trees and verdure to their summits, and the valleys, where uncultivated, are almost choked with a profuse and rank vegetation, when suddenly both hill and valley present the appearance of having been scathed by fire, the grass crumbles

into powder, and the leaves drop discolored from the trees. Dr. Livingstone draws a fearful picture of the effects of one of these periodical droughts on the population of a district affected by it. On his first journey up the Shirè to the Nyassa he passed through a populous and well-cultivated country. In the interval between it and his return, eighteen months afterwards, a drought of unusual severity had occurred, the misery occasioned by which was aggravated by a slave-hunting expedition which devastated the country almost as much as the drought. Instead of peaceful villages and a happy population there was scarcely a person to be seen. The inhabitants generally had fled from their human hunters no less than from their blighted fields, and famine had destroyed all that remained; the recently dead lay unburied, innumerable corpses which the gorged crocodiles were unable to devour floated down the rivers, human skeletons obstructed the paths, and the whole country presented a scene of appalling desolation.

The tributaries of the Zambesi are nearly waterless in the dry season. The Zungwe was traced up to the foot of the Bato-ka highlands, which the travellers ascended to the height of three thousand feet, obtaining a magnificent panoramic view of the great valley of the Zambesi, of which the cultivated portions are so small that the country appeared to be nearly all forest interspersed with a few grassy glades. The great Falls of the Zambesi, to which, on first visiting them in 1855, Dr. Livingstone gave the name of the Victoria Falls, were again visited on his second expedition, and he is thus enabled to give a more complete description of them. They constitute without question the most wonderful waterfall in the world. The native name is Mosi-oa-tunya, or "smoke sounding." Its fame had been far diffused in Africa, for when Dr. Livingstone was on an excursion in the interior, in 1851, a chief, who resided two hundred miles from the Falls, asked, "Have you any smoke soundings in your country?" When the river is in flood, the columns of vapor, resplendent in the morning sun, with double and sometimes triple rainbows, are visible for a distance of ten miles. They are caused by a sudden compres-

sion of the water falling into a narrow wedge-like fissure. The Fall must have originated in an earthquake which produced a deep transverse crack across the river's bed—a mass of hard basaltic rock—and which is prolonged from the left bank for thirty or forty miles. The description of this magnificent cascade, so unique in its character, will be read with interest:

"It is rather a hopeless task to endeavor to convey an idea of it in words, since, as was remarked on the spot, an accomplished painter, even by a number of views, could but impart a faint impression of the glorious scene. The probable mode of its formation may, perhaps, help to the conception of its peculiar shape. Niagara has been formed by a wearing back of the rock over which the river falls; and during a long course of ages, it has gradually receded, and left a broad, deep, and pretty straight trough in front. It goes on wearing back daily, and may yet discharge the lakes from which its river—the St. Lawrence—flows. But the Victoria Falls have been formed by a crack right across the river, in the hard, black basaltic rock which there formed the bed of the Zambesi. The lips of the crack are still quite sharp, save about three feet of the edge over which the river rolls. The walls go sheer down from the lips without any projecting crag, or symptom of stratification or dislocation. When the mighty rift occurred no change of level took place in the two parts of the bed of the river thus rent asunder, consequently in coming down the river to Garden Island, the water suddenly disappears, and we see the opposite side of the cleft, with grass and trees growing where once the river ran, on the same level as that part of its bed on which we sail. The first crack is, in length, a few yards more than the breadth of the Zambesi, which by measurement we found to be a little over eighteen hundred and sixty yards; but this number we resolved to retain as indicating the year in which the Fall was, for the first time, carefully examined. The main stream here runs nearly north and south, and the cleft across it is nearly east and west. The depth of the rift was measured by lowering a line, to the end of which a few bullets and a foot of white cotton cloth were tied; one of us lay with his head over a projecting crag, and watched the descending calico, till, after his companions had paid out three hundred and ten feet, the weight rested on a sloping projection, probably fifty feet from the water below, the actual bottom being still further down. The white cloth now appeared the size of a crown piece; on measuring the width of this deep cleft by sextant, it was found at Garden Island, its narrowest part, to be eighty

yards, and at its broadest somewhat more. Into this chasm, of twice the depth of Niagara Falls, the river, a full mile wide, rolls with a deafening roar; and this is Mosi-oatunya, or the Victoria Falls.

"Looking from Garden Island, down to the bottom of the abyss, nearly half a mile of water, which has fallen over that portion of the Falls to our right, or west of our point of view, is seen collected in a narrow channel twenty or thirty yards wide, and flowing at exactly right angles to its previous course, to our left; while the other half, or that which fell over the eastern portion of the Falls, is seen in the left of the narrow channel below, coming toward our right. Both waters unite midway, in a fearful boiling whirlpool, and find an outlet by a crack situated at right angles to the fissure of the Falls. This outlet is about eleven hundred and seventy yards from the western end of the chasm, and some six hundred from its eastern end; the whirlpool is at its commencement. The Zambesi, now apparently not more than twenty or thirty yards wide, rushes and surges south, through the narrow escape channel for one hundred and thirty yards; then enters a second chasm somewhat deeper and nearly parallel with the first. Abandoning the bottom of the eastern half of this second chasm to the growth of large trees, it turns sharply off to the west, and forms a promontory, with the escape channel at its point of eleven hundred and seventy yards long, and four hundred and sixteen yards broad at the base. After reaching this base, the river runs abruptly round the head of another promontory, and flows away to the east in a third chasm, then glides around a third promontory, much narrower than the rest, and away back to the west in a fourth chasm; and we could see in the distance that it appeared to round still another promontory, and bend once more in another chasm toward the east. In this gigantic zig-zag, yet narrow trough, the rocks are all so sharply cut and angular, that the idea at once arises that the hard basaltic trap must have been riven into its present shape by a force acting from beneath, and that this probably took place when the ancient inland seas were let off by similar fissures nearer the ocean."

There is reason to believe that nearly the whole district now drained by the Zambesi and its tributaries was once a vast fresh water lake, of which many traces exist over a tract extending from 17° to 21° south latitude. Nearly the whole of this vast area is covered with a bed of tufa more or less soft where it has been exposed to atmospheric influences. The waters of this great inland

sea have escaped by means of cracks produced in its surrounding boundaries, at some remote period, by subterranean agency. Thus the fissure of Victoria Falls has probably contributed to drain an enormous valley, leaving only the deepest portion of the original sea, which now constitutes the Nyassa lake. Most of the African lakes are indeed comparatively shallow, being the residua of much larger bodies of water. The African climate is therefore supposed, with reason, to have been once much moister than it is at present, and the great equatorial lake regions are gradually being dessicated by a process of drainage which has been in operation for ages. That the Nyassa lake has shrunk considerably is proved by the existence of raised beaches on its borders, and by the deep clay strata through which several of its affluents run. The character of the rocks in the central part of the continent is generally that of a coarse gray sandstone, lying horizontally, or only very slightly inclined. Within this extensive sandstone deposit is a coal-field of vast but unknown extent, the materials of which were derived from the tropical plants which grew on the low shores of the great inland sea, the basin of which must have undergone several oscillations. Africa is the grand type of a region which has, on the whole, preserved its ancient terrestrial conditions during a period of indefinite duration unaffected by any considerable changes except those which are dependent on atmospheric and meteoric influences.* By far the largest portion of the vast interior has been unaffected by the great cataclysms to which the other continents have been exposed. In no part of it, we believe, has limestone with marine exuviae been discovered; nor has either chalk or flint been met with. Its surface is free from coarse superficial drift. It exhibits no traces of volcanoes; nor has its surface been much disturbed by internal forces, although the primitive rocks have been protruded in one or two places in isolated masses, as on the shores of the Albert Nyanza and the great mountain groups of Kenia and Kilimandjaro.

In the latest explorations of Dr. Liv-

ingstone and his companions a discovery is alleged to have been made which has some bearing on the vexed question of the antiquity of man. Dr. Kirk, while botanizing the banks of one of the tributaries of the Zambesi, came upon a bed of gravel in which fossilized bones of nearly all the species of animals now existing in the country, such as hippopotami, wild hogs, buffaloes, antelopes, turtles, crocodiles, and hyenas, were associated with pottery of the same construction, and with the same ornamental designs as that now in use by the existing inhabitants. Utensils, the undoubted workmanship of man, were thus found intermixed with fossil remains unquestionably of the tertiary or even an older geological period. If the evidence of this discovery should be found to be satisfactory, and taking into consideration the time required for the conversion of bones into fossils, we must come to the inevitable conclusion that the civilization, such as it is, of the black man in Africa has been stationary for an immense period, and that his intellect must consequently be of an inferior order to that of the European or the Asiatic type. The African negro has certainly hitherto shown no capacity for political construction. His governments are pure despotisms, and society has scarcely anywhere advanced its simplest principles and most barbaric forms. He has neither tamed the elephant, nor domesticated the horse, nor discovered the use of the plough, nor learned to spread the sail. He has not acquired even the elements of public economy, and he is as ignorant of the rudiments of science as a child. Although he has acquired a rude skill in the metals, he has not discovered that coal is inflammable; and although his country teems with all the appliances of civilization, his political and social condition remains one of the enigmas of the world. Notwithstanding the low intellectual development of the black man of Africa, the recent explorations have ascertained the existence of a very large population in the interior neither deficient in the virtue of industry nor incapable of social improvement; and that among their chiefs are men of the most kindly manners, humane dispositions, and generous aspirations, anxious for a higher civilization than has yet

* Address of the President of the Royal Geographical Society, May, 1864.

dawned upon their benighted country, or than it can probably ever attain without the guidance of a superior race.

The Rovuma, a river some leagues to the north of the Zambesi, it was thought might afford an easier access to the district of the Nyassa than the Zambesi and the Shirè, and conduct to a healthier region, and one more promising for missionary labor. Dr. Livingstone, accompanied by Bishop Mackenzie, accordingly entered the Rovuma in 1861 with the Pioneer, which, drawing nearly five feet of water, proved too deep for its continued navigation. The river was ascended for five days, when the water began to shallow, the navigation became intricate and unsafe, and the expedition was obliged to return to avoid the risk of being cut off from communication with the sea. The valley of the Rovuma seems to resemble that of the Zambesi, but is on a smaller scale. The result of the exploration was that the river was found to be unfit for navigation during four months of the year, but that like the Zambesi it might be available for commerce for the other eight months. This river possesses little interest in its lower course, where it is a mile wide and from five to six fathoms in depth. Higher up, the scenery is described by Bishop Mackenzie as extremely beautiful, consisting of finely-wooded hills two or three hundred feet in height within a short distance of the river. The natives asserted that the Rovuma issued from Lake Nyassa, but none had ascended the stream high enough to prove it. The hopes founded on the appearance of the mouth of the Rovuma, which is without a bar, were thus disappointed; and after four years of laborious exploration, attended with many unforeseen difficulties, the expedition was withdrawn by the Government in 1862, orders having been transmitted to Dr. Livingstone to return to England. The disappointment experienced in the capabilities both of the Zambesi and the Rovuma for commerce, the prevalence of the slave-trade, the lamentable failure of the Universities' Mission, and the generally unsettled and dangerous state of the country, all contributed to influence the decision of the Government. The expedition, however, has made known a district of boundless capabilities, together

with the causes which operate to shut it out from intercourse with the civilized world. We should be glad to avoid advertng to a subject which seriously compromises the character of a Christian Power. Dr. Livingstone accuses the Portuguese Government of a gross neglect of its duty in omitting to put in force the laws which have been enacted for the suppression of the slave-trade in its African possessions, if not of direct complicity with its colonial officers in the iniquitous traffic. It is carried on, he says, in connection with the trade in ivory, and from fifteen to twenty canoes have been seen on the Upper Zambesi freighted with slaves for the Portuguese settlements. Dr. Livingstone asserts that he was not only the first to see slavery in its origin in this part of Africa, but to trace it through all its revolting phases. He had not only seen tribe arrayed against tribe for the capture of slaves, but he had been in places where family was arrayed against family and every house was protected by a stockade. Tribes the highest in intelligence were found morally the most degraded, the men freely selling their own wives and grown-up daughters. On the shores of Lake Nyassa the slave-merchants were at the time of his visit paying two yards of calico, worth one shilling, for a boy, and four yards for a good-looking girl. Barbarism must be the inevitable condition of a land where such practices exist. If the statements which Dr. Livingstone has made in the face of the world are incapable, as we fear they are, of being denied, a heavy responsibility rests upon the Portuguese Government if it should fail to interpose in the most summary manner, call its officers to a strict account, and put an end forever in Eastern Africa to a system which is a disgrace to the Portuguese name. These decayed settlements on the remote shores of the Indian Ocean—the melancholy relics of a dominion which was once exercised for nobler purposes than the traffic in human flesh and blood—seem now to be kept up only for the maintenance of a few military pensioners. The terrible lesson which the last few years have taught the world has not failed to impress the most impassive of Powers. Spain, the most inveterate of European offenders, has taken the lesson to heart, and re-

solved to abandon forever the abominable traffic in man ; and Portugal is now alone branded with the stigma of this atrocious crime. We entertain no doubt that the development of legitimate trade with the regions in which its African settlements are situated, would prove of far greater benefit in a material sense than any that can possibly result to it from the slave-trade. The capacity of the eastern coast of Africa for a large and lucrative trade is unquestionable, and it has, notwithstanding many discouragements, made considerable progress within the last thirty years. In 1834 the island of Zanzibar possessed little or no trade ; in 1860 the exports of ivory, gum copal, and cloves, had risen to the value of £239,500, and the total exports and imports amounted to £1,000,577, employing 25,340 tons of shipping, and this under the rule of a petty Arabian Prince. Although it may be long before the natives can be induced to cultivate extensively cotton and sugar for exportation, there are many valuable natural products the preparation of which for the European market requires but little industry and no skill. The hard woods which grow on the banks of the Zambesi and the Shirè are especially valuable ; they may be obtained in any quantity at the mere cost of cutting, and they can be transported to the coast at all seasons without difficulty. The *lignum vitæ* attains a larger size on the banks of the Zambesi than anywhere else. The African ebony, although not botanically the same as the ebony of commerce, also attains immense proportions, and is of a deeper black. It abounds on the Rovuma, within eight miles of the sea, as does likewise the fustic, from which is extracted a strong yellow dye.

The additions which have been made to our geographical knowledge from the two expeditions of Dr. Livingstone are important and interesting. In his latest he entered and partially explored a region the hydrography of which requires to be thoroughly known before the great mystery of the source of the Nile can be considered as solved, for it is in the district of the equatorial lakes that the head springs of the mighty river undoubtedly exist, and the connection of all of these great reservoirs with each other

is rendered so probable by Mr. Baker's recent discovery of the magnificent lake (the Little Luta Nzigè of Speke), which he has appropriately named the Albert Nyanza, that a fresh interest has been imparted on the subject, for if the Albert Nyanza should prove to be connected with the great Tanganyika, the source of the Nile is not the Victoria Nyanza or any of its affluents, but must be sought for in a region many degrees to the south of that lake, or any of its tributary streams. That such a connection does exist between the Albert Nyanza and the Tanganyika there is the strongest reason to believe, for a party of Arab traders informed Captain Speke, while making a voyage on the Tanganyika, that the river which flows through Egypt issues from that lake ; and a respectable Arab merchant, who could have no conceivable motive for misrepresentation, accompanied a statement to the same effect made to Captain Burton with such circumstantial details as tend strongly to establish its probability. A large river, he said, called the Marunga, enters the lake at its southern extremity, but on a visit to its northern end he saw a river which certainly flowed out of it, for he approached so near its termination that he distinctly saw and felt the influence of an outward current. This statement derives considerable support from information received by Dr. Livingstone from Arabs well acquainted with the Tanganyika, who told him that a river flowed out of its northern end, and they drew on the sand the Nyassa discharging its waters to the south, but the Tanganyika to the north. He was also told, in the course of his first missionary travels, by an Arab who declared that he knew the Tanganyika well, that it was connected with another lake still further north, called Garague* (Kazagnè), and King Kamrasi and the natives inhabiting its banks assured Mr. Baker that the Albert Nyanza was known to extend far to the west of Karagwè. We are thus in possession of evidence from four distinct and independent sources that the Tanganyika has its effluent in the north, and is therefore connected with the Albert Nyanza. Nor can we re-

* *Missionary Travels*, p. 476.

gard the alleged difference of altitude (226 feet) between the two lakes as an objection to this supposition; for when we know that 1° Fahr. represents an altitude of 533 feet, a difference of level which is indicated by the fractional part of a degree may well be attributed either to some imperfection in the instrument or to defective observation.* Dr. Livingstone suggested ten years ago that the parting of the watershed between the Zambesi and the Nile might be somewhere between the latitudes 6° and 12° south, that the two rivers rose in the same region, and that their sources would probably be found at no considerable distance from each other.† Should this conception be realized, a remarkable resemblance will exist between the two great rivers of Western Europe and the Zambesi and the Nile. The Danube and the Rhine have their sources very near to each other, but the streams diverge, the one, like the Zambesi, to the east, the other, like the Nile, to the north, both traversing a vast extent of country before they pour their waters into the sea. This most interesting problem is now, perhaps, nearer its solution than it has ever been, for Dr. Livingstone's instructions for his new journey of exploration are to reach the Tanganyika, and to direct his particular attention to its effluent; and as the distance between the two lakes Tanganyika and Albert Nyanza cannot be considerable, it is to be hoped that he will be able to test the correctness of the information which he formerly received, as well as that given by Captains Burton and Speke.

The question afterwards to be determined will be, whether the Albert Nyanza is connected with the Nile, and if so, how connected. The river which flows from the Victoria Nyanza was traced by Captain Speke for only fifteen miles, but Mr. Baker has established by personal observation the fact that it flows into the Albert Nyanza, having ascended its banks to the point where Captain Speke left it, namely, the Karuma Falls. Mr. Baker asserts that he

saw, or imagined he saw, a river at a distance of twenty miles from the furthest northerly point which he reached on the Albert Nyanza, issuing from the lake and traversing the plain beyond; but nothing can be reasonably affirmed or inferred from such distant observation. The Albert Nyanza may be connected with the Nile by some great but hitherto undiscovered stream communicating with the Bahr el Ghazal (the Nile of Herodotus), and this supposition is rendered highly probable when taken in connection with the information which Mr. Baker received from the people residing on the shores of the Albert Nyanza, that the lake extends to the northwest for about forty miles, when it suddenly turns to the west, contracting gradually, and that its extent is unknown. That the Bahr el Ghazal may ultimately prove to be the true Nile is thus rendered extremely probable, nor does its mere-like character, so far as it has been explored, militate against such a supposition. The characteristic of the Nile below Khartum, for a considerable part of its course, and for a large portion of the year, is that of a very sluggish stream with gigantic reeds springing out of the stagnant water on each side. In descending the stream from Gondokoro, on passing the Bahr el Ghazal, it is a custom, Captain Grant tells us, for all boats to fire a gun as a salute: possibly a traditional honor paid to the great source of Egypt's fertility. The river, which flows from Gondokoro at its junction with the Bahr el Ghazal, is only eighty or a hundred yards across, while the Bahr el Ghazal is half a mile in width, and after the junction of the two streams Captain Grant admits that there is an evident increase in breadth and width, that the water thenceforward becomes purer, losing much of its turbid appearance, and that the current is considerably increased.* The river which flows past Gondokoro, and which Captain Speke, in his map, traces from the Victoria Nyanza, is, Dr. Beke informs us, known there not as the Bahr el Abyad, or White Nile, but as the Bahr el Djebel, or mountain river.

* The observation is recorded by Captain Speke; and it may be observed that his eyesight had become greatly impaired in his first expedition.

† *Missionary Travels*, p. 477.

* See p. 380 of Captain Grant's *Walk across Africa*—a remarkable record of courageous endurance, and a most amusing picture of African manners and character.

Should it be eventually found that the Tanganyika is connected with the Albert Nyanza, and the latter by its westerly or any other effluent with the Bahr el Ghazal, it will necessarily follow that the Tanganyika, or rather the river Marunga, which enters that lake at its southern extremity, will form the true head-water of the Nile, and the course of the mighty river will then be proved to extend through forty degrees of latitude, and the great lakes Tanganyika and Albert Nyanza will be but the expansion of a majestic river, the course of which from its fountain-head to its embouchure will exceed four thousand miles.

We have, in a former number of the *Quarterly Review*, expressed our doubts whether the result of Captain Speke's travels could be accepted by geographers as a final solution of the great problem which has perplexed the scientific and the curious of all ages, and the important discovery by Mr. Baker of the great Albert Nyanza confirms us in that opinion; for the notion of Captain Speke that the Little Luta Nzigè (Albert Victoria) was only a backwater of the "Nile," which the river must "fill" before it could continue its course, has been proved to be completely erroneous. The Albert Nyanza is a lake of vast, although unknown dimensions, but certainly inferior neither to the Victoria Nyanza nor the Tanganyika, receiving the drainage of extensive mountain ranges on the west, and of the Utumbi, Uganda, and Unyoro countries to the east. There is even considerable reason to doubt whether the river struck by Captain Speke at Madi is even the same which he left at the Karuma Falls, for no part of its subsequent course, although indicated upon a map for two hundred geographical miles, was ever seen by him; and Dr. Peney, one of the Austrian missionaries, who resided for nine years at Gondokoro, concluded from the results of long observation that the river which flows past that place contributes little or nothing to the flood of the Nile. The sum of Captain Speke's discoveries, therefore, now appears to consist in the fact that he discovered in his first exploratory journey the great lake Victoria Nyanza, and in his second a river issuing from it, which, after a not very lengthened course, has been ascer-

tained to fall, in common, however, with several other rivers probably as large, if not larger, than itself, into another enormous lake, now denominated the Albert Nyanza; but of the effluent of this lake positively nothing is at present known, however great may be the probability that a connection between the Nile of Egypt and the lake may be hereafter incontrovertibly proved.

We trust that in the above remarks we shall not be suspected of wishing to detract from the real merits of the gallant explorer, whose untimely death is so generally and justly deplored. Whatever may be the ultimate value assigned to the facts ascertained by him, there can be no difference of opinion either as to the intrepidity of his character or on the magnitude of the exploit of the march across the continent of Africa, which he and his companion Captain Grant accomplished in the face of so many dangers, and at the cost of many sufferings and privations.

The complete solution of the great geographical problem may not be given to one explorer, nor perhaps will it be accomplished in one generation; but we certainly appear to be approaching nearer and nearer to its determination. If the lake Tanganyika should prove to be connected with the Albert Nyanza, and the Albert Nyanza by its westerly or other effluent with the great river of Egypt, to Dr. Livingstone may yet be awarded the honor of being the real discoverer of the source of the Nile, the probable region of which he pointed out long before any of the expeditions from the eastern coast of Africa had been undertaken.

Fraser's Magazine.

CONCERNING ROADSIDE STATIONS:

WITH SOME THOUGHTS ON THE "*TERMINUS AD QUEM*."

I SAY the *terminus ad quem*, to distinguish it from the other *terminus* of the railway. For though, in severe accuracy, the *terminus* of your journey by railway can be only at the journey's end, in popular language the other *terminus* is the one from which you start—the beginning of your journey. My present discourse shall be of the stations

along the way at which one stops for a period longer or shorter; and of the *terminus* at which you finally stop, the journey ended.

Yet let it be said, in passing, that the word *terminus* is a hateful word. All words affectedly taken from other languages are hateful. Those from the French tongue are the worst. Doubtless it is to be admitted that there are shades of sense not to be conveyed by single English words, which a French word hits off exactly. Still, I remember how ill it looked to me, when I heard a great preacher vociferating from his pulpit the words *en rapport*. He rendered them, *aung ruppouarr*.

But who shall fight with all the world? Wise men, much beaten about the head as they go on through life, when they find that all mankind will think in a way they esteem as wrong, come to heave a wearied sigh, turn silently away, and keep their own opinion in their pocket. Now, the world has said that *terminus* shall be the word to signify the big handsome or the little ugly shed, which has no egress at the farther end for railway carriages, before approaching which the train is drawn up and the tickets collected, and beyond which the train does not go.

Not of the material railway is the writer about to tell; though upon this evening he might well do so. For upon this day, from early morning to late afternoon, he has journeyed on by as wonderful a railway as you are very likely to see. Alongside the purple Grampians, through the Pass of Killiecrankie, glorious yet fatal to the bonnie Dundee; by the Spey, and by the Garry, does that railway bear you, till at length you may stop, if you like, in the little cathedral city on the banks of the noble Tay. Having just this minute ascertained the fact from Mr. Black's excellent guide-book, I think it proper to say that EVERY SCHOOLBOY KNOWS that the Tay is a river three times as big as the Thames: that is, it conveys to the sea a good deal more than three times as much fresh water.

Go out and see that beautiful ruin of a cathedral, standing within the verge of a ducal park. Mourn over the roofless nave, with its graceful tower at the western end. Mourn yet more, if it be

possible, as you enter the choir, and find it vilely fitted up as the parish church. There are galleries; hideous pews, in which people sit, looking across the vault; a fearful pulpit, with two stairs ascending to it, one useless stair to balance the practicable one. Climb that practicable stair, enter that pulpit, and consider how you would like to preach from it! Then you may return to an old-fashioned hotel, and have tea. If ever you should have tea at that hotel, having dined many hours before, tell them to give you grilled fowl with your tea. From personal knowledge, the writer can say that the grilled fowl there is eminently and meritoriously good.

But my roadside stations are moral ones: moral is my *terminus ad quem*. I purpose to speak of views and feelings and beliefs as to which we fancy we have reached the *terminus*, while in fact we have only stopped for a little while at a roadside station. We say to ourselves, Now my mind is made up; and I shall ALWAYS think and feel as I do. Ah, that is not so! We are gliding on with a silent current, that bears us away and away. Well, says Dr. Newman, in words which the experience of very many will help them thoroughly to understand, "It is the concrete being that reasons: pass a number of years, and I find my mind in a new place. How? The whole man moves."

True, true! I have come to think that the *terminus* of our views and feelings is no other than the *terminus* of the whole path through this life. We shall be changing to the end: not always, or in all things, for the better. You have sometimes travelled through a fair country, and stopped at places amid green trees, and by rustic waterfalls, under bright skies; but as the day declined, you entered on a bare, treeless tract, and at length concluded your journey in chill and darkness at midnight, in the thick air and blank ugliness of some great manufacturing town. Now, in our views and moods and feelings, we run risk of doing just that. Oh let us stay where the trees are green, the skies bright, the waters clear! Don't take us into a moral Manchester or Leeds, if it be possible to stay in a moral Wells or Salisbury!

Yet before going on to these things, let us give a thought, kindly reader, to the fashion in which we fancy that as to our place in life we have got to the *terminus*, when in fact we are merely stopping, in a little while to move, at a roadside station. Have not we all done this? The writer, for one, more than once. Did he ever think to leave that beautiful city wherein he wrote full many a page of this magazine; or to leave that plain and indeed shabby church wherein, twice on each Sunday, he preached for six years? Sore, indeed, he felt, when friends from other lands freely expressed to him their mind concerning that edifice: specially when a dear friend, rector of an English parish which has a beautiful church, being asked what he thought of the church which bears the Mellifluous Doctor's name, said, "Well, I don't regard it so much as a church, but rather as a place of shelter from the weather!" But the force of circumstances pushed him on; and after all, that pleasant resting-place proved to be no more than a roadside station. Perhaps the quaint and ancient city, cathedral city and university city in one, which is now his charge, may prove the like too. It was indeed the *terminus* of each of the good men who went before me, and it may very well be mine too. Not in this country's bounds will you find a fairer scene, or more congenial duty. Some folk do not care for such things; but to the author it is a very real and tangible privilege to be one of those who conduct the services of a church, on the ground contained within which Christian men, in different ways indeed, have worshipped for eight hundred years. Once that church had thirty clergymen: now it has but two. Once, its chief official was termed an archbishop: now, its two incumbents bear each the title of minister. But the archbishops were sometimes murdered, and sometimes hanged. From such perils the humbler existing dignitaries are happily free. And Cardinal or Lord Primate had oftentimes the care of the nation on his hands, while the duty nowadays is not national but parochial.

It is well, doubtless, that people should fancy their stopping place, for the moment, their terminus. You do many

a thing, very proper to be done, because you fancy that, which otherwise you would not do at all. And very unwillingly the conviction forces its way sometimes that the present is but a way-side station. Has it not come to the heart, now and then, like a sharp dagger? Even when not so bad as that, it is often bad enough. You make a pretty house. You paint it to your mind: and on your lobby floor you lay down encaustic tiles of pleasing pattern. You set up your bookcases, not unfrequently having such made for little corners, so that they will not do anywhere else. You accumulate and arrange your household gods. You grow, morally, into the shape of the room in which you write and read for many years. What associations cluster round that abode! Was there a room, whence it was very long before the smell of fresh wood would go: the room where, through some cold winter days, a sweet smiling little face lay in the little coffin? A thousand ties bind you to a dwelling even in a town: remembrances of words and looks that are gone; of unexpected glad news, of silent unutterable sorrow; of youthful shouts and laughter, of maturer smiles and tears. But in town you have but the indoor associations: in the country there are the evergreens you planted, the walks you devised, the roses you trained and the ivy, the green grass mowed unceasingly, beside which you have often stood under an umbrella, and watched it gaining a more emerald verdure under a soft summer shower. How that gravel has been beaten by your feet: what races you have run, chasing your little children, over that turf: how it gladdened you to come back after a little absence to this place, which was to you the centre of all the world! And now you are to be pulled up by the roots from all the holds to which the roots have fastened themselves. Yes, it takes a tremendous pull from the great locomotive of circumstances to move you from the roadside station which you had taken for the terminus! And it is always a strange thing, and a sad thing, to recall that scene. Many are the lines in *Philip Van Artevelde* that linger on the ear and heart, and come back like an unwearying refrain to a hundred things one thinks of: none more than these:

"There is a door in Ghent — I passed beside it:

A threshold there, worn of my frequent feet,

Which I shall cross no more."

In the years spent under that roof with his gentle Adriana, Artevelde doubtless thought he had reached the *terminus*; but a tremendous tug moved him on from that; and from the sunshiny garden of roses he had to go to wild moorlands, black and bare. But if you want to read the most touching of all accounts of how a man took a roadside station for the *terminus*, you may find it in a book where there is sublimer poetry than Mr. Henry Taylor's: turn up the twenty-ninth chapter of Job. Yes, the patient patriarch recalls fondly the wayside station: tells of all the things that made it so pleasant: tells how certainly he counted upon its being the *terminus*: tells how he was pushed away from it into dreary desolation. Read all that: it is too long to quote; and this is not the place. But as for the dwelling you left, some day you go back again to see it. Probably you feel it would have been better if you had not. Perhaps your walks, once so trim, are grown up with weeds. Perhaps the dear old evergreens have grown, unpruned, into awkward monsters, in which you cannot recognize the old features at all. Perhaps, where there was green turf, the delight of your heart, overhanging branches and hateful hens have destroyed it all. Perhaps you sit down for half an hour, alone, on the steps once your own, and recall the past. Then you shake your head several times: and leave the spot, to return no more.

If Artevelde had gone back to that dwelling, not to be revisited, you see what a gush of remembrances would have rushed over him, and broken him down for the time. Yes, it is a curious thing to go back from what you meanwhile esteem your *terminus*, to see a roadside station, whence you departed, long ago. For though the present location you hold be a great deal better, the old one will yet pierce you through. There was a man, the son of the clergyman of a little Scotch country town, who left his native scenes, and went to a certain great metropolis. There, by great industry, great ability, and great good luck, he pushed his way, till he arrived at a place as

honorable and elevated as a British subject can hold. But, having reached that dignified terminus, he returned once on a time to visit the roadside station in his life where he had spent his early years: and he silently walked about the old ways. Then, he entered the house of an old friend: a lady who had known him all his life. Said she, "Well, Lord A., you have been seeing the old place: what do you think of it?" And the good man, in the zenith of fame and success could answer only by covering his face with his hands, and crying like a little child. That is what you think and feel, going back to a wayside station long since left forever. "A day like this which I have left, Full thirty years behind," is always a wonderful day to look back upon, however ordinary it was when it was passing.

All this is introductory to my proper subject. It is as concerns our opinions and feelings that I desire to think of roadside stations and the *terminus ad quem*. Many opinions, many feelings and affections, which we thought we should keep all our life, we outgrow. We come not to care a brass farthing for things, places, people, we thought we should care for all our days. You, young fellow, who were engaged to be married thirteen times, fancied that each new engagement was the *terminus*; in fact, it was merely a station at which you stopped a little while. You, old party, about to be married for the seventh time, have learned that all the previous marriages were no more than roadside stations. You honestly deemed each the *terminus* in its own day. You would have indignantly repudiated the suggestion that it was anything else. You, gentle young girl, when your judicious and matter-of-fact parents broke off your engagement with a lad who had not a penny wherewith to bless either himself or you, thought you would never get over that dreadful disappointment: you would wear the willow through life. Ah, life is very long: much longer than young people have any idea; by and by you will think better of it, and judge a great deal more wisely; you will be pulled out of that eminently unsatisfactory rut in which at present you are stuck; and will advance prosperously

And on this matter, as on others, we may say without hesitation, that all eccentricity of judgment, unless you are a great man like Mr. Carlyle, or a fool, is just a roadside station at a considerable height, from which you will most assuredly glide away. Not of necessity to what is better. From unselfish magnanimity you may pass on to baseness: from geniality to bitterness: from industry to laziness: from tidiness to slovenliness: from a condition in which your outward aspect is decorously neat, to another in which you wear a shocking bad hat, a great woollen comforter round your neck, a baggy cotton umbrella, and no gloves. From a state wherein you think well of most of your fellow-men, you may advance to one in which you think ill of all. From that in which you give a penny to every beggar that asks one, you may proceed to that in which you will threaten such with the police, or bid them go to their parish.

Now here let it be said, that there are some really good people who are standing at the station of never giving anything to the poor: of always suspecting imposture, and repeating the weary tale of the two or three cases in which they have been imposed on in a pretty long life. Would that I could unscrew their brakes, let their wheels freely revolve, give them a tug with a powerful locomotive, and take them away from that to something far wiser and better.

To this end, let me record my experience, on two successive days, of two little ragged boys.

At eight o'clock P.M., at this season, it is quite dark. In that darkness did the writer issue from a very seedy little railway station, on the outskirts of a large and horribly ugly town. A black bag, of considerable weight, was sustained in the writer's left hand. A small boy, with a face that looked sharp and hungry in the gaslight, waiting outside the gate, begged urgently to be allowed to carry the bag: and receiving it, placed it on his head. Had it been daylight, the fear of Mrs. Grundy might have prevented me from walking by the boy's side and conversing with him: but in the dark, and in a place where one was unknown, such fear was needless. Eleven years old: Name, Patrick. Father and mother living. Had one sister. The peo-

ple who get into cabs, and hire porters, without ever thinking that the cabman and the porter are human beings, with human ties, cares, and sorrows, would be startled, if they talked to such, to find how like to themselves these mortals are. Yes, Mr. Justice Talfourd was right; the thing that separates class from class, is want of sympathy. Father, a laborer at the docks: drank all he made. The little boy was trying to do something for his mother. His father and mother never went to church. He never went to school, but on the Sunday evenings. Could not read the Bible. Stayed at the railway station all day, for the chance of carrying things. Got four and sixpence a week, often. What was the largest sum you ever got for carrying one thing? Ninepence: even a shilling. Poor little fellow: the question was too trying: I saw the sharp look-up as he named the latter great sum. It is not fair to subject the moral principle of human beings to a breaking strain. Probably I ought to have cross-examined him with severity as to the occasions on which he received the amount named. But I resolved rather to indulge myself in the sight of a hungry and dirty face looking happy. So I said, my little man, I want to give you more than you ever got before for carrying a bag: here is eighteenpence! Lively was the child's satisfaction. But that is not the point. If you train yourself just to think that ragged boys feel very much as you yourself do, you will discover that there is something infinitely touching and heart-moving in the view of the little figure, with torn trousers, stoutly walking on before you over the muddy streets, with a leather bag on its head. When you come in actual contact with the poor, and see them and talk with them, it is a very different thing from any description, no matter by whom written.

But the most remarkable little boy I have seen for a long time, I met the next day. As a small party of travellers sat on the deck of a nearly empty steamer, a ragged boy appeared, bearing one of those wooden boxes in which figs are sold. But the figs were gone, and in the box there were two brushes: with these he offered to brush human boots. It was no later than 8:30 A.M., and no one's boots needed brushing. So his aid was

declined. But lingering with a disappointed face, he said, "You might encourage trade." The boy was just ten years old. This was not a joke: it was said with a solemn and anxious countenance. Somebody sought for some pence to give him. "No," he said; "I don't like to take money for doing nothing." Who could resist that? The one man of the company set his foot upon the old fig box: and one foot was speedily made resplendent. "Very well indeed," were his words: "thank you." To which the little man earnestly said, as he rubbed away at the other foot, "It's me that should thank you, for giving me the job." Then, being interrogated what he got for cleaning a pair of boots, he said, sometimes a penny, sometimes twopence. Of course he got a good deal more: and went and showed his coin with pride to a gentleman near, who had said a kind word to him.

The most Medusan cynic that ever could have benefited this world through quitting it by being hanged, does not see more plainly than I do how supremely little all this is to tell. But how different it is to look at the actual human face, and to come to know even a little about any human being! And knowing the poor as the writer has learned to know them, you will feel that there is something unutterably revolting in the use of those depreciatory terms which thoughtless people often employ to signify their less fortunate fellow-creatures. Such a term as the *canaille* is loathsome for a weightier reason than that it is not an English word. And when you come to know something of the anxieties, sorrows, and cares of the poor, of their sad calculations as to the disposal of their scanty means, of their wonderful shifts in the matter of food and clothing, of what sickness is to them,—you will understand better the force of that most Christian sentiment of a heathen dramatist, who thought that forasmuch as he was a man, he had something to do with what concerns any human being.

There is a respect, in which I have sorrowfully seen a man move on from what both he and I had judged his terminus, to a further station. There is a station which when you reach it, you will naturally conclude to be a terminus, but which may prove to be no more than

a roadside station. It is that of good sense. I mean that mood of mind and heart, the result of experience and of advancing time, on reaching which a man says to himself, Well, I have lost a good many things as I have come along, and have been battered about both head and heart: but I have got this in exchange for all, that at least I shall not make a terrific fool of myself any more: I have drawn up, finally, in the sober terminus of reasonable expectations, rational purposes, and sound sense. And doubtless, in many cases, this station proves to be a terminus: the man who has entered it does not pass through it into onward tracks of flighty folly. Truth and soberness, once reached, are oftentimes a possession for ever. But not always. Probably you never saw any one exhibiting himself as a more egregiously ass, than one who had passed through sobering trials which had indeed sobered him for a while, but whose impression had died away. You thought of Don Quixote's astonishment when the pacific Rosinante began to kick up his heels: surely all that had been taken out of the creature long ago! A man with a bald head and gray hair, whirling about in a waltz with a fat middle-aged woman with a good many false teeth, presents a surprising and humiliating appearance. A man exhibiting a frantic exhilaration in the prospect of his third marriage, is a lamentable object of contemplation.

I fancied that I had a great deal more to say. But now, on consideration, I cannot think of anything. This point in my treatise, which I had deemed no more than a roadside station, has suddenly taken to itself the character of the *terminus ad quem*!

A. K. H. B.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

A SKETCH BY THE EDITOR.

AMONG renowned travellers and discoverers of modern times the name of Dr. LIVINGSTONE stands conspicuous. The present age and future generations will continue to honor his name, and place him among the benefactors of his race, and especially the inhabitants of Africa. His journeyings and explorations in the

far interior of that vast continent, so long a mystery to the civilized world, and so long unknown to the nations of the earth, have excited a deep interest and a lasting admiration of the man who had the boldness and moral courage to brave the dangers and perils incident to a sojourn among the barbarous tribes of Central and Southern Africa. He has accomplished successfully what few would have ventured to undertake. But we have no need here to recount his deeds and his achievements in that dark land, where so many years of his life have been spent. His published works have made his name and character widely and well known over universal Christendom. It was our good fortune to meet Dr. Livingstone at the meeting of the British Association at Bath, in October, 1864, soon after his return to England, and to listen to his most interesting account of his travels in the interior of Africa, given on that occasion to a very large assembly, at which Sir Roderick Murchison presided. We published that address in *THE ECLECTIC* for November, 1864, to which our readers are referred. In this number we have the pleasure of presenting a portrait of this eminent man, adding a brief biographical sketch. The Rev. David Livingstone is a native of Blantyre, upon the banks of the Clyde, near Glasgow, Scotland, where he was born in 1817. Though descended from a respectable line of Highland ancestors, his parents were in humble circumstances. His father kept a small tea-dealer's shop at Hamilton, and is represented by his son in the autobiographical sketch prefixed to his travels, as having been far too honest and conscientious to become a wealthy man. He died in 1856, having lived to witness the fruits of that love of honest industry, active exertion, and benevolence which he early instilled into the breast of his son. As a youth, David Livingstone was sent to earn his livelihood in the cotton mills of Blantyre; but even at that time he was possessed with a genuine love of learning. Enabled by hard labor to purchase the means of gratifying his thirst for information, he pursued his studies at Glasgow during the winter months, resuming his occupation at the mills during the summer vacation of the classes. In this way he contrived to

pick up some acquaintance with the classical writers, and at the age of seventeen he had got by heart large portions of Horace and Virgil. As he grew up to manhood, he resolved to devote himself to the life of a missionary abroad, cherishing a hope that Africa or China would be the scene of his labors. His wishes on this head were ultimately gratified; for, after a few years of study of medicine, during which period he attended one or two courses of theological lectures by the late Dr. Wardlaw, and having been admitted a Licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons in 1838, he offered himself to the London Missionary Society for missionary work in Africa, and his offer was accepted. Having been ordained to the pastoral office in 1840, he left England in the course of that summer for Port Natal, where he became acquainted with his countryman, the Rev. Robert Moffat, one of the most active and enterprising of African missionaries, and whose daughter he eventually married. In all Dr. Livingstone's subsequent travels this lady, until her premature death, bore her part. For sixteen years, namely, from 1840 till his return to England at the close of 1856, he labored perseveringly, as one of the agents of the London Missionary Society at Kuruman, Mabodson, and other stations in Southern Africa. During that time he made several expeditions into the interior, and became acquainted with the language, habits, and religious notions of several savage tribes, and has twice crossed the entire continent, a little south of the tropic of Capricorn, from the shores of the Indian Ocean to those of the Atlantic. In May, 1855, the Victoria, or Patron's Gold Medal was bestowed upon him by the Royal Geographical Society, for having "traversed South Africa from the Cape of Good Hope, by Lake Ngami to Linganti, and thence to the Western Coast, in ten degrees south latitude." During the course of that year Dr. Livingstone retraced his steps eastwards, and having again traversed those regions as far as Linganti, he followed the Zambesi down to its mouths upon the shore of the Indian Ocean, and thus completing the entire journey across Southern Africa. Dr. Livingstone returned to England at the close of 1856, and was

present at one of the meetings of the Royal Geographical Society, on December 15, in that year, when the president, Sir R. Murchison, reminded his audience that "they were met together for the purpose of welcoming Dr. Livingstone, on his return home from South Africa, after an absence of sixteen years, during which, while endeavoring to spread the blessings of Christianity through lands never before trodden by the foot of any European, he had made geographical discoveries of incalculable importance. In all his various journeys, Dr. Livingstone had travelled over no less than eleven thousand miles of African territory; and he had come back to England as the pioneer of sound and useful knowledge. For, by his astronomical observations, he had determined the sites of numerous places, hills, rivers, and lakes, nearly all of which had been hitherto unknown, while he had seized upon every opportunity of describing the physical features, climatology, and geological structure of the countries which he had explored, and had pointed out many new sources of

commerce as yet unknown to the scope and the enterprise of the British merchant." It is impossible at present to form an adequate estimate of the value of Dr. Livingstone's explorations in South Africa, considered merely in a commercial point of view. Dr. Livingstone, however, modestly propounded his views on the question of African civilization, by recommending the growth of cotton upon an extensive scale in the interior of that continent, and the opening up of commercial relations between Great Britain and the South African tribes, as measures likely to contribute to the abolition of the slave-trade, and to advance the cause of European civilization. He published, in 1857, an interesting account of his *Missionary Researches in Africa*, which was most favorably received, and had a very extensive circulation. In March, 1858, he returned to Africa, with the design of extending his researches to a further point, accompanied by a small band of assistants, who were supplied by her Majesty's Government for that purpose, but returned to his native country in 1864.

P O E T R Y .

AUTUMN.

I.

THE rooks are calling, calling, calling,
The rooks are calling from the tree;
The wither'd leaves are falling, falling,
And the winds sigh heavily:
And the human soul at this rotting hour,
With the drooping flower,
Doth inward groan,
And to its fellow maketh grievous moan.

II.

Yet not with man and flower alone
Hath this year's time
Lost all its golden prime,
And sadden'd into languor and decay;
But, one by one,
Heaven's choristers have gone,
And taken all their song away, away.

III.

I saw the fruitage shaken, shaken,
I saw the fruitage shaken from the tree;
And when the boughs knew all their riches taken,
They bent in agony.
And now, for very grief,
Scarce a leaf
Doth upward turn its face of yellowing hue
To sun or dew.

IV.

But all these earth-bow'd trees, though dying,
dying,
Bear summ'd within them seed for other years.
Then take, my soul, the burden of their sighing,
And stay these blinding tears.
We live, bear fruit, and fade on earth,
Till the even of life's story;
And only in yon land whence we had birth
Inherit undecaying glory!
—*Macmillan's Magazine.* GEORGE SMITH

KING HARRY AND THE ABBOT OF WALTHAM.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

I.

BLUFF Harry the Eighth was out hunting one day,
And outrode his henchman, and then lost his way:
He stumbled and grumbled, till, weary and late,
He came to fair Waltham, and knock'd at the gate.
"So ho! worthy fathers, a yeoman is here,
Who craves for a bed, and a tithe of your cheer."
So they led him at once to the large guesten hall,
And summoned the abbot, who came to the call.

II.

Now the abbot was plump, as an abbot should be.
He ordered a chine and some good Malvoisie,

"And," quoth he, "honest yeoman, now spare
not, I pray,
No beef have I tasted for many a day;
For, alas! I must own, that except for a bone
Of a capon or turkey, my appetite's gone.
I would give half my abbey for hunger like
thine."
Said the King to himself, "You shall soon have a
chine."

III.

At sunrise the abbot took leave of his guest,
Who, grace to the beef, had enjoyed a good rest,
But ere the next sun in the west had gone down,
The Abbot of Waltham was summoned to town.
He was lodg'd in the Tower, and there, day by
day,
Fed on dry bread alone, till his flesh fell away,
When a rich juicy chine on his table was placed,
And to do it full justice the abbot made haste.

IV.

Such a dinner few abbots had certainly made,
His mouth and his teeth kept good time to his
blade,
He ground it, and found it most excellent meat,
And vow'd that a monarch would find it a treat.
"Ha! ha!" cried bluff Harry, who entered his
cell,
"I have helped your digestion, Lord Abbot, right
well.
Go home to your monks, for your health is now
sure,
But the half of your abbey I claim for the cure!"
—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

POETRY.

How many voices, sweet and strong,
Have cheered the path of Time;
The mortal form hath perished long;
Its notes forever chime.

In every land, and o'er the sea;
In gentle hearts and brave;
Like mountain-airs that brace the free,
Like trumpets to the slave.

Oh well it is to feel a spark
Of this immortal power,
Though lowly as a meadow-lark
To soar some golden hour!

NEW-YEAR FANCIES.

THE New-Year's morn. The solemn chime
Rings from the belfry o'er the snow,
And echoes through the river's flow,
Amid the rocks that frown at Time.

The New-Year's morn. The golden stars
Are gleaming in their solemn calm,
As though their majesty were balm
For ill that wounds, and thought that jars.

And oh! the memories that rise
As peal the far-off bells—they wake
Visions whose sleep no power may break,
And bring the light to long-closed eyes.

And oh! the memories that cling
Around this old oak-panelled room:
The pine-logs flashing through the gloom,
Seem sparkles from life's early spring!

"After long years!" I rest again.
This ancient home, it seems to me,
Wearied with travel o'er the sea,
Holds anodyne for carking pain.

The bells are pealing out as sound
The voices of a blessed dream,
That float athwart life's hurried stream,
And hold the eager hearer bound.

Oh! bells, ring on. The music sweet
That quivers o'er the snow-fields bright,
In the full moon will put to flight
My bitter thoughts, and bid me greet

The veiled New-Year with hope and peace,
That in its secrets I may find
The influence that bids the mind
From sorrow take its just release,

And learn to stud this life of ours
With gems of purity and truth,
That, as in sunny dreams of youth,
We plant the path with deathless flowers!
—*London Society.* W. R.

SONNETS OF SORROW.

CALM.

SORROW—the heart-deep heritage of men—
It comes upon the spirit silently,
When there is calm in air, and flood and sky,
When the deer pasture slowly through the glen,
And the brown squirrel—jocund denizen
Of park and wood—hangs in the oak on high;
And wearily the river courses by
In waves that never may return agen.

For oh the sunlight and the woods and streams—
They are perpetual. But man disappears;
He cannot bear the burden of the years;
He passes like the lightest of his dreams,
And therefore sorrow to the happiest mood
Comes often, even in summer solitude.

STORMY.

The wild wind talks unto the misty hills;
The misty hills make answer; and the main
Howls like a giant, bursting from a chain
Of many centuries: monstrous uproar fills
The appalling night. So the world's turmoil kills
The heart's low music—grief and fear and pain
Incessant, as the floods of wintry rain
Which into torrents swell the mountain rills.

But Summer shall return, her golden hair
Shedding soft splendors on the distant East,
Her light feet ruddy 'mid the Alpine fern.
Nor otherwise to those whom endless care
Weighs to the earth. Await the bridal feast!
Even to the mourners summer shall return.
MORTIMER COLLINS.

—*Temple Bar.*

SEA-VIEW.

I.—DAY.

THE ships seem hanging in the air,
Through the haze and through the mist;
And the sea and the horizon
Are cloudy amethyst,
Till the keen rays pierce and sever
The veil before the sun,
When the ripples dance, and sparkles
Break forth from every one.

And the crescents and the churches,
Long looming through the gray,
Appear piled up in brightness
Of the expanding day:
And the pier with arms extended,
Seems welcoming the ships,
And the red buoy to the southward,
On the foam-crest shines and dips,

As the little tawny vessels,
Umber, and yellow, and black,
Come skimming round the foreland
Upon the frigate's track.
Scattered like sheep a-feeding,
Over the glistening tide,
And the galley's oars like pinions
Of an albatross spread wide.

II.—NIGHT.

All day the sunbeams' shadow chased
Along the white cliff fleet,
Till the red light's fading westward
Where the clover's dewy sweet;
Till the surf's white fire rolls beating
Against the jetty wall,
And you hear the ship-bells sharply
To the absent sailors call.

And when the stars are sparkling,
The harbor's emerald flame
Shines to the ships returning
To the port from whence they came;
And the church-clock mourns so gravely
The passing of the hour,
And the moon in the blue sky ruling,
Shines with a fuller power.

—*Chambers's Journal*.

BEAUTY.

I PRIZE not alone the cheek's rosy dye,
The soft-veiling lash, the bright-beaming eye,
The pearly teeth, or the sweet ruby lip
Parting, as eager life's promise to sip;
The noble expanse of the brow of snow,
The skin so transparent, the azure flow
Of the graceful veins in rich tracery,
Or the voice's entrancing and rich melody.
Charming—enchanted—as all these may be,
Oh, they are not dearest to love or to me!

Nor the dark, smooth eyebrow's pencilled line,
Nor the locks' rich wave, nor their silky shine,
Nor the delicate shape of the graceful head,
Nor the fair, slight hand, nor the fairy tread
Of the tiny, elastic, and glancing feet,
Which this earth, like aerial visitants meet,

Nor the exquisite form, whose speaking grace,
Like harmony breathes, with the eloquent face.
Lovely—enchanted—though all these may be,
No! they are not dearest to love or to me!

But the changing hue of the unschooled cheek,
Which, true to the soul's deep emotions, will speak,
The soft, modest droop of the veiling lash,
The gentle glance, the ingenuous flash,
The calm, clear look of candor and truth,
The guileless hope of innocent youth,
The playful, the sweet, and the tender smile,
That parts those bright lips, disclosing, the while,
The pearly teeth, like to emblems meet
Of the soul's fair thoughts, so pure and so sweet—
A beauty eternal in these I see,
And these are far dearer to love and to me.

The eyebrow's placid and mind-breathing line,
The candor, sincerity, radiance divine
Of intellect shed o'er the brow of snow,
The purple flush, and the mantling glow,
That tell of a light supreme and fair,
The light of intelligence, sympathy rare,
And lend to thy grace a charm unbought,
The melting tone with emotion fraught,
The spirit enlivening all that I see—
This is far dearer to love and to me.

But the azure veins' impetuous rush,
Painting thy soul's deep love in its flush,
The scarlet dye of that gentle cheek,
Which volumes to this eager heart can speak,
The modest and quickly averted eye,
Veiling the feelings it may not belie,
The trustful smile and the balmy sigh
Parting those lips in their ruby dye—
These are the ties that bind me to thee,
These, these are the dearest to love and to me.

The gentle clasp of that tremulous hand,
Answering thy true lover's fervent demand,
That small and delicate head's graceful bend,
As its shining locks on my shoulder descend,
The form which doth in my fond arms recline,
The lips' dear pressure responding to mine,
The melting tones which my vows repeat,
The truthfulness, love, which my ardor meet—
These wrap my spirit in full ecstasy,
These, these are the dearest to love and to me.
—*Shilling Magazine*.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

The Natural History, Ancient and Modern, of Precious Stones, and Gems, and of the Precious Metals. By C. W. KING, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Author of *Antique Gems*, and *The Gnostics and their Remains*. Bell and Daldy, London, 1865. The volumes previously put forth by Mr. King are sufficient evidence of his fitness to discourse upon such a subject as he has here undertaken, both from a learned and a popular point of view. His respective treatises upon ancient gems and the Gnostics—the latter book noticed at some length in our *Journal* in the early part of the present year—are well followed up by the volume now before us. "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in the philosophy" of most men; and pre-

cious stones and gems have a history known but to few, and a value, real or fictitious, far beyond that put on them by the lapidary, or those whose brows are encircled by a coronet of the costliest jewelry. From the time when Moses was commanded to make a breastplate for the use of the high priest of the Hebrew nation, and to adorn it with twelve of the rarest stones then known, significant of the tribes of Israel, down to the present time, these precious productions of the mineral kingdom have been eagerly sought after, and as eagerly coveted by all ranks and conditions of mankind in a position to acquire them. Gold, in comparison, is but as dross; a ship-load of the yellow metal is far outweighed, in monetary value, by a single pearl, if we are to credit the well-known story of Pliny, that, at a banquet given to Marc Anthony by Cleopatra, the queen threw one of two worn in her ears—each valued at about a million of money—into a goblet, in order to dissolve it, that her lover might see with what disregard of wealth she could entertain him. The whole story is, possibly, only a fiction; or, perhaps, has so much of truth in it as relates to the act, and not to the value of the pearl; yet, who would venture to say what sum the “Koh-i-noor,” or the “Great Mogul,” with others, would realize, if offered for public sale! It seems not improbable that the whole history of Europe for the last seventy years was influenced by a diamond; for, after the 18th Brumaire, in the early part of the French Revolution, Bonaparte pledged the celebrated stone, known as “The Regent of France”—from its having been bought by the Regent Orleans, who gave £150,000 for it—to the Dutch government, and thus procured funds which enabled him to consolidate his power.

It is a natural consequence of the estimation in which these valuable objects are held, that they should at various epochs in the world's history engage the attention of writers, both directly and incidentally. Pliny quotes by name numerous mineralogists, chiefly Greeks, from whom, in a great measure, he drew the materials for his own remarks in his work on natural history. Among those to whom reference is made are the Archelaus, of whom we read in Josephus as “reigning in Cappadocia,” and the Numidian king, Juba II., contemporary with the Emperor Augustus. But nothing of these earlier times has come down to us, except a short treatise by Theophrastus, written about 300 B.C., which Pliny has incorporated with his book, and a poem ascribed to Orpheus, whom Mr. King appears to think in this case is identical with the Mayian Zoroastres. Of this poem, which is entitled *On Stones*, he has given in his volume an elegant translation, though he regards it, from a scientific point of view, as almost valueless; still, beyond its own merits as a poetical composition, it is the sole, and perhaps the most ancient representative left of the mystic lore of Chaldaea, “that *magorum infanda vanitas* which, ridiculed by the philosophers of the age, but fondly and fully believed in by their contemporaries of every rank, and augmented as time went on with yet more monstrous fables, remained the established faith down to the days of our own great-grandfathers.”

The hierarchy of the early Christian church

found in these valuable specimens of mineralogy subjects for their pens, even if they had no desire to possess them. About the fourth century, Epiphanius, Bishop of Salamis, in Cyprus, wrote a small treatise on *The Twelve Stones of the High Priest's Breastplate*, a work praised by St. Jerome. In the seventh century, Isidorus, Bishop of Seville, speaks of stones and minerals in his *Origines*, a work, says Mr. King, “which has a certain value as containing quotations from many authors now lost.” Some four centuries after Isidorus, Marbodius, or Marbœuf, Bishop of Rennes, published a *Lapidarium*, purporting to be an abridgment of the bulky volume composed by Evax, King of Arabia, and presented to Tiberius Cæsar: while about a century later, i.e., towards the close of the twelfth century, appeared Mohammed Ben Mansur, “who may justly claim the honor of being the first to compose a really scientific and systematic treatise on the subject, in his *Book on Precious Stones*, dedicated to the Abbasside Sultan of Persia, Abu Naser Beharderdhan. In this work he treats of each stone under three heads, viz., “Properties, Varieties, and Places producing it.” The knowledge of the characters of minerals displayed throughout this treatise is absolutely miraculous, considering the age that produced it. He actually anticipates by many centuries the founders of the modern science in Europe—Haüy, Möhl, and others—in several points, such as in defining the different species of the Corundum, and in basing his distinctions upon the specific gravity and the hardness of the several kinds.”

We mention these writers, all more or less very far distant from us in time, only to show how much attention has been given to the subject. There are many more who might find a place among them, and of whom Mr. King speaks. Of later writers, the principal is, undoubtedly, De Boot, or Boethius, as he is frequently called, a native of Antwerp, and physician to Rudolph II., Emperor of Germany. He published in 1609, his book, *De Gemmis et Lapidibus*, which was reprinted about forty years after, with good notes by Tollins.

It has already been remarked that gems have been presumed to possess a value beyond their rarity and beauty; and it is to this point that most of the ancient writers address themselves. The *Lapidarium* of Marbodius is the last work professing to treat, however imperfectly, of the natural history of stones. Orpheus, Parthenius (a Roman of the time of Nero), Isidorus, Marbodius, and others, refer principally to their magical or medicinal qualities; while the numerous *Lapidaria* extant in MS., some as old as the thirteenth century, “bid farewell not only to science but to common sense. They treat not so much upon the natural qualities of gems, whether ‘in medicine potable,’ or, set as jewels, upon the health of the wearer, as upon their supernatural powers in baffling the influence of demons and the various evils due to the malice of such beings—plagues, murrains, and tempests.” This phase of the subject, as it appears in engraved gems and talismans, has received due attention from our author in his previous work on the Gnostics. And it is both curious and amusing to note what marvellous virtues have been ascribed to precious stones of almost every kind. Pliny, for example, speaking of the

amethyst, says: "The lying Magi promise that these gems are an antidote to drunkenness, and take their name"—which the Greeks interpreted to mean "wineless"—"from this property. Moreover, that if the name of the moon or sun be engraved upon them, and they be thus hung about the neck from the hair of the baboon, or the feathers of a swallow, they are a charm against witchcraft. They are also serviceable to persons having petitions to make to princes: they keep off hailstorms and flights of locusts with the assistance of a spell which they teach." But these absurdities are small in comparison with the beliefs of later times, and especially as to the medicinal virtues of costly minerals.

The plan of Mr. King's excellent treatise is simple and perspicuous. Under the head of each stone or mineral—and all are arranged alphabetically—we have its natural history, its chemical composition, origin, place or places producing it, its varieties, distinctive characters, counterfeits of it, and its ancient and present value. To these is added, as we have just intimated, the consideration of gems as magical and medicinal agents, perhaps the most important of their characteristics in later antiquity, as it certainly was throughout the whole course of the mediæval ages, when the beauty or rarity of a stone counted for infinitely less in the estimation of its value—the *Batrachites*, or toadstone, for example—than for its reputed virtue in the *Pharmacopœia*. Among many other virtues possessed by this stone was that of its being an antidote to poison; and it was usual to swallow it as a kind of "dinner-pill," to counteract the fact of any noxious ingredients put into the dish or wine-cup.

Gold and silver lead the author to make some valuable remarks on these metals as matters of currency, and on the question of recent legislation in this country concerning them. Then there is a long and interesting chapter on mediæval decorated plate, another on antique glass, or *pastes*, and one on the jewelry of the ancients; so that nothing which bears on the subject in hand, however seemingly remote, is left undiscussed. Mr. King appears to have exhausted it. He has certainly produced a volume that will well serve the purpose either of reference or of study. It instructs while it entertains.—*Art Journal*.

Livingstone's Zambesi: Narrative of an expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries; and of the discovery of the lakes Shirwa and Nyassa. 1858-1864. By DAVID and CHARLES LIVINGSTONE, with map and illustrations. New-York: Harper Brothers, Publishers, Franklin-Square. 1866. pp. 638. In connection with a fine and accurate portrait of Dr. Livingstone, the eminent missionary and traveller in the interior of Africa, at the head of this number of *THE ECLECTIC*, and in connection with an interesting review of his travels, also in this number of *THE ECLECTIC*, as well as a biographical sketch of this remarkable man, will be only needful to announce the issue of this narrative volume, by the Harpers, in order to secure a large demand for so valuable a work. It is quite unnecessary to say that this book is full of remarkable narrative and instruction concerning the vast interior of that great continent, which has been for so many ages hidden from human view. It is the romance of travel. The

portrait of the remarkable man, who has for so many years explored those hidden mysteries, and sojourned among those strange tribes of humanity, will add interest to the volume, as well as the graphic illustrations which adorn and embellish the book. We hope in our next to make some extracts from this volume, which will so well repay perusal.

Poetry: Lyrical, Narrative, and Satirical, of the Civil War. Selected and edited by RICHARD GRANT WHITE. New York: The American News Company. 1866. This is by far the fullest and best collection of the kind that has fallen under our notice, as we might naturally expect from the high character of the editor. One is surprised, in examining this beautiful volume, at the amount of respectable poetry which the late war occasioned. The pieces are selected from a wide range, and although they have mostly or all appeared before in print, still it is well to give them this permanent form. The volume will possess very great interest fifty years hence—more, perhaps, than at the present time. In an appendix we have a considerable number of specimens of rebel poetry, some good, and all aglow with Southern fire and bravery.

Leighton Court: A Country-House Story. By HENRY KINGSLEY. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866. This is a country tale of very considerable power and interest, marred, however, by the frequent use of outlandish words.

Honor May. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866. The heroine of this capital story was a waif of the ocean, cast upon our coast during a storm, and received into the home of a singularly noble, unselfish, and happy family. Honor, who possesses wonderful musical talent and a character of almost unearthly purity, devotes her life, with a fixed and indomitable purpose, to her high art. Successful in an eminent degree, she is flattered and courted; but she rejects all love proposals, and works on nobly and heroically with singleness of aim. The manly and noble Philip, who is coolly rejected by her, goes abroad and dies, leaving her a fortune. In the meanwhile, however, before made acquainted with his death, she discovers that she truly loves him, and resolves to confess it to him on his return. But she rises superior to the terrible disappointment and anguish, and pursues still her work. The only drawback to the interest of the work is the position in which Honor May and Uncle Robert, who took her to his home after rescuing her from the water, and was the real inspiration of her life, are left. By all rules of life, in fiction or reality, they ought to have been united in the end. This is but a bald outline of this story, which, for elevation of sentiment and good impression, is not often excelled.

Broken to Harness: A Story of English Domestic Life. By EDMUND YATKA. Boston: Loring, Publisher. 1866. This story originally appeared in one of the English magazines, and attracted considerable attention. It is one of the best productions of this popular author.

Cherry and Violet: A Story of the Great Plague. By the Author of "Mary Powell." New-

York: M. W. Dodd. 1866. This is truly a charming book, which cannot fail to delight all, young and old, who will read it. We are glad to learn that it is to be followed speedily by other works from the same gifted pen.

The Cecilias: Or, the Force of Circumstances. By ANNE ARGYLE. New-York: The American News Company. We are amazed that a woman could write such a book, so full of crime in every revolting feature, and replete with sentiments false and pernicious. Sin is simply the "Force of Circumstances." The murderer needs only rise above the circumstances of his surroundings to be a new creature; and as to eternal punishment for his sin and crime, it has no foundation, except in "crude traditions and childish fears." Pity that brains and time were not better spent than in producing such a story of almost unparalleled crime, and false and unscriptural teaching on one of the most solemn and awful themes of revealed truth. We are a little surprised that so highly respectable an Association should put its imprimatur upon the book.

SCIENCE.

Does Ozone Exist in the Atmosphere?—Admiral Berigny put this question seriously to the Academy of Sciences at its meeting on November 27th. This gentleman has been led, after ten years of ozonometric observations, to doubt the existence of ozone, properly so called, in our atmosphere. He therefore asks the Academy to appoint a commission in order to decide definitely, (1) whether ozone exists in the atmosphere; (2) whether Schönbein's or anybody else's papers prove the presence of electrized oxygen; and, lastly, whether an easy and reliable method of detecting it could not be devised. The Academy appointed a commission, composed of Chevreuil, Dumas, Pelouze, Pouillet, Boussingault, Le Verrier, Valliant Frémy, and E. Becquerel, whose report will, no doubt, scatter popular notions on atmospheric ozone to the winds. To say the truth, the evidence in favor of the presence of ozone in the atmosphere is, as M. Frémy showed to the Academy, of the most doubtful character. M. Frémy said that he knew of only one certain test for ozone in the air, and that was the oxidation of silver, by passing a current of moist air over the metal; and this test he had applied many times without obtaining any indication of ozone. We are very far from being acquainted, he said, with all the bodies held in suspension in the air, and, consequently, ignorant of the action they may exert on iodide of potassium. May not, he asked, this salt become alkaline, or set free iodine under other influences besides that of ozone? He did not deny the fact of its presence, but he asked a positive proof of it. Such a proof is required: for seeing that ozone is instantly destroyed by organic matters, and absorbed by nitrogen, it is difficult to understand how such a body can continue to exist in the air, which contains precisely the elements which would at once change the ozone. As regarded the test-papers, he asked, what use there could be in a re-agent which was affected not only by ozone, but by the oxygen compounds of nitrogen, by oxygenated

water, by ammonia, by formic acid, by essential oils, by the acid products of combustion, by dusts—in a word, by all sorts of things which are held in suspension in the air.—*Vide Chemical News*, December.

Machinery for Puddling Iron.—The increasing difficulties caused by the disputes between masters and men in Staffordshire are causing attention to be redirected to the possibility of puddling iron by machinery, and more than one system of machine puddling is undergoing thorough trial and investigation. At the Dowlais works, Mr. Walker's plans are being tried with encouraging results, the molten metal being brought into contact with the flame by the rotation and oscillation of the vessel containing it, the process being completed by the ordinary hand labor. Mr. Bennett, of the Wombridge Works, Salop, has introduced another system, in which the ordinary rabble, or rake, is worked at the rate of fifty strokes per minute, mechanism outside the furnace. With single furnaces and charges of 5 cwt., the consumption of coal is 28 cwt. per ton of puddle bar made. With double furnaces and 10 cwt. charges, the consumption of coal is only 17 cwt., being a reduction of 39 per cent. M. Gaudray has described to the Institute of Civil Engineers of France, a similar system in use at St. Dizier. The rabble receives from machinery attached to the brickwork of the furnace a rectilinear motion transverse to the furnace, and at the same time a slower travelling motion lengthways of the furnace, by which it is brought successively over every part of the furnace floor. The saving in fuel is shown by the following figures:

Before the machine was applied, 15.21 cwt. coal per ton pig iron; with the machine, 11.79 cwt. coal per ton pig iron; machine thrown out of action, 13.43 cwt. coal per ton pig iron.

The balling up of the iron is effected by hand labor in the ordinary way.—*Popular Science Review*.

Mr. Blume, a German, has published an easy method to distinguish natural red wines from wines colored artificially. He has for years practiced the art of a maker of artificial wines, and therefore speaks from experience. His method is based on the great difference which exists between the solubility in water of red substances derived from berries and fruits, for example, and that of the coloring matter of natural wines, which can only be dissolved in weak alcohol. The method is: soak in the wine which is to be tested a small slice of bread, or a dry and perfectly clean sponge, and let it become completely saturated. Then place it in a china-plate filled with water. If the wine is colored artificially, the water immediately acquires a reddish-violet tint, while, if it is natural, this same effect is produced at the end of a quarter hour or half hour only, and the water, moreover, first assumes a sensible opaline appearance. According to Mr. Blume, this simple method can always be tried with confidence, and its results are much more certain than those commonly in use.—*Chambers's Journal*.

The Journal of the Linnean Society contains a report by Dr. Kirk on a heretofore unknown dyewood which he brought from the banks of the

Rovuma, in Eastern Africa. It is of the genus described by botanists as *Cudrania*, and grows as a large shrub with thick central stem. On chemical examination, it is found to yield a coloring matter somewhat between quercitron bark and fustic, and its value is estimated at £6 10s. per ton. Specimens of the wood and leaves are placed in the Herbarium at Kew, and also at Edinburgh, where they can be seen by persons interested in the subject. Perhaps, as Dr. Kirk is about to revisit Eastern Africa, he will be able to make arrangements for sending over the wood in large quantities.

The Ooze from the Bottom of the Atlantic has been described by Mr. Sidebotham in a paper read before the Manchester Philosophical Association. In the unsuccessful attempts made to raise the Atlantic cable, the grapnels and ropes brought up with them a quantity of ooze or mud, some of which was scraped off and preserved. He obtained specimens of the deposit from Mr. Fairbairn, and submitted them to microscopic examination. In appearance the deposit resembles dirty clay, and reminds one of the chalk of Dover; indeed, it presents such appearances as would lead to the inference that a bed of chalk is now being formed at the bottom of the Atlantic. It was composed entirely of minute organisms, which exhibited a very fragmentary condition.—*Popular Science Review*.

A Sixth Memoir on Radiation and Absorption, by Dr. Tyndall, read before the Royal Society, gives particulars of some experiments on the subject, which were attended by unexpected results. Ever since Dr. Franklin laid small pieces of cloth on snow, and noticed that the darkest-colored sank the deepest, it has been supposed that dark colors absorb and radiate more heat than light ones. But Dr. Tyndall shows conclusively that this is not the case; but that radiation and absorption depend on other conditions than mere color, and that in a number of instances the lightest colors absorb and radiate the most heat. Those who wish to study the question with full details, will do well to look out for the next part of the *Philosophical Transactions*, in which the paper will be published.

In concluding his lecture on the Sources of the Nile, at the Royal Institute, Mr. Baker gave some particulars which will be interesting to those who interest themselves in the natural phenomena of Egypt. A rainfall of ten months draining into the Albert Lake, enables that great reservoir to send down to Egypt throughout the year a stream of sufficient volume to overcome the evaporation and absorption of the Nubian deserts. Without the White Nile not one drop of water from the Blue Nile would ever reach Egypt in the dry season; it would all be absorbed and evaporated; but in the month of June, the Abyssinian rainy season floods the blue Nile and the Atbara; and these streams, added to the outpour from the Albert Lake, occasion the inundations in Lower Egypt. "Thus is unravelled the whole secret of the Nile," remarks Mr. Baker; "the mystery that had baffled both ancient and modern times has yielded to the influence of England, and the honor belongs to her of having printed the first

footsteps where all was untrodden, and of having brought to light all that since the world was created has remained in darkness." Mr. Baker appears to assume that the ancient world was as ignorant of the upper valley of the Nile as the modern world was at the beginning of the present century. We have ourselves published evidence to the contrary.—*Chambers's Journal*.

ART.

The Albert Chapel in Windsor Castle.—Deeply implanted in the mind of the seventh Henry of England was the desire to secure for himself a lasting memorial amid the descendants of his subjects, while, at the same time, with the tenacity of superstition, he clung to a reliance upon the efficacy of special intercessory services to be celebrated perpetually on his behalf after his decease. So he resolved to prepare a magnificent monumental chapel for these services, in which a sepulchral monument of becoming dignity and splendor should be erected, in accordance with his own express instructions on that behalf; unhappily he had forgotten that other class of royal commemorative memorial, indeed *ars perennius*, the record of a beneficent and glorious reign.

In the first instance Henry VII. chose a site for his chapel within the circuit of the walls of Windsor Castle, immediately to the eastward of the new, and then unfinished, Chapel of St. George, the work of Edward IV., the father of Queen Elizabeth of York. But when he had erected his chapel at Windsor, the Tudor king conceived the fresh idea that he had been building on the wrong ground. Westminster was the true place, and not Windsor, for "Henry VII.'s Chapel;" and, accordingly, at Westminster the splendid edifice bearing that title was erected, and there it still remains, almost in its original perfection. It is remarkable that the real "Henry VII.'s Chapel" should stand in exactly the same relative position with reference to the grand abbey church of Westminster that its rejected predecessor holds at Windsor—both are placed to the eastward of the main structure, and in close connection with it; and both thus represent that portion of the great mediæval churches which in England was generally distinguished as the "Lady Chapel."

Henry VIII. completed the Chapel of St. George at Windsor, but the chapel his father had built almost under the same roof with it he gave to his favorite, the wealthy and powerful cardinal. This first chapel of Henry VII. was a present which Wolsey could thoroughly appreciate. There, at royal Windsor, within the walls of the castle itself, it was second in importance only to the Chapel of St. George. It was connected with that chapel also, and yet it was distinct and complete—"Wolsey's Chapel." The cardinal entered with characteristic energy upon the work of adorning his chapel, in which he designed to erect his own sepulchral monument. All these plans fell to the ground with the fall of Wolsey; his chapel was neglected, and left without any definite purpose or use until, under James II., for a short period it was fitted up for the public worship of the Church of Rome. Then another long period of neglect succeeded, and it is

more than probable that ruin would have followed neglect, had not George III., at the commencement of the present century, ordered the building to be put into a condition of thorough substantial repair, with a view to its ultimately becoming the burial place of his own family.

Once more a project for the appropriation of this edifice failed to be carried into effect, and again "Wolsey's Chapel," retaining the name which pointed to its brief connection with the cardinal, stood empty, silent, and desolate; a strange anomaly both in its antecedents and in its actual condition, and most strangely out of keeping with every surrounding object and association. In this condition it had to remain until after the completion of the first half of this nineteenth century. Then, at last, a sad and sudden bereavement in the Royal Family of England led to a decided change in the destiny of this building. Though not appointed to receive and shelter the remains of her lamented Consort, it has been determined by the Queen that this chapel should become his monument in Windsor Castle. It now, accordingly, is PRINCE ALBERT'S CHAPEL, and as such in future it is always to be known; and the Queen, from her private resources, is adapting this chapel to receive a monumental statue of the Prince, that thus the commemorative character of the edifice may be duly realized. This work of pious devotedness is one with which the whole nation must deeply sympathize; and, because we both share and rejoice in that national sympathy with our gracious Sovereign, we have felt it to be an act of duty towards our readers to place before them, at the commencement of another year, a brief notice of the progress of the works now in the act of being carried on within the walls of this "Albert Chapel." A more complete description we necessarily reserve until we are in a condition to announce the completion of the chapel itself.—*Art Journal*.

VARIETIES.

The New Volcanic Island.—Her Majesty's ship *Surprise*, Commander Tryon, which had been dispatched to Santorini, to render assistance to the inhabitants, returned to Malta on Friday, the 28d of February. We have been kindly favored with the following interesting particulars of the recent volcanic eruption: As soon as Santorini was sighted by the *Surprise*, a dense white mass of vapor was observed arising from the sea, which appeared to be boiling from some unknown cause, and when the island was approached, a strange sight was seen: the sea evidently was boiling, and clouds of the whitest steam rushed out, soaring heavenwards like an enormous avalanche, and looking like snow. Something black was then seen rising slowly from the sea, which afterwards turned out to be no less than an island springing from the deep. It appears that there were no earthquakes, but convulsions of nature caused by volcanic islands having been thrown up from the sea; and as violent eruptions had taken place, the inhabitants were greatly alarmed, but at the time the *Surprise* arrived no immediate danger was apprehended. The position of the vessel was a very good one to watch the eruptions from the volcano on the burning island

that had lately risen from the deep. The sea for several miles looked very strange, the sulphur giving it a yellowish appearance, and round the new volcanic island, the sea was boiling at some one hundred yards distance from the shore. The steam rose with great grandeur, the whole island emitting smoke and sulphurous vapors, colored by the flames inside the volcano, in some places being cracked, and through the fissures an immense mass of red-hot lava was visible. The volcano was in a constant state of life, and an eruption took place on the morning of the arrival of the *Surprise*. A black mass of vapor was vomited forth from the volcano, pouring upwards; but the fury of the eruption was soon expended, and it suddenly ceased. On the following day her Majesty's ships *Phoebe* and *Tyrian* arrived to the succor of the island. A Greek man-of-war had come in, and the next day a Russian frigate was seen approaching, but she did not seem to like appearances, and kept at a distance, watching the phenomenon for some hours before going closer in. The second night after the arrival of the *Surprise* another eruption took place. The roar was very fierce, smoke poured forth from the volcano with terrific fury, and large blocks of rock and stone were hurled into the air, the whole presenting a most imposing sight. During that night it was said that a new island had been thrown up; the one pointed out was about three hundred yards long, and was a black smoking mass. Close to the anchorage of the *Surprise* there had been a place called "Mineral Creek," which was then no more; a large hill had risen out of it. It made its appearance before the arrival of that vessel, but it rose higher and higher during her presence there, while the old island was sinking gradually, as if about to return to the depths of the sea from which it had risen. On this sinking island were several houses, many of which were gone altogether, and others were being washed by the sea; of one house there was little more than the roof and chimney not above the water, while a building sank and rose again. It was remarkable that rocks were constantly appearing above the sea, then disappearing; and hence the position taken up by the *Surprise* was not very pleasant. On the second night a slight concussion was felt two or three times on board, and as islands had been springing up in the immediate neighborhood, it appeared likely that one would come up under the ship's bottom. At the time the wind and sea were heavy, and the vessel drifted rapidly in the direction of the volcano, round which the sea was boiling, and a world of steam, vapor, and smoke arising. The *Surprise* immediately got up steam. A large number of houses were buried in the lava and by the new hill that rose from Mineral Creek; but fortunately no lives were lost, as timely warning had been given, and the inhabitants had escaped. The damage done to property was not so great as might have been expected.—*London Times*, March 8th.

Professor Boursnot of Colmar, in his meteorological studies, thinks he has discovered the causes of certain atmospheric phenomena. In his view, the causes are internal—that is, taking it for granted that the central mass of the globe is fluid fire, the vapor therefrom acting against the

inner surface of the earth's crust by which it is inclosed, will, by exciting powerful electric currents, produce sudden changes above the surface. Another effect of the internal pressure will be continual changes of level on the outer surface; so much so, that, from Professor Bourlot's point of view, there is no such thing as firm land—*terra firma*—be it continent or island. He thinks it may be possible to prove the existence of the Plutonian sea; but until that be done, he will find it difficult to establish his theory of interior tempests and their effects.

George Peabody and Queen Victoria.—The following graceful letter has been written by the Queen of England to Mr. Peabody:

"WINDSOR CASTLE, March 28th, 1866.

"The Queen hears that Mr. Peabody intends shortly to return to America, and she would be sorry that he should leave England without being assured by herself how deeply she appreciates the noble act of more than princely munificence by which he has sought to relieve the wants of the poorer class of her subjects residing in London.

"It is an act, as the Queen believes, wholly without parallel, and which will carry its best reward in the consciousness of having contributed so largely to the assistance of those who can little help themselves.

"The Queen would not, however, have been satisfied without giving Mr. Peabody some public mark of her sense of his munificence, and she would gladly have conferred upon him either a baronetcy or the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, but that she understands Mr. Peabody to feel himself debarred from accepting such distinctions.

"It only remains, therefore, for the Queen to give Mr. Peabody this assurance of her personal feelings, which she would further wish to mark by asking him to accept a miniature portrait of herself, which she will desire to have painted for him, and which, when finished, can either be sent to him to America or given to him on the return which, she rejoices to hear, he meditates, to the country that owes him so much."

The Cattle Plague.—In what has been written on this subject, little reference has been made to the outbreak of the same disease in 1714. A royal commission was then as now appointed; the president was Mr. Bates, F.R.S., surgeon to the royal household. His report was read before the Royal Society, and will be found in the *Philosophical Transactions*. In the symptoms of the disease, and in the *post mortem* appearances, there is wonderful similarity to what is reported at the present time. Mr. Bates records that every remedy was unavailing, and every form of treatment attempted without perceptible result; and that the plague was at last stayed by dividing the herds into small lots, with complete isolation, so that if one lot was attacked the others might not be infected. The dead cattle were burned or buried with quicklime, to encourage which the King, George I., granted a sum from his own privy purse for every animal thus destroyed. Many thousands perished in the home countries. Nothing is said in the report of the commissioner about the plague being imported from abroad; in

fact the Russian disease or the Rinderpest was then unknown, and was first described by Gmelin half a century later. The origin of the complaint remained involved in mystery. Mr. Bates mentions that the cowkeepers noticed the extreme drouth of the preceding spring, when the cattle had not their usual purgation from the "frimness" of the grass. The later outbreak of 1746 and succeeding years has been frequently referred to in the newspapers.

Sensational Literature.—At the East end of London almost all the murder and highwayman literature of the past sixty years is being republished and sold in penny numbers. In tobacco-nists' shop windows, up dirty courts and alleys, this literature may be seen suspended between canisters and briar-roots in strings. The wood cuts are of the Blueskin and Jonathan Wild stamp—slouching fellows with big boots, black masks, and gory poniards flashing high above the victims' heads. *Robinson Crusoe* has just been republished in penny portions, and illustrated after the fashion; but it does not seem to be very popular. "It arn't strong enough, sir," answered a news agent, in reply to a question put to him.—*London Review*.

Post-Office Statistics.—The total number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom, in 1864, was 679,084,822. The population at the close of 1864 was nearly 30,000,000, giving above twenty-two letters on an average to each individual. In France, with a population above 30,000,000, the number of letters was under 300,000,000. In the United States the number was under 470,000,000. The gross revenue of the British Post-office in 1864 was above £4,000,000, and the profits about £1,160,000.

Bagpipes.—Most people think that the bagpipe is a Scotch instrument. Some are proud of the bagpipe, others are afraid of it; but, whether by its friends or its foes, the bagpipes are looked upon by us as something national. Now, I am not at all sure that we are entitled to any such praise or blame. I believe it could be demonstrated—though our friends on the other side of the Tweed would be excessively indignant—I believe it could be demonstrated that the bagpipe is an English instrument, essentially English; that the English were the original bagpipers; and I find in confirmation of this that Shake speare, who was an authority in music, refers to the bagpipes constantly, but he does not introduce them in *Macbeth*. The armies in *Macbeth* don't march on Dunsinane to the sound of the bagpipe; and he speaks of the drone of the Lincolnshire and Yorkshire bagpipe. He speaks of a person "laughing like a parrot at a bagpiper," but all without the slightest Caledonian reference. And when we look at the works in the Register House, and show how our former monarchs spent their income, we find their expenditure for music put down in such entries as the following: "To the English piper, 8s. 6d." And Scotchmen were not the pipers—they were harpers. The harp was the old Scotch instrument, and I believe continued to be the old Scotch instrument till within a very recent period.—*Lord Advocates Monerief, at Birmingham*.



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FRANCIS GRANT ESQ.

RESIDENT OF THE TOWN OF ABERDEEN

than the influence of the poetic powers on other pursuits. Sir William Rowan Hamilton was wont to say, "I *live* by mathematics, but I *am* a poet." The writer who showed that, as geometry is the science of pure space, so algebra is the science of pure time, assuredly was a poet. Now Praed, to take a single example, applied to politics the poetic faculty when he proposed, during the Reform Bill debates, that where a county returned three members, each elector should have two votes only. He was the first to suggest this simple arrangement for giving a voice to a minority. We limit the poetic faculty by strictly associating it with mere rhythmical forms. Poetry may make, not only a statesman like Praed, or a mathematician like Hamilton, but also a great warrior or lawyer, or even a princely merchant. Mr. Coleridge's memoir would have been more satisfactory if he had apprehended Praed's character in its integral form: and the "Poems" themselves would have given greater pleasure to the public if, rejecting a good deal of careless and juvenile verse which the writer himself would not have reprinted, the editor had inserted the most racy of the political pasquinades. These, however, are to be collected in a volume of their own by Sir George Young, and will probably be published in a month or two.

Winthrop Mackworth Praed was born at Teignmouth, in Devon, in the year 1802. His father was a Serjeant-at-Law and chairman of the Audit Board. The family name was originally Mackworth: the poet's mother was a Winthrop, distantly connected with the race of that name that has become patrician in America. He went in his twelfth year to Eton, where he became renowned. He was, in fact, the model Etonian—not an athlete, being of delicate constitution. but very skilful as a fives-player—marvellously facile in the production of elegant verse, Greek, Latin, and English—a graceful scholar and a thorough gentleman. The great school has improved, morally and intellectually, during the past half century, and there are possibilities of farther improvement; but for the culture of the pure aristocrat, as known to us in præ-scientific ante-Liberal times, no establishment could rival

the college of Eton. George Canning once remarked at a dinner of old Etonians, "that, whatever might be the success in after life, whatever gratification of ambition might be realized, whatever triumphs might be achieved, no one is ever so great a man again as when he was a sixth-form boy at Eton." Praed must have thoroughly enjoyed this brilliant boyhood. He achieved unusual renown. He was the projector of the *Etonian*, the most famous school magazine ever published. He founded the boys' Library, of which his biographer aptly remarks that, "if Eton has no longer to lament the injury done within her walls to the organization of a Shelley and a Sydney Walker, she owes it in great measure to the public library founded by Praed." This shows the peculiar bent of Praed's character, in which poetry was merely an element: even at Eton he was the public man in embryo, and added to the school a collateral institution whose permanent value is immense.

He went up to Cambridge in 1812, and his college course was as brilliant as his school career. Prizes for Greek odes and epigrams, for Latin declamation, for English verse, were won with singular ease. At the Union he distinguished himself as a debater, and was regularly pitted against Macaulay: and it is curious that the two young orators each maintained exactly opposite opinions to those which they adopted in their public life. At Cambridge Praed was the Whig, Macaulay the Tory. The two, with some other men of almost equal distinction, were associated as contributors to the *Quarterly Magazine*, a periodical started by Charles Knight.

Praed was called to the bar in 1829, and returned to Parliament as member for St. Germans in 1830. Of his political career this is not the place to speak. As we have seen, he held office under Peel, and would unquestionless have occupied a very important position in the party to which he was attached. The University of Cambridge did honor to its illustrious alumnus by conferring on him the office of Deputy High Steward. But his career was cut short at its very commencement: he died at the early age of thirty-seven, just when a man begins to feel his manhood and rejoice in

the work which lies ready to his hand. The beautiful verses to his wife, which we are about to quote, were written a week before his death :

"Dearest, I did not dream, four years ago,
When through your veil I saw your bright
tear shine,
Caught your clear whisper, exquisitely
low,
And felt your soft hand tremble into
mine,
That in so brief—so very brief—a space,
He, who in love both clouds and cheers
our life,
Would lay on you, so full of light, joy,
grace,
The darker, sadder duties of a wife—
Doubts, fears, and frequent toil, and con-
stant care
For this poor frame, by sickness sore
bested ;
The daily tendance on the fractious chair,
The nightly vigil by the feverish bed.

"Yet not unwelcomed doth this morn arise,
Though with more gladsome beams it
might have shone :
Strength of these weak hands — light of
these dim eyes,
In sickness, as in health—bless you, My
Own!"

As Praed published nothing collect-
ively, but merely wrote for albums and
annuals, magazines and newspapers, there
has been some difficulty in making this
tardy edition of his poems accurate and
complete. American readers seem to
have been attracted to Praed by his con-
nection with the Winthrop family. Sev-
eral editions of his works have appeared
across the Atlantic: the most recent,
edited by Mr. Whitmore, contains much
that Praed did not write. Fitzgerald, a
magazinish of the same period, was an
admirable imitator of Praed's style, and
has more than once imposed upon Mr.
Whitmore.

Praed's tales in verse—such as *Lil-
lian*, *The Troubadour*, *The Red Fisher-
man*—are not his best productions. The
fatal facility of octosyllabic verse was
too much for him. He is most felici-
tous when restrained by definite rules,
fettered by a regular rhythm. His
"Every-day Characters" are his choicest
poems. In "The Vicar" he gives us a
perfect photograph of the old-fashion-
ed country parson, orthodox, pedantic,
book-loving, hospitable, of the school
to which Coleridge's father belonged.

Nothing could be more quaintly humor-
ous than the touch about the quality of
his sermons :

"For all who understood admired,
And some who did not understand them."

It is a playful portrait, tinged with ten-
derness—doubtless a veritable reminis-
cence of youth. In time to come the
poet imagines the good old vicar suc-
ceeded by one of those "snowy-band-
ed dilettante delicate - handed priests"
whom the Laureate loves not.

"Sit in the vicar's seat: you'll hear
The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,
Whose phrase is very Ciceronian.
Where is the old man laid?—look down,
And construe on the slab before you,
'*Hic jacet GULIELMUS BROWN,*
Vir nullâ non donandus laurea.'"

In all Praed's portraits of character
we observe a refined humor, a delicate
irony, and subdued pathos. His touch
is very light. Wordsworth's portraits
—Matthew, the village schoolmaster,

"As blithe a man as you could see
On a spring holiday,"

though deep in his heart dwells grief for
his lovely little daughter, lost long ago
—or that leech-gatherer amid the weary
moors,

"The oldest man he seemed that ever wore
gray hairs"—

are pictures which move to tears with
their calm pathos. But Wordsworth
possesses no humor. Browning on the
other hand, also a great portrait painter
among poets, has such superabundance
of humor that he is sometimes forced
into the grotesque. Take, for example,
his "Fra Lippo Lippi" or Bishop Blou-
gram; there is a sense of caricature
prevalent throughout these marvellous
descriptions. No two writers stand
farther apart in a sense of the humorous
than Wordsworth and Browning: its
absence in the one, its excess in the
other, often produce results almost iden-
tical. In Praed there is always delicate
and subtle humor, restrained by a per-
fection of æsthetic. Nothing can be
finer than the second of his "Every-day
Characters"—Quince, the crusty old
Devonshire bachelor, whose external

aspect is rough, while his heart is sound and tender :

"Welcome was he in hut and hall
To maids and matrons, peers and peasants ;
He won the sympathies of all
By making puns and making presents.
Though all the parish were at strife,
He kept his counsel, and his carriage,
And laughed, and loved a quiet life,
And shrank from Chancery suits—and marriage."

Again :

"Asylums, hospitals, and schools,
He used to swear were made to cozen ;
All who subscribed to them were fools—
And he subscribed to half a dozen :
It was his doctrine, that the poor
Were always able, never willing ;
And so the beggar at his door
Had first abuse, and then—a shilling."

"The Belle of the Ball-room" is scarcely less felicitous :

"Through sunny May, through sultry June,
I loved her with a love eternal ;
I spoke her praises to the moon,
I wrote them to the *Sunday Journal* :
My mother laughed ; I soon found out
That ancient ladies have no feeling :
My father frowned ; but how should gout
See any happiness in kneeling ?

"She was the daughter of a Dean,
Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic ;
She had one brother, just thirteen,
Whose color was extremely hectic ;
Her grandmother for many a year
Had fed the parish with her bounty ;
Her second cousin was a peer,
And Lord Lieutenant of the county.

"But titles, and the three per cents,
And mortgages, and great relations,
And India bonds, and tithes, and rents,
Oh ! what are they to love's sensations ?
Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks—
Such wealth, such honors, Cupid chooses ;
He cares as little for the stocks
As Baron Rothschild for the Muses.

"She sketched ; the vale, the wood, the beach,
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading :
She botanized ; I envied each
Young blossom in her boudoir fading :
She warbled Handel ; it was grand ;
She made the Catalani jealous ;
She touched the organ ; I could stand
For hours and hours to blow the bellows."

In the same easy antithetic strain goes

on the poet to narrate the history of his wooing, and its ultimate result :

"We parted ; months and years rolled by ;
We met again four summers after ;
Our parting was all sob and sigh ;
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter :
For in my heart's most secret cell
There had been many other lodgers ;
And she was not the ball-room's Belle,
But only—Mrs. Something Rogers !"

In the fourth of this charming gallery of miniatures, we are introduced to "My Partner"—a lady who can talk of nothing save the weather. The conversational monotony becomes too much for the poet, who exclaims :

"I don't object to wealth or land ;
And she will have the giving
Of an extremely pretty hand,
Some thousands, and a living.
She makes silk purses, brooders stools
Sings sweetly, dances finely,
Paints screens, subscribes to Sunday-schools,
And sits a horse divinely.
But to be linked for life to her !—
The desperate man who tried it
Might marry a Barometer,
And hang himself beside it !"

A "Portrait of a Lady" furnishes the final aspiration ; and here we are reminded of Thackeray's "Piscator and Piscatrix," lines written to an album print. There are differences, of course, but the vein is the same, the theme not far unlike. Says Thackeray :

"As on this pictured page I look,
This pretty tale of line and hook,
As though it were a novel-book
Amuses and engages :
I know them both, the boy and girl,
She is the daughter of the Earl,
The lad (that has his hair in curl)
My lord the County's page is."

Again :

"Oh loving pair ! as thus I gaze
Upon the girl who smiles always,
The little hand that ever plays
Upon the lover's shoulder ;
In looking at your pretty shapes
A sort of envious wish escapes
(Such as the Fox had for the Grapes)
The Poet, your beholder."

The first idea in this stanza was doubtless a reminiscence of the loftier poetry of Keats—the immortal ode addressed to that "still unravished bride of quietness," a Grecian urn.

"For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair,"
exclaims the earlier poet, gazing on the
"Attic shape." And here we see the
difference between the writer who is an
absolute poet, without alloy of other
tendencies, and the writer in whom the
poetic faculty is an element only. Keats,
looking at an old Greek urn,

"With brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,"

chose, to begin with, a purer theme than
Praed's portrait in the Exhibition of the
Royal Academy, or than Thackeray's
pretty print of a youth and maiden fish-
ing. And his lyric thought dwells in a
serener atmosphere, above the reach of
irony and humor, which belong to the
stratum of Academy portraits and an-
nuals. The cloud-region wherein Praed
and Thackeray delight is very beautiful,
especially when the archer Apollo glori-
fies it with his sunshafts of poetry: but
Keats soars higher, into the pure ether,
above the Alpine pinnacles, above the
eagle's flight. Thither at present we
may not strive to follow him: where-
fore, returning earthward, let us lounge
through the rooms of the Royal Academy
with Praed. Thus he addresses the pic-
tured lady—

"You're very pretty!—all the world
Are talking of your bright brow's splendor,
And of your locks, so softly curled,
And of your hands, so white and slender;
Some think you're blooming in Bengal;
Some say you're blowing in the City;
Some know you're nobody at all:
I only feel—you're very pretty."

The final verse is rather hard upon the
garrulity of young ladies, who loved to
chatter in '31 as they do in '66:

"I see they've brought you flowers to-day;
Delicious food for eyes and noses;
But carelessly you turn away
From all the pinks and all the roses;
Say, is that fond look sent in search
Of one whose look as fondly answers?
And is he, fairest, in the Church?
Or is he—ain't he—in the Lancers? . . .

"Whate'er you are, at last adieu!
I think it is your bounden duty
To let the rhymes I coin for you
Be prized by all who prize your beauty.
From you I seek nor gold nor fame;
From you I fear no cruel strictures;
I wish some girls that I could name
Were half as silent as their pictures!"

One of Praed's most characteristic
poems is entitled "School and School-
fellows," and is full of pleasant Eton
reminiscences. It has found numer-
ous imitators:

"Where are my friends? I am alone;
No playmate shares my beaker:
Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,
And some—before the Speaker;
And some compose a tragedy,
And some compose a rondo;
And some draw sword for Liberty;
And some draw pleas for John Doe.

"Tom Mill was used to blacken eyes
Without the fear of Sessions;
Charles Medlar loathed false quantities
As much as false professions:
Now Mill keeps order in the land,
A magistrate pedantic;
And Medlar's feet repose unscanned
Beneath the wide Atlantic."

The penultimate verse is peculiarly char-
acteristic:

"For hours and hours I think and talk
Of each remembered hobby;
I long to lounge on Poet's Walk,
To shiver in the lobby;
I wish that I could run away
From House and Court and Levee,
Where bearded men appear to-day
Just Eton boys grown heavy."

Had the poet heard Charles Lamb's
melancholy reflection, when looking at
the Eton playing fields—his expression
of sorrow that so many of those fine
young fellows must in time become mere
frivolous members of Parliament?

Among the writers who have deliber-
ately imitated the poem from which
these quotations are made, is a Mr. J.
Godfrey Saxe, whom some people style
"the Praed of America." But, on our
theory of such poetry as Praed's, Mr.
Saxe could by no means belong to the
class, inasmuch as he is merely a literary
man. The very essence of this style of
verse is its spontaneous flow from a mind
devoted to graver matters than verse-
making. Most of Mr. Saxe's produc-
tions are at the vulgar level of a comic
song; but he imitates sometimes "Tom
Ingoldsby," sometimes Praed, and in-
variably fails in his mimicry. We had
intended an example; but the contrast of
Praed's grace and finish with Mr. Saxe's
pointless vulgarity, would really be too
painful. Another imitator, whom it is a
conscientious critic's duty to reprimand,

is Mr. Frederick Locker; who, in "The Jester's Moral," has not only borrowed Praed's idea, but even his rhymed reference to Boodle's Club.

Now, as a very successful writer in Praed's peculiar style, Mr. Locker would be wise to avoid Praed's most characteristic topics. And he has generally adhered to such avoidance. Here and there he challenges comparison by using Praed's favourite metre, and using it well. But he is certainly most successful when his rhythm is more his own. The poem, "To my Grandmother," suggested by a portrait of Romney's, furnishes a case in point:

"This relative of mine
Was she seventy and nine
When she died?
By the canvas may be seen
How she looked at seventeen,—
As a bride.

"Beneath a summer tree
As she sits, her reverie
Has a charm;
Her ringlets are in taste—
What an arm! and what a waist
For an arm!

"In bridal coronet,
Lace, ribbons, and *coquette*
Falbala;
Were Romney's limning true,
What a lucky dog were you,
Grandpapa!

"Her lips are sweet as love,—
They are parting! Do they move?
Are they dumb?—
Her eyes are blue, and beam
Beseechingly, and seem
To say, 'Come!'

"What funny fancy slips
From atween those cherry lips?
Whisper me,
Sweet deity, in paint,
What canon says I mayn't
Marry thee?"

Could gay poetic whimsical caprice play pleasanter tricks than these in rhyme? *Falbala*, though a feminine adornment, is, we believe, a masculine substantive: we are willing to forgive the false concord for its felicity. Praed has nothing more polished and elegant. Indeed, Mr. Locker's poems show signs of haste even less frequently than Praed's; and, if they occasionally jar on the critical ear, it is only when he finds

a pun too tempting to be resisted. Verse of this class should contain no puns:

"A man without a merry thought
Can hardly have a funny-bone,"

is a saying which befits the professed jester, Tom Hood or *Mr. Punch*, not the accomplished gentleman dallying with occasional verse. Only now and then does Mr. Locker commit a lapse of this kind.

A couple of stanzas from "My Neighbor Rose" will supply another excellent example of Mr. Locker at his best. At his worst—which we take to be in "The Legend of Sir Gyles Gyles"—no one shall hear of him from us.

"At times I've envied, it is true,
That joyous hero, twenty-two,
Who sent *bouquets* and *billets-doux*,
And wore a sabre.
The rogue! how tenderly he wound
His arm round one who never frowned;
He loves you well. Now, is he bound
To love my neighbor?"

"The bells are ringing. As is meet,
White favors fascinate the street,
Sweet faces greet me, rueful-sweet
'Twixt tears and laughter:
They crowd the door to see her go—
The bliss of one brings many woe—
Oh! kiss the bride, and I will throw
The old shoe after her."

There is in this poem something which reminds us of Charles Lamb—especially in his "Hester." And here, probably, is the chief difference between Praed and his most prominent disciple. There is a touch of the Elia temper in Mr. Locker, softening that bitter-sweet, which is the main flavor of Praed and Thackeray at their best. Those who look at the capital portrait of Praed prefixed to his works, read power in the wide and lofty brow, and melancholy in the large eye, and courage in the straight Greek nose, and the shrewdness which makes a man of affairs in the pointed chin. Mr. Locker might deem it an impertinence if we were in detail to criticise his physiognomy as presented by Millais in the last edition of his poems; but it assuredly indicates a kindlier and more sympathetic temperament than the portrait of Praed. Not that these qualities were absent from Praed's character; his generous conduct to his old

schoolfellow, William Sydney Walker, amply proves the reverse: but that his intellectual tendencies were towards active life, towards the arena of politics and the gay intercourse of aristocratic society. We should not expect from Praed the pathetic irony of Mr. Locker's stanzas on "Beggars." He tells us how he bought a comb of one beggar, "well on his way to Jack Ketch," and then met another, whom he refused with the reflection that

"The worst vice of all's indiscriminate charity,"

and then remorsefully gave way to the conflicting reflection—

"That always to harden one's fiddlestrings thus,
If it's wholesome for beggars, is hurtful for us."

Thereafter he visits the lady of his love, who gives him by way of præ-matrimonial *cadeau* a paper weight formed of a bronze lizard writhing. He remonstrates with her, observing that a living lizard must have been tortured, that the sculptor might produce so vivid a presentment.

"'Pooh, pooh,' says my lady (I ought to defend her,
Her head is too giddy, her heart's much too tender),
'Hoggarten protests they've no feeling—
and so
It was nothing but muscular movement, you know.'

"Thinks I—when I've said *au revoir*, and depart—
(A comb in my pocket, a weight at my heart)—
And when wretched mendicants writhe, we've
a notion
That begging is only a muscular motion."

Thus playfully he touches a painful problem, in a spirit more akin to Charles Lamb's than to Praed's.

Thackeray evidently recognized in Mr. Locker a faculty not unlike his own. In the days of his *Cornhill* editorship, Mr. Locker was his favorite poet, and certain verses on "A Human Skull" received from him kindly reference in "The Adventures of Philip." But Thackeray's own poetic vein, though to be classified with Praed's and with Mr. Locker's, was certainly more various and

versatile in its manifestations. We do not refer to his "Ballads of Policeman X," and other contributions to *Punch*, in which ingeniously inaccurate spelling is the chief claim to humor. These things were far below his true level. Nor indeed are there, amid all his verse, more perhaps than half a dozen poems worthy of preservation; but this small number shows a wider range than either Praed or Mr. Locker possesses. "The White Squall," "Peg of Limawaddy," "The Mahogany Tree," "At the Church Gate," "The Age of Wisdom," differ as much in mood as in metre. That freer variety of metre itself indicates variety of essence. Sometimes there is almost the spontaneity which belongs to the pure lyrical poet. Take, as an example of this approach to the higher region, the last lines of "The White Squall," containing a transition as charming as it is abrupt:

"And when, its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And, as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea,
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling, and making
A prayer at home for me."

Now Praed and Mr. Locker, while they have produced much more verse than Thackeray, have adhered almost entirely to two or three rhythmical forms. If we compare the pure lyricist with the writer in whom poetry is but one element, we find that the former has a metric form for every mood of his mind. The reason of this furnishes a clue to the essential difference between the two classes. The poets of whom Praed is a type sit down to write with a definite purpose, and begin by choosing a metre. The poets of whom Shelley and Heine are types, write under irresistible inspiration, and the thought forms the rhythm. Hence, notwithstanding Wordsworth's disdain for "the accomplishment of verse," the amount of that accomplishment possessed by any writer is a good approximative test of his poetic power. Of course it is only approximate. If we judged Wordsworth himself by it, we should greatly under-estimate him: if we judged Mr. Swinburne by it, we should over-estimate him enormously. It is impossible

to lay down rules for accuracy of judgment in such cases. The ear must learn for itself the ring of the true metal—must distinguish between the *tour de force* and the irrepressible burst of song. And the public taste, though for a time deceived, usually comes right after a while. Only schoolboys now admire the “Lays of Ancient Rome,” and the morbid nonsense of “Owen Meredith” has long since been rightly appraised by most men. Mr. Tupper alone commands an inexplicable immortality.

Lockhart has already been named as belonging to the Praed school. Many others might be enumerated: Luttrell, Frere, author of “Whistlecraft” and translator of Aristophanes, Mr. Cayley, author of “Sir Reginald Mohun,” are of the same class. Lockhart, however, takes higher rank than most of these. There is nothing in Thackeray more humorously characteristic than Lockhart’s “Captain Paton’s Lament,” published in *Blackwood’s Magazine*, in 1819. A stanza or two of this will prove our statement—

“In dirty days he picked well
His footsteps with his rattan,
Oh you ne’er could see the least speck
On the shoes of Captain Paton.
And on entering the coffee-room
About two, all men did know
They would see him with his *Courier*
In the middle of the row.
Oh! we ne’er shall see the like of Captain
Paton no mo!

“Now and then upon a Sunday
He invited me to dine,
On a herring and a mutton-chop
Which his maid dressed very fine;
There was also a little Malmsey,
And a bottle of Bordeaux,
Which between me and the Captain
Passed nimbly to and fro.
Oh! I ne’er shall take pot-luck with Captain
Paton no mo! . . .

“And when the candles were brought forth,
And the night was fairly setting in,
He would tell some fine old stories
About Minden Field or Dettingen—
How he fought with a French major,
And dispatched him at a blow,
While his blood ran out like water
On the soft grass below.
Oh! we ne’er shall hear the like of Captain
Paton no mo!”

This is in precisely the vein of Praed’s “Every-day Characters.” But Lock-

hart in one poem soars higher than either Praed or Thackeray. This is his famous ballad, entitled “Napoleon,” wherein one of the dead chieftain’s veterans is described coming forth from the room where lay the imperial corpse:

“Young Bonaparte’s battle cry
Perchance hath kindled his old cheek;
It is no shame that he should sigh—
His heart is like to break.

“He hath been with him, young and old
He climbed with him the Alpine snow;
He heard the cannon when they rolled
Along the silver Po.

“His soul was as a sword, to leap
At his accustomed leader’s word:
I love to see the old man weep—
He knew no other lord.

“As if it were but yesternight,
This man remembers dark Eylau;
His dreams are of the Eagle’s flight,
Victorious long ago.

“The memories of worser time
Are all as shadows unto him;
Fresh stands the picture of his prime—
The later trace is dim.”

In these brief stanzas we see proof that Lockhart, if he had not devoted himself to political literature, might have achieved a great name in poetry. And there was a weightier power of satire in him than in either Praed or Thackeray. When Praed’s pasquinades are published, it will probably be found that they are chiefly playful, like his well-known parody, “Sleep, Mr. Speaker;” that they are more like the gentle touches of a lady’s riding-whip than the fierce lashes of the scourge of satire. In the American edition of his poems there is an “Epitaph on the late King of the Sandwich Islands,” written on the death of George IV., which approaches more nearly to the satirical than anything else of Praed’s. Four lines, which have been frequently quoted as from this poem, do not appear in Mr. Whitmore’s text:

“A nobly, nasty course he ran,
Superbly filthy and fastidious;
He was the world’s ‘first gentleman,’
And made the appellation hideous.”

When Sir George Young’s volume appears, there is reason to hope that the text of Praed’s poems will be finally settled. No wonder that certainty is impossible as to what was written by

Greek and Roman authors, when there is so much doubt about the productions of a poet who died in 1839.

There was a vast difference in character between the three men whose point of coincidence has been indicated. Lockhart was the manliest and most resolute. He was a very sound and healthy thinker, notwithstanding his Toryism. He had a passion for politics. He was a scholar of wide attainment, familiar with all Europe's modern literature. He was one of the few men in whose editorial hands a review or a magazine becomes a power. It would, we think, be easy to show that all such men have possessed the poetic element. We may not speak of the living; but Jeffery, Gifford, Wilson, unquestionably had it: and such of our readers as know anything of the mysteries of contemporary periodical literature may easily find other examples.

Thackeray mainly differed from Lockhart in the possession of that ironic temperament which differentiates the bystander from the actor. He looked on, and sadly smiled. Every one remembers his verses in "The Chronicle of the Drum:"

"Your orthodox historian puts
In foremost rank the soldier thus,
The red-coat bully in his boots,
That hides the march of men from us . .

"Go to! I hate him and his trade;
Who bade us so to cringe and bend,
And all God's peaceful people made
To such as him subservient?"

And thus he writes of Napoleon:

"Though more than half the world was his,
He died without a rood his own;
And borrowed from his enemies
Six feet of ground to lie upon."

This rhymed commonplace, the worst probably that its author ever produced, shows a temperament exactly opposite to Lockhart's. Peace is better than war, we know, as calm weather is better than a thunderstorm; but so long as the Lord of Armies ordains that war shall at intervals do its mighty work, the "orthodox historian" dare not neglect the "red-coat bully." In truth, this passage of Thackeray's is slightly maudlin, and shows incapacity to understand the majesty of national conflict. It is very sad to reflect on human blood shed

like water, on orphaned children and maidens pining for their lost lovers, on burning towns and the horrible outrage of conquest; yet there are words—as Marathon, Waterloo—which will always stir the hearts of men like the sound of a trumpet. But Thackeray had no political passion, and it was fortunate that his attempt to enter Parliament was defeated. Nor had he very much scholarship. He often expressed his regret that he had not been a student before he became an author. He was a spectator of the world, rather than an actor in it. A modern Ecclesiastes, he preached the vanity of life; but, like his prototype, with a serious underlying purpose. "Let us eat and drink," he would say, "and forget the folly of fools," and, with affected indifference, he would lightly exhibit, or contemptuously turn from it. But this was only the perfection of art—the art that can both laugh and cry without a grimace. Beneath all this, there lay a vein of earnest feeling, in which deep and tender pathos was strongly blended with keen and delicate satire. No writer has more successfully penetrated into the secret places of human vanity, selfishness, and hypocrisy, and so pitilessly laid bare their pictures.

His philosophy is not always deep, but it is always sensible. Thoughtful sentences and sagacious apothegms are to be found on every page: a complete manual of social and moral philosophy might be culled from his writings.

Praed differed from both Lockhart and Thackeray. He was a professional politician. A Whig at the Union, he became a Tory in the House. He seems to have chosen a party very much as a man might choose a horse. Mr. Coleridge tells us that Praed's "political sentiments during his residence at Cambridge had been of a Liberal character, and his associations, for some years after he left the University, had been with the Liberal party. Thus, in the summer of the year 1829 we find him engaged as a member of Mr. Cavendish's committee, the Whig candidate for the representation of Cambridge; and so late as the autumn of the following year, he expressed in a letter to a friend a very lively satisfaction in Mr. Brougham's election for Yorkshire. . . . His

appearance, therefore, shortly afterwards as a member of the Conservative party in the House of Commons, occasioned considerable surprise." Very natural, indeed, although his biographer assures us that the change was more apparent than real. In a letter to a friend, dated January, 1831, Praed says: "I could not but smile to think of the face you will make when you read in the *Court Journal* that I am to be introduced to political life by the Duke of Wellington, or in the *Age* that I am pledged to vote against the Whigs. There is as much truth in one as in the other; none in either." To this statement we give the fullest credit, for Praed was eminently truthful; but it is clear that his choice of a party was a very easy matter, and that there was not in his character that deep-seated instinct of partisanship which makes change of opinion impossible. He held his political creed with an airy lightness, and was not very much graver in the House than in the saloon. The career of Lord Palmerston seems to show that with such a temperament Praed might have attained great success.

Praed's Union speeches were, indeed, absolutely democratic, so that there was reason for some surprise when he joined the Tory ranks. A slight encounter between him and Mr. Bulwer (now Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton) has given rise to the absurd report that a duel between the two must have occurred but for the interference of the Speaker. A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, some time since, mentioned the incident, stating that Praed actually left the House to send the challenge, and that his opponent was prevented from following him. The simple truth is, that Mr. Bulwer, merely in jest, referred to a Calves' Head Club which was said to have been held at Cambridge, to commemorate Charles I.'s execution, and of which Praed was a member. Praed's reply was dignified and temperate, and there was not any suggestion of a duel, nor even the slightest suspension of friendship between the two opponents. This we know on the highest authority; and the misstatements which have been made on the subject may be taken as curious examples of the way in which Myth is developed. But, whatever passages of

arms may have occurred between the two young politicians, both fresh from the Union, Sir Edward Lytton has in his fine poem, "St. Stephens," shown that he could appreciate his opponent. After characterizing Charles Buller, he writes:

"More richly gifted, though to him denied
Ev'n thine imperfect honors, Winthrop
died;
Died—scarce a promise of his youth re-
deemed,
And never youth more bright in promise
seemed.
Granta beheld him with such loving eyes
Lift the light lance that struck at every
prize;
What the last news?—the medal Praed has
won;
What the last joke?—Praed's epigram or
pun;
And every week that club-room, famous
then,
Where striplings settled questions spoilt
by men,
When grand Macaulay sat triumphant
down,
Heard Praed's reply, and longed to halve
the crown."

Again, Praed was no scholar, in the more profound sense of the word. He was an exquisite Etonian classic. He could write Latin and Greek verse which was "the exact translation of the same style and diction which he wielded with hardly greater ease in his native language. The same sparkling antithesis, the same minute elaboration of fancy, whether employed in depicting natural or mental objects, and the same ever-present under-current of melancholy are found in both. Of a certain kind of Greek, adapted to the curious production called at Cambridge a Sapphic ode, and of a certain degree of Latin scholarship, competent to express all the ideas necessary to his verse, but not to sound the depths or exhaust the capacities of the language, he was master." But even in these trifles of the shallowest scholarship Praed was invariably poetical, and his epigrams have an unusual felicity. For example, in an epigram for 1824, on the theme "*Scribimus indocti doctique*," he made Daphnis entreat Apollo for guidance as to how he may obtain renown amid the mighty multitude of scribblers:

“Quid valeat tanta Daphnin secernere
 turba ?
 Unde novo discat Daphnis honore frui ?
 Quid faciam ut propria decorem mea
 tempora lauru ?
 Dic mihi, quid faciam ?” Dixit Apollo,
 ‘Tace !’”

Lockhart the enthusiastic partisan, Thackeray the ironic bystander, Praed the professional politician, possessed in common the poetic element. They are typical men. There need be no questions of comparative greatness. The Lockhart class enjoys life most thoroughly and acts most vigorously, being impelled by faith—the great giver of vigor and of power. The Thackeray class is, fortunately, the rarest—fortunately, because only tolerable when the temperament is transfigured by genius. Even then, not always tolerable: who has not felt a shudder of disgust in reading some of the ablest scenes in which Thackeray played Asmodeus ? The Praed class is the surest of mundane success, being brilliant, polished, versatile, adaptable, devoid of that unpleasant quality which its owners call conviction and other people prejudice. If Praed had lived, he would have been among the most prosperous of modern politicians. Seven years older than Mr. Gladstone, he and the present Chancellor of the Exchequer became at the same time members of the first Peel Administration. It is intensely absurd to speculate on what might have been ; but we may fairly suppose that a politician so brilliant and versatile as Praed would at this moment, had he lived, have been again a colleague of Mr. Gladstone's. Palmerston would assuredly have attracted a man in many respects so like himself. Praed would probably have been Attorney-General.

Our reference to Mr. Gladstone reminds us that he also is the possessor of a strong poetic element. Our own knowledge of his literary achievement is confined to his criticisms on Homer and his translations, but these suffice to show that the impulse is strong in him. His rendering of the first book of the Iliad has already received ample notice at our hands ; but his most successful translation is of Manzoni's fine ode on the death of Napoleon. He has caught the spirit of the Italian poet, and transferred it to English with marvellous felicity. A

single stanza of this ode will show its beauty :

“How often, as the listless day
 In silence died away,
 He stood with lightning eye deprest,
 And arms across his breast,
 And bygone years, in rushing train,
 Smote on his soul amain :
 The breezy tents he seemed to see,
 And the battering cannon's course,
 And the flashing of the infantry,
 And the torrent of the horse,
 And, obeyed as soon as heard,
 Th'ecstatic word.”

We suspect Mr. Gladstone of considerable capacity for *vers de société* ; but as we have not as yet caught him in a playful moment, can only suspect. The most serious and severe statesmen have at intervals shown a poetic tendency. William Pitt wrote the last (and most humorous) stanza of that famous song in the *Anti-Jacobin*, about

“the U-
 niversity of Gottingen.”

Macaulay was never so felicitous as in some charming verses to a bride. There is of course nothing remarkable in the airy rhyme of Canning and Palmerston : it is precisely what might be expected of their facile temperament. When Canning, angry at an absurd comparison of a great statesman with a common-place politician, exclaimed—

“Pitt is to Addington
 As London to Paddington :”

when Palmerston parodied Moore in the exclamation—

“There's nothing half so sweet in life
 As Quarter Day !”

there was nothing unexpected about it. But the vein of poetic humor runs through the very hardest mental marble, and a collection of *vers de société* by eminent living statesmen would probably amaze the public by its variety and vigor. Could not the Ministry and Opposition for once combine to give the world such a volume ? It might be styled “Rhymes of the Recess,” and the Earl of Derby would make a capital editor for it. We should be especially anxious to see Earl Russell's contributions.

Of recent verse belonging to the school

of Praed we have noticed a few fair specimens in a curious periodical called the *Owl*. This journal came into existence a couple of years ago, and astonished Londoners by jestingly announcing things which actually occurred, and by a very serious style of jocosity. Its contributors combined a good deal of recondite, political, and fashionable information, with a pleasant vein of the poetry of society. These verses, on the marriage of Lady Palmerston's granddaughter, are quite in the best style of the school of Praed:

"Oh had I but the perfect skill
Of that delicious Roman metrist
Whose music makes immortal still
The sparrow upon Lesbia's sweet wrist—
Had I melodious Spenser's power,
Or subtle Shelley's, then right gayly,
Fair Maiden, in this joyous hour,
I'd sing thy *Carmen Nuptiale*.

"A song divine for one so sweet,
Of fairest mother fairer daughter,
As Aphrodite's self complete,
When rising from the bright blue water,
In those old days of mirth and myth,
When goddesses with mortal maidens
Mingling unknown, serenely blithe,
Sang softly to the cithern's cadence.

"And she, thy mother's mother, who
Finds in thy joyous face renewal
Of those old days which swiftly flew
O'er the glad earth, ere time grew cruel—
She, wise and kind, a queen of life,
Who the fair world of London leadeth,
Sees thee a happy loving wife,
And softly whispers, 'Good-by, Edith.'

"Sweet lady, be thy honeymoon—
Its silver brightness always crescent :
Sweet in thy ear be Love's gay tune—
Music immortal and incessant.
Filled be thy life with that serene
Delight which from true love proceedeth,
Till the far future crowns thee queen
Of all thy sisters, lovely Edith."

This is as pretty a bit of poetic compliment as could easily be found. We may supplement it from the same source with a bit of poetic "chaff" addressed to those young ladies of the day who profess scholarship. It is written "*ad Chloen, M.A.*"

"Lady, very fair are you,
And your eyes are very blue,
And your hose ;
And your brow is like the snow,
And the various things you know
Goodness knows.

"And the rose-flush on your cheek,
And your algebra and Greek,
Perfect are ;
And that loving, lustrous eye
Recognizes in the sky
Every star.

"You have pouting, piquant lips,
You can doubtless an eclipse
Calculate ;
But for your cœrulean hue,
I had certainly from you
Met my fate.

"If by an arrangement dual
I were Adams mixed with Whewell,
Then some day
I, as wooer, perhaps might come
To so sweet an *Artium*
Magistra."

It would be difficult to find more exquisite touches of poetic epigram than the "points" with which the first two stanzas of this trifle terminate. The fair Chloë is identified with "goodness" by the first, while the second suggests a delightful double recognition of the stars by her charming eyes. It is the very effervescence, the champagne foam of verse. Shall we ask, with the mathematician who had just been reading *Paradise Lost*—"What does it prove?" Doubtless it is quite worth while. And the reply is, that when those who are engaged in the serious business of life make leisure for poetic fantasy, they will do their weightier work with ease. Few men of affairs work harder than Mr. Gladstone, and he found it a relief amid financial toil to translate Homer. It is the thorough-bred temper. When the hunter that goes well across country three days a week throws up his heels in his paddock during intervals of rest, you may be sure there is good blood in him. Nor is this all. The occasional verses of a politician are generally humorous, and humor is a great preservative against absurdity, and prevents the weary monotony of hard work from becoming intolerable. The living humor which characterized Lord Palmerston mitigated his fatigue and saved him from maintaining any attitude that could be ridiculed. It is unfortunate for Mr. Disraeli that, although a master of witty dialogue and of epigrammatic invective, he has no sense of humor. This, apart from all other disqualifications, would render it difficult for him to occupy the position

to which he aspires. A humorous faculty would have prevented him from writing "Alroy" and "Contarini Fleming"—from talking in an oracular way of "the Asian mystery" and the "Caucasian race"—from transforming Rothschild into Sidonia— from fraternizing with "young England," and writing a brilliant novel as the manifesto of the party of maypoles and white waistcoats. He has placed himself, with unlucky frequency, in a situation to be laughed at. This is fatal to an English politician. It is easy to see that, if Praed had lived, his humor would have been of infinite service to him. He sees the Speaker asleep amid a debate in the first reformed Parliament, and writes in this style—

"Sleep, Mr. Speaker. Harvey will soon
Move to abolish the sun and the moon;
Hume will, no doubt, be taking the sense
Of the House on a question of sixteen
pence;
Statesmen will howl, and patriots bray—
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may!"

Of course he was an opponent of the Reform bill, but there is no touch of bitterness in this "chaff." Here, again, is humor of value. It mitigates the fierceness of political conflict. It gives the defeated combatant a mild revenge. It withholds from him the temptation to say some of those stinging, lacerating things which are never forgotten. If he can laugh good-temperedly, all is well. In a country where progress is always the result of a series of conflicts, this is inestimably important.

There are some lines in which Mr. Locker and other imitators of Praed have not ventured to follow him. Although, as we have remarked, he had no high and spontaneous lyrical faculty, he could write a particularly pretty song. A good many people have heard the following simple and musical stanza without any suspicion of its author:

"I was merry—I was merry
When my little lovers came,
With a lily, or a cherry,
Or a new invented game;
Now I've you, love—now I've you, love,
To kneel before me there;
But you know you're not so true, love,
As childhood's lovers were."

All Praed's songs read as if they were written to the music, which is of course

an entirely ruinous process. They, therefore, seldom rise above a certain elegant tenderness and easy grace; there is no passion in them. But we have already seen that his poetry was of the surface—the play of a lively and joyous fancy—the phosphorescence of an Italian summer sea.

The charade was another minor mode of composition in which he attained rare excellence, and has had no followers. He had a remarkable capacity for making his puzzle also a poem. The following, which involves a graceful compliment to a lyrical poet of the time, reads like anything but a mere riddle:

"Come from my First, ay, come;
The battle dawn is nigh;
And the screaming trump and the thundering drum
Are calling thee to die;
Fight, as thy father fought;
Fall, as thy father fell;
Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought—
So, forward! and farewell!

"Toll ye my Second, toll;
Fling high the flambeau's light;
And sing the hymn for a parted soul
Beneath the silent night;
The helm upon his head,
The cross upon his breast,
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed:
Now take him to his rest!

"Call ye my Whole, go, call—
The Lord of lute and lay,
And let him greet the sable pall
With a noble song to-day:
Ay, call him by his name;
No fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier's fame
On the turf of a soldier's grave."

The author of "Hohenlinden" himself could hardly have written more resonant stanzas. But the most epigrammatic and elegant of Praed's charades is one that we had not seen till published in the English edition of his poems:

"He who can make my first to roll,
When not a breath is blowing,
May very slightly turn my Whole
To set a mountain going.

"He who can curb my Second's will
When she's inclined for loving,
May turn my Whole more slightly still
To cure the moon of moving!"

This polished enigmatic gem may be left

to any lady of the race of *Œdipus* who deigns to read our criticism. It shows that even so trivial a thing as a charade may be a work of art.

After all, the vein of Praed and of his closest followers is rather the voice of brilliant boyhood than of poetry in its prime. Its fountain was *Eton*: the epoch of its rise was one of singular brilliance in politics and literature. Two mighty meteors, *Byron* and *Canning*, shone in the sky, charming and haunting the excitable imaginations of youth, less easily stimulated by the calmer radiance of the steadfast stars of thought. *Canning* and *Frere* at an earlier, *Gladstone* and *Arthur Hallam* at a later date, felt a similar literary impulse, but were far less successful than the youthful group of whom *Praed*, *Moultrie*, *Nelson Coleridge*, *Sydney Walker*, were the prominent figures. Marvellous boys all of them. *Walker* once turned a page of the *Court Guide* into Greek verse, to the amazement of *Sir James Mackintosh*; and the *Rev. E. Coleridge* told the Royal Commissioners that he could repeat by heart the whole of *Homer*, *Horace*, and *Virgil*, and that "he could be called up in school, having an *English Shakespeare* in his hand [instead of the proper book], and take up a lesson anywhere that it might be going on; he could construe a passage expression by expression, parse it word by word, answer any question that was asked him, and afterwards sit down to his *Shakespeare*." When *Moultrie's* poem "*Godiva*," published in No. II. of the "*Etonian*," was read to *Gifford*, at that time editor of the *Quarterly Review*, he remarked—"If that young *Moultrie* writes prose as well as he writes poetry, I should be glad to hear from him." *Moultrie* was the "*Gerard Montgomery*" of the *Etonian*, and had previously contributed to two less known Magazines; and while his serious verse drew from *Dr. Hawtrey* the remark that it "possessed the pathos of *Wordsworth* without his puerility," he wrote the octave rhyme of "*Whistlecraft*" and "*Beppo*" with no less ease than *Frere* and *Byron* themselves. Here is a capital stanza from a schoolboy's pen:

"I own, to me it seems extremely funny
How clever people who delight in learning

Can waste their time, their patience, and
their money,

The leaves of those dull commentators
turning.

Oh, when I read the pages bright and sunny
Of the old Greeks, it sets my heart a-
burning!

I much prefer *Euripides* to *Monck*,
Homer to *Bentley*, *Sophocles* to *Brunk*."

The stanzas on waltzing in "*Godiva*" are extremely humorous and easy, while there is much power in the following description of the grim *Earl's* wife, disarrayed in her inmost bower:

"And when her white and radiant limbs lay
bare,

The fillet from her brow the dame un-
bound,

And let the tresses of her raven hair

Flow down in wavy lightness to the
ground,

Till half they veiled her limbs and bosom.
fair,

In dark and shadowy beauty floating
round,

As clouds, in the still firmament of June,
Shade the pale splendors of the midnight
moon.

"But when her spirit fell when thus alone

She stood in the deep silence of her
bower,

And felt that there she was beheld by
none

Save one unknown, supreme, eternal
Power.

She dared not raise her meek eyes, trem-
bling one,

Again from earth; she could have wished
that hour

Rather in view of thousands to have stood,
That in that still and awful solitude."

Mr. Tennyson has "distilled" the imagery of the first stanza, reproducing it in the "rippled ringlets" and "summer moon" of his poem on the same theme; but he has wisely refrained from borrowing the fine thought of *Godiva's* awe-stricken hesitation in the solitude of her own chamber.

There are few things more melancholy than to look back across almost half a century to such a brilliant youthful group as this of which *Praed* was the centre, and to see how slight was the effect produced by its ablest and most vigorous members—how transient a ripple was left on the mighty river of time. Of a truth:

"Our noisy years seem moments in the
being
• Of the eternal Silence."

The early death of men like Walter and Nelson Coleridge, the brief career and lapsed renown of Praed, bring to the mind the mournful lines :

"Vita quid est hominis? Viridis floresculus
horti,
Sole oriente oriens, sole cadente cadens."

And, as an Eton contemporary remarks of Mr. Moultrie: "Graver years, and alas! sadder times, have quenched that brilliant humor and that trenchant gibe, though still survives the old sweet music." It has always indeed been our belief that the Gerard Montgomery of 1820 might have taken a loftier place among the poets of England if "his own soul had to itself decreed" the achievement.

Fraser's Magazine.

GROTE'S PLATO.

[THE following remarks on Mr. Grote's *Plato*, by the late Dr. Whewell, are the last the world will have from his pen. For several years during the later portion of his life, his thoughts had been devoted to Plato; and the present review was prepared for the press immediately before the occurrence of the lamentable accident to which his death is due.

Few men of his generation have been, during the course of a long life, so constantly and prominently before the public; and fewer still have had a more steady allowance of fame and success in so many different walks of literature. Nor has fame gone at all beyond the truth as to the varied nature and depth of his acquirements. To have occupied the two professorial chairs which he held in succession at Cambridge—those of Mineralogy and Casuistry—requires a very wide range of intellectual power; and there is scarcely any branch of literature or science, to which he gave attention, which he did not thoroughly master.

His early years were given chiefly to mathematical science; and though in some branches he has been surpassed by individuals, no one has attained such eminence as his in all. And in this, as well as in other lines of study, his influence on the tone of thought and education of Cambridge has been paramount. As long ago as 1825, a writer on matters at Cambridge speaks of his "bold, vigorous, and excursive mind," and of his having written "the very best elementary treatises in science that Cambridge ever pro-

duced;" and till very lately he has continued to supply many of the scientific journals and Transactions of the Scientific Societies with essays on various points of the most abstruse subjects of natural philosophy and pure mathematics.

To metaphysics, and mental philosophy generally, very many of his best years were given; and the use he has made of them in conjunction with his scientific knowledge is well shown by his two works on the inductive sciences—those by which he is most likely to be remembered in after times. For a large portion of his life his literary energy was enormous; within a very few years, besides the *History and Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*, he produced the *Bridge-water Treatise on Astronomy*; *Notes on German Churches*; *Elements of Morality, including Polity*; *Specimens of English Hexameters*, including a translation of Goethe's *Hermann and Dorothea*; a translation of Auerbach's tale, *The Professor*; besides many smaller works, and a great variety of scientific memoirs and pamphlets on the affairs of his University. A considerable portion of his time in later years was given to the subject of international law, a professorship of which he has founded by will at Cambridge; and he published an edition of *Grotius de Jure Belli et Pacis*, with an abridged translation of the text. The *Essay on the Plurality of the Worlds*, which appeared a few years since, and revived an almost forgotten controversy, though published without his name, is perhaps one of the most striking of his works; and, independently of the interest with which he has invested the subject, the pure and beautiful English in which it is written forms a marked contrast to the rugged style of several of his earlier works. Allusion has already been made to his translation of a considerable number of the Dialogues of Plato, which have appeared from time to time in the last few years.

It is, of course, at Cambridge, and above all in that college which was his pride, and over which he presided for so long, that his memory will be chiefly venerated. The munificence with which, both during his lifetime and by his will, he has repaid what he owed to Trinity College for his education and position, will for ever hand down his name among its chief benefactors. No one probably has ever effected more for the advancement of the studies in which he interested himself, or has left the impress of his mind more permanently on the place. He was so decidedly the first among all in the midst of whom he moved, that to him all unhesitatingly and willingly gave way. But his liberality and largeness of heart always made him respect an opponent, and kept him free from ever being influenced by the spirit of College or University cliquism. A noble trait in his

character was his almost immediate forgetfulness of anything that had been written or said against him. Another was, the readiness with which he would throw himself into a new system, however distasteful at first, or however much he might have opposed it, when he found that the change was inevitable. The roughness of manner which, in spite of his kindness of heart, to some extent characterized his earlier years, had been softened as he grew older, so as scarcely to exist in the later portion of his life; and he now passes away full of years and honors, with the love and respect of every one who knew him, and leaving the feeling behind that there is no one to supply his place, or fill the blank which his loss has created. — ED. FRASER'S MAGAZINE.]

MR. GROTE'S *History of Greece* is undoubtedly among the most striking and most valuable works which our generation has produced. It offers to the reader startling novelties of view and opinion, supported by reasons of plain solid good sense: and this in a subject well-nigh the most familiar and well-worn in the whole field of literature. This is true of almost every part of the history; but of no part more signally true than of that which refers to the so-called "Sophists," of whom Plato's *Dialogues* and the modern accounts of the Athens of his time are full. Mr. Grote has done us the service of pointing out with great clearness and force the extraordinary amount of confusion of thought and prejudice of judgment which has prevailed among modern writers with regard to this supposed class of teachers and writers. He has shown that it is in fact no class at all, but an assemblage of persons of the most diverse tenets and modes of exposition: all, or almost all of them, persons who inculcated morality and virtue — some of them the authors of speculations hardly inferior in elevation of tone and ingenuity of exposition to Plato himself; yet jumbled together by the Platonic commentators in one common enumeration of false reasoning, vicious teaching, and selfish objects. That a large body of the admirers of Plato have imitated these charges, one from another, till they have become an established system, taken for granted in expounding Plato, is a truly remarkable fact in literature; and philosophy and justice, no less than literature, have great obligations

tions to Mr. Grote for having so boldly and ingeniously dashed aside this established error, and approached the study of the Platonic writings free from its misleading and confusing influence.

With this view of Mr. Grote's insight into the Platonic literature, we naturally welcomed with great avidity his present to us of a translation and exposition of the *Dialogues*, so far as is requisite to give their import and determine their result. Nor do we fail to rate very highly the value of what we have thus received. Besides a careful and spirited translation of the leading passages, connected by a commentary which gives us the bearing and effect of what is omitted in the translation, we have throughout an activity of thought and a sobriety of judgment exercised upon these writings which give a meaning to every page, and we have moreover a fullness of illustration from all other writings which in any way bear upon the subjects introduced, which make us admire Mr. Grote's industry in reading, and acuteness in extracting the full meaning from all that he reads. The most practiced reader of *Plato* must derive a great treasure of new thoughts and new lights from this new work of Mr. Grote.

This being our opinion of the value of Mr. Grote's *Plato*, we shall without hesitation offer our judgment of any points in which it seems to us defective or erroneous. The respect and gratitude which we feel to him for all that we have learned from him would be ill shown by acquiescing in any perverted views of the import of the Platonic writings which his authority may serve to put into or keep in circulation.

One such impression, which seems to us to be a mistaken one, we will endeavor to explain. We have just praised Mr. Grote for having rejected an established system of villifying and misrepresenting Plato's opponents, the Sophists, and ascribing to them, in everything that they say, sophistry in its modern English meaning. Now, we venture to think that Mr. Grote has not thoroughly purged himself of an established system of seeing everywhere a profound meaning and a solid philosophy in the Platonic *Dialogues*, or at least steps towards such a philosophy. In

order that we may not lose ourselves and mislead the reader by generalities, we will take one of the simplest of the *Dialogues*, the "Lysis," and point out in what manner we consider that this long-established delusion of the Platonic commentators shows itself in some degree in Mr. Grote.

We gladly borrow from Mr. Grote the account of the occasion and opening of the *Dialogue* called "Lysis," or by an *aliter* title, as is common in the Platonic *Dialogues*, "Of Friendship."

Socrates relates that as he was walking outside the city wall he was invited by Hippothales, a young man of his acquaintance, into a crowded *Palæstra*, where not only bodily exercises were habitually practiced, but debate was carried on and intellectual instruction given by a Sophist named Mikkos, companion and admirer of Socrates. Hippothales is a passionate admirer of Lysis, a beautiful Athenian boy, who is also in the *Palæstra*. Hippothales is ridiculed by Ktesippus, another youth, for the manner in which he expresses his admiration of Lysis. He says to Socrates: "Is it not ridiculous that, with all his admiration for this boy, he can find nothing to say which any boy in the streets could not say: about Democritus his father, and Lysis his grandfather, and ancestors further up still: and about their wealth, and their studs, and their victories in games, Pythian, Isthmian, and Nemean, won by chariots and by racers? This is what he speaks of in prose and verse, and of matters older still. The other day he was telling us that they had an ancient connection with Hercules, in virtue of which one of their ancestors received Hercules as a guest, he himself being descended from Zeus and from the patron goddess of his district: stories which the old women sing in ballads, and much of the same kind of stuff. This is what he utters, and we have to hear."

Socrates on this says in a friendly way to Hippothales that this is not a way to talk to a boy. "Can you," says the enamoured youth, "tell me any better way? Pray do, if you can. What must one do to make such a boy regard one as a friend?" Socrates agrees to do so if an opportunity be afforded him of conversing with Lysis. "Accordingly,

after some well - imagined incidents," says Mr. Grote, "interesting as marks of Greek manners—Socrates and Ktesippus, with others, seat themselves in the *Palæstra* amidst a crowd of listeners. Lysis, too modest at first to approach, is emboldened to sit down by seeing Menexenus seated by the side of Socrates: while Hippothales, not daring to put himself where Lysis can see him, listens, but conceals himself behind some of the crowd." Socrates then begins to talk with Lysis:

"*Sokr.* Well — Lysis — your father and mother love you extremely.

"*Lysis.* Assuredly they do.

"*Sokr.* They would wish you, therefore, to be as happy as possible.

"*Lysis.* Undoubtedly.

"*Sokr.* Do you think any man happy, who is a slave, and who is not allowed to do anything that he desires?

"*Lysis.* I do not think him happy at all.

"*Sokr.* Since, therefore, your father and mother are so anxious that you should be happy, they of course allow you to do the things which you desire, and never reprove nor forbid you.

"*Lysis.* Not at all, by Zeus, *Sokrates*: there are a great many things that they forbid me.

"*Sokr.* How say you! they wish you to be happy — and they hinder you from doing what you wish! Tell me, for example, when one of your father's chariots is going to run a race, if you wished to mount and take the reins, would they allow you to do so?

"*Lysis.* No—certainly: they would not allow me.

"*Sokr.* But whom do they allow, then?

"*Lysis.* My father employs a paid charioteer.

"*Sokr.* What! do they permit a hireling, in preference to *you*, to do what he wishes with the horses? and do they give him pay besides for doing so?

"*Lysis.* Why—to be sure.

"*Sokr.* But doubtless, I imagine, they trust the team of mules to your direction; and if you chose to take the whip and flog, they would allow you?

"*Lysis.* Allow me? not at all.

"*Sokr.* What! is no one allowed to flog them?

"*Lysis.* Yes—certainly—the mule-groom.

"*Sokr.* Is he a slave or free?

"*Lysis.* A slave.

"*Sokr.* Then, it seems, they esteem a slave higher than you their son; trusting their property to him rather than to you, letting him do what he pleases, while they forbid you. But tell me farther: do they allow you to direct yourself—or do not they even trust you so far as that?

"*Lysis*. How can you imagine that they trust me?"

"*Sokr.* But does any one else direct you?"

"*Lysis*. Yes—this tutor here.

"*Sokr.* Is he a slave?"

"*Lysis*. To be sure: belonging to our family.

"*Sokr.* That is shocking: one of free birth to be under the direction of a slave! But what is that he does, as your director?"

"*Lysis*. He conducts me to my teacher's house.

"*Sokr.* What! do *they* govern you also, these teachers?"

"*Lysis*. Undoubtedly they do.

"*Sokr.* Then your father certainly is bent on putting over you plenty of directors and governors. But surely when you come home to your mother, she at least, anxious that you should be happy as far as she is concerned, lets you do what you please about the wool or the web, when she is weaving: she does not forbid you to meddle with the bodkin or any of the other instruments of her work?"

"*Lysis*. Ridiculous! not only does she forbid me, but I should be beaten if I did meddle.

"*Sokr.* How is this, by Herakles? Have you done any wrong to your father and mother?"

"*Lysis*. Never at all, by Zeus.

"*Sokr.* From what provocation is it, then, that they prevent you in this terrible way from being happy and doing what you wish? keeping you the whole day in servitude to some one, and never your own master? so that you derive no benefit, either from the great wealth of the family, which is managed by every one else rather than by you—or from your own body, noble as it is. Even *that* is consigned to the watch and direction of another: while you, *Lysis*, are master of nothing, nor can do one thing of what you desire."—(G. P., i., 503.)

Lysis then says, "The reason is, *Socrates*, that I am not yet old enough." But *Socrates* rejoins that this cannot be the reason, for his father and mother allow him to read and write, and play the lyre for them. "Why is it, then," he asks, "that they do not hinder you in this case, as they did in the case before mentioned?" *Lysis* says, "I suppose it is because I know this last, but did not know the others." *Socrates* then says, "Well, my good friend, you see it is not your increase of years that your father waits for; but on the very day that he becomes convinced that you know better than he, he will intrust both himself and his property to your management. Ay—and your neigh-

bors, too, will judge in the same way as your father: and the Athenians too, and the great king himself, will allow you to do what you like if they suppose that you understand what you are doing."

Socrates then draws the moral from this conversation:

"And so you see, my dear *Lysis*, that things which we understand, everybody will allow us to manage, Greeks or Barbarians, men or women; and if you come to be a wise man, my boy, all will be friends with you, all will care for you. For you will be useful and good."

At this, *Socrates* says:

"I looked towards *Hippothales*, and I was on the point of committing a blunder: for it occurred to me to say, That is the way, *Hippothales*, to address a youth whom you love: you ought to check and humble him, not to puff him up and spoil him, as you have hitherto done. But when I saw him agitated and distressed by what had been said, I called to mind that though standing close by, he wished not to be seen by *Lysis*. Accordingly I restrained myself, and said nothing of the kind."—(G. P., i., 507.)

So far, the purpose of the dialogue is obvious enough, and is very plainly expressed: namely, that the way to win a boy's regard and respect is to talk to him so as to set his mind to work; and that he will like this better than high-flown phrases and literary turns of expression. The colloquy with the boy, by which this is illustrated, is much after the fashion of those which occur even now in children's books, resembling them not only in its general manner, and in the induction from examples by which the moral is illustrated, but in the exaggeration with which the moral is stated—that if we are wise, everybody will intrust us with everything—and in the strokes of jocoseness introduced for the sake of liveliness, for their is talk about putting a pinch of salt in the great king's sauces, and about putting powder in his son's eyes if they are diseased, and in other features.

It may seem that this is too narrow and trifling a purpose for a dialogue of *Plato*; but it will be difficult for any one reading it in *Mr. Grote's*, or any other good translation, to interpret it otherwise. The primary importance of knowledge as the basis and essence of

all virtue was a leading feature in the doctrine of Socrates, and of Plato, in his earlier period especially; and while a valuable lesson for men as well as for boys, was not considered too profound to be inculcated by puerile conversation.

But after this, we proceed to something which, though still made in a conversation with boys, is supposed by the commentators to be more profound. When the colloquy with Lysis is brought to a close, Socrates engages another boy, Menexenus, in conversation. He says that he desires of all things to have a friend, congratulates Lysis and Menexenus upon being friends of each other, but begs that they, as persons who must know, will tell him what friendship is. Hereupon the boy Menexenus is entangled in a series of perplexities about the meaning of a friend, *philos*, in which, as we have said, the commentators see, not exactly a profound philosophy, but steps towards a philosophy of friendship:

"When one person loves another, which is the friend of the other? And how if the love be only on one side? We call friends or lovers of anything *philo* so-and-so. Friends and lovers of horses are *philippi*, lovers of dogs are *philocynes*, lovers of quails are *philortyges*, lovers of wisdom are *philosophi*. But is this so if the dogs and horses do not love them in return? Men are not properly philosophers, unless not only they love wisdom, but wisdom loves them."

In this way the different meanings and usages of the term "friend" are played against each other. But it would not occur to a common reader, we think, that any light was thrown upon the nature of friendship by this kind of catechism. It is, however, continued to the end of the dialogue. There are propounded various conjectural propositions—that like loves like, that like loves unlike, that good loves good, that the indifferent loves the good from the feeling of a need. Thus we desire physic as a good, on account of the need of health. But this refers us to another step. If health be a good, it must be a good on account of something; and so we go on from good to good, till at last we must come to some higher good; and so in seeking the cause of friendship we must come to some higher aim of friendship, a *proton philon*, on account

of which all other tendencies to friendship exist.

By a series of speculations of this kind, Socrates at last declares himself quite puzzled; and when at the end of the dialogue the boys are carried off by their attendant slaves, he says:

"Now, Lysis and Menexenus, we have all made ourselves ridiculous, I an old man, and you too. For the persons who have heard us will say that we think we are friends—for I join myself with you—and yet we have not been able to discover what a friend is."

Now, where is the object and result of such a dialogue as this? If we were to say that it is merely a schoolboy's practice in the meaning of words, we should be accused of dishonoring Plato by ascribing to him anything so frivolous; yet is not this the simple way of understanding it? A boy's discipline in the use of words was a very fit exercise for the boyhood of philosophy. And it had an especial meaning in Plato's hands. The Greek geometry had just been established. He was one of the principal cultivators of it. That geometry began with definitions, and proceeded, reasoning from definitions, to the most wonderful, yet unquestionable results. It was a natural conjecture at that time that the same method, that of reasoning from definitions, might lead to valuable results, in ethics as well as in mathematics. We know that it was Plato's dream, and the object of his aspirations. He wished to have a definition of *philia* which might contain the essence of all truth about friendship.

We know that this was but a dream. We know that moral truth never has been obtained by this method. We know that all these puzzles about the meaning of *philos* are not only not philosophy, but are no steps towards philosophy. We know this, because those who have said anything true and valuable about the philosophy of friendship have not gone on in this line—have not pursued the path entered upon by Socrates in his conversation with Lysis and Menexenus. Take for instance Aristotle, Cicero, Socrates himself, as in his conversations reported by Xenophon. They are not helped at all by such objections and solutions of objections as are contained in the *Lysis*. They find

something, it may be much or little, which they think worth saying: but it is not that which is sought for in the *Lysis*. With regard to all such expositions of the nature and value of friendship, it does not even deserve to be called, as Mr. Grote calls it, a *Dialogue of Search*.

We think, therefore, that Mr. Grote follows an inappropriate line of commentation when he treats these various contradictory assertions, which puzzle the two boys and their questioner, as if they led the way to profound philosophical doctrines which may be expressed in exact and even technical language: for instance, when he says (i., 523):

"The *primum amabile*, here introduced by Sokrates, is described in restricted terms, as valuable merely to correct evil, and as having no value *per se*, if evil were assumed not to exist. In consequence chiefly of this restriction, Sokrates discards it as unsatisfactory. Such restriction, however, is noway essential to the doctrine: which approaches to, but is not coincident with, the Ideal Good or Idea of Good, described in other dialogues as what every one yearns after and aspires to, though without ever attaining it and without even knowing what it is. The Platonic Idea was conceived as a substantive, intelligible, Ens, distinct in its nature from all the particulars bearing the same name."

And so on. In this comment Mr. Grote appears to us to retain far too much of the manner of the commentators who hold that Plato had at every moment, in his mind, his doctrine of Ideas, and all the technicalities with which it was at any time invested: and we are really surprised that, after brushing away all the cobweb speculations of the previous editors of Plato about the Sophists and their doctrines, he should have woven a like web of needless and groundless entanglement in discussing Plato himself. We venture to think that in this respect his usual solid good sense and clear insight have somewhat deserted him.

But we the more lament Mr. Grote's wanderings into these mystical regions, because his aberrations, carrying with them his great authority, may countenance the fancies of weaker men who have wandered much further. We cannot but think that we see signal examples of such wanderings, in no less a person than M. Victor Cousin, in his

notes on his *Plato*. Of the dialogue now before us, for instance, the *Lysis*, he delivers himself in the following lofty manner. He says:

"Here his task is to prepare the way for truth, by removing all the possible false solutions of a question; and, by the destruction of them, to push irresistibly the adversaries of truth into the abyss of skepticism. That is his aim—I mean his apparent aim; for, beyond and above the abyss into which he precipitates and drives into confusion all the false dogmatism of his time, there is a higher region into which he does not enter, but upon which he keeps his eyes fixed, and from which he borrows both the secret force which he shows in his combats on this ground, and the unalterable serenity of his soul in the midst of the ruins which surround him, and on the brink of universal skepticism."

There is much more in this vein; and it is indeed an eloquent example of the usual style of Platonic commentators; but we are very sorry to see it in any degree adopted by Mr. Grote, from whom we had hoped better things. And we are prepared to apply a like criticism to other dialogues of the same kind; most of those, namely, in which the persons who converse with Sokrates are boys; the *Laches*, *Charmides*, *Theages*, and the *Rivals*. Of the way in which Mr. Grote has dealt with some of these, we may have an opportunity of speaking afterwards. But before quitting the *Lysis*, there is another point in which we differ from Mr. Grote, and which it may be worth while to consider for a moment.

Diogenes Laertius has a story about this dialogue which places the writing and publication of it in the lifetime of Sokrates. He relates that, when Sokrates heard Plato read his *Lysis*, he said: "Heavens! what a number of things has this young man invented about me!" This exclamation is of course to be interpreted as expressing, not a serious indignation, but a playful affectation of anger. But, as we have said, it implies that the dialogue was made known to Plato's circle during Sokrates's lifetime. Now, Mr. Grote has convinced himself that none of Plato's dialogues were composed before the death of Sokrates; and therefore rejects this story, though its authority is otherwise unexceptionable. Now, as we adhere to the hitherto re-

ceived opinion that several of the Platonic dialogues were circulated during the lifetime of Socrates, we shall take the liberty of examining Mr. Grote's reasons for his belief.

There is no doubt that Socrates's style of conversation attracted great notice during his lifetime; indeed it was that which was most remarkable in his mode of living, and that which drew to him his admirers and disciples. Among the results of the notice which he thus attracted, we have the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon. We have also, as the learned Boeckh has held, another piece of contemporary record. Diogenes Laertius relates that one Simon, a harness-maker at Athens, had his shop looking on the Agora, and that Socrates was in the habit of going to this shop and talking there. There it was probably that he met Euthydemus, and held with him the conversations which are reported by Xenophon. Now this Simon was, we are told, a person of an independent mind; so that when Pericles offered to provide for him, he refused, that he might keep his freedom of speech. He, admiring Socrates, was in the habit of taking notes of the discourses which Socrates held in his shop; and these notes he afterwards published—the first published Socratic dialogues. These actual reports of conversations of Socrates, it would seem that Plato dramatized into his *Dialogues*. We have, it seems probable, an example of this Platonic mode of exposition. The *Dialogue on Virtue*, one of the four which Boeckh has published as having been originally edited by Simon,* seems to be a record of the Socratic talk out of which Plato constructed the Dialogue *Meno*. And we think it will be difficult for any one to see any reason why both these pieces, the Report of Simon and the Dialogue of Plato, should not be published during the lifetime of Socrates. The *Meno* professes to be written before the death of Socrates, and contains strong evidence that this is true, in the manner in which Anytus, the accuser of Socrates, and the main cause of his death, is introduced. He is represented as prejudiced against philosophy; but the ac-

cusation of corrupting the youth of the city by means of philosophy, which he afterwards brought against Socrates with such fatal result, he here directs against the Sophists, to whom Socrates is opposed. Anytus here blames him on another account; namely, because he accuses the most distinguished Athenians of neglecting the education of their sons—precisely the topic dwelt upon in Simon's record of Socrates's conversation. And still, with a certain goodwill to Socrates, he says to him: "I advise you to be on your guard. It is easy to injure a man at Athens." This is not likely to have been published after the result of Anytus's accusation had filled all the friends of Socrates with horror.

But in very many places the allusions and characters in the *Platonic Dialogues* seem to us quite inconsistent with their having been published after B.C. 399, the date of the death of Socrates. In the *Laches*, the Athenian generals Laches and Nicias are introduced discoursing with Socrates upon the nature, or rather, as Plato's usual course is, upon the definition of courage. Now Nicias lost his life at the calamitous Sicilian expedition, B.C. 413. It is not likely that he would have been introduced, as he is in the *Laches*, after that event. In the *Theages*, the expedition led by Thrasyllus against Ephesus and Ionia is mentioned, and it is implied that the event is as yet uncertain. Thrasyllus was defeated B.C. 406. It is not likely that his expedition would be referred to, as it is, after it had ceased to be recent.

Many of the like indications of time might be collected from the *Platonic Dialogues*, and, as we have said, the general belief of critics has been in favor of the Socratic date of some of the dialogues. But, it may be asked, what does Mr. Grote urge on the other side? Is there any external evidence, or internal character, on which he founds his opinion that some of the *Platonic Dialogues* were published before the death of Socrates? External evidence there is none. Mr. Grote alleges none, nor does he rest his judgment upon internal character in the dialogues themselves: except that he thinks that the *Protagoras* and the *Phaedrus* too good to have been written by Plato at the age of 22 or 24. But as we agree with Mr. Grote in plac-

* Simonis Socratici, ut videtur, Dialogi quatuor. Heidelberg, 1810.

ing these two dialogues after Plato's return to Athens, twelve years after the death of Socrates, we have no occasion to contest this opinion. But we cannot assent to Mr. Grote's reasons why none of the dialogues were written at the earlier period before his travels. These reasons are, briefly, that to publish such dialogues would have been disrespectful to Socrates, and that the state of Athens was such that Plato could not have had time to write them. To which perhaps we may be allowed to answer briefly, that the want of respect to Socrates in publishing such dialogues during his lifetime has not occurred to any previous critic of the dialogues; and that if the Athenians had time to listen to Socrates talking, Plato might have time to dramatize his conversations. And hence we believe that several of the shorter dialogues—as the *Laches*, *Charmides*, *Lysis*, *First Alcibiades*, *Rivals*, *Theages*, and *Meno*—were probably written before Socrates's trial.

We would even venture to be so precise as to say that we have one dialogue which was written and published *during* the trial of Socrates. This is the *Euthyphro*, which professes to be written (and we do not see why we should doubt the profession) after Anytus had brought his accusation of impiety against Socrates, and while Socrates's admirers had not yet brought themselves to believe that it could be proceeded with seriously. The purport of the dialogue is, that a charge of impiety against Socrates is absurd, and that those who talk about it do not know what impiety and piety mean. What could be the object of publishing such a dialogue, when the reality of the danger had been made manifest by its fatal termination? A little earlier such a dialogue might produce some effect on the Athenian mind.

Several of the dialogues which we thus place at an early period have a scheme in some degree common, which we may briefly explain.

The question being proposed, how are we to teach children (and men too) virtue, it was about this time suggested as a conjectural reply that something might perhaps be done by substituting the plural for the singular. How are we to teach children the virtues?

This suggestion seems to have struck

the Athenians of that time as a hopeful one; for they knew there were some things which they could teach in separate portions—particular divisions of learning and knowledge. They knew that they could teach children and young persons arithmetic, that they could teach them geometry. If the separate virtues were each a particular kind of knowledge, like geometry and arithmetic, they might be taught like geometry and arithmetic. But was this so?

To work out the consequences of this suggestion, they took the names of the virtues as commonly current—Courage, Temperance, Justice, Piety, Holiness, and the like—and tried to make solid and exact definitions of them. In this way we have the *Laches*, which is employed in trying to define Courage; the *Charmides*, which does the same for Temperance; the *Lysis*, as we have seen, for Friendship; and the *Republic*, on a very large scale, for Justice.

Of course the names of virtues in Greek, or in any human language, are not definite and stable enough to erect upon them a vast fabric, as that of geometry is erected upon its definitions. And it is rare indeed that the names of virtues in one language correspond so exactly to those in another that they can be translated, retaining all the force of the reasoning and applications of them. And this is one of the main difficulties in translating Plato.

It is worth our while to take a good case of this difficulty, and to see how Mr. Grote has dealt with it. We will take the case of the *Charmides*.

Charmides, or *Of Sophrosyne*, we must at first entitle this dialogue; for it is not at first clear what we are to give as the English of *Sophrosyne*. Mr. Grote renders it *Temperance*; but cannot go on far with this word before its insufficiency for the course of the argument becomes glaringly apparent. The boy Charmides, who has a good character as being *sophron*, is asked what *Sophrosyne* is: much as if an English child, who had been praised for being *good*, were asked what *goodness* is; or a French child, who had been commended as *sage*, were required to tell what *sagesse* is. He replies that it is an ordinary quickness and slowness in doing anything: walking, talking, and the like. He is reminded that, in many

things, quickness is better than slowness. He then suggests that it is perhaps *Modesty*. Socrates, rather unreasonably, reminds him that Homer says that modesty is a very bad thing in a beggar. And then Charmides says he has heard some one say that Sophrosyne is doing one's own work; and now Critias interposes, and says that Sophrosyne is *Self-knowledge*. This is a meaning very far removed from *Temperance*; and accordingly we conceive that the English reader would see nothing but confusion in Mr. Grote's translation of such a passage as this:

"If temperance consists in knowing, it must be a knowledge of something.

"*Krit.* It is so: it is knowledge of a man's self.

"*Sokr.* What good does this knowledge procure for us? as medical knowledge procures for us health—architectural knowledge, buildings, etc.?

"*Krit.* It has no positive result of analogous character: but neither have arithmetic nor geometry.

"*Sokr.* True, but in arithmetic and geometry, we can at least indicate a something known, distinct from the knowledge. Number and proportion are distinct from arithmetic, the science which takes cognizance of them. Now what is that, of which temperance is the knowledge—distinct from temperance itself?

"*Krit.* It is on this very point that temperance differs from all the other cognitions. Each of the others is knowledge of something different from itself, but not knowledge of itself: while temperance is knowledge of all the other sciences and of itself also.

"*Sokr.* If this be so, it will of course be a knowledge of ignorance, as well as a knowledge of knowledge?

"*Krit.* Certainly."—(G. P., i., 485.)

We do not think this will be in any degree intelligible to English boy or English man. Nor do we think that Mr. Grote mends the matter by putting it, in his comment, into still more technical language. "How," he asks, "can there be any cognition which is not cognition of a given *cognitum*, but cognition merely of other cognitions and non-cognitions? There is no vision except of some color, no audition except of some sound: there can be no vision of visions, or audition of auditions. . . . It is of the essence of cognition to be cognition of something, and to have its

characteristic property with reference to some correlate."

We think that both Charmides and Socrates would be even more perplexed by this exposition than they are represented as being by the discourse of Critias itself, and the English reader will certainly wonder what all this has to do with temperance. Mr. Grote appears to have forgotten both the Greek boy and the English reader.

Nor, when this matter is divested of technicalities, do we see much value in it. The drama of the *Charmides* is exquisite, but its philosophical value is very small. What good comes or can come of playing against each other the different meanings of *Sophrosyne*; and, in the process, accepting as a solid argument Homer's saying in the person of a beggar—that a beggar should not be modest? Such a dialogue is not fitly named a *Dialogue of Search*; for it is a search, or rather a helpless groping, in a hopeless direction. The result is not a step to the truth, or even towards the truth; for when Plato himself comes to use the term *Sophrosyne* in a more definite and stable sense, as in the *Republic*, he is not helped, nor can any one be helped in doing so, by a previous knowledge of the puzzles of the *Charmides*. They are puzzles for those only who choose to forget their Greek or their English. Plato's proceeding in this and the like dialogues is not a search of truth, but schoolboy exercises on the meaning and application of words.

Such is the judgment we find ourselves compelled to form respecting the dialogues of this class; and in translating and commenting on them, we think, as we have said, that Mr. Grote has allowed himself to be misled, as many preceding critics of Plato have been, by the belief of a profound meaning and a systematic philosophy existing in Plato's mind, when there was, in fact, at the time when he wrote, no such thing.

Mr. Grote not agreeing with us in believing the early date of these dialogues, has begun his translation and exposition of the Platonic Dialogues by presenting to us some of those which belong, at least as to subject, to a very definite period—the trial of Socrates; namely, the *Apology*, the *Crito*, and the *Euthy-*

phro. Of these we may say a few words, and so conclude what we have to say of Mr. Grote's first volume.

The *Apology* is made the starting-point of Mr. Grote's translation, as containing a clear and authoritative exposition of the Socratic scheme of life and point of view. This Mr. Grote has given us in a clear and striking manner. We agree with him entirely in his opinion that Socrates's profession of his own ignorance of those matters on which, by his habit of cross questioning, he exposed the ignorance of others, were quite sincere. We do not believe that it was ironical, his ignorance being merely affected, which Mr. Grote considers is the common assumption of modern critics on the subject. Mr. Grote, in like manner, holds those critics to be in error who "sift with microscopic accuracy the negative dialogues of Plato, in hope of detecting the ultimate elements of that positive solution which he is supposed to have lodged therein." We think that Mr. Grote himself, in what he calls the *Dialogue of Search*, has assumed rather too definitely the fact of Plato's systematic search of a "positive element."

With regard to the *Apology*, there is an interesting question which has long divided the critical world. Is it, or is it not, the defence actually delivered by Socrates himself before his judges? Mr. Grote and Dr. Thirlwall give their weighty authority to the opinion that the defence which we now possess in the *Apology* represents the speech which Socrates really made on his trial. We, on the other hand, adhere to the opinion anciently proclaimed by Dionysius of Halicarnassus—that it is a composition of Plato, intended, indeed, to defend and exalt Socrates, but also to condemn the Athenian people for putting him to death. He calls it an "encomium in the form of an apology;" and says that it "certainly never saw the door of a court of justice or an assembly of the Agora, being written with another purpose." We might note several passages in confirmation of this opinion. For instance, the picture of a philosophical life, such as Socrates describes his to have been, seems more likely to have been written by a philosophical disciple like Plato, than to have

been delivered before a court of justice; especially considering that it goes back at least twenty-four years to the time when the *Clouds* of Aristophanes was brought upon the Athenian stage. And the detailed reference to that play seems to be fitted rather for a literary and philosophical than for a judicial tribunal. And the argument used by Socrates, that it is better for every one to live among good men than bad—and that therefore he could not have willingly tried to make his Athenian neighbors bad men—as Meletus accuses him of doing—would not be likely to avail much in the case of such a criminal accusation. We may add the prediction with which Socrates concludes his speech:

"You have done this deed in the hope of being freed from the call to give an account of your lives. But the result will be very different, as I prophesy. There will be many more who will call upon you for such an account, whom I have hitherto kept back, so that you were not aware of their existence. They will be more vehement in their appeals to you than I have been, as being younger and more indignant at your acts."

Surely this is Plato prophesying what Plato would do—not Socrates describing what Socrates had done.

The *Crito* is another dialogue relating to the close of Socrates's life. It contains the proposal of Socrates's friend Crito, that he should escape from the prison in which he is already confined under sentence of death, and Socrates's discourse on the occasion of this proposal. This dialogue Mr. Grote has commented upon in an instructive manner, and we do not find any ground to dissent from what he says.

We do not find here that he assents to Schleiermacher's opinion, that the *Crito* is a mere report of a conversation actually held by Socrates, as he assents to that critic's opinion that the *Apology* is a mere report of the actual defence of Socrates. We think that any one who reads the *Crito* with attention can hardly fail to perceive that it is not an actual conversation, but a rhetorical composition, as Mr. Grote explains at length. No doubt the Athenians were a very poetical race, but hardly so poetical as to introduce into their conversation a personification of the Laws, like that

which occurs in the *Crito*. The Laws are represented as remonstrating with Socrates on his project of escaping their sentence. They speak with all the dignity of the chorus of a tragedy; and we conceive that this tone must have been beyond the pitch of conversation even among the Athenians. The tone of the dialogue is, as Mr. Grote observes, rhetorical, not dialectical; though in many places Plato depreciates rhetoric, here he employs it with ability and effect.

Cornhill Magazine.

GOLD IN THE FIRELIGHT.

Old friend, at last, at last after years of restless, strong desire,
 You are sitting close beside me once more in the flickering light of my fire.
 And the sheen of your true and kindly face is the same as ever still,
 Though deeply altered, I ween, is that face, since last time we met, friend Will.
 Bright, with the brightness of youth, are the eyes, yet all around the mouth
 Tenderly grave, not stern, the lines tell of the vanished youth.
 And the stately form is slightly bent that I knew so straight and firm,
 Like the grand majestic rock that laughs defiance to beat of storm.
 And the waves of care have swept o'er your head, and left just here and there
 A light faint streak of their silvery foam on the seaweed brown of your hair.
 On your face that sweetness is settled down that oft is wrung out by pain
 From natures less noble than yours, as the juice is crushed away from the cane.
 Both of us, Will, have loved; each sought, in the sweet spring-tide of his life,
 For the waking joy of his fervid dream, in the love and truth of a wife.
 Your dream, at least, was realized, in the depths of soul-full eyes,
 And a tender, shadowy calm, that hung like the dusk of Italian skies
 Over the grace of her movements light; a voice as soft as the sigh
 Of a wind among Summer's full-leaved trees: she was very fair to die,
 But I think, such sweetness was on her brow, such pureness on her tongue,
 She was loved with the mystic immortal love that we know is death to the young.
 Will, old friend, you remember full well the still September morn,
 When the only sound was the rustling, like wind, of sickles against the corn;
 That we made for your dove, her last earth-nest, under the light loose turf,
 Where the bending grass should never be stirred by the wind that had roared on the surf.
 Soon after that we parted, Will; you went to the "morning land,"
 Where Nature spreads a daily feast of the beautiful and grand,
 While her spirit watched over you, and kept the chords of your life well strung.
 Else how, while other hearts are so old, can yours be so fresh and young?
 It is strange that the hand of Time should mellow to autumn calm each trace
 Of the burning joy of a soul-Summer, lit by the Sun of a beautiful face.
 Yet we know that so it is, and my heart is free from the slightest whirl
 Of passion; and quietly now enough I can think and speak of a girl,
 Rich in all sculpture-loveliness, with a forehead smooth and square,
 That gleamed argent-white against the mass of her nebulous hair,
 And a cheek as pale and as passion-free as ever the marble is,
 And a mouth whose carving seemed all too firm for a lover's faltering kiss.
 With the dimmed eye-sight of one who gropes in a kind of spirit-gloaming,
 I took a marble statue to be a living and loving woman,
 And her still calm presence, moon-like, wrought such a desperate tide in my breast
 Of stormy fire, I deemed that Love was but a name for unrest.
 And it chafed my soul that the stately lips, whenever on me she smiled,
 Should curve to the pitying, passionless smile we cast on a wayward child.
 But at last I dared to speak my mind, I could hold in silence no more
 The torrent of burning words, and I spoke as I never had spoken before;
 And she stood listening, pallid and calm, with that dreamy look in her eyes
 Of one who gazes back to the past, and its mazes and mysteries;
 And, when I paused, she drooped her eyes, and the few short words she said,
 Were murmured so low, I only caught the sound of the last one—"Dead."
 "Dead!" I echoed, "nay, Death and Love are wondrously far apart;
 For Death itself may not touch the bloom that Love creates on the heart."

Then she laid her hand on my arm, and with the mute soft grace
 Of a pitying tenderness lying like shade on the beautiful carven face,
 She told me that what I coveted another long since had gained,
 That my nectar of love was brimmed up high, but hers had been deeply drained.
 Something of poverty—parting—and then the struggle for daily bread
 In a stranger land, and at last the news that had crushed her hope, he was dead.
 And she stood in the curtained window, with her face so pale and pure,
 Like some sainted lady of olden days, who was proud and strong to endure.
 Would to God that my love had died down then to something whiter and fainter,
 As the lambent fire of him who adores the picture-love of painter;
 That I never had uttered the words of fire that I wildly uttered now,
 When I caught her hand in mine, and pressed my lips on its veined snow.
 "Hate me," I madly cried, "if you will, so you let me kneel and adore
 The light that shall be my guiding star for ever and evermore!"
 Then in a voice on whose clear full tone not a trace of emotion was shed,
 "I never can love again, but if you will, so be it!" she said.
 And I caught her close to my panting heart and murmured, "Oh, love, for ever!"
 And she neither shrank from nor clung to me, but only prayed me to leave her
 Just for a little while; she would strive to do all the duty of woman;
 She knew me well, she said; trusted me, called me a brave and true man;
 Knew that I loved her; but all was so strange, so new; and the mystic crisis
 Of Life was upon her now, and dark the Future stood veiled as Isis.
 And I looked in vain, in vain, for the crimson beacon of Love on her cheek,
 As a watcher looks with yearning eyes for the Eastern morning-streak.
 So we parted, but on my heart, with a nightmare's weight of lead
 It lay, and haunted me without cease, all night, that one word "*Dead*."

The days passed on, and a kind of calm that came instead of peace
 Brooded, cloud-like, over my heart, and bade its wild throbbings cease.
 Yet, sometimes, despite, a longing would rise for a taste of the fiery bliss
 Of heart to heart, and soul to soul, breathed out in a long love-kiss;
 A quenchless desire for life and heat, a fathomless yearning, I ween,
 For a creature of human weakness and strength, instead of a throned Queen;
 For the delicate hearth-fire to cherish and tend, instead of the clear pale star;
 For the beam of the lesser light close by, instead of the greater afar.

I asked her when should my hope be crowned, and she prayed me for a year,
 And her voice, with a muffled, tuneless beat, fell dull upon my ear;
 And I knew that she asked me for that year, that the waters of Time might sweep
 Lethe-like over her soul, and drown all pain in a wakeless sleep.
 So we settled to part for that one year, and I left my native shore,
 Not to see her again, until I never should part from her more,
 But a shadow fell with the last cold touch of her hand on mine, alas!
 And a whisper rang without cease in my ear, "*Omnia Vanitas*."

Under the sapphire sky of the land, whose gems and marvels of Art
 Gleam in a countless multitude, I wandered with restless heart.
 For the rich clear light on the myrtle bloom only made my spirit full
 Of the yearning, like pain, for the Sun of Love, on the Flower of the Beautiful.

The year was over and gone, at last, and both of us bound for home,
 I and another—an artist friend I had made while I stayed at Rome.
 A kindly, open-hearted man, who was coming home to claim
 The right to circle a finger with gold, and blend a name with his name:
 He told his story frankly to me, that, five long years ago,
 He and his love had met and parted in bitter tears and woe,
 Knowing not when they might meet again, but strong in the love and truth
 That keep the flowers of the soul so fresh in the dew and beauty of youth.
 They trusted each other fully, and he knew he should find her the same
 In heart and soul, as the last sweet time he had heard her utter his name.
 He had struggled hard on his way in life, he had hugged with a miser's grasp
 The gold that brought him, every day, nearer the deathless clasp

Of her virgin hand, and the tender glow of her lustrous full-gray eye,
 For evermore and for evermore, it was wonderful, quenchless joy.
 And he paced the long deck to and fro, looking so blest and proud
 In his love and trust, that I know not how I uttered my thought aloud
 With a touch of cynicism, that now I think of, old friend, with pain,
 I said, "How could you bear to lose where you only think to gain?"
 And he stopped his walk, and gazed at me, with a look of perfect calm,
 Like the peace of a soul that is fully tuned to the pitch of the infinite psalm
 Of Love. "I have thought of that before: she may be dead and gone,
 May be lying with violets on her breast—God's holy will be done—
 Or else she may have thought me dead, and have given herself to one
 More worthy than I could be of her; 'twere hard to stifle a moan
 For that intensity of pain. In the heart's deep book I have read
 That Grief is more for the living lost, than ever it is for the dead.
 But I dread it not, I feel so strong in the infinite love and trust,
 And I know that God will never let my full hope crumble to dust.
 She cannot else be lost; I know there's a cant that society uses
 When a frivolous girl plays with a heart as long as her fancy chooses,
 Then casts the poor plaything away for others to toy with, unless, indeed,
 It be too much broken for that, and cares not and takes not the slightest heed—
 And they call it 'only flirting,' but she is so pure and holy and high,
 As much above that unwomanly shame as a star in its depth of sky.
 And all of the lofty and beautiful, with her inmost nature, is blent:
 My treasure perhaps may be lost to me, but it cannot have thus been spent."

I had seen her once more, my statue-love; she had met me with no other
 Passion or fire, than a girl might give to the love of a father or brother,
 But her face was more sweet and soft than of yore, and I thought, "She has learned to forget
 All of her grief for her lost true-love, and she will love me yet."
 We were sitting together one eve alone, her hand lay light in mine—
 The quiet hand that I never yet had starred with a lover sign.
 She was reading aloud a strange old song, that had pleased her fancy much,
 When we heard a footstep, an opened door, and she drew her hand from my touch;
 Then she lifted her full-lashed eyes, and with a cry, that rang
 As a joy-bell rings on a doom'd man's ear, with a deer-like bound she sprang,
 And an eagerness that quivered and beat through every nerve in her frame,
 To her home on his breast for evermore, and he kissed her, and named her name.
 Just a moment together they stood, forgetting all but the joy
 Of a love whose infinite sweetness and strength nor time nor space could destroy.
 Then she started back from his arms, with the rich, full scarlet glow,
 Flashing, banner-like, over her face, from her chin to her broad, full brow,
 And a tremulous sweetness, clear as the light of the cloudless sun of the South,
 Shone in the depths of the glorious eyes, and parted the chiselled mouth;
 And all the marble loveliness was lit with the light of a human
 And passionate love, until it was wrought to the fairest beauty of woman.
 My heart sent forth a desperate cry, as wordless I passed from the door,
 Like the last long wail of a mariner drowned in sight of the ship and the shore.

There is the end, old friend. Draw closer; I think there's something grand
 In the firm and full and steadfast grasp of a strong-knit muscular hand.
 The hand of a man like you, Will, it never will give the slip,
 And it comes so sweet to the heart that has lost the joy of a true-love's lip.
 But I call it casting reproach, old friend, on God and His infinite plan,
 Who gave the love of man to woman and the love of woman to man,
 When those who have lost that bliss, or those to whom that bliss is denied,
 Sneer at the holy name of Love, and smother, with selfish pride,
 The seed of pain, that, if watered well, might bear such blessed fruit
 Of pure and tender thought, and make the cry of Selfishness mute.
 And Life has autumn and winter joys left yet; and I love to see
 Her little children (that I had hoped should be mine) around my knee—
 And the gladness of other love I have: for we read of one tender and true man,
 (Like you) who gave to his friend a love "passing the love of woman."

Temple Bar.

ANECDOTES FROM A BLUE BOOK.

THE proceedings of Royal Commissions are seldom interesting to the public in general, except through their results, and the minutes of evidence taken in their course are a class of literature which most people would studiously avoid. The Blue Book devoted to the report of the Capital Punishment Commission, forms a remarkable exception to this rule. It is a remarkably interesting book, from every point of view, not only as the basis of future legislation on a subject of the most serious importance, but as a compendium of thought, experience, observation, and opinion on the part of a number of men, all of distinction in their several special ways. It needs the close perusal of such a book to make the public understand the vast difficulties which the legislature has to face, and the curiously equal balance of opinion on the great question of the Death Penalty.

Among the witnesses examined before the Royal Commission we find the legal, the clerical, the official, and the lay element represented. Nothing more complete than such a system of testimony could be devised. It is calculated to include every aspect of the subjects under consideration, and to elicit every kind of experience and form of theory, or suggestion. It lends all conceivable gravity, dignity, and weight to an investigation of the most solemn kind, whose importance cannot be exaggerated, and which was imperatively demanded by public opinion. Apart from this, its primary use and benefit, the extensive scope and mixed nature of the evidence offer many curious and interesting points to the consideration of those who study the book as a revelation of certain phases of our social condition, and the effect of those phases upon certain minds.

Here we find the collected testimony of all those who are brought into contact with criminals guilty of, or charged with, capital offences, except the hangman. Detectives who have tracked, and judges who have sent murderers to their doom; counsel who have prosecuted and defended them; prison officials who have had charge of them; chaplains who have ministered to them; a sheriff

who has attended at executions "in robes;" gentlemen who have made it the business of their lives to study the causes and the philosophy of crime; philanthropists and members of the executive, whose duty, as portions of the machinery of justice, has necessarily brought them considerable experience. It is interesting to learn how these severally regard the sight of crime and misery, to us exceptional, to them habitual, and to observe how widely they differ in the facts of their experience, and the conclusions at which they arrive. On the point of the deterrent effect of capital punishment, for example, there is a very remarkable difference of opinion between Mr. Davis, the late ordinary of Newgate, and Mr. Jessop, the chaplain of Horse-monger-lane Gaol. The former gentleman held his position twenty-two, the latter has held his for ten, years. The former witnessed twenty-four executions, the latter, at the period of his examination had seen four. Mr. Davis was "quite sure that it is impossible to avoid capital executions," a conviction founded upon his knowledge of "incorrigibles;" Mr. Jessop, on the other hand, is "of opinion that capital punishment is religiously; politically, and socially quite indefensible." No witnesses are more important than these, no evidence is more weighty, for they are precisely the authorities to whom appeal must be made for knowledge of how the idea of the extreme penalty of the law affects the mind of the criminal, about to undergo it, and the minds of his fellow-prisoners. This is an aspect of the question no less important than that of the effect on the masses. The appeal is made by the Commission, and the replies are totally opposite. Says the Rev. John Davis: "The Scriptures say, 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed;' that is a law to us, and we should obey it." Says the Commission, "Apart from Scriptural considerations, can a murderer be adequately punished except by death, and will any other punishment deter from the crime of murder?" Mr. Davis said "No" to both these questions, and stuck to it under every ingenuity of suggestion and interrogation. He was quite clear that you must hang murderers, if you don't want your prison-warders to

be murdered; and he thought it better not to talk much about impending executions to other prisoners, so he had little to say about how they regard the matter. He thought private executions might be tried with advantage, an experiment or two would test public opinion. Such experiments would be painful for the gentlemen obliged to witness them. A new sheriff generally faints, and the witness himself was ill for three days after the first execution which he attended. He thought the mob behave well, generally, at the moment of execution, even, he said, when Müller was hanged, and had never known a man unjustly executed; all criminals within his knowledge who had been hanged at Newgate, having confessed their guilt, except Catherine Wilson. Mr. Davis made some curious statements, respecting the religious condition of the murderers whom he had known. He had never known an Englishman to die in a state of unbelief, or avowed impenitence; but he had known a Frenchman to do so, and the last words of Barthélemy were, "I have no faith in God." He did not believe that public executions injure the reverence for human life, though he thought it very likely the following story may be true. A young man named Wicks shot his master in Drury-lane, and was hanged at Newgate; shortly before the murder he had seen an execution, and on the very day of its perpetration he had run as hard as he could to be in time for "a hanging." He stated that after he had seen it, he snapped his fingers and said, "It's nothing—it's only a trick." Then he went home and shot his master. "Yes, he was a great execution seer," remarked Mr. Davis, who was, on the whole, a very cool, dry kind of witness, with his mind very absolutely made up.

Mr. Jessop's evidence was curiously opposed to this. He has been chaplain to Horsemonger-lane Gaol for ten years; and during that period has attended at four executions only, though twenty-eight persons have been tried for murder, exclusive of infanticide, of which there have been as many more cases. Notwithstanding this difference in the actual number of the executions which he has attended, Mr. Jessop's experience may be regarded as more considerable

than that of Mr. Davis, owing to the much larger number of prisoners under his care (2028 in the year 1863, in excess of those committed to Newgate), and to the pains which he has taken to ascertain their state of feeling on those points on which Mr. Davis avowedly abstained from conversing with the criminals under his spiritual charge. His opinion that capital punishment is not deterrent is very decided, and he makes a practical suggestion that murders should be divided into two classes, and penal servitude for life inflicted for murders of the first class. He believes such a penalty would be quite as deterrent as hanging, and infinitely less demoralizing. His opinions concerning the effect on the populace produced by public executions, and the conduct of the mob on such occasions, are exactly opposed to those of Mr. Davis, and are the result of personal investigation and communications from the warders, who, individually and collectively, and in various ways, have told him "that no effect was produced on those people. . . . That they had heard them say on several occasions, 'Well, so-and-so is to be hanged to-morrow. I wish I were outside, I would go in for a good swag.' They have said, 'On the last occasion I got a tremendous lot of purses; I only wish I were outside now.'" Mr. Jessop believes that it would be possible to keep prisoners confined for life without any hope of being set at large, because the class of prisoners who would be so confined are not of the lowest and most desperate class. Those who commit murders are not usually persons who have been involved in previous crime; they are generally of a higher order of intellect, and more reasoning beings. Thus we find Mr. Jessop of opinion that Mr. Davis's "incurriables" would not be found among the number of those for whom capital punishment exists. If this be so, what becomes of the argument founded on incurriability?

Among the most important contributions to the mass of evidence, is that of the Rev. Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne, and it supplements and expands that of Mr. Jessop. The authority and weight of this witness are not merely derived from his profession. His well-known devotion to the cause of social reformation and progress lends it addi-

tional weight; and his large opportunities, especially in connection with criminal lunatics, invest it with a peculiar interest. On all the points with which the Royal Commission dealt, his experience was available; and on that of the deterrent or non-deterrent effect of capital punishment, he spoke with the utmost fervor of conviction. He has, from circumstances, been present at the death-hour of a very large number of his fellow-creatures, and only in one case has he ever seen fear of death. "The ignorant classes," he says, "from which so much of the criminal stock of the nation is derived, set very little value on life; they risk it for the prospect of a very little present means of enjoyment, and this with the utmost deliberation. We had abundant proof of this in the days when we hung men yearly by dozens for what we should now consider mere trifling crimes. This class regard an execution simply as the normal end of one of themselves who has been unlucky; he has played his game and lost; the cards were against him—hanging was on the cards. Hence the coolness which ordinary criminals show at their execution; and the brutal indifference with which the crowd views it. Gallows work they know well enough to be a very probable end of the kind of man whom they see hanged; their only curiosity is to see whether he will play the game out bravely. This class admire in a fellow-creature what they admire in a bull-dog or fighting cock—pluck; they would despise the man who does not die game, and the man about to die knows it. A burglar knows that he will not be hanged for burglary, but he dreads the identification, especially if he has been previously convicted, which will lead to a long penal sentence. He is prepared to kill, as well as rob, although he had rather rob and not kill. He goes to the gallows with all possible resignation; he had long learned to expect that it might be his end; he is quite familiar with every legal process from his committal to his appearance on the scaffold; he is only 'up' for what he has seen others go through; friends who have been with him then are looking on now at him." Altogether there is little to be hoped for in the deterrent effect of capital punishment over criminals of this class; but then they are the rarest sort

of murderers. As for murderers of the less business-like, less felonious, class, the murderers to whom murder is not a contingent necessity, to be avoided if possible, but a deed done under the force of an overpowering jealousy, under some present exciting prosecution, or under the influence of drink, "no fear of death, not were the rack to precede it, would have power to deter."

When we add to Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne's testimony that of the Rev. W. C. Osborn, who has been for twenty-two years chaplain of Bath Gaol, and who gives eighteen reasons for his strong disapproval of capital punishment—some sound, but a few fanciful—it will be seen that the clerical testimony is three to one in favor of the abolition of the death punishment. Mr. Osborn is very emphatic on the brutalizing effect of public executions, and considers that they suggest to morbid, passionate, and insane persons the crimes of murder and suicide, and a ready means of committing them. In support of this opinion he mentions a curious circumstance of recent occurrence. A man was sent to Bath Gaol for four months' imprisonment for assaulting his wife; he arrived at five o'clock in the afternoon, the warder gave him his supper between six and seven, and took his clothes away from him between seven and eight. Within a quarter of an hour after that he committed suicide, and was cut down a corpse. Mr. Osborn argues from these facts that the man had no fear of death, and that his using a rope was suggested by the present mode of capital punishment. "I remember," he says, "seeing an execution when I was a boy, and I well remember a sadler hanging himself immediately afterwards; and I have noticed in the public papers ever since a wonderful connection, apparently, between executions and the ordinary mode of suicide. It is the usual way when suicide is attempted in gaols." It has apparently not occurred to Mr. Osborn that a prisoner's means of committing suicide are limited, seeing that he has no access to fire-arms, knives, razors, or poison.

We have seen what the chaplains say, let us now glance at a sheriff's evidence. Mr. Nissen is a very outspoken witness, and he is anxious, if hanging cannot be abolished, that executions should be

conducted with some solemnity and decency, which, according to him, and he is excellent authority, they certainly are not at present. Mr. Nissen had a serious meaning in all he said, and yet it was difficult to say it without occasionally producing a laughable effect, and Mr. Bright contrived, very neatly, to cast a little gentle ridicule on the sheriff's suggestion that a more processional character should be given to the horrible spectacle. Mr. Nissen declared his belief that the whole punishment of death is deprived of its solemnity by the manner in which the execution is conducted:

"‘Do you mean,’ asked the chairman, ‘from the conduct of the persons who are there to witness it?’ ‘Not so much from that,’ answered the witness, ‘as from the entire want of any solemn preparation for a man being launched into eternity. A public execution in this country is too prosaic a matter altogether.’ ‘Then I am to understand you to mean that you would have the bells toll? Do they toll now?’ ‘I do not think that the bell of St. Sepulchre does toll now. I have been present at the execution of seven men during the time that I was in office, and on no occasion did it appear to me to be surrounded with any solemn preparation at all, such as to exercise an influence on the mob who come there to see the man destroyed.’

"‘What would be the solemn preparation which you would suggest?’ ‘I cannot make any suggestion. It appeared to me to be deprived of everything of the kind.’ . . . Mr. Bright: ‘Do you think there should be more clergymen?’ ‘You can hardly take that as the purport of my meaning. I think there should be more preparation, and that it should be differently conducted. If we hear of an execution in Spain, or in other places, we find that it is very differently conducted from what it is here.’”

It was hardly fair to ask him if he wanted more clergymen, but Mr. Nissen knows exactly what he wants, and public opinion is very likely to secure his having it. He wants, and all civilized people should want and insist on having, the abolition of such enormities as he describes. “An execution,” he says,

“is the most practical thing you can imagine.” If, under any circumstances, strangling a man in public be calculated to improve public morals, it certainly is not under the present régime, when Mr. Calcraft (“his manner is very rough,” says Mr. Nissen) goes about his hideous task just as if he were hanging a dog, and the whole thing is regarded as a matter of entertainment by the public. The sheriff objects to the entire process, from the bringing out of the gallows to the cutting down of the body.

“The gallows,” he says, “is drawn out from the prison yard, and put together by a body of workmen, carpenters and others, during the night. Then it is left in the front of the gaol, in summer time, of course, for many hours, but in the winter for at least an hour, before the execution, by daylight. The gallows is the subject of very coarse remark by all the people who are assembled; at eight o’clock the man about to be executed is brought out, and he is only before the public for two or three minutes before he is hanged, and he remains there hanging for an hour in the sight of the public, without any other person upon the scaffold, and without any appearance whatever of any solemn preparation by the executive. Next, the executioner comes on the scaffold, dressed in the ordinary way—a dirty wide-awake hat on, and a shooting-jacket—and he takes out a pocket-knife and cuts the cord by which the body is suspended, and it drops down, the executioner standing there the while and hearing all sorts of remarks passed upon himself.” The position of this wretched creature—a position of exceptional degradation and contempt in this country, where no effort is made to surround it with any of the decency attendant on the discharge of a legal function—was discussed during the deliberations of the Commission, and the American practice of obliging the sheriff to act as executioners was mentioned. Such a horrible duty attached to the tenure of office would seem to render it very undesirable, but there is no doubt that the existence of such an institution as “Calcraft and his assistants,” illustrated by Mr. Nissen’s experience, is a hideous blot upon our civilization. A passage in Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne’s evidence, though properly be-

longing to another stage of the investigation, has also a direct bearing on the point so urgently pressed by Mr. Nissen. "To strangle the life out of a man," says his lordship, "before a crowd who come to the scene as to a play, a crowd notoriously composed of those who are the very scum of mankind, who go again and again to such scenes, each time to pollute the very air with their fearful language; people to whom it is a sort of gala-day; men and women, blaspheming, singing obscene songs with half-drunken jollity, coming to riot beneath the gallows, departing to follow the life out that leads to it, viewing the scene without one single display of one feeling which evinces sympathy with the law, screaming a kind of fiend's welcome to the hangman, a miserable wretch who lets himself out for the task; groaning at, or, in their own way, encouraging the 'victim,' ordering 'hats off' to 'death,' but damning each other's souls, as they look upon it, is, in my opinion, an outrage upon all the principles on which alone it could be defended."

The balance of opinion among the legal witnesses upon what we may call the external portion of the question, the deterrent effect of capital punishment, is more equal, and on each side we find distinguished and authoritative names. Against abolition are the Lord Chancellor, and Lord Wensleydale, Baron Bramwell, Baron Martin, Sir James Willes, and Sir Mordaunt Wells. In favor of abolition, because they do not believe in capital punishment as a deterrent, or because they hold that a secondary punishment would be equally effective, are the Hon. George Denman, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Mr. Fitzjames Stephens, Mr. Sergeant Parry, and the Attorney-General for Ireland. Among the lay witnesses we find, against abolition, the Right Honorable Spencer Walpole, formerly Home Secretary, Sir George Grey, who occupies that position at present, Mr. Henry Avory, Clerk of Arraignment, Colonel Henderson, and two witnesses whose evidence is of the most curious and interesting character — they are, Mr. Thomas Kittle and Mr. Richard Tanner. For abolition, are Lord Hobart, Mr. Leone Levi, Professor of Commercial Law, Captain Cartwright, Governor of Gloucester Gaol, Mr. William Tallack,

Secretary, and Mr. Thomas Beggs, Honorary Secretary to the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment. It is impossible to imagine a more comprehensive treatment of the subject, and the facts brought to light are not easily exhausted of their suggestiveness.

Mr. Thomas Kittle, inspector of police, is an officer whose duty has obliged him to attend three executions, but who has been present at many more, and who is evidently an acute observer. He defines the mob at executions as an assemblage of thieves, fighting men, costermongers, laborers, a few artisans, and a sprinkling of soldiers. To these he adds a small percentage of women. Bricklayers' laborers have a taste for such spectacles, and other persons whom Mr. Inspector does not say much about, who do not mingle their gentility with the mass of pauperism and ruffianism, but sometimes pay as much as £25 for a good window, whence they may see the sight comfortably, and without unpleasant contact with unrefined persons of the lower orders, presumably criminal. But being asked whether he considers that public executions excite much fear, Mr. Inspector replied that he does not think they do, that the people who witness them regard them as they would "any other exhibition, for seeing which there is nothing to pay;" that they are to the crowd like prize fights, and that no notion of terror or solemnity interferes with their enjoyment of the sight they come to see. There is a straining and anxiety to see the doomed man, but no emotion; he has watched the faces intently, and never seen them turn pale. The mob behaves worse at the Old Bailey than at Horsemonger-lane Gaol, because the police keep them in order at the latter place; but the spectators are precisely the same. He has frequently listened to their conversation, and never heard any expression of compassion towards the victim. On the occasion of the execution of the pirates, he overheard the following dialogue, and made a note of it in his pocket-book. Two costermongers were the speakers: "So help me God, Bill, ain't it fine?" said one, "five of them, and all darkies." "It is so," said the other, "and I should like to act Jack Ketch!" Mr. Inspector is very decided in his opinion that hanging keeps

down murder, though he declined to draw some of the fine distinctions suggested to him by the Commission. He does not know about the great moral lesson, and he cannot answer for what it is that enters into the calculations of the spectators; but he has no doubt that they are greatly afraid of being hanged. He considers that they love life, wretched as are its conditions for many of their number, dearly, and has heard them say they would "rather be transported three or four times over than be hanged;" that "they did not mind the jug." Not only in the crowd around the scaffold has Mr. Inspector heard these candid and graphic remarks, but in crowds at public spectacles of all kinds, and notably in theatres. "At executions," he says, "I have looked at the upturned faces of the whole crowd; I have been elevated above them; and I have also noticed the faces of a crowd of the lower classes at a theatre, and I cannot find any difference; they always seem to be identical in the two cases; and it appears to me that they look upon a theatrical scene precisely in the same way as upon an execution." Mr. Kittle then explained that he referred to Drury-lane Theatre in particular; that he recognized the same crowd, when a sensation piece was being performed, and observed that precisely similar emotions were awakened on both occasions. He does not believe that the criminal classes would be deterred from murder by anything short of capital punishment, known to them as indifferently "scragging" or "choking," and has had several prisoners in custody, who have given him the pleasant assurance that, "if it was not for swinging for him, they would stick a knife into him." He does not know, though he is familiar with the haunts of the criminal classes, that they ever talk or think about the discussions in the House of Commons with regard to the abolition of capital punishment. The upshot of his evidence is, that they are somewhat like Tony Lumpkin, indifferent about a matter while it only concerns others, but keenly susceptible when it touches themselves. Respecting the view taken by the police of the abolition question, which is a very important point in its consideration, Mr. Kittle speaks very decisively. Being asked by Mr. Waddington, "Supposing that for

murder in general, criminals only expected a sentence of imprisonment, do you believe that murders would be more frequent than they are now?" he replied, "I firmly believe so, and I believe that if a desperate character knew that his punishment was only penal servitude for life, he would not hesitate to commit murder to liberate himself from the custody of a policeman who had him in charge, and I know that that is the feeling of the police generally." This assertion is of grave importance, and will no doubt receive the fullest consideration.

In the midst of the matter-of-fact statements made by Mr. Kittle, there is a little touch of the ludicrous, never altogether separable from even the gravest human affairs. It occurs in his description of the conduct of the crowd at executions, and reminds us of the inevitable dog at the Derby. It appears that a man going into the crowd with his hat on is a signal for "larking," and the multitude display their ingenuous hilarity by knocking off the offending article, kicking and "chivying" it away from one to another, the applause becoming louder as the distance between the hat and its owner is increased. As a further illustration of the scenes at executions which take place at the Old Bailey, this witness related how, at the execution of Müller he saw a man's legs over the heads of the crowd, for the period of at least three or four minutes. "The man was crying out very much, and there was a great roar and hubbub, but his legs were exalted above the heads of the crowd, and his head was down." This must have been better fun than the hat, and pleasantly beguiled the quarter of an hour which intervened between the incident and the execution.

Mr. Tanner, the well-known detective officer, coincides with Mr. Kittle in his views respecting the deterrent effect of capital punishment, and corroborates his evidence by some interesting experiences of his own. He has frequently apprehended prisoners who would, he had no doubt, have cheerfully and unhesitatingly added murder to their other crimes, had the death penalty not existed. He mentions two persons in particular, men named Pusey and Reeves. The crime was robbery in a dwelling-house, and Mr. Tanner tells the story thus:

"I had had one of them, namely, Pusey,

in custody before, and he had been convicted six or seven times, and ultimately I apprehended him for stealing Lord Foley's plate, and with four others he got three years' penal servitude; they induced the steward's-room boy to steal the plate. Pusey came back from penal servitude; he had a ticket-of-leave, and went back and associated with another ticket-of-leave man, who was discharged with him, at their old haunts in Paddington. They entered the house of a very old lady in Paddington, and went to the top of the house, and there met the housemaid coming out of her room; they stopped her and told her to be quiet, as they were going to rob the old lady's room. They went in and threw the old lady down on the floor; they did not very much hurt her, but sufficiently to deter her from making any noise. They took all her available money and some jewels. In the mean time, the housemaid screamed; they threw her down two or three stairs, and then ran out of the house. Sir Richard Mayne employed me to investigate the matter, and I suspected Pusey from the description; I looked for him and found him in company with Reeves, who was another ticket-of-leave man, and they were arrested. Pusey then said openly in the police court, that if it had not been for 'choking' she should not have been there to have told the tale—that was the housemaid; and the same with the old lady, who really was too ill to come to the police court, but we took him to the house, and she fairly identified him."

Such instances are very numerous within Mr. Tanner's experience, and considering how large and practical that experience is, it seems as if it must outweigh the best matured, most thoughtful, and most finely-argued theories in a contrary sense. He states it as his clear conviction that criminals, having incurred and suffered the punishment of penal servitude, are not to be deterred from further crime by a mere repetition of the same penalty. "If Pusey," he said, "had murdered me, in such a supposed state of the law, he could only have got penal servitude for life, and he was as nearly certain as possible that he should have penal servitude for life if he did not murder me." Then comes the grand difficulty which lies at the very root of

the matter, and which assumes truly gigantic proportions as witness after witness adds his testimony to its weight and magnitude. Nothing but penal servitude for life, under condition of the extremest severity, short of torture, can be accepted as an adequate substitute for the death penalty. No sentence of penal servitude for life ever has been carried out, and the practical portion of the evidence tends to a conviction that the carrying out of such a sentence is impossible. Mr. Tanner does not go into the question at all, as to the possibility of a real infliction of the capital sentence, he merely says that criminals could never be induced to believe in it, and, therefore, never could be made to fear it more than they fear it now, when a "lifer" means fifteen years at the most, and when the penalty does not touch the point of murder at all, but is applicable to their ordinary pursuits, and habitual risks.

Before we glance at the evidence on this point, chiefly official, and extremely searching and complete, it is curious to notice how little is said about the effect on the criminals themselves of the capital sentence. Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne denies that fear of death is common; maintains, indeed, that it is very unusual, and condemns the publicity of executions as being highly dangerous to the criminal's spiritual interests and the prospect of his repentance. He says, in a few sentences of great power, and speaking on the authority of the chaplain of a gaol where executions are very frequent, "In the case of the men, the feeling that thousands would watch them as they died, kept up a determination to act out a desperate show of hardihood, tending to harden their nature to the last. With women," he said, "it added so fearfully to the weight of their sentence as to deaden every feeling within them. Having borne the full exposure of the open court during their trial—a fearful ordeal to any woman—the having got to look to an exposure, such as hanging must be to a woman, in the presence of a ribald crowd, formed so crushing an addition to their sentence, that, from the moment it was passed, it pressed them down with a weight of impending terror which made them helpless to listen to consolation." M. Chédieu is very urgent in representations to the same effect. Yet

there are names which recur to memory and render it difficult to believe in the after-the-fact sensitiveness of female murderers, generally, because more monstrous outrages upon nature, cooler, more cruel, and more deliberate than male criminals of the same class.

The balance of opinion expressed in the evidence, is so decidedly in favor of the abolition of *public* executions, in consideration of the interests of society and of the criminals themselves, that that portion of the question may be regarded as closed, and the means by which private executions may be carried into effect with the best results for the public as having practically taken its place. Mr. Thomas Beggs' evidence is remarkably interesting: and one instance which he brings forward to support his advocacy of the abolition of capital punishment bears more powerfully upon the proposed step of making executions private instead of public. But that we have known, within very modern experience, instances of the most morbid sympathy with, and exaggerated interest in, atrocious criminals, the following story might appear almost incredible:

"On December 31st, 1841, a man named John Johnes, a shoemaker, murdered his sweetheart, Mary Hallam, the daughter of a respectable laborer, at Mansfield, in the county of Nottingham. He was executed on March 23d, 1842. He was a man of unsteady habits, and gave way to violent fits of passion. The girl declined his addresses, and he said if he did not have her no one else should. After he had inflicted the first wound, which was not immediately fatal, she begged for her life, but seeing him resolved, asked for time to pray. He said that he would pray for both, and completed the crime. The wounds were inflicted by a shoemaker's knife, and her throat was cut barbarously. After this he dropped on his knees some time, and prayed God to have mercy on two unfortunate lovers. He made no attempt to escape, and confessed the crime. After his imprisonment he behaved in the most decorous manner; he won upon the good opinion of the gaol chaplain, and he was visited by the Bishop of Lincoln. It does not appear that he expressed any contrition for the crime, but seemed to pass away with triumphant certainty

that he was going to rejoin his victim in heaven. He was visited by some pious and benevolent ladies of Nottingham, some of whom declared he was a child of God, if ever there was one. *One of the ladies sent him a white camellia to wear at his execution.*" (It is pleasant to know, as the writer has been informed by a gentleman who resided near the scene of these almost incredible proceedings at the time, and who perfectly remembers them, that the ladies in question were promptly excluded from the society of those of their own sex who estimated such shocking and profane folly as it deserved.) "Of course," continued Mr. Beggs, "great crowds gathered at the execution. It would be well for those who contend for the deterrent influence of death punishment to mingle with such crowds. The expression was universally one of sympathy with the man about to suffer. The offence seemed entirely forgotten by those conversing about his fate. He was looked upon by many as the victim of a misplaced and unrewarded affection; and the sufferings of his victim were wholly disregarded. One man I heard say to a companion, who seemed to be his son, 'I wish you and me were as ready to die as he is.'"

The public will hardly be prepared to think, with Mr. Beggs, that this pious and interesting criminal should have been left unchanged, but it is certain that the publicity of his execution, and of all the details of his conduct, produced scandalous and injurious results. The consignment of a murderer, upon his conviction, to instant and prompt oblivion, whether by hopeless imprisonment, to use Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne's words, "by a strict and complete separation from the whole outside world," or by a private execution, affording no possibility of sensation-mongering, is assuredly the only remedy for the evils which this report paints in such terrible colors.

The legal evidence deals largely with the questions of the hindrance to justice caused by the unwillingness of juries to convict in cases where the sentence must be capital, but where convictions would be certainly obtained if the punishment were secondary. This is a very strong point with Sir Fitzroy Kelly and Mr. Denman. The former lays great stress on the supposed numerous instances of

erroneous verdicts; and the tremendous responsibility of inflicting an undeserved and irreversible death punishment. Sir Fitzroy Kelly contends that poor and unfriended men would have no chance of rescue, under such circumstances, no means of bringing their case into proper prominence; and he instances, as examples of innocence rescued by timely aid from an unmerited doom, Dr. Smethurst and Mr. Kirwan. With respect to the former individual, Sir Fitzroy has a conventional right to advance his opinion as an argument, but, as regards the latter, there never was any doubt on the part of the jury who convicted him, of the perfect correctness of their verdict, and they spared no pains to make their unanimous opinion apparent.

A letter, in which all the evidence upon which they convicted Kirwan of the murder of his wife, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, is clearly and ably recapitulated, was written on behalf of the jury, signed by the foreman, and published in the Dublin newspapers at the time.

Sir Fitzroy Kelly could hardly have selected a weaker argument than the case of Kirwan, concerning whom, it may be asked, wherein he differed from Dr. Smethurst? If he committed the crime of which the jury convicted, and for which the judge sentenced him, why was he not hanged? If he did not commit it, why does he not enjoy the happy immunity of the lover of Miss Isabella Banks? why does he suffer penal servitude? Sir Fitzroy Kelly's argument is interesting, earnest, and subtle, but its general effect is weak. He was asked by Mr. Bright whether, with reference to cases of poisoning, it has occurred to him that in those cases there is especial danger of conviction, and even the execution, of innocent persons? He replied in the affirmative, and offered, as a proof, the case of a man who was undoubtedly guilty, but who was convicted, sentenced to death, and afterwards executed, upon evidence which turned out to be totally erroneous.

"I refer," says Sir Fitzroy Kelly, "to the case of Tawell. He was convicted and sentenced to death upon the evidence of certain medical men, a number of chemists and others, as to a certain way in which they declared that they

had no doubt that the woman had taken a certain poison. He, only a little while before his death, told the whole truth to Lord Nugent, and some other magistrates of Buckinghamshire, and proved to them that it was in a totally different way, so that the whole system of evidence upon which this man was convicted was incorrect from beginning to end."

This is an important fact, no doubt, supposing the homicidal quaker really did tell the "whole truth," and that proof was possible under the circumstances; but the chief points for the public are, that Tawell was guilty, and that Tawell was hanged! The legal difficulty is, of course, perceptible and serious, but it weighs but lightly against Mr. Davis's evidence that he never knew an innocent man to be hanged, or a guilty one who did not confess his guilt.

Sir Fitzroy Kelly is a more satisfactory witness than Mr. Denman, inasmuch as he goes fully into the subject of alternative punishment, supposing the death penalty to be abolished, whereas Mr. Denman entertains no theory as to a new punishment as a substitute; but "as many criminals as bad as Palmer, or even as Rush, have been acquitted, he thinks any punishment whatever that would separate such from society, must be better than that they should be acquitted, and so enabled to commit more murders." Thus we gain some insight into the difficulties of this investigation, when we find one witness urging his argument on the ground that innocent men are endangered by the present system, and another supposing a similar conclusion by the argument that guilty men escape justice. Mr. Denman does not regard the substitution of imprisonment for life for the death penalty as a very difficult matter. It is practically done now, in the numerous cases of commutation of sentence, and murderers do not kill their warders or others. This sounds plausible, but there is a great difference between a punishment which, being an alleviation of a heavier, becomes by that fact a grace, and which does not preclude, in case of additional crime, the infliction of the extreme penalty, and the same punishment inflicted as the last resource of the power of the law. It is

also quite clear that if murder is to be punished by penal servitude for life, that punishment must cease to be a form of words, and become a reality, in which case the governors of prisons become the most authoritative and important witnesses, and the medical testimony demands serious and attentive hearing.

Lieut.-Colonel Henderson, appointed to the convict service in 1850, and stationed in Western Australia until 1862, having carefully studied the question of capital punishment, is of opinion that the fear of death is the strongest deterrent from crime. He believes this conviction to be shared by almost every person who has come into immediate contact with the criminal classes. Crimes of violence were frequent in Western Australia until the new law was rigorously carried into effect in some very bad cases, since which time they have almost ceased to exist. The witness relates the final adventures of Palin, a desperate criminal frequently mentioned in the course of the evidence, and whose life had been saved in this country by strenuous exertion.

"He was the most atrocious scoundrel," says Colonel Henderson, "that ever was hanged. He broke into a house; he had a bludgeon; I never saw such a weapon in my life—it was studded all over with sharp-pointed nails. There was a lady sleeping at one end of the house, and her brother-in-law at the other; she woke up in the middle of the night and found Palin standing by her bedside, with his face masked. He placed his hand upon her to force her down into the bed; there was no doubt he entered the house with the intention of committing murder, if necessary, but he robbed the house and went away. In the morning they put the natives on his tracks, and they traced him as nicely as possible to his own house, and he was hanged for burglary with violence, being armed; the putting of his hand upon the lady constituted violence. I saw a letter which he wrote to his friends, in which he acknowledged the justice of his sentence. I told every batch of men that I had that they would be hanged for those crimes. He said that it was perfectly right that he should be hanged, and that he ought to have been hanged for a murder which

he had committed in England five or six years before. That letter I saw myself."

While the punishment inflicted for crimes of violence committed by the convicts was only a prolongation of penal servitude, such crimes were common, and Colonel Henderson believes that it would be found impossible to make imprisonment hopeless, and therefore effective. "I believe," he says, "it would take a century to prove to the criminal classes that you were in earnest, and that you would keep them locked up; not one of them would believe it." All the men now under sentence of penal servitude for life are told that they can expect no remission whatever; but they do not believe it; they know perfectly well that ten or twelve years hence their cases will be brought forward, and their crimes will be almost forgotten; they are quite sure that something will happen, and that they will be released. The following questions and answers present the proposed substitution of life sentences for the death penalty in a truly formidable aspect, and invest it with difficulties from which the public, no less than the legislature, may fairly be excused for shrinking:

"The convicts, then, struggle on," asks Mr. Waddington, "and hope for a mitigation in due time?" "No doubt of it; and if you give them no hope, you simply reduce them to the state of wild beasts; the only thing then would be to send them to a lunatic asylum, where they would be kindly treated and made comfortable."

"Do you think that any number of prisoners in that desperate condition, and with no hope, could be confined with safety to the warders?" "You could only do so by treating them as you treat the wild beasts in the Zoological Gardens."

Mr. Neate asked—"Supposing that a separate provision was made for those persons convicted of murder, and that they were kept in a prison apart, then, unless the crime increased very much, would they not be so small a number that there would be no difficulty in making a provision for their safe custody?" "That could be done." "There would be no difficulty as to the safety of the warders in that case?"

"Of course they would have to take their chance. We have men now who are very little removed from wild beasts. I do not say they are mad, but they can never be approached by one man at a time; they are more or less obliged to be treated like wild beasts, but the warder always goes with, as you may say, his life in his hand."

"Assuming that you inflicted the punishment of imprisonment for life, a man would not be kept all the time at the highest point of punishment which he would be able to bear at a time; it would always admit of temporary aggravation, in the case of any fresh offence, would it not, according to the present system?" "What you can do to a man inside a prison is very limited: you lock him up, and you must feed him, and you must clothe him."

The voluminous details, and the elaborate nature of the evidence, supply nothing which lessens the importance, or simplifies the difficulty of the position, as shown in these sentences.

Mr. Cartwright, the governor of the Gloucester County Prison, does not estimate the difficulties of secondary punishment so highly as Colonel Henderson; but he acknowledges the deterrent influence of the fear of death, while contending that "civil death, total seclusion, such arrangements as would cause the public to understand that when a man was subjected to that punishment, he would disappear for ever"—that punishment would become even more deterrent than the fear of death. The solemn question, to which there is no encouraging answer, is, will it ever be possible to make such an experiment fairly, and to carry it out in its integrity?

The classification of the crime of murder, the awful subject of infanticide, the practical inability of the law as it stands at present to deal with it, and the desperate necessity for dealing with it, form sections of this investigation of the utmost moment. The evidence, in almost every case, bears upon them, and the report of the Commissioners admirably embodies the result. The following sentences from Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne's evidence are the best expression of the situation and its demands: "If murder," says his lordship, "is the deliberate destruction of a hu-

man being, unless we lay it down that there is an age when the progeny of our race have not arrived at a title to belong to it, I see not how the murder of an infant is legally less murder than that of an adult; if it is, I wish the judges would lay down for our instruction some rule determining the exact age when this killing is murder. The grand jury always do their utmost to throw out the bill for murder. If they cannot, neither the prosecuting counsel, judge, nor jury have any other disposition but still to try and reduce the charge to the lesser crime. If these cases were got up with the pains taken in the case of adult murder, and if the Court received them in the same light, we should soon have an end of capital punishment. No civilized nation would endure the amount of execution which would follow. It may be said that, were the law strictly carried out in these cases, as in the case of the murder of adults, the crime itself would diminish in frequency. Possibly it might; but it is one of so peculiar a nature, it has existed with so little check for such a length of time, and general consent seems to have so extenuated it, that I am satisfied extreme severity would very partially arrest it."

Dr. Hood and Dr. Harrington Tuke, whose evidence forms one of the most interesting portions of this exceptional Blue Book, decline to give an opinion upon the abolition question, on the plea of not having sufficiently considered the subject. Their combined experience forms a sad and extraordinary narrative, and, as usual, they arrive at different conclusions by similar means. Dr. Hood has never known a person to be executed in whom there was incipient insanity, but has known several acquitted or pardoned, on the ground of insanity, in whom he failed to discover any symptoms of mental disease, either when they came to Bethlehem or subsequently. He distinctly holds that when a delusion *exists on any subject*, a man should not be responsible if he commits murder, though he may know right from wrong. In the course of this eminent physician's evidence, he tells one very melancholy story. It is in answer to Mr. Waddington's remark, that no criminal lunatic who has been discharged has ever committed any

crime afterwards. The story opens up another phase of this terrible subject which must some day, in its turn, receive the consideration due to it, but whose day is, necessarily, considering the magnitude of the whole matter, and the finality of human wisdom and powers, very far off. "I can give the Commissioners," said Dr. Hood, "a case where long intemperance brought on what was considered to be insanity. John Paine, an expert thief, well known to the police authorities of London and west of England, was associated with a gang of similar characters in the metropolis during the summer of 1857, and being seized with *delirium tremens*, was taken charge of and placed in the Westminster Workhouse. He there committed murder, for which he was tried, and acquitted on the ground of insanity. A warrant of her Majesty provided for his safe custody, and he was removed to Bethlehem Hospital. At the time of his reception he was sane, and showed no symptoms of insanity during his residence. An ordinary lunatic asylum is no place for such a character, who, on eleven previous convictions for felony, had been as many times confined in prison. His vicious tendencies are irrepressible by either advice or kindness; yet, though perfectly sane, the doors of every prison are closed against him, and he must remain the tenant of a lunatic asylum, where he produces constant anxiety to those who have charge of him." Dr. Tuke, who, by the way, utterly scouts the idea of Townley's insanity, and draws a very clever distinction between uncontrollable and uncontrolled impulse, tells a story of an opposite nature. It is the case of a man of the name of Fooks, who was tried at Dorchester in 1863. "The clergyman of the parish where he lived," says Dr. Tuke, "the chaplain of the gaol, and myself, all of us took to the Home Office our representations as to the insanity of this man; and I do not think it was doubted. I believe that he was hung on account of the distinctly strong ruling of the judge that he did know right from wrong, and of my evidence, in which, in reply to the question put to me by the counsel for the prosecution, 'Does this man know right from wrong?' I was obliged to answer that he did know right from wrong, because

I heard him express his regret for the act which he had committed, and I heard him speak of it as a wrong act; but at the same time the man was distinctly a mohomaniac, subject to exacerbations of homicidal insanity."

The investigation of the great question of moral responsibility, solemn and searching as it is, is inconclusive; but the public will feel grateful to Dr. Tuke for the manner in which he urges upon the Commission the importance of having experts appointed by the Court in cases of alleged lunacy (which is the French system). "'And not as partisans?' asked the chairman. 'Not as partisans,' replied Dr. Tuke. Said Lord Stanley: 'You think it hardly creditable to the medical profession that, upon every occasion, two of the most eminent authorities who can be found should be brought forward, one, as far as the fact allows, directly to contradict the evidence of the other?' 'Yes,' answered the witness, 'medical advocacy thus becomes a trade.'"

In these pages only the merest, barest outlines of the interesting matter contained in the Blue Book are indicated; the limits of the subject are as hard to define as its difficulties are hard to surmount. On the broad view, it is clear that, however we may lean to the abolition of the death penalty—however interesting the matter, and persuasive the tone, of the evidence—we must acknowledge that the bulk of public opinion, in the practical sense, the mass of testimony by those who are brought in contact with the realities of the question, are in accordance with the proposition about to be submitted to the legislature by the Government, and which, while suggesting many modifications of the existing laws, does not include a proposal to abolish capital punishment.

The British Quarterly.

THE PENINSULA OF SINAI: NOTES OF TRAVEL THEREIN.*

LEAVING the Wâdy Mokatteb, we entered the Wâdy Feirân just where it opens westward to the sea. At this point we again struck the route of the

* Concluded from page 532.

Israelites. The entrance to the Wâdy Feirân is guarded by a singular sandstone cliff, shaped like a huge fortification, round the eastern side of which we wound. The valley is the most fertile, and next to the Wâdy Sheikh the most extensive, in the peninsula; we were about eight hours in traversing the first section of it. Like all the larger valleys of Sinai, it is very picturesque and grand. The section of it north of Parân is utterly sterile and desolate: dark mountains, on either side, of splintered granite and gneiss, deeply veined with porphyry, as if some Plutonic caldron had boiled over; and so linking the valley as to form long reaches, or inland lakes—of course waterless, stern, torrid, and impressive in their molten sublimity. Unlike other mountainous countries, the bottoms of the Sinaitic valleys are flat, forming an angle with the sides, like that of water: they are alluvial deposits; that of the Wâdy Feirân is roughly corrugated by fierce torrents, and occasionally dotted with boulders. Our ride through the endless twistings of this waterless river was hot and wearying, almost distressing: the sun poured down his perpendicular streams of fire, fiercely radiated from the iron granite of the mountains, and the glassy sand of the valley; every breath of cooling breeze was inexorably shut out. The water in our zemzemias was of a very doubtful character, but this did not prevent our having frequent recourse to them.

Here, if Feirân be Rephidim, the poor panting Israelites might well murmur for water: our realization of their distress was very vivid. It is no presumption against this identification that, four or five hours farther on in the valley, abundant water flows through luxuriant groves of palm trees.

We looked out very eagerly for the palm groves of Feirân. Our hope was long deferred, as one after another only the monotonous links of the huge granite chain presented themselves. At length we came in sight of the little village of Huseiyeh, to which some of our Arabs belonged. The people greeted us kindly, and gave us handfuls of the Liliputian apples of the Nûbk tree, which, to our parched and thirsty palates, were very grateful. The "black tents of Kedar" now dotted the sides of

the valley; we had exchanged the solitude and sterility of the desert for the fertile habitations of men. Half an hour later we reached our encampment at the entrance of the palm grove of Feirân: this extends two or three miles up the valley, and consists of an extensive plantation of three or four thousand palm trees, together with tamarisks, acacias, and other shrubs. It is the "Bedouin Paradise." No wonder that the old Amalekites tried to defend it. Its fertility is caused by a stream of water, some three or four feet broad, which flows from a perennial spring at the upper end of the valley, and after traversing the entire length of the grove is lost in a cleft of the rock a short distance below Huseiyeh.

After some days' experience of the desert, where a muddy sandpool and the stunted ghurkud were unusual luxuries, the verdant grass beneath our feet, the thick shrubbery of tamarisk and broom around our tents, the feathery palm gracefully waving some fifty or sixty feet above our heads, and, above all, the gentle music of the bubbling brook at our tent door, grateful as the voice of home, were very delicious. Life was everywhere luxuriant and beautiful. Amid her countless nooks and varieties of beauty, the earth has none perhaps more fascinating and fanciful than this. It is a wilderness of tropical fertility, sequestered by rich and lofty mountains of granite; a Happy Valley, where Rasselas might have hoped for unsophisticated and virtuous dwellers, hardly to be found, however, in the squalid huts and semi-savagery of the Bedouins. To us, it was a place of delicious repose, long and pleasantly to be remembered.

Two other parties of travellers were already encamped in the palm grove. The flickering light of the camp-fires reflected from Oriental foliage, with groups of Arabs and camels reposing round them, and thrown into strong relief; the bright moon calmly shining above; the gurgling brook serenading us with its home music; the grand ranges of mountain on either side, crowned on the western side by the awful domes of Serbâl, which almost overhang the valley, made the scene one of the most impressive and memorable of our journey. Nor were we without Arab music. The

minstrel of the grove serenaded us with a most melancholy love ditty, sung to the accompaniment of a still more melancholy violin, of the rudest and most primitive construction.

We did not get much sleep, one noise or another disturbing us all night. Notwithstanding this, before the morning, a hyena from Mount Serbâl made free with the foal of a camel three days old, the bereaved mother of which carried me the next day.

At this junction of the sterile and fertile parts of the valley, there are two lateral valleys opening out of it like the transepts of a cathedral, each forming a *cul-de-sac*: that to the west, the Wâdy 'Aleiyat, is a wild picturesque glen, two or three miles in length, blocked up by the vast mass of Serbâl; it is utterly sterile, and is little more than the rugged bed of mountain torrents. That to the east is shorter; it is simply a deep amphitheatre of mountains, a bellying out of the side of the valley. By the conjunction of these four valleys, an extensive plain is formed, in the centre of which there is a low broken hill, some sixty or seventy feet in height, called the hill Hôrêrât. Upon this hill, according to the tradition, Moses stood while the battle of Rephidim raged around it. Certainly no place could more perfectly correspond to the circumstances of the history. The Amalekites would naturally wish to defend their fertile vale against the invasion of a host like that of Israel. Concealing themselves, therefore, as they easily might, in the sides of the mountains, and behind the hill Hôrêrât, they permitted the Israelites to advance to the centre of the plain, and then, bursting forth from their ambush, attacked them both in front and rear. In this way Moses would be able to ascend the "little hill," as in the original it is emphatically called הַבְּצֵלָה, and thus he would command the entire field of battle. Here then we may picture to ourselves the wondrous rod uplifted—a *bâton* serving as a standard to Joshua's army, and also a mute appeal to the God of battles; as the arms of the venerable law-giver grow weary, they are upheld by Aaron and Hur, and at length are supported by two stones for pillows. And from morning till evening, according to the firmness of the uplifted rod,

the impetuous tide of battle swayed, swelling and breaking, and angrily dashing against the rocky pedestal upon which the sublime figure of Moses stood. After the victory, the same rocky eminence would doubtless be an altar in the midst of this grand temple of nature, upon which sacrifices of thanksgiving would be offered in sight of all the people. It is now covered with the ruins of the ancient church and episcopal palace of Feirân, while round its base are ruins of the old ecclesiastical city—houses, chapels, and tombs. The mountains all round are honeycombed to the very summit with hermits' cells, and tombs.

P and F being cognate and interchangeable letters, Feirân and Parân are identical words. Feirân is the Phara of Ptolemy, from which in his day the entire district was called the Pharanitic Peninsula. It is most probably also the Parân of Scripture history and poetry, the El Parân to which Chedorlaomer and his allies chased "the Horites of Mount Seir," the "Mount Parân" from which "the Holy One came." In this place Christian altars were once erected, and Christian worship was offered. These mountain echoes, that once reiterated the terrible sounds of battle, also responded to the voice of Christian song. These dark and comfortless cells were once filled with living men, and witnessed all the strange tragedy of anchorite life—the struggle of human passion, the fervor of wrestling prayer, the unutterable desolateness of human solitariness, the weary weakness of sickness, the dark solitude of death. These hoary walls once felt the touch of human hands, and were sanctified by the holy worship of human hearts. Here lived Theodosius, the Monothelite Bishop of Feirân, who was excommunicated for his heresy. Here, too, the Tyrians once traded: so that all the interests of human life, all the play of human passion, were once vital here. Now all is solitary and desolate; a few Bedouins wander about the place by day, the jackal and the hyena roam over it at night.

Mount Serbâl is seen from Feirân in all its magnificence. It rises from its base in five great sections, blended together like the clustered columns of a cathedral: some one has happily com-

pared it to a cluster of inverted stalactites, distinguished, but not parted, by deep ravines. The ascent is commonly made from Feirân; it is arduous, but not otherwise difficult. It occupies about four hours. Dean Stanley describes the view from the summit as very magnificent.

A most interesting and important question respects the identity of Serbâl with the mountain of the law-giving. This is very strenuously and elaborately maintained by Lepsius, Mr. Bartlett, Dr. Stewart, and others. Burckhardt, Dean Stanley, Dr. Wilson, and most modern travellers, more successfully contend for the modern Sinai. The Jewish traditions are in favor of Sinai, and we can hardly conceive of these as doubtful. The early Christian traditions of the time of Eusebius and Jerome down to Justinian are in favor of Serbâl. On the other hand, the church of Justinian was built at the foot of Jebel Mousa with the concurrence of the whole Christian world. Even the monks of Serbâl never thought of disputing the claims of Sinai; and these have been admitted by almost all later writers. The inscriptions which are found upon Serbâl, even to its summit, are adduced in its favor; but there is no proof that these are Israelitish in their origin: their strange character is presumption to the contrary. It is, moreover, almost impossible to conceive of the Israelites graving any inscription upon the holy and awful mount of God; besides, there are inscriptions almost all over the peninsula. Josephus (*Ant.* iii. c. 5, § 1) speaks of Sinai as "the highest of all the mountains that are in that country;" but this is quite in accordance with his exaggerating habit: it is more applicable to Jebel Mousa than it is to Serbâl, but is literally true of neither. Importance has been attached to the fact that the episcopal city of Parân existed prior to the time of Justinian; but this proves, not that Serbâl was Sinai, but only that the Wâdy Feirân was the most fertile spot in the neighborhood of Sinai. Serbâl was undoubtedly a sacred mountain, and a place of religious pilgrimage, even prior to the Exodus. Its name points to the worship of the Phœnician Baal.

Further, it is clear from the narrative of Scripture, and is also implied by

Josephus, that Rephidim was some distance from Sinai—certainly one day's march, probably more. Feirân is as near to Serbâl as the people could come, while it is at the least sixteen or eighteen hours distant from the modern Horeb. It is further urged that the plain Er Râhah, at the foot of Horeb, and the Wâdys round the modern Sinai, are destitute of vegetation, and of the means of supporting a great multitude; and that Moses, who intimately knew the whole district, would naturally select for the place of their prolonged encampment the Wâdy Feirân, which abounds in luxuriant vegetation. To this it may be replied, that while Sinai is not so fertile as Feirân, it is by no means without vegetation and water; that after the victory at Rephidim, the resources of Feirân would be available for the people encamped on Er Râhah, and that, in all his movements, Moses was manifestly under the explicit guidance of Jehovah, and was not left to the simple dictates of his own unassisted judgment. If the history be true at all, the question can hardly be argued on the ground of mere natural probabilities. We are necessarily restricted to such intimations as are furnished by the sacred narrative. The place of the law-giving would doubtless be determined by a comparison of various considerations.

It is conclusive against the claim of Serbâl, that there is no open space near its base where a host like that of Israel could encamp before the mount, and whence its summit could be seen. From the palm grove of Feirân, the nearest possible camping-place, the actual base of the mountain cannot be seen at all. A turn of the Wâdy 'Aleiyat at its entrance completely intercepts it, and, according to Dr. Stewart, it is five miles distant. The Wâdy 'Aleiyat itself is a narrow ravine, little more than a rocky watercourse; it affords no convenience for the encampment of a multitude of people, and no possibility of their retiring afar off, according to the narrative, and at the same time maintaining their connection with the mountain. On the other hand, all the required conditions are fulfilled at Sinai with almost startling exactness.

Our way now lay up the Wâdy Feirân, and through the entire length of

the palm grove, which extends for about three miles, the regal palm gradually giving place to the tamarisk and the broom.

This fairy grove was thickly peopled with the rude huts and the tents of the Bedouins, their flocks herding near them, and their children—innocent of even a palm leaf, and brown as a chestnut, half curious, half fearful—venturing to the side of the path, or hiding behind the foliage, to get a furtive glimpse of our white faces and wide-awakes, as we passed. We were the strange objects there. The valley is richer as we ascend. A considerable accumulation of soil is fertilized by the living stream that runs through it; and even corn is grown in it; but lower down, around Parân, the conflicting torrents are too violent to permit such accumulation—all *débris* from the mountains is entirely swept away. Dr. Lepsius speaks of the traces of an ancient lake in the higher part of the valley: these we did not see; but if his observation be accurate, it is important, as indicating the former fertility of it. Lakes in similar positions are frequent enough in Switzerland, and in the mountain districts of Wales and Yorkshire.

At the head of the Wâdy Feirân the valley is divided into two branches. The one bending to the east is the Wâdy Es-Sheikh, the most extensive of the valleys of Sinai. From the head of the Wâdy Feirân, forming nearly a semicircle, it leads by a broad and easy way to the very foot of Horeb: this, doubtless, would be the route taken by the host of Israel. The valley bending to the west is the Wâdy Solâf; it is a continuation of the same sweep, but is less circular than the Wâdy Sheikh; bending round more abruptly, it forms, as it were, the flat side of a circle, which it would complete by opening into the Wâdy Sheikh near its termination at Horeb, did it not cease by running up into a kind of mountain ravine. The two valleys thus form a kind of irregular circle or ellipse, inclosing a plateau of low hills.

Leaving the Wâdy Feirân, we turned a little way down the Wâdy Sheikh, and then turning suddenly to the right struck across the rocky plateau, in a direct line to Horeb. We had thus to cross, first the Wâdy Solâf on the other side of the plateau, and then a grand range of

mountains on the farther side of it, which stands like a vast cathedral screen before the inner sanctuary of Sinai. From the plateau this outer range of mountains is seen to great advantage, and over the lower part of it glimpses of the summits of the inner mountains are obtained, among them of that of Jebel Mousa. On the right we had very fine distant views of the crown of Serbâl, always grand and imposing, from whatever point it is seen.

The vegetation of the Wâdy Feirân had given place to the rough sterile desert surface with which we had become familiar. The descent from the plateau into the desolate bed of the Wâdy Solâf was rough and steep; the valley itself seemed a region of slime-pits and limekilns. It contains numerous graves, more numerous than are easily accounted for in such a place. Dr. Stewart* says that he saw here traces of a ruined town, of which this may have been the necropolis.

The pass across this mountain breastwork of Sinai is the Nûkb Hâwy, or "Windsaddle," the most arduous and most magnificent in the peninsula. A rough camel track has been made among the huge boulders and *débris* of fallen granite, probably by the monks, to facilitate communication between Sinai and Feirân. If, as some suppose, this was the directer route to Sinai, taken by Moses and the elders, their way must have been rough indeed. Doubtless Moses had been long familiar with it.

We were about three hours in crossing, our camels laboriously following us. In some respects it is the grandest mountain pass that I have seen. It has no single spot of overpowering sublimity, like some of the passes of the Alps, but it has a sustained magnificence of its own, for which it would be difficult to find a parallel. The path skirts no fathomless abyss, the traveller hangs over no toppling precipices; throughout, his way lies along the saddle of the mountain, and on a level with what in the rainy season must be a terrific torrent, but which now, owing to the long drouth, is but a trickling and intermittent stream. The sublimity is above rather than below: wonderful granite peaks,

* *The Tent and the Khan*, p. 121.

rent, rugged and time-worn; piled-up granite masses, disintegrated, perilously balanced, and grotesque beyond all description, rise a thousand feet on either side, sometimes overhanging and threatening an imminent repetition of the stony avalanche which has filled the bed of the stream with Titanic boulders and inextricable *débris*. Among these the pathway winds and climbs as best it can. Here and there a stunted palm tree, or a diminutive acacia, relieves the stony desolateness. An occasional spring refreshes the hot and weary traveller, and preserves the little rill from annihilation. A new plant or flower, or a curious fossil may occasionally be picked up, and a few mysterious inscriptions may be seen. Throughout its length of six or seven miles it is a scene of vast and wild desolation, utterly inconceivable by those who have not seen it, utterly indescribable by those who have.

A short distance beyond the summit of the pass the peaks of Sinai rise into view. We had long been looking for them, with an intensity of feeling that imposed silence upon us all, and that deepened into awe when we really saw the mountain that God had touched, and from which he had spoken. Photographs had made me acquainted with the face of Horeb, and I at once recognized its pillared peaks with an almost startling familiarity.

We descended from Nûkb Hâwy upon a large plain, which gradually opened before us. It is about two miles in length, and three quarters of a mile in average width. It is grandly framed in lofty mountains; the range which we had just crossed formed its northern end, receding a little, so as to form a large space at its north northwest corner. Its western side is the Jebel Ghûbsheh; its eastern the Jebel Fureiâ, a mountain plateau lying in the angle formed by the plain and the Wâdy Sheikh; the edge next the plain extending to the point is called the Jebel Sena, probably a tradition of the old name Sinai. The southern end of the plain is formed by the almost perpendicular cliffs of Râs Sûfsâfeh, the Horeb of Scripture, extending right across it, and rising from it to the height of fifteen hundred feet. About the middle of the plain is a watershed, one part of it sloping gently down to

the north, the other to the south or southeast. This is the plain Er-Râhah, "the plain of rest." And the first view of it strongly excited the feeling that Dr. Robinson describes. We could none of us resist the conviction that here, sequestered from the world, and as in the mighty nave of a cathedral, "a temple not made with hands"—the host of Israel stood before God, the awful pile of Horeb being the altar upon which the divine glory rested. Of course this was matter of mere impression, but we could not resist it. Our previous reading had led us to the conclusion, and our observation confirmed it; for nothing can be more perfect than the correspondence between the place and the history. The summit of Horeb can be seen from every part of the plain, so that the cloud which rested upon it would be visible to all the people. At the southeast corner is the broad opening of Wâdy Sheikh, from which also Horeb is visible; we may imagine it, therefore, also covered with the tents of Israel.

The mountain mass of Sinai, of which Râs Sûfsâfeh is only the northern end, corresponds in shape and area to the plain Er-Râhah. Roughly speaking, it is rectangular, its southern end being a little the broader, and having its corners rounded. It is about the same average width as the plain, and perhaps a little longer. It stands a little more to the west, so that the boundary lines of the mountain are not exactly a continuation of the boundary lines of the plain. Thus, on the eastern side of the mountain, the opening of the narrow Wâdy Deir, also called the Wâdy Shu'eib, or valley of Jethro, in which the convent of St. Katherine stands, is included within the southern end of the plain, from which the path to the convent leads in a straight line. A similar valley, the Wâdy Lejâ—a tradition, possibly, of Jethro's daughter—forms the western boundary of Sinai. This is entered from Er-Râhah by turning a little to the right. The Wâdy Lejâ divides the isolated mass of Sinai from the irregular and more lofty range of Jebel Katherine—Jebel Katherine itself being to the southwest of Sinai. In the Wâdy Lejâ the convent of El-Arba'in stands, whose gardens of fruit-trees and cypresses relieve the desolate-

ness of the scene and mourn over it. At the southern end of Sinai these two side valleys are connected by a broad, irregular, and rugged valley, the Wâdy Sebâ-yeh; and as this valley is commanded by Jebel Mousa, Ritter and others have supposed that this was the place of the encampment, and that Jebel Mousa was the mountain of divine manifestation. This is not impossible, but for many reasons it is improbable. It is much rougher and more broken than Er-Râhah, and much less convenient for the encampment of a great multitude, who would have to spread out laterally. It is much more difficult of access, only one or two narrow valleys, little more than mountain passes, leading to it; nor is it easy to conceive why the people should have turned away from the broad, level plain Er-Râhah, and the wide opening of the Wâdy Sheikh, to reach a camping ground in every respect inferior, and even less impressive. The top of Jebel Mousa, moreover, where Moses communed with God, would, contrary to the statement of the narrative, have been visible to all the people, and their idolatry and dancing would have been seen by Moses at every step of his descent. Nor is there any possibility of the people "removing and standing afar off," nor is there any "brook that descended out of the mount," as there is at Süfsâfeh. The mountain itself, moreover, does not overhang the plain, but is protuberant and broken, from the top to the bottom. The only reason for the theory is the gratuitous supposition that Jebel Mousa was the mountain of divine manifestation to the people—a supposition which really perplexes and confuses the narrative. To understand the narrative of the law-giving, it must be borne in mind that there are two principal summits of Sinai—Râs es-Süfsâfeh at its northern, and Jebel Mousa at its southern extremity. The former rises like a castellated wall, crowned by three principal turrets or peaks from the plain Er-Râhah. The latter is not seen from the plain, being upwards of two miles behind Râs Süfsâfeh. All the conditions of the history are fulfilled, if we suppose that it was Jebel Mousa to which Moses ascended to commune with God, out of sight of the people; and that it was Râs Süfsâfeh upon which the divine glory

was manifested to the people, and from which the ten "words" of Sinai were spoken in their hearing.

The sun was setting as we descended upon the plain from the Nûkb Hâwy, and a flush of wondrous crimson clothed the front of Horeb with fire; this rapidly faded into a dusky twilight brown; then the moon arose on the southeast across the Jebel Fureiâ, and the whole scene was gradually touched and lighted by its pale radiance, until it ultimately rested in a luminous silver gray, which, by the time that we reached Horeb, suffused the whole mass in solemn splendor. At that moment, singularly enough, some light, fleecy clouds upon its top assumed the form of rays shooting upward, as if some faint lingerings of the olden glory still streamed from it. And thus we rode across the plain, scarcely a single feature altered, where for twelve months the Hebrews were encamped, where they heard the sound of the awful trumpet, and the voice of God, and saw the mountain "altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire."

Almost unconsciously we fell apart, that we might surrender ourselves to the thoughts and feelings which the almost awful solitude of this moonlight approach to Sinai inspired. The cleft face of Horeb looked down grandly and majestically, just as three thousand years ago it did, upon the scene of the people's fear and vows; the scene also of their licentious idolatry. And there down its eastern side Moses, with the tables of the Law in his hands, descended from Jebel Mousa, and heard the riotous shouting and singing.

Proceeding up the Wâdy Deir on the east side of Horeb, we at length reached the convent of St. Katherine, more strictly of the Transfiguration, which is about a mile up the valley, which it fills. The awful buttresses of Jebel Mousa, a thousand feet high, overhang it, and look into every corner of it. The convent itself is five thousand feet above the level of the sea. We thundered long and loudly at the door, but no one answered: it seemed a dwelling of the dead. At length a monk appeared at a narrow loop-hole, in the upper part of the building, and, after a while, a second, upon the parapet of the roof. It being an hour or more

after sunset, we were refused admission ; the vociferations of our Arabs, the arguments of our dragoman, and our own loudly-expressed remonstrances notwithstanding. In vain we proffered our letter from the Patriarch at Cairo ; in vain we told them that we had made a forced march of some fourteen hours in order to spend Sunday in the convent ; in vain we told them that, having sent our tents round by the Wâdy Sheikh, they could not arrive before noon the next day ; that one of our number was unwell ; that we had but little provision, and no bedding. The holy brotherhood were inflexible : they would throw us down coverlids ; they would give us bread and olives ; they would even admit us into a kind of garden-court, where we might make a fire, and where the stones were not quite so hard, and where, if we preferred it to sleeping, we might have access to the convent garden and walk among its olives and cypress trees : but admission to the convent itself was impossible. We were very angry at first, but soon adjusted ourselves to the situation, and ultimately made ourselves very comfortable ; the romance of the circumstances giving a zest to our enjoyment, and an indelibility to the memory of it, which none of us would willingly forego. Our Arabs soon made a fire, and cooked a dinner of such as they had. The coarse brown bread of the monks was very grateful, their olives very nauseous, the tchibouk after dinner very delicious. We then adjusted our wraps upon the stones as we best could, covered ourselves with the thick quilts of the monks, fixed our umbrellas so that the moon might not "smite us by night ;" and there we lay all in a row, like six Templars in the chancel of a church — only somewhat less quiet. The Congregational Union of England and Wales, represented by one of its ex-presidents, its president actual, and its president elect, not only prostrate at the foot of Sinai, but ignobly doomed to the stony courtyard of a few ignorant Greek monks ! Like many other trials of life, the hardship was only in anticipation ; our night was, on the whole, an enjoyable one. The outlying peaks of Jebel Mousa looking right down upon us, reminded us that probably Moses, and possibly Elijah, and also Paul, had often

slept upon this very spot, with only a mantle to wrap round them ; and with this thought we fell asleep, our wraps making us rather too warm than otherwise. In that wild region the monks had no doubt sufficient reason for their caution ; only their care for their safety was in excess of their hospitality.

About seven in the morning, a low and impregnable iron door was opened, leading from the courtyard, and, through intricate vault-like passages, we were admitted into the convent. We were conducted to a corridor of small rooms — not over clean — for centuries the lodgings of travellers, known and unknown. After hasty ablutions we went into the Greek Church, where one of the eight daily services was being celebrated, not much however to our edification ; for with the inspiration of the place, and of the Sabbath whose law was there given, with the catholic feeling that recognizes every form of devotion which travel produces strong upon us, and with every predisposition to worship, we found worship utterly impossible. In mere ritual form and rapid irreverence, the service of the Greek Church of the Transfiguration was far worse than any service of the Latin Church that I have seen. Anything farther removed from spiritual feeling and devotional significance it is impossible to conceive. There were about a dozen monks present, some of them maintaining their places in the narrow high-backed stalls which are seen in every Greek church, and others of them walking about, doing different things, and joining in the service by snatches of response. One of the ancient Greek liturgies was used : but the literal gabble of the reader, especially in the reiterated "Kyrie Eleison" — the hard, perfunctory cracked voice of the officiating priest — the lugubrious intoning, and the discordant and melancholy mirth of the singing, produced upon us all an impression of most painful incongruity with the place and its associations. And no wonder, when the long service has to be gone through eight times daily ; for if this does not destroy all religious sensibility, nothing will. Even upon our stony beds we pitied the poor wretches, when we were awake by the midnight bell summoning them to prayer. The convent and church were built by Jus-

tinian in A.D. 549; and although often repaired, a great part of the original structure remains. A more bewildering labyrinth of chapels, cells, and courtyards, staircases, galleries, and passages, interspersed with here and there a cypress or olive tree, can hardly be imagined. It is a strong, rough, square building, 245 feet by 204, inclosed in massive walls. It was very extensively repaired by the French during the occupation of Egypt, so that some parts of it are modern. The church, a Byzantine building, is in good condition. It consists of a simple nave and two side aisles. The floor is tessellated marble, wrought into various devices. The ceiling is vaulted, and very rich in a grand mosaic of the Transfiguration, with a border of prophets and apostles. The decorations of the church are costly, but, as in most Greek churches, very tawdry; pieces of carpet, silk, and even of cotton, with wretched pictures of mediæval saints, are hung about everywhere. In the nave I counted no fewer than fifty lamps, of all materials and of all shapes—from costly silver to common glass chandeliers. Over the apex are portraits of the Emperor Justinian and his empress, said to be authentic, and coeval with the church; also a picture of Moses upon his knees before the burning bush. In the chancel behind the altar are carefully preserved the skull and the hand of St. Katherine, who was miraculously carried through the air from Alexandria to the neighboring mountain that bears her name. In the same place there is also a magnificent portrait of the saint, richly jewelled, and forming the cover of a chest or sarcophagus. Just behind the chancel is the small chapel of the "Burning Bush," said to have been erected by the Empress Helena, over the very spot in which the Bush stood. The chapel is very richly decorated; its floor is covered with costly carpets, and the place of the Bush is inlaid with silver. It is still "holy ground," and, like Moses, we had to "put our shoes off our feet," before we might enter it.

After breakfast we saw the library, which consisted chiefly of printed books, some portions of them comparatively modern: among them the Lexicon of Suidas, a fine edition of Chrysostom, and editions of the Greek fathers. No

doubt the library contains also some very precious mss., were it possible to secure for some competent scholar a thorough examination of them. In the archbishop's room, which was comfortably furnished and hung with portraits, we inspected the celebrated golden ms. of Theodosius, a minute description of which is given in the *Athenæum* of Nov. 12th, 1864. It is written on vellum in letters of gold, and very beautifully illuminated. We saw also an exquisite microscopic psalter of the same period, said to have been written by a lady: the characters are so small that they can not be read without a magnifying glass.

From the library we went to the charnel-house in the garden, near which we had unwittingly slept. We crept into it through a low door and came upon a ghastly array of skulls and bones. When a monk dies, his body is put into a separate chamber till it is decomposed. The skeleton is then taken to pieces, and the bones are arrayed in fanciful and horrid symmetry—the skulls in one pile, the thigh bones in another, the ribs in another. In a corner is the grim squatting skeleton of a celebrated anchorite, who was found in his cell with bent head and clenched hands, conquered in his lonely wrestle with death. A crimson gilt cap covered his ghastly head, and an ornamented cloth was thrown over his dried-up bones.

Close to the church, the one wall apparently touching the other, is a Mohammedan mosque erected, according to an ms. found in the library by Burckhardt, in the fourteenth century, the effect probably of fear in the days of Musulman power. It is now scarcely ever used, and only when some Mohammedan of rank visits the convent. It is strange to see the crescent of its minaret glittering within a few feet of the Christian cross. Mohammed is said to have visited the convent when a camel driver, and in the after days of his prophetic power he commended the pious monks to the forbearance and protection of his followers. A mosque and a church are in like conjunction on the top of Jebel Mousa.

As it is approached by daylight from the plain of Er-Râhah, the appearance of the convent in that wild mountain soli-

tude is very striking; its vast, irregular, prison-like buildings, filling the entire valley, the dark cypresses of the garden contrasting with the light green of the olive tree, and with the bright blossom of the almond tree, where all else is sterility.

We were not sorry, after lunch, to regain possession of our tents, which had been pitched at the foot of Horeb at the entrance to the Wady Deir, close by Jethro's well. There we spent the rest of this memorable Sunday, and after short tent service we enjoyed a quiet and thoughtful evening. It is not often in a lifetime that the religious heart is subjected to such influences.

We had now reached the farthest point of our wanderings; henceforth every footstep would be homeward.

The next morning we ascended Jebel Mousa, which, according to Dean Stanley, is 7564 feet above the level of the sea. The ascent commences just above the convent. It is steep, but not difficult, and is facilitated in several places by broken steps, the remains of a rough staircase said to have been made by the Empress Helena. A monk from the convent was our guide. One or two servants accompanied us, carrying coffee for our refreshment at the top—a provision which we greatly scorned at the outset, but upon which we afterwards looked more favorably. We soon reached the 'Ain-el-Jebel, or mountain spring—a fresh, clear fountain, with maiden's hair fern clustering beautifully round it. A little further, and we came to a small chapel, where we rested while the monk burned incense. It is dedicated to the Virgin; the legend thereof being, that once upon a time the convent was so infested with fleas that the monks abandoned it. On the place where the chapel stands they were met by the Virgin, who, to induce them to return, promised that henceforth their tormentors should be excluded from the convent. The monks accepted the conditions, and ever since, it is said, the convent has been as free from fleas, as, through the saintly efficacy of St. Patrick, Ireland is free from toads. This chapel was erected in commemoration of the vision and the miracle. Our own experience, however, furnished a dubious corroboration of the latter—either the miracle is in a condi-

tion of damaged efficacy, or it does not extend to travellers.

About half way up we passed through a cleft of the mountain under two archways, distant from each other about ten minutes' walk. At these, in the good old times, monks used to stand to confess all pilgrims, a process necessary to enable their passage. Hence it is said that no Jew was ever able to get through. The second archway opens upon a secluded little plain—a singular amphitheatre in the very heart of Sinai, surrounded by magnificent peaks and walls of granite—in the centre of which is a little inclosed garden, with a solitary cypress standing at its entrance, and near it a spring and a pool of water, the latter large enough to supply the refreshment of a bath. A few paces from the cypress is the chapel of Elijah, said to be built over the place of the prophet's abode in Horeb. One compartment of the chapel contains the cave in which he "lodged"—a hole just large enough to contain the body of a man, and into which, as I ascertained by experiment, he might creep. Here he "wrapped his face in his mantle, and went out and stood at the entering in of the cave," when after the storm and the earthquake, which rent the mountains upon which we gazed, the Lord "passed by" and spake to him in the "still small voice." Of course no credence can be given to these monkish traditions beyond the probability that the divine manifestation took place in some such locality of the mountain, and there is no other so likely as this.

Sinai is a great temple "not made with hands," and this is its very "holy of holies." It is a place into which, through a stupendous veil of granite which shuts out even the Bedouin world, God's priests may enter to commune with him. In all probability it is the place to which Joshua and the elders accompanied Moses when he went to the top of Jebel Mousa to commune with God. No other place affords conditions equally likely.

From this little plain we obtained our first view of Jebel Mousa—yet some thousand feet above us towards the south. On our way we passed the footprint of Mohammed's camel.

At length we stood upon "the top of

the mount"—the most sacred spot upon the earth's surface; Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans holding it in a common reverence. A little Christian church, till recently a ruin but now just restored, and a Mohammedan mosque stand side by side on the summit—either a stroke of not very dignified policy, or an expression of very unwonted liberality. About Mount Sinai the two faiths are at any rate on very amicable terms; but there is no Jewish synagogue. Hated and persecuted by both Mohammedans and Christians, the Jews are rarely permitted to consecrate their sacred spots; and yet surely the older and more sacred of the traditions of Sinai pertain to them.

The top of Jebel Mousa is of gray granite. The lower part of it, and the general mass of the mountain, including Râs Süfsâfeh, are of red granite. In the red granite of Jebel Mousa Dendrite stones—that is, stones marked with fossil trees or ferns—are found. Pococke, Shaw, and the older travellers, speak of them as among the wonders of Sinai; but Dean Stanley speaks of it as curious that they have not been found in later times. We have them very plentifully near a road which the Pasha began to construct, but did not complete; we brought away some specimens.

The testimony of travellers had prepared me for a view from the top of Jebel Mousa much more limited than the reality. Robinson, especially, who refers all the sacred interest of Sinai to Râs Süfsâfeh, unduly disparages it. Jebel Mousa is lower by one thousand feet than its neighbor, Jebel Katherine, and, of course, the view from it is much more circumscribed; but, notwithstanding, it is very magnificent. A large part of the peninsula lies before the traveller—a scene of tumultuous and intricate confusion, jagged mountain tops rising from the shadows of deep valleys, and linked together without intervening plains. From different sides of the summit the greater part of the Sinaitic Alps may be seen; Jebel Katherine, streaked with snow, blocks the view on the southwest, and conceals Um Shômer, higher than itself; the peaks of Süfsâfeh conceal the plain of Er-Râhah on the north. In almost every other direction the view is very extensive. On the northwest are seen what Dr. Wilson,

Laborde, and Dr. Stewart affirm to be the summits of Serbâl, but what Dr. Robinson and Dean Stanley affirm to be the double peak of El-Banât. We thought it Serbâl; and if, as Mr. Stewart affirms, Jebel Mousa is visible from Serbâl, why not Serbâl from Jebel Mousa? On the northeast 'Akabah may be seen, and the Arabian mountains beyond the gulf. On the south, Râs Mohammed, the point of the peninsula, is visible; and, a little to the north of it, a glimpse of the gulf, with the little island of Tinieh resting on its bosom, is obtained. The far north is bounded by the indefinite horizon of the Great Desert, with the pass Nûkb of Hâwy in the foreground. A little to the east of this, over Jebel Fureiâ, the mighty mountain wall of the Jebel Tih is visible. Unfortunately, the atmosphere was not very clear; our prospect, therefore, was more indistinct and limited than otherwise it would have been. Descending the sides of Jebel Mousa a little, three of the valleys that insulate Sinai may be traced, the plain Er-Râhah being shut out by Râs Süfsâfeh, as also part of Wâdy El-Deir. We were chiefly interested in the Wâdy Sebayeh—the place, as some think, of the encampment of the people while the Law was proclaimed from Jebel Mousa. This we saw in all its extent; but it only deepened our conviction concerning the claims of Er-Râhah.

Most remarkable of all was the view, northward, of the interior summits of Sinai itself—a Titanic wilderness of weather-beaten masses of granite, shaping themselves into the most fantastic forms, and overhanging with indescribable sublimity the ravines that separated them. After spending about an hour upon the summit, and reading the sacred history associated with it, we descended to the little plain; but instead of leaving it through the archway leading down to the convent, three of us started for the summit of Râs Süfsâfeh, about two miles distant. Our path wound through narrow valleys and over rugged passes of granite. Never have I been so impressed with huge forms of mountain magnificence and grotesqueness: they are as overwhelming from their own awful grandeur as from their inseparable associations. The bottoms of these internal valleys are covered with odoriferous

plants; each, indeed, is a perfect "garden of herbs," most of them unknown to me. In one or two places are little chapels—one dedicated to John the Baptist, another dedicated to the "Virgin of the Zone;" the latter is the most northern, and is at the foot of the precipice of Süfsáfah. Two willows grow near it, which give its name, "Mountain of the Willow," to the peak. From this chapel the ascent of about five hundred feet to the summit is very steep and arduous; it is, indeed, a rough scramble up an almost perpendicular ravine, over huge detached blocks of granite. We accomplished it in about twenty minutes; and then we stood upon "Horeb, the mount of God," on the very summit of the central peak, once covered with clouds and darkness, and refulgent with the glory of the Lord—

"Where all around, on mountain, sand, and sky,
God's chariot-wheels have left distinctest trace."

Er-Râhah in its entirety lies stretched before us; the wide entrance to Wâdy Sheikh opens on the right; the boundaries which kept off the people—either an alluvial *débris*, or the side of a natural valley—are around the base of the mountain; the Hill of Aaron, where he cast the golden calf, is just beyond.

If the view from below was impressive, not the less was the view from above. The riven peaks around us were stern and awful in their grandeur. Could they but have testified what they had seen! Their character is in striking harmony with the associations of the place.

And yet it was not without its discord. On a mountain to the left, over against Râs Süfsáfah—the Jebel Tina—is an unfinished modern palace of Abbas Pasha, glittering like the last new house in the Boulevards; a monument of folly and bad taste.

It is impossible to convey mere impressions to others, and of course their subjective value depends upon their recipient: but having traversed the summits of this vast pile of Sinai from one end to the other, having looked down into each of the four valleys which isolate it, having looked up to it from various points below, and having a distinct and

vivid conception of it in its entirety, we all felt, first, its unique grandeur—grand in the approaches to it, grand in itself, the adytum of a great temple of Nature consecrated by God to himself; and next, the wonderful harmony between the place and the history—a harmony to be found nowhere else in equal perfection. We could not doubt that this was the scene of the law-giving, and that the two summits, Jebel Mousa and Râs Süfsáfah, were the mountains of divine manifestation to Moses and the people respectively. On this supposition there is not a requirement of the narrative that is not perfectly fulfilled. No place or conditions can be conceived of more suitable for such a manifestation.

For a while we surrendered ourselves to its almost overpowering associations and solemnities. We could almost fancy that the mountains still felt the awe of his presence; that the atmosphere still thrilled with his voice; that all around still bore the impress of his touch.

Every traveller has remarked the distinctness with which, in the region of Sinai, sounds can be heard at an almost incredible distance. The exaggerations of the Arabs—one of whom told Carsten Niebuhr that their shout could be heard from Jebel Mousa to the Gulf of 'Akabah—as well as the sober testimony of travellers who have made experiments, attest this. According to Mr. Sandie, ordinary conversation on the plain Er-Râhah can be heard nearly half a mile. A thunderstorm, which he heard on Sinai, is described by Dr. Stewart as stupendously grand. This may possibly be attributed in part to the structure of the mountains, and in part to the absence of vegetation. This has an interesting bearing upon the utterance of the Law. There is no reason to think that the voice from the holy mount was loud and reverberating like thunder: the impression which the narrative makes is of a voice distinct and clear, rather than overwhelmingly grand. Philo says: "The Law was uttered with such calmness and distinctness that the people seemed to be seeing rather than hearing it."

We rapidly descended to our tents by one of the ravines on the eastern side of the mountain—an almost perpendicular watercourse, which it would be well-

nigh almost impossible to climb. The "descensus" was anything but "facilis." It brought us into the valley just by Jethro's well and our tents; the rest of the latter was very welcome.

On the morning of Tuesday we prepared to leave Sinai. It is impossible to avoid a feeling of melancholy at the almost barbarous and utterly irreligious condition of the district. A greater destitution of religious feeling, and even idea, than that which characterizes the Towâra Arabs, cannot be imagined; they may be gentle in blood, but we should scarcely do them an injustice, were we, in religious respects, to place them on the level of the lowest African savage. In Mussulman cities nothing is more common than to see Arabs pray; we never saw a Towâra pray; nor, as far as we could learn, have they any ordinances of religious worship or instruction. And yet the district of Sinai has been inhabited by as many as six thousand monks at a time: traces of monasteries and convents are to be found everywhere. Unlike the self-sacrificing monks and missionaries of the Latin Church, the Greek monks of the Convent of the Transfiguration never think of teaching the Arabs either the arts of civilization or the glad tidings of the Gospel. "It is hard," says Dean Stanley, "to recall another institution with such opportunities so signally wasted. It is a colony of Christian pastors planted among heathens, who wait on them for their daily bread, and for their rain from heaven; and hardly a spark of civilization or Christianity, as far as history records, has been imparted to a single tribe or family in that wild wilderness. It is a colony of Greeks, of Europeans, of ecclesiastics, in one of the most interesting and most sacred regions of the earth: and hardly a fact, from the time of their first foundation to the present time, has been contributed by them to the geography, the geology, or the history of a country which in all its aspects has been submitted to their investigation for thirteen centuries."

The scene of our departure was strange enough. Some of our camels and men, according to the regulations of the Arabs, had to be exchanged for others. Every Arab in the district who possessed a camel was eager to be employed. As

many as fifty or sixty men beset our encampment and scrambled for our things. The confusion and violence were indescribable. Every little bag was seized by four or five Arabs simultaneously—struggling, vociferating, gesticulating to the utmost of their power. Haasan and his servants were powerless. He and 'Abishai, his chief lieutenant, armed themselves, therefore, with the stoutest sticks that they could find, and with both hands laid about them most lustily, running from one group to another, and belaboring the hands and arms that were struggling at a portmanteau. Finding this ineffectual, Haasan would occasionally dash his fist into the face of an Arab, and by a kind of a sustained push, back him out of the *mêlée*. The clamor of European porters and commissionaires is bad enough, but it is gentleness itself compared with that of the Arabs. Choose your porter, and the rest fall off. You cannot choose your Arab. He has no idea of a verbal engagement; and so long as you are within reach he will attempt to transfer you and your baggage to his own camels. The entire property of an Arab consists of his camel; and all its produce is the very occasional employment for it that he can obtain. Blood is frequently shed on such occasions. Happily it was not so in this instance, although the struggle continued for two hours. We could do nothing but stand by, infinitely amused—compelled to admire the perfect forms, the manly grace, and the picturesque attitudes of many of the vociferating Arabs.

We did not get off till nine o'clock, and for some miles we were escorted by a number of disappointed men with their unemployed camels. It was an irreverent and even painful departure from such a place. I did, however, in the confusion manage to get apart for a short time, and my last look at the Holy Mount was a quiet and silent one. Shortly after, however, two or three Arabs seized my camel, and with the peculiar guttural which brings a camel to his knees, they thrice arrested my progress, vociferating and shouting, trying to induce me to dismount and transfer myself to another beast, till I was in danger of being treated like a portmanteau—my legs and arms pulled in opposite directions. Has-

san, according to his custom, had remained behind, to see everything cleared from the encampment, and, except by physical resistance, I had no means of remonstrating. As I had a good camel, I did not choose to part with it; so, as often as it was brought to its knees, I made it rise again; the chief inconvenience being the violent shuttlecock motion caused by a camel's rising, the first pitch of which almost sends you over its head, the second almost breaks your back, the third propels you forward again, and it is not till the fourth that you are fairly up; and all this was aggravated in this instance by the further disturbance of a pull at one leg or the other. I was, however, by this time, a tolerably expert camel rider, and kept my seat. Happily 'Abishai came up, and seeing my predicament, put a stout stick into my hand, with the wholesome advice, "If they touch you again, beat them." I was not again molested; but for some hours the disappointed candidates for the honor of carrying us accompanied our caravan, maintaining a fierce and almost deafening controversy with their more fortunate companions.

Our way lay down the Wady Sheikh; our destination was Gaza, by the Khan Nákhl, which we reached fourteen days afterwards.

H. A.

Bentley's Miscellany.

THE LITERATURE OF DREAMS.

DREAMS must always be a subject of interest, stimulating as they do two of the most powerful motives of the human mind, curiosity and superstition, which, again, are the parents of knowledge, and also of those religions which sprang from the classification of natural phenomena when these eluded the sagacity of the earlier denizens of this world.

Moreover, "In the youth of the world it suited the purpose of God to show His power of appropriation and sanctification of all nature and of all human activity. Thus it pleased Him early in the history of the second mundane generation to illustrate and to dignify the dream by manifestations therein either of Himself or His angelic ministers."

The Literature and Curiosities of Dreams sets before the reader, clearly

and elegantly, all that has been said on the subject in time past, and contains the evidences of such extensive scholarship, that there can be but one opinion of the zeal and ability of the author. The task was compassed with the great difficulties not only of compilation, but of management, and in some respects reminds one of the *History of Fiction** in style, and of the *Anatomy of Melancholy* in its erudition. In other respects, it is essentially different from both, and takes up its station in the ranks of literature with a dignity which its title might misrepresent to the casual observer, accustomed only to the vulgar works professing to give a key to the future.

In the classification of materials, we find chapters more or less interesting on the Place of Dreams, Biblical Dreams, Dreams of Divine Origin, Ancient and Modern Interpretations, Opinions, Arguments for Immortality, Responsibility and Moral Uses of Dreams, Analogies of Dreaming and Insanity, Dreams of Animals, Remarkable Dreams, Ancient and Modern, and a Dictionary of Interpretations.

It will thus be seen that the range of the work is very extensive, and embraces, within a comparatively small space, a *resumé* of so many curious and abstruse theories, lucidly illustrated, that it is difficult, where the author so carefully reserves his own opinions, to make a selection. There are one or two points, however, of primary importance which cannot fail to strike the reader. For instance, it is clear that *memory* must be regarded as the test of dreams, that general interpretations will not suit individual cases, and, in this respect, present the same obstacle as the inapplicability of fixed or standard readings or laws of judicial astrology. One law does not govern the interpretation alike for all, but, on the contrary, we constantly find, that while, with one, dreams of horses pre-
sage a certain class of events, they may be followed in the case of another by invariably a totally dissimilar fulfilment.

"The stars incline, but not enforce," may be said likewise of certain dreams, and especially of those of an allegorical or symbolic character, which, when vivid,

* Dunlop.

will often arrest a man in the prosecution of some favorite but perhaps unwise undertaking. They are, therefore, unsubstantial messengers in one sense, even although the pure materialist may argue their origin in some disturbance of the organic frame.

Such dream-messengers are akin to, and not less remarkable, perhaps, than those angels whose "*bodies*, and the food which they ate," when their mission ended, resolved themselves "*into nothing*, or the *preëxisting elements*."* The *mission* and *object* are in such cases the *reality*, the medium of communication being, to a certain extent, unimportant.

There is absolutely no limit to the belief in the divine nature of dreams. From the earliest dawn of history, as our author shows, dreams have been considered sufficiently important to be recorded, when events generally regarded as of more material consequence at the present day have perhaps been passed over in silence; and this importance attached to dreams in the ancient world may have been the evidence of that innate hope of immortality, or a spiritual existence hereafter, which has always been so sad and so dear a speculation. By dreams, which reduce absolutely to nonentity the rules of time and space, men recognized, and even now are unwilling to deny, that life is twofold, with incidents alike pleasing and pathetic, tragic and comic, in sleep as when waking.

Ideas, and a knowledge of words or language, says a well-known theorist, keep pace; consequently, he whose command of language is limited has not the means of forming extended ideas, and without these latter his dreams must be comparatively few and uninteresting. There may be a class of words unknown to us, the absence of which prevents our forming *precise* ideas of the wondrous phenomena about us, and of comprehending the mystery even of our own being. Perhaps in dreams such ideas may occasionally be dimly shadowed forth, and were there any psychological art analogous to that of photography, by arresting the passing shadows in our dreams, and then comparing them with the daily

incidents of life, we might be enabled to span that gulf which now absolutely divides the material from the spiritual.

There was published some years ago in India † a tale — if tale it could be called — in which a chronological consistency or continuity was given by the author to a series of actual dreams. The phantom *dramatis personæ* were reduced in number, and from them was selected a *biological* heroine. The whole was cemented by descriptions of natural scenery, and suggestive quotations at the heads of the various chapters, which produced a grotesque effect. The object seemed to be, to show the contrast between the adventures of a person during sleep and when awake. But the most curious part of the whole is, that some years later, in a book styled *The Hash-ush-Eater*, in which the visions narrated were produced by the *drug* in question, a very striking similarity may be recognized to the ephemeral production of the Delhi press.

There seem to be three kinds of dreams — the terrestrial, the spiritual, and the celestial. Of the first are dreams essentially of the earth earthy, and such as may be referred to physical causes, and whose grand type is the incubus, or nightmare. Of the second are those dreams which convey warnings from the dead, and which are composed partly of the incidents of ordinary life, with such as are termed supernatural. To this class belong most of the portentous dreams of which we read in profane history, and those phenomena which form a link between things purely material and those spiritual. The third class of dreams is in many respects entirely different from the former, and appears to betray a higher origin, inasmuch as it must be evident that it is independent not only of physical conditions, but even of mental, so far as regards a normal condition of the brain. Moreover, these (so to speak) celestial dreams are, for the most part, generally typical or analogous to something else — are more distinct — even in this respect approaching to the nature of a vision — and are of an abstract character. In these, too, the transitions from beauty to deformity,

* *Militia Spiritualis*; or, *a Treatise of Angels*. By HENRY LAWRENCE. London. 1652.

† *Idone*; or, *Incidents in the Life of a Dreamer*. Delhi. 1852.

from pleasure to pain, from bliss to despair, may so rapidly alternate as to satisfy one that no derangement and restoration of the digestive organs could, in the short space of time, produce such vicissitudes in the world of dreams. Here, too, we wander in regions unknown to our waking perceptions or past experience—nay, even to imagination; incidents are connected, and, instead of the companions of our waking hours, we are either alone among pregnant symbolisms, or move among visible and living intelligences, such as we call angels. The forms of the material world no doubt enter into these phantasmas or visions, and the result, on waking, is an indelible impression which does not fade with years, but leaves the mystic streets and squares of the spiritual cities which we may have visited quite as distinct as the recollection—nay, more so—of those of this terrestrial sphere which are familiar to us.

Sometimes, however, there may, in a higher state of oneiral exaltation, occur forms such as are not to be described by words, and whose appearance can only be expressed by similitudes. Thus—"as it were the likeness of a man's hand"—not that the form was in very fact a hand, but rather a something analogous to it; "as it were the voice of a man"—yet not that exact sound, but its *archetypal effect*—intelligence conveyed by a sense analogous to that of hearing, and yet not referable to any of our corporeal senses—just as we say the "voice of conscience" for want of a better analogue.

"The terror by night," some have supposed to mean "*panic*"—that strange influence to which the warlike Romans offered propitiatory sacrifices—and others "*nightmare*;" but may we not rather assume that it means that class of dreams which impinges on the sphere of visions of a denunciatory character?

At the present day, however convenient it may be for the practical man of the world to ignore the supernatural, there are few who, if ingenuous, would not admit the effect, more or less, of dreams on their waking thoughts—not perhaps to the extent of influencing their actions, but certainly of attracting their attention to the subject of what are called "coincidences."

History shows that dreams have at all times been the prognostics of some of the most memorable events on record, and that they have even been taken advantage of by diplomacy; sharing, however, the fate in many respects of phrenology, a science, as is suspected, often disparaged by those who desire to monopolize the means which it offers of studying human nature.

On the subject of the moral influence of dreams, our author justly remarks, that "our success in our efforts after self-government may be estimated partly by our *dream-correctness* or devarication." And again he touches on the delicate subject that dreams are "a sort of safety-valve for disappointments."

"The gods approve,
The depth and not the tumult of the soul;"

and accordingly, to such, who under a stoical or epicurean mask conceal their inward suffering, dreams may be vouchsafed, to restore in some measure the balance of good and evil. These are they who occupy that position "which gives an opportunity of demonstrating, under fierce and chronic temptation, rectitude of character."

During mental suffering, there is generally a key-note controlling or directing the sufferer's grief.

In her pathetic lament, Andromache alludes to that kind of thought, which forms the *initial* of so many dreams.

οὐδέ τί μοι εἴπεις πυκινὸν ἔπος οὐδέ κεν αἰεὶ
μεμνήμην νύκτας τε καὶ ἡμέρας δακρυχέουσα.*

And Wordsworth thus expresses the divine beneficence in alleviating human sorrow:

"Yet tears to human suffering are due,
And mortal hopes, defeated and o'erthrown,
Are mourn'd by man, and not by *him*
alone."

It is impossible to say what are the limits of dreams in their influence on the moral world.

Some of the most intelligent and practical of our countrymen are believers in the spiritual nature of dreams, without either acting upon their inspirations or otherwise concerning themselves about them. Some shun, while they recognize,

* Homer.

their portentous character, and seem to say, "What have we to do with thee?" But men holding the highest places in the roll of fame have dreamed dreams, and experience proves that, as a rule, *non-dreamers are non-thinkers.*

We knew a case where a man * who, owing to almost insurmountable worldly obstacles, was debarred to a great extent, the society of one whom he loved with the utmost passion and tenderness, found a solace in traversing the world of sleep with her, and who felt that had it not been for this strange boon, his life would have been unendurable. When they met *in reality*, he often felt embarrassed at her estrangement, for she, in truth, felt no reciprocity.

The *responsibility* of the dreamer is a question of much interest, and seems to have been decided in the affirmative; for we are told, that as the result of "evil waking desire or speculation," some dreams cannot be "spotless."

This may be conceded in a general way, but in most cases the judge, we believe, would sanction a recommendation to mercy.

In the case of unhappy royal marriages, for example, a difficult point would arise, for it would be hard to charge with evil waking desires and speculations the prince who should prefer his natural to his political or accidental wife.

We cannot strike the just balance between true affection set at liberty in the land of dreams and conventional affection—the Anteros of every-day life—and that the former are by far the more numerous we must take on Shakspearean warranty:

"Those that love best shall not their love enjoy."

Memory, as we have said, is the gate or test of dreams; but in another part of the same volume, *memory* is interchanged for the *soul*.

"That which so vividly remembers, is the soul; and if in sleep, which refreshes our organic nature, it utters its recollections brokenly and indistinctly,

* He lived latterly abroad. The circumstances were unusual. The lady, the irresponsible cause of the attachment, might well have been (with her dower of a fine intellect, delicate and classical beauty, and the "magic spell" of a rich voice) the bride of the noblest.

it will abundantly compensate itself when the material vesture which clogs it shall be cast away. Much of the indistinctness of dreams probably arises from physical unhealthiness."

"Leibnitz argues that when in sleep without dreaming, there is always some slight perception. Kant says that 'those who fancy they have not dreamt, have only forgotten their dreams.' Müller thought sleep the antagonism of the animal and organic functions. Burdach calls sleep the 'primordial state of the soul, where it finds itself when it awakes to life.'"

"Doubtless the majority of dreams are what Macnish asserts all to be, 'the resuscitation of thoughts which in some shape or other have previously occupied the mind.'"^{*} But, as another author justly remarks, "Experience and revelation attest, however, that at times the struggles of the chained spirit to employ and thus to enjoy itself amid the glories of its proper clime are not in vain."

"The transportive or imaginative faculty that causes others to appear to us in our dreams," the faculty of flying and other phenomena, are discussed at considerable length and with judgment; but these questions,† after all, appear to have baffled the acumen of physiologists and metaphysicians, and partake of the obscurity which involves the secret of life and the existence of the soul. The veil of the immaterial seems to be absolutely impenetrable, argue as we may, and dreams must be taken as they are; for, until we hit upon an infallible mode

* Among the many curious theories respecting dreams, that of the action of food on the trophonian cave of the stomach has not been thoroughly or satisfactorily investigated by physiologists. That atomic particles of an animal or vegetable should, on entering the human system, be capable of setting in motion the complicated machinery of dreams, with all the details of creatures and things, divine and human, is truly wonderful, for it would augur the possibility of the basest things containing in embryo the germs of the purest, and *vice versa*.

† The physiological explanation of the phenomena of flying in dreams is at variance with an account of a certain hero's exploits at the battle of Moyrath. "The high mental exaltation induced by religious abstraction, and also by the vehement affections of the mind, is actually attended with a diminished specific gravity."—*Dublin University Magazine*.

of dream interpretation, or are able to communicate particular dreams by administering diversities of food, we must admit that our grasp has been eluded.

The author of the present volume, however, has focussed a vast amount of thought on this singular and interesting subject, and may be said to have restored it to the position which it held before the diffusion of cheap oracles of fate and the charlatanry of modern professors of astrology had brought it into undeserved disrepute.

London Society.

NOTES IN ROME, ARTISTIC AND SOCIAL.

No one who visits Rome can fail to remark the brightly-dressed, dark-eyed group that sits silent and picturesque on the gray steps of the Trinita di Monte.

Scarcely any one at home but has heard of the models who wait in the sunshine of the Piazza di Spagna to be hired by artist or dilettante. We are familiar with the names of Beppo and Stella; and the faces in every second picture of the R. A. exhibition reproduce likenesses of those handsome, idle Italians.

But beyond their poetic names, and the outlines of their smooth, dark faces, little is heard in this country of the Roman models; and I venture to hope that what I learned to know of them and their ways may prove interesting to those who have patience to read what I can tell.

Far out in the country around Rome, in the rocky hill passes, and on the gray, lonely plains, the peasants still wear white head-gear and brilliant aprons, and still retain the noble carriage and proud gait that are fast disappearing in Rome under the baneful crinoline and cheap cotton.

Half-tame, shy, beautiful-eyed women labor in the field in autumn, sleep in summer, and starve in winter; and from time to time one of these stately beauties is seen by a wandering artist, and is persuaded or bribed to follow him to Rome, and try her fortune as a model. It is not easy to persuade her; she has a vague and horrible dread of the life before her. It is not thought well by her own people that her face should be

immortalized; she will be suspiciously looked on by her friends; perhaps discarded by her lover, unless by good luck the lover have long limbs and a curly beard, and can be a model also. But it is an easy life, and well paid; and presently the beauty walks long miles, with a little bundle on her back, and a suite after her, of mother, father, an ugly sister, and the small brother, and takes up her abode in the eternal city. The best clothes of the family, the mother's bridal chemise, and the united coral beads of the connection, go to adorn the model, and she is at once the pride and the support of her relations. At noon in the Piazza, and after noon in the long street that begins at the Trinita and ends with Santa Maria Maggiore, she may be seen, a point of bright life and color in the gray widowed city. Idle, smiling, graceful, she and her friends, the other models, pass their unemployed hours in sitting or dawdling in the sun, and for a couple of pauls you may hire her to represent Juliet, the Madonna, Faith, Hope, or Charity. Anything you like. By and by a kindly, good-looking Romeo makes love to this Juliet, and after due courting in the doorways at dusk, and the gift of thick rings and large coral beads, they are blessed by the priest. Year by year the model is painted as maiden, mother, or grand-dame. The pickaninnies ensuing are clad in tiny costumes of bright color, and begin a model life before they can walk; so on from father to son, mother to daughter, the end of the model being a picture of the witch of Endor, or the mother of the Gracchi, whichever you please.

They are mild, amiable folk most of them, and take the admiration they meet with as a matter of course. "See here," a man said to me as I passed the step on which he lounged; "see, lady; I have a fine head, a noble face for a picture." And he raised his hat, and turned himself round for my inspection. "Will it not suit you, signora?"

"I am not handsome in the face," another told me, "but look at my legs." And this in the open street, and as unconcernedly as if they were pieces of furniture. One charming old man told me, gravely, that I had well chosen in selecting him, for that he had often stood for the Eternal Father and all the apos-

bles; and I think he felt that it was greatly to St. Peter's credit that he was reckoned like him.

My first model was the stupidest and ugliest of the whole set; a sour-faced, dull woman I thought her, as she sat with large feet straight before her on a wooden chair; her stolid face put me in despair.

I spoiled most of my temper, and all my canvas, in attempting to depict her, and went home cross and provoked at the over-vaunting of the Roman models. Next time I saw her she sat in the bright winter sunshine, playing with her children, her eyes flashing, her face all expression, her limbs lithe and graceful. I forthwith hired the "small ones" with her, plied them with chocolate and rolls, and we became the dearest friends and closest confidantes. It was now as difficult to keep her quiet as it had before been to animate her with a spark of life. The youngest and fattest of the children was kissed, blessed, cuffed, and knocked over alternately; and her chatter, beginning in a low nasal drawl, and making a rapid crescendo into screaming recitative, like a railway whistle, nearly drove me out of the room. "Ah! what bad times, what poverty; holy heavens! what difficulty in living; sweetest treasure, Archangelo mine, kiss thy own little mother. Ah! bad child, bad-dest; dirty, dirtiest child; little dirty nasty one!—ah, Dio mio!" She rang the changes from oburgation to caresses for an hour at a time, and then would subside into exhausted silence, till a fresh topic was started.

Guiseppe, the smiling, handsome husband, was my next model, and the best of models he proved.

After a little preamble of compliment to my undoubted talent and genius, he asked what I meant to draw; and perceiving no definite idea in my reply, he suggested a variety of charming subjects, all of which he was competent to represent. I had a little grim salon for all my studio, the usual obstinate red velvet discomfort in sofas and chairs, and a shocking bad light; but he dragged the furniture about, flung plaids, rugs, and a fur coat over the sofa and footstools, to represent a rural scene, and assumed an attitude of weary, languid repose, which was perfect; it only needed a little co-

balt and imagination to supply the blue heaven of the Campagna. While I painted, he discoursed on all subjects and sundry, in a low musical voice, the rarest of qualities in an Italian.

He was well acquainted with my country, having a cousin who was a model in London, admirably paid, and dissatisfied only with the fog. But, to be sure, what a pity that, except in London, England should be covered with wild woods, and filled with savage beasts — how terrible the tigers, bears, and lions must be to a delicate lady like myself.

My gentle hint that the British lion existed chiefly on sign-posts, and the bears and tigers in a peaceful haunt, where, for sixpence, they might safely be gazed on in mid-London, was received with a smile of apologetic incredulity. He could evidently understand that I had my reasons for wishing him to believe that such was the case; he was very polite, but he knew the facts better than to believe me.

He lamented the new cheap material that had so strong a charm over the female mind in Rome. "Change for ever, no durability even in clothes!" he said, sighing over our sex; but he was a gallant man, and professed his delight when I invited three other ladies to draw from him with me. "What would his Holiness say if he knew you were all painting me?" he said; "he would throw me into prison." And this was such a good joke that it was repeated again and again. To each model I put the same question, "What do you think about?" in hopes of eliciting some answer sympathetic to their melancholy, expressive countenances. A beautiful, thoughtful woman, with eyes that were a poem by themselves, replied, "Nothing. What should I think of? I have nothing to think about." A tragic, deep-toned man, a hero in face and figure, turned his great eyes on me, full of the most touching sadness, and on my repetition of the query, "What do you think of?" "Baiocchi!" — pennies — he said, and cast down the black eyes as pensively as before. Guiseppe was more cunning, and declared he thought "of his wife and children, of the lovely young ladies who painted him," which speech produced a great deal of amusement, and dread of

papal horror if such sentiments should reach the Vatican. He was quite a *bel esprit* Guiseppe.

My favorite model was not a beauty, but his history was so sad. Very poor, he worked twenty miles from Rome, till his wife's long illness brought want and woe to his door, and a friend told him of the scudi to be earned in Rome. He came, and gained money as a model, and each week he had a letter written by a scribe, and sent what money he had to the sick wife, whose face, he told me, he so yearned to see, that he had walked, the day before, twenty miles to have only a look at her, and return to his engagements in the city. He was the only grateful model I met with, a Jewish tendency to extortion somewhat marring the suavity of the other members of the profession. No one more extortionate than the beautiful Juanina, daughter to the old man who personated all the saints and apostles. Giovane was his real name, and he was a very patriarch of models, his father and grandfather having been models before him; his wife, sister, children, and grandchildren models also; all day long, every day, every year, the same thing over and over again. Progress and the rise to position aimed at in our country are as unknown to them as reading, writing, or arithmetic; but they are respectable, and very happy in their present state, which cannot be said of our lower classes.

Pascuccia is the fashionable model of this year, a capricious, handsome girl from the kingdom of Naples. Some years ago a French artist brought her to Rome, and was rewarded by screams, kicks, and obstinate refusal to show her face when he attempted to paint her. She was a wild and frightened child then, but the kicking and screaming is now only changed for a caprice and tyranny that make her the most intolerable, though the most sought after of models. She will neither sit, stand, nor be attired in any way that she does not herself choose. She can faint at a moment's notice; or she will march off if displeased, and her sulky pertinacity can defeat the most obstinate English amateur. She and I grew great friends. Pascuccia wore a huge stiff corset, heavy as a saddle, and unbending as her own will. From this and the heat of the room she

grew faint when I and some other ladies were making a sketch of her. Pascuccia moaned, groaned, and made the most of her malady. I banished the stays and opened the window, while the others stood aloof and whispered that she was epileptic, and would die. And she rewarded my superior wisdom, first, by recovering promptly, and then by becoming my particular chum from that time forth. She is a curious, half-wild creature, but less sordid than any of the quiet, good-tempered women I met with. Her parents and sisters are frightfully ugly and uncouth, and are held in scorn by their neighbors for their evil and uncleanly ways. They live in utter idleness on the earnings of Pascuccia, who obeys their behests only after vigorous fighting and abuse, and who once, in disgust at the monotony of her work, set off on her own account for a week's amusement, went to Naples, danced, sang, drank lemonade, bought beads, and came back, undaunted by the wrath and scandal she caused. She sang me endless Neapolitan songs, long crooning ditties like old Scotch ballads, not always turning on points of the most spotless morality, but sometimes full of tender poetic pathos; and she clapped her hands when I sang her own songs to her, and imitated her tone and manner. The singing had a most beneficial and mesmeric effect on Pascuccia, and was a most efficient help to me; and she sat with her water-jar on her knee for an hour at a time without moving, while she half sang, half recited her favorite "*S'è Peccato-Perri-wirri-wir—S'e Peccato-Perri-wirri-wir—S'e Peccato far amor.*" After singing which she one day announced that she was going to be married, and that her Gigi was even now working in the gardens above our house. Pascuccia, however, being somewhat apt to leave truth at the bottom of her well, and use fibs for every-day wear and tear, it is not always necessary to believe her; and I am not sure that Gigi is not a myth invented to represent her *fiancé* for the time being. Pascuccia is really nineteen years old, but she persists in saying she is only fourteen. "Poor little thing, only fourteen!" she repeats, with a twinkle of the utmost roguery. She even became but thirteen years old on one very pathetic occasion, when she was tired

and bored; but as she was thirteen six years ago, when she first entered Rome, it may be supposed she was mistaken.

They eat little, and live cheaply in one small room in Rome all the winter, and the first of June all the models pack their household goods in a handkerchief, and tramp, many days' journey, to their "paese," where they pass the summer and autumn.

Wretched, dirty little towns, built on steep hills, these "paese;" where neither meat nor medicine can be had, where the girls sleep by day and dance in the evening, and the mothers grumble at the scarcity and discomfort, and do what little sewing is needed for the family. "Niente far" is the order of things, with an exceptional day's work at the harvest; and on a given day they all tramp back to Rome. I grew quite fond of them, and had a tender adieu from Giuseppe, his wife, and that most unangelic child, Archangelo, whom I left playing with a white goat in the deep stone doorway of their little house, a picture for Murillo to paint or Rembrandt to etch—like Roman life itself, all bright sunshine and deep shade. F. W.

The Art Journal.

MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

JOHN WILSON.

ALTHOUGH I knew Professor Wilson under other, and always pleasant, circumstances, I associate my happiest remembrance of him with "The Festival" that took place in the pretty and picturesque town of Ayr, on the 6th of August, 1844, when a vast assemblage of the Scottish people tendered homage to the memory of Robert Burns, by welcoming to Scotland his sons, two of whom had been absent in India during more than a quarter of a century. I do not think I shall try the patience of my readers if I recall that exciting scene on that memorable day. I will first ask them to accompany me to a comparatively humble, but neat and comfortably furnished, cottage, where resided Mrs. Begg, the sister of the poet, and in which met, on the

evening succeeding "the day," all the members of his family—his sister, her children, her husband's brother, the poet's three sons, and the daughter of Colonel James Glencairn—the only "strangers" (for the poet's friend and biographer, McDiarmid, was no stranger) being Mrs. Hall and myself, and an artist whose genius was then in the bud, but who has since become famous—Joseph Noel Paton, whose friendship we have had the happiness to retain from that far-away time to this.

Mrs. Begg was a plain and very simple woman, obviously of a gentle and kindly nature, but giving no evidence that to her had been allotted any portion of the intellectual power of which her great brother had so much. Her sons and her daughter were in no way remarkable. Her husband's brother wore the dress of a Scottish peasant of the better class; and, I believe, had never aimed at any position beyond it. He spoke of "Robbie Burns" as a companion with whom he had passed many a pleasant day and merry night; and wore the bonnet and plaid as he had done fifty years before that evening. Robert Burns, the eldest son of Robert Burns, died long ago. He is said to have greatly resembled his illustrious father. I give the portrait of him, as I gave it in 1844. "His eyes are large, dark, and intelligent; and his memory is stored with legends, poems, and historical records of great value. These materials are not only abundant, but well arranged and ordered; and when a question is asked, intelligent reply is ready. His conversation is rich in illustration, and though he gracefully said, 'the mantle of Elijah had not descended upon Elisha,' the son possesses much of the ability, if not the genius of the father." The other two sons, Colonel William Nicol, and Colonel James Glencairn, are still living at Cheltenham; and no gentleman in that favored town of retired worth are more honored or respected. Both are men of considerable talent; they have not been called upon to exert it; but pleasanter companions are rarely met; it is a treat that many have enjoyed to hear Colonel James sing his father's songs.

Such was the group we met in that homely cottage by "the auld brig," at

Ayr, on the eve after the poet's triumph—a triumph certainly greater than any that has honored a memory in Great Britain at any period of its history.

Mrs. Hall had her Album with her; Colonel James Glencairn had previously written in it; his name being prefaced by the following:

"This is confessedly a collection of the autographs of 'Lions;' and as it is impossible Mrs. Hall can get that of the Lion my father, she probably thinks the next best thing is to obtain that of one of his Cubs. I therefore have much pleasure in transcribing at her request the first verse of the 'Address to a Mountain Daisy,'"

When assembled in that cottage at Ayr, it was suggested by our friend the Colonel, that on the page which contained his name and the passage quoted, the names of the other members of the family should follow—as they never had met all together before, and most probably would never meet all together again. My readers would, I am sure, be pleased to see these autographs as they were then and there written.

A dull and gloomy morning ushered in "THE DAY." Nevertheless, upwards of eighty thousand persons "gathered together." They came from all parts of the kingdom, and some from foreign lands; the town was full of triumphal arches—"forests of evergreens" at every point associated with the poet's history—processions of people, fancifully dressed; lodges of Freemasons, Foresters, and Oddfellows; and the trades—weavers, tailors, bootmakers, and so forth, with no lack of bands, and at least a score of bagpipes heading parties of stalwart Highlandmen, each playing his own pibroch, all of them "in harmony."

At one end of a field was a platform, on the first bench of which sat the family of Robert Burns. Before them, the multitude passed in orderly procession, pausing when they reached the point and bowing in homage to the sons of the poet; then marching on to the music with which every one of them was familiar, and joining in a song, the words of which were known all the world over. When all had thus passed, they collected into a mass, and raised a cheer, such as can be heard nowhere

else in the world—literally eighty thousand voices of eighty thousand hearts?

It was not difficult to distinguish those to whom chiefly appertained that day the glory and the triumph—the honest lads and bonnie lasses, workers at the loom, tillers of the soil, who, belonging to "the Land of Burns," had their full share of his renown; and never, perhaps, in the history of any country has there been such conclusive evidence that a people, nine tenths of whom were the grandchildren of his co-mates, identified themselves with a poet who had been half a century in his grave.

On the platform—on the seat immediately beneath us—sat a man of powerful frame, large-limbed and tall, who in youth was of a surety "the best wrestler on the green," and who in age seemed one of the elder sons of Anak; of whose "boisterous vigor" many pens and tongues had written and spoken. Look at his massive head, his clear gray eye, his firm-set and finely-chiselled mouth, his broad and intellectual brow, and you will be sure it is not physical force alone that makes him greatest of the many great men by whom he is surrounded. His hair, thin and grizzled and unusually long, was moved by the breeze, as he rose to speak, in a voice manly as his form, richly and truly eloquent; he was master of his theme, and loved it; but then and there, a stoic would have been an enthusiast with the cheers of such a multitude booming in his ears.

While he was speaking, and his long thin locks waved about in the wind, I thought I might steal, imperceptibly, at such a moment, a single hair; I saw one that I believed had been accidentally detached, and I ran the hazard of taking it. The Professor felt the touch; and turning instantly round flashed upon me one of those fierce looks of which I had heard so much from those who had seen the "lurking devil in his keen, gray eye;" but at once perceiving that no insult was meant, and perhaps appreciating the motive of the theft, as I murmured out something like "it is but one to keep for ever," his lips as suddenly assumed a smile of lovable grace such as might have won the heart of an enemy. That "single hair" is on my table as I write.

From the platform there was an ad-

jourment of the "select"—but the select consisted of two thousand persons—to a monster tent or "Pavilion" that had been erected to receive the guests at the dinner. The President was the good, graceful, and gracious Earl of Eglintoun, whose two memorable words, "repentant Scotland" had an enduring echo there that day in every Scottish heart. There was a gathering of Scottish "men of mark" ranged on either side of the noble chairman; following in order, the sons of Burns on his right, and the sister and her children on his left; with some of the poet's early friends; and one, a venerable matron then, who, when a blooming lass of sweet seventeen, had been the subject of his verse. Among the guests were Alison, Aytoun (whose lamented death was recorded during the year just past), Glasford Bell, "Delta" Moir, Charles Mackay, and the brothers, William and Robert Chambers. And good right had Robert Chambers to be there, foremost among the men whom the people delight to honor; for, but for his exertions, near relatives of the great poet—to render homage to whose memory the tens of thousands had assembled—would have had to bear neglected penury instead of independent comfort. Scotland owes to these admirable brothers a debt the extent of which it would be difficult to calculate.

But on that day of glory the assembly of the "aristocracy" of Rank and Letters was far too small; from England and Ireland there were few guests, while Scotland did not contribute a fourth of the number she ought to have sent to the gathering. The glory and the triumph of the day were to "the common people;" and certainly the appearance of these—for whom tents had been provided—was an object of even higher importance than the assembling of the "select."

As we looked upon the heaving multitude, we could not avoid thinking that if all the preparations for the banquet had suddenly disappeared, the manifestation of respect on the part of the people towards their poet would have been accomplished—the heart-beatings of Scotland, as thoroughly exhibited, if no pavilion, with its tasteful draperies and elevated galleries, had been planted on the banks of the river that waters the

land of Burns. Who that witnessed the glorious sight can have ceased to remember the fervent looks of the old and middle aged; the tearful eyes and exclamations of the young; the eagerness with which parents pointed out to their children the gray-haired sons of the poet they delighted to honor. On, and on, and on, they came, in peace and harmony, disturbed by no jarring feelings, moved by no political object, warmed by the genial influence of the tenderest and most elevated patriotism. The shouts of the people were echoed by the enthusiastic cheers of the noblemen and gentlemen who were on the platform, while the tears of the fairer portion of the assembly proved how deeply they sympathized with the great purpose all had met to commemorate. As long as the procession was in progress, the men who composed it refrained from any manifestation of their feelings, beyond lowering their banners, uncovering their heads, and gazing upon the poet's sons; but when the gigantic thistle, the emblem of their native country, closed the procession, and had been not only honored, but divided and borne off blossom by blossom and leaf by leaf, as mementos of the "field of Burns," there was a rush of human beings back towards the platform, and eager hands were upstretched from below to grasp the hands of the family of the poet.

Yet it was a most exciting scene within the pavilion—where nearly two thousand persons, ladies and gentlemen, were seated: we recall their fervid enthusiasm when the noble chairman rose and proposed the memory of Robert Burns—"drank in solemn silence," but followed a few minutes afterwards by a shout such as is seldom heard more than once in a life. The Earl of Eglintoun was then in his zenith; a thorough "gentleman" in look, in manner, and in heart. His address was brief, pithy, and condensed, yet remarkably conclusive and comprehensive. It was indeed an example of true eloquence—if eloquence is to be estimated by effect produced. There was in it no word too much—not a syllable that might have been as well left unsaid.

Then Professor Wilson rose to "welcome the sons of Burns." He was "in his glory." His robust and manly form

appeared to grow under his theme, his magnificent head positively seemed to roll about over his huge shoulders, and his large hands to sweep away all let and hindrance to his gigantic energy.

I cannot attempt to give the toasts that followed; among them "Wordsworth and the Poets of England"—"Moore and the Poets of Ireland;" the latter was proposed by Henry Glasford Bell; and in the course of his eloquent speech he took occasion to introduce the name of Mrs. S. C. Hall, thus: "I have to-day seen that not the gifted sons alone, but also some of the gifted daughters, of Ireland, have come as pilgrims to the shrine of Burns—that one in particular—one of the most distinguished of that fair sisterhood who gave by their talents additional lustre to the genius of the present day, has paid her first visit to Scotland that she might be present on this occasion, and whom I have myself seen moved even to tears by the glory of the gathering. She is one who has thrown additional light on the antiquities, manners, scenery, and traditions of Ireland, and whose graceful and truly feminine works are known to us all, and whom we are proud to see among us."

I cannot give even an outline of the Professor's speech, which occupied full an hour. Perhaps the apologies he offered for the failings and shortcomings of the poet might have been spared, and were considered out of keeping with the occasion; still it was a most masterly discourse—richly and truly eloquent, and those who heard it can never forget the wild burst of applause that followed his concluding sentence—"We rise to welcome you to your father's land;" the whole assembly rose with a loud and long-continued cheer.

My readers will believe the event to be the most exciting of all our memories. It is inseparably associated (I shall never desire to separate them) with the memory of Professor Wilson—the Burns Festival, where so many living worthies linked hand in hand, with the Ploughman and the Artisan, assembled in earnest homage to glorify the illustrious dead.

"To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die!"

John Wilson was born on the 18th

May, 1785, in a "somewhat gloomy-looking house in a dingy court at the head of the High-street," Paisley. The house is still standing, being "preserved" for public uses, under the name of "Wilson's Hall."* His father was a wealthy man, having realized a fortune in trade as a gauze manufacturer, and was respected for social worth and moral integrity. His mother is described as "beautiful, of rare intellect, wit, humor, wisdom, and grace." The boy John was "precocious," physically and intellectually; "foremost in the playground and in the task;" running a race against ponies while yet a child; in youth, surpassing men in bodily feats, and in early manhood excelling all competitors in strength of arm and swiftness of foot. Almost from his birth to his death, as one of his friends wrote long afterwards, "whatever he did was done with all his soul."

In June, 1803, he entered as a gentleman commoner at Magdalen College, Oxford, having been previously "well-educated" at Glasgow. His father left him an "unencumbered fortune of £50,000." Thus endowed, with rare personal advantages, "the world was all before him, where to choose," in a sense very different from that which applies generally to the heir of the Muses. Yet, so early as 1807, he selected an abiding place on the banks of Windermere, and the cottage of Elleray was his home until the year 1815.

When at Oxford, and indeed everywhere, he had the acquaintance of the refined and the rough—the learned and the ignorant—the "brutal" indeed. Dr. Routh, the president of his college at Oxford, was his friend; but his "friends" also were the "grooms, the cobblers, and the stable-boys." He gave wide scope for scandal, but such was the joyousness of his nature, the buoyancy of his big heart, and his many endearing qualities; so prominent also were his powers as a student and a scholar—his after-fame being clearly foreseen—that his eccentricities were visited with no heavy penalties, and he passed from the

* It is a large stone-built house, situate in the main street of Paisley; at the time of Wilson's birth it was one goodly mansion; it is now divided into separate tenements.

University with honor, if not with unmingled respect.

I have given my own portrait of Wilson as I saw him, and heard him speak, in 1844; I may add that of Mr. Aird, the editor of the *Dumfriesshire Herald*, when writing of the Burns Festival and in reference to the Professor's speech on that memorable occasion: "Now broad in humor; now sportive and playful; now sarcastic, scornful, and searching; now calmly philosophic in criticism; now thoughtful and solemn, large of 'reverent discourse, looking before and after' with all the sweetest by-plays of humanity, with every reconciling softness of charity—such in turns, and in quickest intermingled tissue of the ethereal woof, have been the many illustrations which this large-minded, large-hearted Scotchman, in whose character there is neither corner nor cranny, has poured in the very prodigality of his affectionate abundance around and over the name and the fame of Robert Burns."

Talfourd, considering him as an editor, and contrasting him with Campbell in that capacity, speaks of his "boisterous vigor, riotous in power, reckless in wisdom, fusing the productions of various intellects into one brilliant reflex of his own master mind;" and Hallam describes him as "a writer of the most ardent and enthusiastic genius, whose eloquence is as the rush of mighty waters."

In 1812 Scott, in a letter to Joanna Baillie, describes him as a "young man of very extraordinary powers"—"an eccentric genius"—"a warm-hearted and enthusiastic young man"—"something too much, perhaps, of the latter quality places him among the list of originals."

De Quincey writes, in 1808, of "his large expansion of heart, and a certain air of noble frankness." "He seemed to have an intense enjoyment of life"—young, rich, healthy, and full of intellectual activity, then, with no care present or foreshadowed, how could it have been otherwise?

James Hogg, in one of his lay sermons, says: "Professor Wilson's conversation is rich and brilliant; but then he takes sulky fits. If there be anybody in the company whom he does not like, the party will not get much out of him for that night; his eyes gleam like those of

a dragon, and, a poet says of him (Wordsworth, I think), 'he utters a short hem! at every pause, but further ventures not.'"

He was ever gentle and kindly, meek and humble—in verse; holy and tranquilizing was the influence he obtained by associating with the Muses. It was only in prose he was harsh, uncompromising, and bitter; yet in his criticisms there was always evidence of a sound heart—of a nature like the Highland breezes he loved to breast, keen, biting, but healthy; often most invigorating when most severe, but to be safely encountered only by those whose stamina was unquestionable.

On the banks of Windermere he had his "full fling" of "animal delights"—racing, leaping, wrestling, boxing, fishing, boating, and cock-fighting—one of the sports in which our not far-off ancestors indulged as of the "manly" English. And if there be ample testimony to his lofty genius and social worth, there is certainly quite as much to uphold the declaration of one of his comrades for a time: "It was a' life an' murther among us, as lang as Professor Wilson was at Wardle Heed."

He dearly loved the gentle craft of the angler. Dogs were his familiar friends, but so were other animals. From the horse to the spider they were objects of study that gave him pleasure, generally healthy pleasure, but sometimes pleasure that was not so. He had large humanity—earnest love of all things in Nature. For dogs, his affection was intense, and many curious illustrative anecdotes are told of that passion. Especially he loved all things that needed help. For nearly eleven years he kept in his room a sparrow he had found, scarcely fledged, on his door-step. Who that has read can have forgotten his terrific anathema against those who were more than suspected of having poisoned his dog Bronte, in revenge for his awful denunciation of those who had "patronized" the butchers Hare and Burke?

Yet there is abundant evidence that the fierce leopard of "Maga" could be as gentle as a lamb; that the giant could use a giant's strength as tenderly as a young mother nursing her first-born. Let us picture the Professor, as he was seen one day, long after the period to which I am now referring, with a car-

ter's whip in his hand, walking beside a miserable horse through Edinburgh streets. He had released the animal from a brute far more worthless, had unharnessed him from a cart full of coal, upset the coal into the street, given the carter one blow, and promised him another, and left the fellow, utterly astonished, "gaping wide-mouthed," and speechless, as he followed the horse to the charge of the police.

Notwithstanding his somewhat perilous attractions, he found a wife worthy of him. Miss Jane Penny was "the belle of the Lake district"—as good as she was beautiful—"whom he had sensibility to love, ambition to attempt, and skill to win." In May, 1811, he married. In 1815 he was called to the Scottish bar, having quitted "dear sycamore-sheltered Elleraŷ" in consequence of a breach of trust on the part of a "guardian" that deprived him of nearly all his property.

Elleraŷ is a nest in the midst of mountains, in an elevated dell surrounded by foregrounds of great beauty—sequestered and secluded—commanding views of surpassing loveliness, and of exceeding grandeur. The site is at once graceful and magnificent, and no marvel that the poet loved it with his whole heart. This is De Quincey's description of Elleraŷ: "Within a bow-shot of each other may be found stations of the deepest seclusion, fenced in by verdurous heights, and presenting a limited scene of beauty—deep, solemn, noiseless, severely sequestered — and other stations of a magnificence so gorgeous, as few estates in this island can boast, and of those few, perhaps none in such close connection with a dwelling-house. Stepping out from the very windows of the drawing-room, you find yourself on a terrace, which gives you the feeling of a 'specular height' such as you might expect on Ararat, or more appropriately conceive on 'Athos seen from Samothrace.'" Mrs. Gordon adds that "Windermere is best seen from Elleraŷ—every point and bay, island and cove, lying there unveiled."

The cottage is now denuded of its "profusion of jessamine, clematis, and honey-suckle." The trellis no longer "clusters with wild roses," but the gigantic sycamore still flourishes, and overshadows the lowly dwelling that was so

long the home of the poet. He dearly loved that tree. "Never in this well-wooded world," he writes, "not even in the days of the Druids, could there have been such another." "Oh, sweetest and shadiest of all sycamores, we love thee above all other trees!"

Not far off was Keswick, where the high-souled Southey lived, and Rydal, where great Wordsworth communed with Nature. Thither, as to a cool fountain, came the man in his buoyant and hearty youthhood; there his favorite pursuits were to the full enjoyed. He had "a fleet of yachts" on the lake. He excelled in all manly exercises and field sports; on road, field, flood, foot, or horseback, he was equally at home. In wrestling he had few equals, being, as a professor of the "noble art of self-defence" described him, "a vera bad un to lick."*

In the summer of 1865, I paid a visit to Elleraŷ, to the cottage in which he dwelt during the earlier part of his residence in the district, and to the comparatively sumptuous house he built, and which was afterwards for many years his home.

"And sweet that dwelling rests upon the brow,
Beneath that sycamore of Orest Hill,
As if it smiled on Windermere below."†

It occupies a commanding site above the eastern bank of Windermere, and near to the picturesque town of Bowness; consequently, the views are supremely grand and beautiful. There are many houses all about it now. A railway terminus discharges its cargo

* The gardener of Elleraŷ told me a story of the Professor. No doubt many such stories are rife in the neighborhood. He had challenged five potters, brothers, to fight (potters are tramps) the whole of them. He led them into his sitting-room, cleared for the purpose, locked the door, put the key into his pocket, and told them to set-to. One after another they were "floored" beneath his stalwart arm and "profound" science. At length one of them crawled along, entangled himself in his legs, and Wilson fell. The five set upon him together, then, as he lay on the floor, and would certainly have killed him, but that his servants burst in the door, and rushed to his rescue.

† A courteous and intelligent gardener now occupies Wilson's cottage at Elleraŷ. A lady of high position, and in all ways estimable, dwells in his house.

thrice a-day close to the gate that leads to the well-wooded grounds of the "mansion," and probably the nightingales and cushat doves have been chased from the locality. It would no doubt grieve the great Nature-lover to hear the shrieking "whistle" in their stead; but there are some things even civil engineers can not destroy, and the outlook from the hall door at Elleray is one of them.

In 1817—a memorable year for letters—was commenced the publication of *Blackwood's Magazine*, so inseparably linked with the name of Wilson from its birth to his death. The *Edinburgh Review* was then in its prime. To that work Wilson contributed one article—his first and his last—a review of Byron; but the Tories were a powerful party in Edinburgh, and some of them resolved that the Whigs should not have it "all their own way."

One of the two who suggested the idea to Mr. William Blackwood, an enterprising publisher in Edinburgh, was Thomas Pringle, "a pleasant poet," who afterwards emigrated to South Africa, from which he subsequently returned, and became editor of the *Friendship's Offering*, one of the annuals published first by Lupton Relfe, a publisher in Cornhill, and afterwards by Smith and Elder.

I knew Pringle somewhat intimately. He was a kindly and courteous gentleman, with limited literary power, but with much taste and feeling for literature and for art. What was his occupation at the Cape I cannot say. He could not have been an "effective settler," for he was lame—so lame, indeed, as to be compelled to use a crutch. His politics got him into "a scrape" with the authorities at Cape Town. He was compelled to quit the colony, and strove to exist as an author in London, where not long afterwards he died. Those who desire to know more of him may read his *Narrative of a Residence in South Africa*. I published some of his stray pieces and poems in the *British Magazine*, a work I then conducted. They were never, I believe, collected.

The first number of the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine* was issued by Mr. Blackwood in April, 1817. Its infancy was weak and unpromising. Misunderstandings having arisen between Black-

wood and the then editors—Messrs. Cleghorn and Pringle—they withdrew. The title was changed, and in October, 1817, was issued *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*. It began in a storm; a ferocious spirit influenced the leading writers from the first. "The Mohawks of the press," as Lady Morgan afterwards styled them, produced something like a shudder, and excited an amount of wrath scarcely conceivable nowadays; for there was such abundant evidence of high ability in all its departments, that no one could despise, however much they hated. Later in its history, Hunt, in *The Liberal*, described its writers as "a troop of Yahoos, or a tribe of Satyrs," "adoring Blackwood as some Indian tribes do the Devil!"

It soon became more than a suspicion that Wilson, if not the editor, was, at all events, a principal contributor. He was like an athlete in the arena, dashing at a score of foes; striking now here, now there; wounding alike friends and foes; heedless where he struck, or who fell beneath his blows; while "even in his fiercest moods he was alive to pity, tenderness, and humor," and would have been the first to heal the wounds he inflicted. The magazine prospered, and has ever since maintained its high repute. It was famous, and it was feared, and Wilson was assailed—not without show of reason—as a reprobate and a moral assassin.

It is known that one of Wilson's closest allies in the conduct of *Blackwood* was John Gibson Lockhart, the son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, and the successor of Gifford in the editorship of the *Quarterly Review*. The personal appearance of Lockhart was familiar to all *habitués* of society reception rooms in London. Neither in aspect nor manner, in mind nor in character, had he aught of the genial nature, the utter unselfishness, the large and universal sympathy, of his friend Wilson. Indeed, it would have been difficult to find two men so utterly dissimilar.

This is the portrait of Lockhart in Mrs. Gordon's life of her father, Professor Wilson: "His pale, olive complexion had something of a Spanish character in it that accorded well with the sombre or rather melancholy expression of his countenance; his thin lips, com-

pressed beneath a smile of habitual sarcasm, promised no genial response to the warmer emotions of the heart—cold, haughty, supercilious in manner, he seldom won love.” He is described by other authorities as “systematic, cool, and circumspect;” “when he armed himself for conflict it was with a fell and deadly determination;” “no thrill of compassion ever held back his hand when he had made up his mind to strike.” In Edinburgh he received the cognomen of “The Scorpion.” His friend Wilson—through the mouth of the Ettrick Shepherd—described him—“wi’ a pale face, and a black, toozy head, but an e’e like an eagle’s, and a sort o’ lauch about the screwed-up mouth o’ him that fules ca’ed no canny, for they could’na thole the meaning o’t.” In Peter’s letters he thus pictures himself: “His features are regular and quite definite in their outline; his forehead is well advanced, and largest in the region of observation and perception.” He protests against its being supposed that his play of “fancy is to gratify a sardonic bitterness, or to nourish a sour and atrabilious spirit.” He was young then, and hoping to find there were better things in literature than satire. He did not find it so, because he did not seek for it.

Certainly, he was a strikingly handsome man; tall and slight, with abundant dark hair on a head well set on his shoulders, and with features “finely cut:” but on his face there was a perpetual sneer, as if he grudged humanity a virtue.*

Blackwood, the eminent bibliopole, so often the mark of assailants as merciless as were those who upheld him, Wilson describes as “a perfectly honorable and upright man.” I saw him often during his brief visits to London, and once in his shop in Edinburgh. We were invited to his house—an invitation circum-

stances compelled us to postpone: and on a subsequent visit to Edinburgh he had been removed from earth. He was a plain man, somewhat burly of form; of his shrewd intelligence there can be no doubt; he did not convey the idea of an intellectual man: neither, I believe, did he ever assume to be one. But he was a man of strong will; he did not hesitate to “cut down” even the papers of Wilson: and was the only “real editor” of the Magazine in the day of its strength. He died in September, 1854, esteemed, respected, and beloved by those who knew him best, and by none more than his constant ally and perpetual trust, Professor Wilson.

In 1820, John Wilson obtained the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, and was thenceforth known as “Professor Wilson;” not, as was to have been expected, without strenuous opposition. His enemies (and he had earned them) attacked the moral character of the candidate for the chair of Moral Philosophy, but in that they failed; there he was, as Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, wrote, “invulnerable.” He had twenty-one votes out of thirty, notwithstanding all the efforts of political and personal foes.

Thenceforward he gave free vent to the more lovable qualities of his nature, the outpourings of his generous soul, his earnest sympathy with the young whom it became his duty to arm for the battle of life. One of his pupils describes him: “His grand and noble form excited into bold and passionate action: his manly and eloquent voice sounding forth its stirring utterances with all the strange and fitful cadence of a music quite peculiar to itself”—“with eye, hand, voice, and soul, bearing his audience with him.” Thus writes another of the students: “The tremulous upper lip, curving with every wave of thought or hint of passion, and the golden-gray hair floating on the old man’s mighty shoulders—if indeed that could be called age which seemed but the immortality of a more majestic youth.”

In after years his writings were chiefly limited to his contributions to *Blackwood*. “He became,” writes his daughter, in her most pious and most beautiful *Life*, “identified with its character, its aims, and its interests.” And in

* Lockhart died at Abbotsford on the 25th November, 1854, a few months only after his friend Wilson; he is buried in Dryburgh Abbey “at the feet of his great father-in-law.” He was born in the Manse of Cambusnethan, on the 14th July, 1794—his father being minister of the parish—and married, in 1820, Sophia, the daughter of Sir Walter Scott; by her he had a son and a daughter; the son died young; and so perished the lineal representatives of the great Scottish bard. The daughter married Mr. Hope, who took the name of Scott.

1823 he was in a position again to reside at Elleray, to enjoy again its woods and walks; "his idle time not idly spent;" beside the banks of the lake, rod in hand; to look upon the hills he loved; to see the snow in summer on the mountain tops. Here he had passed his joyous and energetic youth—when animal strength and animal spirits were "overboiling," so to speak, and thither, when advancing age had matured his judgment, and, in a measure, subdued his passions, when—

"Consideration, like an angel, came,
And whipped the offending Adam out of
him"—

he went, with as full a love of nature as ever, to enjoy the abundant gifts of which she is so lavish in that most lovely locality.

In 1837 his beloved wife died, "leaving the world thenceforward to him dark and dreary." Cannot we hear his voice "tremulous with emotion," as he met his class, "with a depressed and solemn spirit," murmuring, "Pardon me: but since we last met I have been in the valley of the shadow of death." And he wore "weepers"—badges of mourning—on his sleeves until he received his own summons to join her.*

One event connected with this period of his life is especially remembered at "The Lakes." In 1825 George Canning, writing to Scott, hopes he will join a party on the banks of Windermere (where he was visiting the Birmingham manufacturer, Mr. Boulton), and he adds: "Our friend the Professor (who is admiral of the lakes) will fit out his whole flotilla and fire all his guns in honor of your arrival." Scott went, and Wordsworth was of the party. The weather was brilliant: so was the company, especially by moonlight. Fifty barges, gay with banners and fair ladies, formed the "cortege;" music and merry songs came from each one of them, as the flotilla made its way among the islands, while the shores were lined with enthusiastic spectators, whose perpetual cheers were echoed by the mountains.

That grand event occurred in August, 1825; a record of it will be found in the

memoirs of Sir Walter Scott, and in those of Wordsworth.*

So late as 1848 Wilson was at Elleray; but it had lost its charm—the beloved of his heart had been called to a better home; he complained of "its silence and loneliness," and did not remain there long before he quitted it forever. In 1850 he was "breaking up;" strength was gradually decaying,† he grew meditative and solemn. Occasionally there were glimpses of his old self, when he "strolled" beside the banks of Dochart, rod in hand (the use of one hand had gone), and rejoiced to see it had not lost its cunning, as he transferred to his basket the trout from the stream.

His work was drawing to a close; he resigned the chair of Moral Philosophy, and prepared for the coming change; "the head grew sick, and the heart faint;" he remained altogether "within doors;" "something of a settled melancholy rested on his spirit;" he seldom spoke, and did not often smile; fully conscious of his altered state, "my mind is going—I feel it," he sadly said.

Now and then he rallied, "presenting a serene and beautiful picture of calm and genial old age." There were yet thoughts for his duties, and one of his latest labors—when he moved with difficulty, when his feet were feeble and unsteady, and the foreshadow of death was over him—was to drive into Edinburgh to give his vote for Thomas Babbington Macaulay, then a candidate for the representation of the city—a Whig—a political opponent all his life.

But, as his good and devoted daughter, his biographer, writes: "He humbly looked in the coming days of darkness for the light that rises to the up-

* To this memorable scene Wilson makes but little reference: yet it might have moved his pen; he afterwards, however, referred to Wordsworth there: "The memory of that bright day returns, when Windermere glittered with all her sails in honor of the great northern minstrel, and of him, the eloquent, whose lips are now mute in dust. Methinks we see his smile benign, that we hear his voice, silver sweet."

† Just then he received a pension from the Crown of £300 a year—an intimation to that effect having been conveyed to him by Lord John Russell, the noble lord expressing a desire that the intelligence might be communicated to him "in such a manner as may be most agreeable to his feelings."

* Sir Walter Scott, speaking of Mrs. Wilson, says: "One whose grace and gentle goodness could have found no fitter home than Elleray, except where she now is."

right, and hopefully awaited the summons that should call him to rest from his labors, and enter into the joy of his Lord."

The final summons did not find him reluctant to obey it; his fishing-tackle lay scattered near him, and it pleased him to arrange his flies; but his Bible was ever at his bedside, and was read to him, morning and evening, when no longer able to read it himself.

It came at length—it came at midnight, just as a Sabbath day had passed; just as the clock struck twelve the mighty heart was still, as if in answer to his prayer uttered long years before—

"When Nature feels the solemn hour is come
That parts the spirit from its mortal clay—
May that hour find me in my weeping home,
'Mid the blest stillness of a Sabbath day;
May none I deeply love be then away!"

He died at No. 6 Gloucester-place, Edinburgh, the house in which he had long dwelt, on the 3d of April, 1854.

On the 7th of April he was interred in the "Dean Cemetery," at Edinburgh, where a plain stone records his name and the day of his death. The Dean Cemetery is, perhaps, the most beautiful (the word is not out of place) graveyard in the kingdom; it is richly planted with various trees, and, at all seasons, full of flowers. The graves are carefully and neatly kept: no weed is suffered to grow there, although wild flowers are not excluded from associations with the dead. To those who can recall the old graveyards that environed our churches—they were nowhere else—these modern improvements are sources of no common gratification. I remember, some thirty-five years ago, when the subject was first broached by a Mr. Carden, and I had the satisfaction earnestly to advocate the movement (in the *Morning Journal*, of which I was for a time the editor), it encountered bitter hostility, as a movement that was hostile to the well-being of society, fatal to the interests of the Church, and, indeed, *contre la nature*. At that time Pere la Chaise was the only burial-ground in Europe that invited lovers of the picturesque; and no visitor to Paris ever left it without seeing that, its leading attraction. Yet to induce imitators in England, was, for a long while, uphill work; those who ad-

vocated the innovation were encountered as not only un-English, but anti-Christian. If in England the feeling was strong, we imagine it must have been stronger in Scotland, where "time-honored" prejudices have ever taken deeper root. It is, however, one of the departures from the rules of "good old times" on which society has to be congratulated.

But his fellow-countrymen raised a monument to his memory. It was erected by public subscription, and the statue, in bronze, ten feet high, is the work of Mr. John Steel, R.S.A. It is thus described by the pen of a loving friend: "The careless ease of Professor Wilson's ordinary dress is adopted, with scarcely a touch of artistic license, in the statue; a plaid, which he was in the frequent habit of wearing, supplies the needed folds of drapery, and the trunk of a palm tree gives a rest to the figure, while it indicates, commemoratively, his principal poetical work. The lion-like head and face, full of mental and muscular power, thrown slightly upward and backward, express fervid and impulsive genius evolving itself in free and fruitful thought—the glow of poetical inspiration animating every feature. The figure, tall massive, athletic; the hands—the right grasping a pen, at the same time clutching the plaid that hangs across the chest, the left resting negligently on the leaves of a half-open manuscript; the limbs loosely planted, yet firm and vigorous; all correspond with the grandly elevated expression of the countenance." This description brings the man vividly before us. The statue stands in one of the great thoroughfares—in Princes-street, and adjoins the Institution—in the city of Edinburgh.

But the best monument to the memory of Professor Wilson is the two volumes of *Memoirs* written and compiled by his daughter, Mrs. Gordon. They are charming records of his active, energetic, busy, and useful life, written in a spirit of devoted affection and genuine piety. That is not strange, for if he was loved almost to adoration by those who knew him only afar off, intense must have been the feeling with which he was regarded by those who were of his household, and were portions of his great heart.

Saturday Review.

WIVES AND DAUGHTERS.*

WITHIN the space of two years two of the most distinguished of English novel-writers have suddenly passed away, each leaving behind an unfinished story showing that the full maturity of long-exercised powers had only just been reached. The suddenness of Thackeray's death was scarcely so startling as that of Mrs. Gaskell, and *Denis Duval* was only so far advanced as to indicate what was to be the final issue of the story. But the writer of *Wives and Daughters* was one for whom the longest life might have been anticipated, and the crowning work of her prolific pen was within a few pages of its completion when the heart that gave it all its power to charm was suddenly still for ever.

Mrs. Gaskell was, indeed, one of those writers in whom the important part played by the feelings in all good novel-writing was strikingly preëminent. There is a common idea that the singular gifts in the way of drawing human character and the details of every-day life, which are conspicuous in women, are solely the result of a more minute observation of the small facts of home existence and social life than is possible to the more energetic and business-like masculine understanding. And no doubt the notion is, to a certain extent, true. But it by no means supplies a complete account of the characteristic differences between the novels written by men and those written by women. Especially it does not account for that perfect conception and drawing of very various samples of the thorough masculine character in which the stories of women sometimes abound. Women paint men much better than men paint women. Women can invent male characters exhibiting the most distinct personal characteristics, totally unlike one another, and can set them talking and acting in a manner most true to actual life, although their personal knowledge of any actual prototype must have been of the most meagre kind. With the remembrance of Juliet and Cordelia and Imogen before

us, we cannot say that the creation of women by a masculine imagination, in all the distinctness and delicacy of a true portrait, is an impossibility. Such creations are, however, singularly rare, and stand in marked contrast with the facility and truth of the best workmanship of the female hand.

The real source of this peculiarity in women's work is to be found, as we take it, in the more sympathetic character of women. They can imagine a fictitious man, who shall be thoroughly a man in all his strength, infirmities, and personal characteristics, because it is their habit, not merely to watch the outer manifestations of human life, but to sympathize personally with the inner life of feeling which shows itself in an infinite variety of externals in those with whom they come in contact. The sympathy of men, however great, is different in its way of working. It is more distinctly a virtue in men than in women, requiring more pains to rear and cultivate, and rarely existing in great strength or tenderness except in those who have themselves suffered heavily. Men may be fair, just, self-sacrificing, and heroic in doing their duty, and even more than their duty. But, both at home and in society, it is their habit to look upon their companions of both sexes from without, and to judge of their actions as they appear to the observer, and according to their real character or meritoriousness when tested by certain fixed standards of taste or morals. A woman's first impulse, on the contrary, is rather to put herself in the place of those about her, estimating their acts by her own feelings, and therefore excusing them, or applauding them, almost as if they were her own. That this very sympathetic faculty is often a source of serious misconception of the real value of human actions, when tried by a perfect test of right and wrong, is of course not to be disputed. It is, indeed, this special peculiarity in women's intellect which makes them less just, though more self-sacrificing, than men. But, while it weakens them as politicians, philosophers, and critics, it gives them wonderful advantages as novelists. Indeed, that very closeness of attention to the trifles of human life which is held to be the source of their skill as character-painters is in reality only the consequence

* *Wives and Daughters ; an Every-day Story.*
By MRS. GASKELL. 2 vols. London : Smith,
Elder & Co. 1866.

of their essentially sympathetic natures. Men observe external peculiarities as a study of character. They watch words and acts with a sort of scientific aim, and construct a view of the actual life within on a strict process of induction, more or less delusive or suggestive, as the case may be. With a woman, the study of looks and gestures and phrases and habits is the study of the working of the inner life with which she herself is already more or less *en rapport*. And thus it is that the occupation possesses so many charms in her eyes; and thus, also, we can account for the fact that a woman's judgment as to the real characters of the men and women she meets with is often more sound than that of men who are very much her superiors in acuteness, depth, and experience of the world.

In *Wives and Daughters* the power of conception thus acquired by women of natural and cultivated imaginative gifts is surprisingly exhibited. None but a woman, sympathetic, acute, observant and home-loving, could have worked out the complex character of a man like Old Squire Hamley with the mingled delicacy and force without which he would have been the mere reproduction of a commonplace personage as familiar to novel-readers as he is uninteresting in actual life. There is nothing in the smallest degree novel in the idea of a half-educated country squire, too proud of his lineage and too conscious of his deficiencies to mingle happily with the aristocratic neighbors he professes to despise, loving his town-bred wife with the tenderest love, though her grandfather was nobody, looking forward to the University distinctions of his eldest son with keen hopes, and contented to see in his second son a repetition of his own rustic simplicity. Nor is there anything unprecedented in the marring of these hopes, and the estrangement between the father and his heir, through mutual misunderstandings; or in the secret and foolish marriage of the youth, or in his premature death, or in the utter break-down of the father when his wife dies, or in his gradual perception of the gifts and the virtues of the second lad. It is in the skill displayed in perfectly realizing the complexity of the feelings that must exhibit itself in the actual life of a man of such a character that Mrs. Gaskell's

singular power is conspicuous. To conceive a character governed by one or two overpowering ideas or feelings, and to carry him through a variety of events designed with the view of exhibiting the force of the master-passion, is easy enough to the skilled writer. But it was Mrs. Gaskell's special gift, not only to create men and women in whom the complexity of character is just such as is met with in every-day prosaic life, but so to enter by hearty sympathy into these heterogeneous creatures of her imagination as to exhibit that complexity in every word they utter and every step they take. This, in fact, is the secret of the popularity of her writings, and of the air of perfect reality which, with few exceptions, they wear. For the same reason, she rarely overpaints her pictures, or exaggerates their features. Her effect is produced by a multitude of tender, delicate touches, with few dark shadows or brilliant lights, just as in every-day life the hidden combinations of thoughts and emotions of ordinary people manifest themselves in a thousand little outward but unexpected ways. Thus the portrait of Mrs. Gibson, the silly, good-tempered, selfish stepmother, is really a masterpiece. There are hundreds of women just like Mrs. Gibson; but the exhibition of the subtle, intangible, and incessant mingling of the motives of a woman thus thoroughly weak in everything but her selfishness, is one of the most difficult of tasks to the novel-writer. Her pretty, captivating, ill-disciplined girl, Cynthia, is less remarkable as a portrait, not because she is less truly painted, but because it is easier to invent talk and deeds for people of vigorous minds, whose defects are the result of an ill-disciplined childhood rather than inherent in their feeble nature.

Novels like *Wives and Daughters*, and indeed all Mrs. Gaskell's stories, naturally provoke the question as to the place to be assigned to her in the ranks of novelists who aim at the reproduction of the daily existence of ordinary life. It is impossible not to compare her with Jane Austen and "George Eliot," and as a matter of criticism the comparison is not quite so superfluous or so "odious" as at first sight it may seem. In contrast with *Emma*, with *Mansfield Park*, and *Pride and Prejudice*, there

can be no question as to Mrs. Gaskell's preëminence. In both writers there is the same freedom from exaggeration, the same delight in the ludicrous aspects of daily life, the same vivacity, the same perception of the imaginative reality of their creations, and the same recognition of the complexity of human character. But in two respects Miss Austen, with all her charms, is found wanting. She has neither the refinement nor the pathos of Mrs. Gaskell. Her most prominent and best-drawn women have usually a dash of vulgarity about them. With Mrs. Gaskell, on the contrary, even her snobs lose a certain portion of that hard unintellectual vulgarity which makes the real snob so grievous an infliction. Mrs. Gibson is as unmitigated a snob as ever existed on the earth. Little less thoroughly snobbish is Lady Cumnor, the great lady at the Towers. But in both of them, especially in Mrs. Gibson, the vulgarity is just sufficiently toned down to take off its hardest edges, and to prevent its impairing the general air of refinement that pervades the whole story. Pathos, again, does not enter at all into Miss Austen's novels. With Mrs. Gaskell it is one of her greatest charms. There is nothing in fiction more touching and more perfectly true than the heartbroken desolateness of the old squire when his wife dies, and the coldness which springs up between him and his eldest son. The masculine and rude strength, and the rough but real virtues of the thoroughly honorable man are never for a moment obscured; yet the tenderness, the genuine refinement, and the personal humility and forgivingness of his nature are brought out with a clearness and force of detail that would be almost impossible in a man's treatment of such a conception.

Compared with the genius of "George Eliot," Mrs. Gaskell's gifts still maintain a character of their own. Between the pathos of the two writers there is just the difference that there is between *Romeo and Juliet* on the one hand, and *Othello* or *Hamlet* on the other. "George Eliot's" men and women are less like the ordinary men and women of every-day life, and have a more vigorous individuality than Mrs. Gaskell's, and the firmness with which they are

drawn, and the depth of light and shade with which they are colored, are in harmony with their intrinsic natures. Maggie, in the *Mill on the Floss*, is a character of tragic grandeur, thoroughly human, but most difficult to treat. In the way of wit and humor there is nothing more delightful in all fiction than Mrs. Poyser in *Adam Bede*, and the three sisters in the *Mill on the Floss*; and the vigor with which they are painted is extraordinary. Now and then, indeed, "George Eliot" writes completely in what may be called Mrs. Gaskell's manner. Such is her story of the *Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton*, who lies in bed "snoring the snore of the just," while his wife sits up sleepless with care, and darns the dull and dreary curate's worsted stockings. The last scene in the tale, too, where the heartbroken Amos flings himself upon his wife's newly-made grave in an agony of grief before leaving the scenes of his own past selfish dulness, might have been written by either of these two accomplished painters of the real life of man. This thorough reality is, in truth, the characteristic of them both, and the difference of their novels is nothing but the result of the difference of the ways in which they have looked upon the life around them. In "George Eliot" it is impossible not to recognize one who feels intensely the mystery of existence, and who, while capable of an exquisite relish for the ludicrous, wherever it presents itself, is at the same time filled with a profound sympathy for every fellow-creature who is struggling onwards through the battle of existence and gazing intently at every glimpse of the unseen. Hence the essentially tragic character of her stories, and the brilliant distinctness with which her men and women stand out almost alive from her canvas. Mrs. Gaskell's thoughts, on the other hand, are ever with rich and poor alike, as they pass the routine of ordinary ways, checkered with sunshine and sorrows, not tortured with any unsolved problems of weal or woe, but satisfied to sustain and brighten life with the gentle resources that are at hand to every one who will use them. In both, however, there is the same thorough genuineness and reality both of thought and feeling; in both, every-

thing has been studied from real nature, and nothing from novel nature. The one fills the reader with thought and sadness, and is intense even in her meriment. The other awakens tranquil sympathies, and reminds one that it is really possible to enjoy the absurdities of one's fellow-creatures without a particle of ill-will. But both alike force upon us the unpleasant reflection that, with all our host of novel-writers, those who can understand and describe humanity as it is, with a due regard to the nature of all true art, are few indeed.

Bentley's Miscellany.

ROMAN LONDON.*

ALTHOUGH Llyn-dun, the "hill fortress on the lake," or Llong-dinas, the "city of ships" (for the learned are not agreed as to the origin of the Roman designation, Londinium), was in the power of the Romans for several centuries, all that remains to attest the presence of the conquerors are fragments of walls, towers, and gates, and numerous monuments, including more especially sculptures, incised stones, bronzes, pottery, tessellated pavements, clay statuettes, tiles, glass ornaments, implements and utensils, and coins.

The aspect of Roman London is therefore, in reality, a matter of conjecture, and the extensive excavations and clearances made in recent times for sewers, railway and other purposes, have led some to doubt if even the outline of Roman London has been correctly surmised or delineated; but still the narrow strip of firm ground which lay between the great fen (Moorfields) and the river Thames, across which ran the Walbrook and the Langbourne, is sufficiently marked out by nature for all adequate purposes. The walls were of later date than the first Roman occupation, and the site of the two terminal river forts, that of the well-known gates, the existence of towers within the space of a century, and the actual remains of walls, leave little doubt as to the extent of Roman London in Constantine's time.

The main road through Roman London is also known to have been Watling-street, from the old Lud Gate, along the present Watling-street and Budge-row, to the Walbrook, which it crossed by a bridge at the junction of Cannon-street and Budge-row; and then, branching off at London-stone, in Cannon-street, it ran along the Langbourne to Ald Gate.

"Roman London," says Mr. C. Roach Smith, "thus enlarged itself from the Thames towards Moorfields and the line of wall east and south. The sepulchral deposits confirm its growth; others, at more remote distances, indicate subsequent enlargements; while interments discovered at Holborn, Finsbury, White-chapel, and the extensive burial-places in Spitalfields and Goodman's-fields, denote that these localities were fixed on when Londinium, in process of time, had spread over the extensive space inclosed by the wall."

Excavations effected for the purposes of rebuilding after the Great Fire brought to light much of the antiquarian wealth of the Roman stratum, tessellated pavements, foundations of buildings, and sculptural remains; coins, urns, pottery and utensils, tools and ornaments. Whenever, indeed, as Mr. Thomas Wright remarks in his *Celt, Roman, and Saxon*, excavations are made within the limits of the city of London, the workmen come to the floors of Roman houses at a depth of from twelve to eighteen or twenty feet under the present level.

Although Londinium was not mentioned by Cæsar, and is not supposed to have been occupied by the Romans till the reign of Claudius, about one hundred and five years after Cæsar's invasion, still it is mentioned by Tacitus as "*cognomento quidem colonix non insigne, sed copia negotiatorum et comætatuum maxime celebre*" (lib. xiv., cap. xxxiii.); that is to say, a place much frequented by merchants, and a great dépôt of merchandise, before it became dignified with the name of a *colonia*; and the extent of the old city, from Ludgate on the west to the Tower on the east, and from the wall on the north to the Thames, gives dimensions far greater than those of any other Roman town in Britain. Add to this, that recent dis-

* *Illustrations of Roman London.* By CHARLES ROACH SMITH. Printed for the Subscribers.

coveries have proved that the Roman city extended over what is now known as Southwark. In making the approaches to the new London Bridge, and in subsequent extensive excavations for foundations of buildings in various parts of Southwark, substantial remains of Roman houses were laid open, particularly on both sides of the High-street, up to the vicinity of St. George's church, in which district the wall paintings and other remains indicated villas of a superior kind.

Such a city of mercantile renown and considerable dimensions, which soon gained supremacy over her rivals—Verulamium and Camulodunum—must have had public edifices—temples or theatres—corresponding to its early wealth and reputation. A statue in bronze of Hadrian, of heroic size, was one of the public ornaments of the place, and there is every reason to believe, from the nature of its site, that St. Paul's occupies the place of a Pagan temple of old—it has been said of a temple of Diana, although Sir Christopher Wren did not find any remains to support the tradition when the new edifice was erected. Still a vast cemetery was discovered in which Britons, Romans, and Saxons had been successively buried, and each may, in their turn, have had their place of worship on the same central and rising ground. Experience teaches that these kinds of things never change from two leading influences—the original advantages of site, and the perpetuation of sanctity.*

But while at Trèves, Nismes, Antun, and other Roman sites we find evidences still existing of former greatness, and of their having been grand and noble cities, little or nothing is met with in London. Once the capital of the rich and fertile province of Britain, occupying a larger extent of ground than any other town in the island, and renowned for commerce even in her early days, the modern city has not retained the ruins of one of the public edifices which, we may suppose,

must have been provided for so important a place, and the sites of only two or three can be reasonably conjectured. Even her walls, usually the last to fall before the levelling spirit of trade, have almost disappeared, reduced to misshapen, huge blocks of masonry, to be found with difficulty here and there, doing service as the walls of warehouses, stables, and cellars.

This is to be attributed to a combination of causes. The ravages of war, as the plundering of the Frank mercenaries under Alectus, have done their share. The accidents of time, and especially the increase of population and commerce, have likewise done theirs. As a rule, it is found that the prosperity of towns is most fatal to their ancient configuration and monuments; and this is observed in the East as well as in Europe. The exuberance of religious zeal, aiming at the annihilation of every object of Pagan worship, has been another cause of destruction of works of art. To these must be added the total absence, in the middle ages, of that feeling for the remains of antiquity which prevails among the better educated of the present day, and the general indifference with which they are still regarded—an indifference which will, however, diminish daily as the love of art is disseminated among the middle and lower classes. Mr. C. Roach Smith does not, however, hesitate to say of the citizens of London that they "have ever been perfectly indifferent, with a very few exceptions, to such matters, so inconvertible to pecuniary profit; and they seem rather pleased to find some daring champion who will decry the glory and honor of Roman London, because he helps to shield them from their share of reproach under the pretext that what never existed could never have been destroyed."

The chief illustrations of Roman London, with some few exceptions, which can in the present day be presented to the public, are contained either in the work before us or in the collection on which it was based, and which is now in the British Museum, and the full importance of such a work can be best judged by what preceded it. The Tradescant Museum contained, for example, only six Roman articles in 1656, besides coins; it was increased by Ashmole,

* On digging deeper, marine shells were found, thus proving, it has been said, that the sea once flowed over the site of the present cathedral. But it is not said of what age these shells were, and whether tertiary or post-tertiary; they belonged, no doubt, to an epoch long anterior to Britons or Romans.

and, as it was not removed to Oxford until 1682, he probably added many specimens of London antiquities discovered after the Great Fire. From this time their importance became better appreciated, and one of the first collectors was John Conyers, an apothecary of Fleet-street, who assembled most of the Roman articles which subsequently formed the museum of Dr. Woodward, dispersed after his death in 1728. Mr. C. Roach Smith's museum contained over five hundred relics of Roman London, collected in the metropolis during street improvements, sewerage, and the deepening of the bed of the Thames; and many additions have since been made from the same sources, to which are to be added the objects discovered during the extensive clearances effected for railways.

Some of the modern collections, as those of Mr. Chaffers, of the late Mr. Saul, and of Mr. Gwilt, contain over a thousand relics discovered in London excavations, illustrative of the domestic and social life and customs of the inhabitants of London in the time of the Romans and during the middle ages. A few of the objects in Mr. C. Roach Smith's collection have been engraved, or are being engraved, in the *Collectanea Antiqua*, and a catalogue of his museum has been published, illustrated by Mr. Fairholt; but the *Illustrations of Roman London* contain the only artistic and philosophical generalization of the whole subject as yet given to the public, and the interest and importance of such a work can scarcely be over-estimated.

We have here bronze shields and weapons, illustrating the arms with which the disciplined cohorts kept the rude yet enterprising Britons in subjection. We have fine bronze statuettes of Apollo, Mercury, and Atys, showing that the poetical mythology of the ancients, the ideal personification of the powers of nature and of human attributes, was not unknown in the uncongenial climate of the Tamesis. We have a fragment of a group of *Dee Matres*, holding baskets of fruit in their laps, discovered in Crutched-friars—the only instance, with the exception of the discovery made in Nicholas-lane, in which the site of a temple can be identified from existing

remains. We have also numerous sepulchral monuments, with more or less interesting inscriptions; a sarcophagus, ornamented with leaden patterns and escalop shells; altars—one with a figure of Diana—and numerous architectural fragments.

If the specimens of tessellated pavements discovered in London do not attain the highest excellence, they are quite equal to the generality of their particular class. One with Europa upon the Bull is a good example of the pleasing effect produced by the judicious arrangement of numerous and complex patterns. The two pavements discovered in excavating the foundation of the French Protestant Church in Threadneedle-street are very beautiful. A very superior description of tessellated pavements was also found in Leadenhall-street, in 1803. The fragments of wall-paintings discovered throughout London are both numerous and interesting. But while in architecture, in sculpture, and in pavements, London affords no such examples as abound on the Continent, some of the works in bronze are of as high a class of art as any in the continental museums. Such are the head of the Emperor Hadrian, and the youthful Apollo, a masterpiece of ideal grace and beauty. The Mercury is of the best and chastest design, and of the most finished workmanship. The Atys, though inferior as a work of art to the preceding, is well executed, and particularly interesting, as affording a representation of a mythological personage, whose effigies, although common enough in Asia Minor, and more especially in the terra cottas of Tarsus, are rare in Europe.

Among other fine works of art is the figure of an archer and a pair of forceps, with busts on the shanks of the deities who presided over the days of the week. The attitude of a little silver figure of Harpocrates is also natural and full of grace.

The perfection which the Etruscans, Greeks, and Romans attained in the manufacturing of fictile vessels can only be understood by those who have studied, or at least taken some pains to examine, the numerous varieties which are preserved in our public and private collections and in those of the Continent. Researches made during the last twenty or

thirty years have thrown much light upon the origin of several varieties of the fictile ware discovered so abundantly throughout this country. From these researches experienced archaeologists, like Mr. C. Roach Smith and Mr. Thomas Wright, have been enabled to refer with certainty particular classes to the localities in which they were largely, though probably not exclusively, fabricated.

As Londinium was the great centre of the commerce of Britain, it might be expected that upon its site would be found traces of the products of most of these factories, especially of those with which intercourse was direct and frequent. There, also, we should naturally look for examples of the pottery made in neighboring foreign countries. Accordingly, nowhere in England has such an immense quantity of various kinds been discovered as in London. Examples of most of these are given in the *Illustrations of Roman London*. Numerous examples are also given of that peculiar class of red glazed Roman pottery, generally called "Samian," and to which so much interest attaches on account of variety and beauty of form, superior material, and the classic designs with which it is frequently decorated. This kind of pottery has been nowhere found more plentifully than in London, and the illustrations given, with the potter's stamps, present upwards of three hundred varieties. Only fragments of the small figures which served for domestic ornaments, for votive offerings, and as lares and penates, have been found in London, and these in a fine white clay. Almost all the lamps discovered in London are of terra cotta, and chiefly of small size. Of the various kinds of Roman tiles an enormous quantity have been found. Some of them are stamped with the names of the legions and cohorts quartered in the particular localities where they were made. In respect to the state of glass-making among the Romans (and in this, as in other branches of art, it has been hitherto far too much the custom to underrate the state of the arts among nations of remote antiquity), Mr. C. Roach Smith has confined himself to

giving a notion of some of the more uncommon kinds. The jewels and personal ornaments of the Romano-Britons are largely illustrated; but it is admitted that they are of a less costly and elegant description, as also less varied, than those of the Anglo-Saxons. Another portion of the costume of the inhabitants of Londinium has curiously enough been revealed to us in the most satisfactory of all ways—namely, by examples almost as perfect as when in use, and quite sufficiently so to understand their forms and mode of manufacture. We allude to sandals, which have been found in certain localities from which the air was excluded, nearly in the same condition as when they covered feet which trod the streets of Roman London. The illustrations of implements and utensils comprise the styles and tablets used by the Romans in their ordinary epistolary correspondence, spoons, knives, sickles, spindles, balances, weights, keys, bells, hammers, awls, millstones, mortars, and a variety of other objects, some of which are almost ludicrously like those used in the present day. The list of medallions and coins, which is adequately illustrated, comprises over two thousand specimens, chiefly obtained from the bed of the Thames, and helps materially to throw light upon the history of Roman London. Some of them are, indeed, of considerable interest, and of great rarity. The state of Britain, Mr. C. Roach Smith remarks, under Carausius and Alectus, when the province, chiefly by the aid of a powerful navy, was raised to the rank and independence of an empire, is more fully understood from the coins of the period than from the brief notices of historians and contemporary writers. It is to be hoped that Mr. C. Roach Smith may be induced to publish this really admirable picture of Roman London. It is a subject of far too much general interest, whether in a historical, an artistic, or an archaeological point of view, that the knowledge of it should be limited to the few. No educated person's library ought to be without a copy of a work of so much importance to the past history and condition of this country, and especially of its chief city.

Cornhill Magazine.

THE MODERN DOCTRINE OF CULTURE.

WHAT is at present styled culture must always have existed among men as a practice, but the idea of it is now for the first time struggling into definite shape as a doctrine. Even yet it has not, so far as I know, been strictly formulated, but the human intellect in Europe is gradually realizing it; and when this is done, a striking addition will have been made to our intellectual notions. It would be hard to overrate the importance of this fact, for the likelihood is, that new stars appear in the sky oftener than new doctrines dawn upon men's minds. There is something, too, very peculiar in this case, from the circumstance that the idea has suggested itself generally, and has had no apostle. Goethe's name is the most prominently connected with it; but that was owing to his notably practicing it as an art, rather than his revealing it as a science. As we have said, this latter has not been done even yet, and, possibly, it is still too early for any successful attempt at it. We can only adumbrate the doctrine, so to speak. Its specialty, I conceive is this, that it urges to a conscious conduct of life in which goodness is no longer the final object. A fresh department of behavior is visibly thrown open, in the case of which the common virtues are not specifically relevant; a higher branch of morals is instituted, in which the factors are not justice and truth, but a set of artistic sensibilities. The preliminary explanation of this is, that the doctrine does not, in the first instance, refer to overt acts, but to experience of another; until recently, this latter portion of human existence has been theoretically overlooked, though, of course, it could never be practically ignored. Ethical teaching has restricted itself to enforcing honesty and generosity, but these obligations only bear upon our relations to our fellows. What has generosity to do with our admiration of a work of art, or honesty with our thrills in presence of a sunset? The duties in this interior sphere of our lives are to ourselves, not to others; and the suggestions offering as to their nature are so novel, that intelligible description is hardly to be es-

sayed. We moderns find ourselves under subtle obligations to be this and that, instead of the ancient and more tangible ones of, to do such and such things; and the only answer we get to the question of how this can be effected is by culture. Mere correctness of living, according to this new view, goes only part way; you must not only be good but capable; and the last, worst sin of all is impotency to enjoy!

The mental notion underlying this doctrine of culture, appears to be this, that our emotional experience is the final fact of life, in reference to which the virtues and everything else need only be considered as means; and, further, that we may chiefly determine the character of this experience for ourselves by the consciously controlled use of our emotions. To this we must add the implied discovery of the important distinction that our experience divides into two classes, the one of which may be called transitive, and the other intransitive; that is to say, in the former case the behavior expresses itself in overt action, while in the latter case the experience is wholly passive. It is to these last-named states of mind that culture applies; and it holds the same position in reference to them that morality does in relation to practical conduct. The intransitive has always necessarily been a wider and more important sphere of life than the transitive, for in the mundane arrangement of things, opportunities for overt action present themselves very sluggishly and sparsely, contrasted with the quick and continuous action of the feelings; and although in modern times the world grows busier than of old, civilization progressively multiplying the active opportunities, still the intransitive region has extended itself upon a larger scale than the transitive. Our ideas and feelings are in more striking disproportion to our doings than ever; and it may be this fact which has forced upon us the idea of culture as a doctrine. Religious contemplation used to be the only opening for culture, in addition to the delight offered by the Fine Arts, but a fresh domain has been added by modern physical science, its disclosures pressing even the intellect into this service by the sheer grandeur of our mental conceptions of the world we find ourselves in. The field of our

knowledge, owing to the revelations of the telescope, the microscope, chemical analysis, scientific classification, as in the case of geology, and the increasing stores of information resulting from foreign travel and international intercourse, is extended far beyond the possibilities or needs of the practical conduct. The heavens and the earth are opened to us, new constellations of discoveries ever arising, which startle us with feelings of surprise and joy, underneath which we have simply to sit still. Something very nearly akin to this may even now be said of the way in which we are affected by the spectacle of the wonders which man himself achieves by the aid of present scientific appliances. Our contemplation of modern constructive and manufacturing feats, and of the control we are obtaining over elementary forces, is in itself an additional means of a more liberal culture, since the intransitive feelings are now often aroused by it, and that very acutely. But, perhaps, a still more striking instance of the enlargement of the sphere of culture in recent times remains to be noted. The ancients, as it has often been remarked, had no school of landscape painting, and there are few traces among them of anything answering to that intense feeling which we now call by the name of a love of Nature. It is not to be supposed, for we have proofs to the contrary, that the Greeks, for example, did not feel some emotion at the sight of the quiet sea, or when standing under the arch of the midnight sky; but there is no evidence whatever that this feeling was cultivated designedly, only for the enjoyment of it. Now, however, men deliberately make journeys across the world to hear the thunder of a cataract, and watch the shiftings of its intermingling rainbows in the white horizon of spray; they laboriously, and at the risk of personal safety, climb mountains at midnight, to await the uprising of the sun: valleys, dales, and hills have rival reputations, just as beautiful women have, and worshippers seek them from far and near. There is scarcely a hidden brook which has not its pilgrim adorer, or a stray flower without some devotee. In these instances, it is not knowledge which is the means of the experience, but only a sort of sensuous observation. This may

now and again, and with more or less completeness, run into a contemplation of the power, wisdom, and goodness displayed, but that is not a necessary consequence.

What we have hitherto mentioned, may be described as new, additional departments of culture, arising out of the fresh circumstantial arrangements of modern life; but literature has always been held a chief means of culture, the poets and the story-tellers everywhere appearing from the earliest times. If, however, not a fresh appliance, still the modern development of literature amounts to an enormous increase of the influence of this old agency. Let it be borne in mind that all writings read for the mere enjoyment furnished in the reading are instruments of culture, and of no use further; and, then, let it be imagined to what extent this practice is carried in these days, when every person, by the general diffusion of the art of reading, is his own story-teller. The printing press has now placed the Book in all hands, and by means of it, in the recurring pauses of business, on the hearth, in the railway carriage, aboard the ship, we are ever using our emotions artificially. A special criticism is also suggested here. In past times, even the most poetical romance was understood to have a body of fact in it, but now we have got to avowed fiction, all pretence of actual reality being wilfully thrown aside. Very soon it cannot but be recognized, even popularly, that our modern general literature, of which the Novel is becoming more and more the type, is only a gigantic machinery for the enjoyment of the feelings. The reading of fiction is not the highest form of culture, since, owing to the emotions being mainly aroused by sight of personal vicissitudes, the feelings have a tendency to specifically define themselves, and to point towards action; but this is now greatly, and increasingly, checked by the knowledge that pure fiction is practiced; and thus the transitive feelings may almost be said to form intransitive habits, again widening the sphere of culture, although in a lower range. A further illustration of the extension of culture as a practice is furnished by the ever-growing popularity of music. Already, by the aid of the modern pianoforte in-

strument, music is almost perpetual and omnipresent. But all the agencies al-
luded to may be classed together as ex-
emplifying the fast developing habit of
relying upon artificial arrangements of
circumstances for the exercise of our
emotional capabilities. This practice has
now reached a point at which it is almost
matter of necessity that it should force
upon us a mental conception of culture
as a doctrine.

Has culture any dangers? Some of
those who have most clearly perceived
the growing tendency toward it, express
strange apprehensions. The risk of it
appears to lie in a certain reflex bearing
it may have upon our practical lives.
When the notion is fully realized that
selected and artificial arrangements are
better for the purposes of emotion than
actual circumstances, will fixedness of
principles be observed? If goodness is
no longer held to be an end in itself, but
only useful as a means for securing a re-
sult in our experience, may not justice
and honor come to be regarded as rude,
provisional rules, only absolutely obliga-
tory during the infant age of men, before
they had arrived at an intelligent dis-
cretion of expediency? Many men seek
to pick and choose, to rearrange and
select in the practical as well as the ideal
life, having reference simply to emotional
gratifications? Will the sense of duty
be transformed from the recognition of a
positive and outward obligation into a
mere feeling of an inward impulse, with-
out fixedness, but changing and varying
with the mood? May not persons even
be tempted designedly to exhaust the
varieties of conduct, for the very purpose
of testing the possibilities of experience;
each one again plucking for himself the
fatal apple of the dread tree of life, from
the old fascinating curiosity of distin-
guishing good and evil? These are dis-
turb- ing questions, and the more so since
there seems to be some evidence pointing
in favor of the more startling answer.
Even in religious matters, where individ-
ual conviction has the severest sway, a
kind of laxness of denominational prin-
ciples is showing itself. In all quarters
the talk is now of "union," and the de-
sire for that appears to be rising above
the claims of distinctive belief; an im-
patience is evinced that considerations
of abstract truth should stand in the way

of social intercourse. Does not, it may
be asked, this indicate a dilapidation of
the conscience? Is it not likely that
vigorous, healthy morality will be ex-
changed for a weak and morbid senti-
mentalism? It may be well, however,
to remember that a new doctrine is cer-
tain to start fears of this kind, merely by
its being new. Christianity itself, for
instance, which was most essentially a
new religious *cult*, must have raised
among the believers in the Law very
unsettling questions much akin to these.
Some passages of St. Paul's Epistles set
at nought all positive prescriptions in
favor of an emotional state of mind; but
the new motives, intangible as they might
at first appear, proved themselves fully
adequate in practice. The reassuring
guarantee, however, is, that the feelings
which actuate the practical life cannot be
greatly interfered with by ideal culture;
they will not allow of much meddling
with in an experimental way; while no-
body in his sane wits can doubt that
they *can* only be efficiently exercised ac-
cording to the old-fashioned rules of po-
sitive morality, which are thus quite safe
against being imagined away. The cul-
ture of the intransitive and the transitive
feelings does not proceed in the same
way nor by similar means. It is a man's
own acts, and his personal relationship
towards other individuals, which fix and
regulate the latter; and those doings, to
turn out well, must be guided by the set
commonplace rules of virtue. No doubt
the old choice of wickedness or goodness
will always lie before a man, and if he
prefers illicit gratifications, he may enjoy
them by neglecting virtue; but he will
never be able to secure the delights of
virtue by practicing vice. No possible
kind of culture can confuse experience in
that way; so that it is hard to see where
the actual danger is to rise.

We fancy that even the doctrinal lax-
ness of the present day may be explained
on specific grounds, without considering
it an omen of the permanent relinquish-
ment of the love of abstract truth, under
the influence of misdirected culture. De-
nominational exclusiveness, with its con-
sequent sense of superiority, used to
bring into play a special emotion; but
that feeling would seem to have grown
stale for the present, and men now find
an emotional gratification in cultivating

union. Possibly the complacency of this charity will in time fail along with its novelty; and then men may withdraw again into the exclusiveness of opposing sections for the enjoyment of the other feeling. But culture proper has no necessary connection with this class of emotions at all; they are decidedly transitive, and are governed by different motives. The noticeable tendency toward ritualism setting in of late years, is much more clearly connected with the recent systematic development of culture; for much of the feeling it awakens is intransitive, though some of it is not; but here again, the mere lapse of time since the disuse of the practices now resumed may have something to do with the matter; owing, that is, to the necessity for change of custom at historic intervals for the reinvigoration of the emotions. This influence of the feelings on the vicissitudes of controversy, apart from intellectual necessities, has never been fully investigated. Its clear understanding would, I feel assured, explain the direction of many of our present activities, religious, social, and political; and would also, it is not improbable, enable us to predict new diversions of our energies. But this can in no way be properly called culture, for it does not admit of conscious individual practice; it depends on the passage of long periods of time, and the spontaneous impulse of masses of people. On the whole, therefore, I see little fear of the present increasing and progressive culture unsettling common morality; the two spheres are distinct, and never can be more than very temporarily and very slightly confused. At present, this may be a little the case, but the better apprehending of culture as a doctrine will be certain to correct it; while by the practice of it in the additional fields of contemplation modern times are throwing open, human life will be greatly enriched.

The Cornhill Magazine.

THE STUDY OF CELTIC LITERATURE.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

PART I.

THE summer before last I spent some weeks at Llandudno, on the Welsh coast. The best lodging-houses at Llandudno

look eastward, towards Liverpool; and from that Saxon hive swarms are incessantly issuing, crossing the bay, and taking possession of the beach and the lodging-houses. Guarded by the Great and Little Orme's Head, and alive with the Saxon invaders from Liverpool, the eastern bay is an attractive point of interest, and many visitors to Llandudno never contemplate anything else. But, putting aside the charm of the Liverpool steamboats, perhaps the view, on this side, a little dissatisfies one after a while; the horizon wants mystery, the sea wants beauty, the coast wants verdure, and has a too bare austerity and aridity. At last one turns round and looks westward. Everything is changed. Over the mouth of the Conway and its sands are the eternal softness and mild light of the west; the low line of the mystic Anglesey, and the precipitous Penmaenmawr, and the great group of Carnedd Llewelyn and Carnedd David and their brethren fading away, hill behind hill, in an aerial haze, make the horizon: between the foot of Penmaenmawr and the bending coast of Anglesey, the sea, a silver stream, disappears one knows not whither. On this side, Wales—Wales, where the past still lives, where every place has its tradition, every name its poetry, and where the people, the genuine people, still know this past, this tradition, this poetry, and live with it, and cling to it; while, alas, the prosperous Saxon on the other side, the invader from Liverpool and Birkenhead, has long ago forgotten his. And the promontory where Llandudno stands is the very centre of this tradition; it is Creuddyn, *the bloody city*, where every stone has its story; there, opposite its decaying rival, Conway Castle, is Diganwy, not decaying but long since utterly decayed, some crumbling foundations on a crag-top and nothing more—Diganwy, where Mael-gwyn shut up Elphin, and where Taliesin came to free him. Below, in a fold of the hill, is Llan-rhos, the church of the marsh, where the same Mael-gwyn, a British prince of real history, a bold and licentious chief, the original, it is said, of Arthur's Lancelot, shut himself up in the church to avoid the Yellow Plague, and peeped out through a hole in the door, and saw the monster and died. Behind among the woods, is Glod-daeth, *the place of feast-*

ing, where the bards were entertained; and further away, up the valley of the Conway towards Llanrwst, is the Lake of Ceirionydd and Taliesin's grave. Or, again, looking seawards and Angleseywards, you have Pen-mon, Seiriol's isle and priory, where Mael-gwyn lies buried; you have the *Sands of Lamentation* and Llys Helig, *Helig's Mansion*, a mansion under the waves, a sea-buried palace and realm. *Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus.*

As I walked up and down, last August year, looking at the waves as they washed this Sigeian land which has never had its Homer, and listening with curiosity to the strange, unfamiliar speech of its old possessors' obscure descendants, bathing people, vegetable-sellers, and donkey boys, who were all about me—suddenly I heard, through the stream of unknown Welsh, words, not English, indeed, but still familiar. They came from a French nursery maid, with some children. Profoundly ignorant of her relationship, this Gaulish Celt moved among her British cousins, speaking her polite neo-Latin tongue, and full of compassionate contempt, probably, for the Welsh barbarians and their jargon. What a revolution was here! How had the star of this daughter of Gomer waxed, while the star of these Cymry, his sons, had waned! What a difference of fortune in the two, since the days when, speaking the same language, they left their common dwelling-place in the heart of Asia; since the Cimmerians of the Euxine came in upon their western kinsmen, the sons of the giant Galates; since the sisters, Gaul and Briton, cut the mistletoe in their forests, and saw the coming of Cæsar! *Blanc, rouge, rocher, champ, église, seigneur*—these words, by which the Gallo-Roman Celt now names white, and red, and rock, and field, and church, and lord, are no part of the speech of his true ancestors; they are words he has learned; but since he learned them they have had a world-wide success, and we all teach them to our children, and armies speaking them have domineered in every city of that Germany by which the British Celt was broken, and in the train of these armies, Saxon auxiliaries, a humbled contingent, have been fain to follow—the poor Welshman still says, in the genuine tongue of his ancestors,

gwyn, goch, craig, maes, llan, arghwydd; but his land is a province, and his history petty, and his Saxon subduers scout his speech as an obstacle to civilization; and the echo of all its kindred in other lands is growing every day fainter and more feeble; gone in Cornwall, going in Brittany and the Scotch Highlands, going, too, in Ireland—and there, above all, the badge of the beaten race, the property of the vanquished.

But the Celtic genius was just then preparing, in Llandudno, to have its hour of revival. Workmen were busy in putting up a large tent-like wooden building, which attracted the eye of every new-comer, and which my little boys believed (their wish, no doubt, being father to their belief) to be a circus. It turned out, however, to be no circus for Castor and Pollux, but a temple for Apollo and the Muses. It was the place where the Eisteddfod, or Baidic Congress of Wales, was about to be held; a meeting which has for its object (I quote the words of its promoters) "the diffusion of useful knowledge, the eliciting of native talent, and the cherishing of love of home and honorable fame by the cultivation of poetry, music, and art." My little boys were disappointed; but I, whose circus days are over, I, who have a professional interest in poetry, and who, also, hating one-sidedness and oppression, wish nothing better than that the Celtic genius should be able to show itself to the world and make its voice heard, was delighted. I took my ticket, and waited impatiently for the day of opening. The day came—an unfortunate one; storms of wind, clouds of dust, an angry, dirty sea. The Saxons who arrived by the Liverpool steamers looked miserable; even the Welsh who arrived by land—whether they were discomposed by the bad morning, or by the monstrous and crushing tax which the London and Northwestern Railway Company levies on all whom it transports across those four miles of marshy peninsula between Conway and Llandudno—did not look happy. First we went to the Gorsedd, or preliminary congress for conferring the degree of bard. The Gorsedd was held in the open air, at the windy corner of a street, and the morning was not favorable to open-air solemnities. The Welsh, too, share, it seems to me, with

their Saxon invaders, an inaptitude for show and spectacle. Show and spectacle are better managed by the Latin race, and those whom it has moulded; the Welsh, like us, are a little awkward and resourceless in the organization of a festival. The presiding genius of the mystic circle, in our hideous nineteenth century costume relieved only by a green scarf, the wind drowning his voice and the dust powdering his whiskers, looked thoroughly wretched; so did the aspirants for bardic honors; and I believe, after about an hour of it, we all of us, as we stood shivering round the sacred stones, began half to wish for the Druid's sacrificial knife to end our sufferings. But the Druid's knife is gone from his hands; so we sought the shelter of the Eisteddfod building.

The sight inside was not lively. The president and his supporters mustered strong on the platform. On the floor the one or two front benches were pretty well filled, but their occupants were for the most part Saxons, who came there from curiosity, not from enthusiasm; and all the middle and back benches, where should have been the true enthusiasts—the Welsh people—were nearly empty. The president, I am sure, showed a national spirit which was admirable. He addressed us Saxons in our own language, and called us "the English branch of the descendants of the ancient Britons." We received the compliment with the impassive dulness which is the characteristic of our nature; and the lively Celtic nature, which should have made up for the dulness of ours, was absent. A lady who sat by me, and who was the wife, I found, of a distinguished bard on the platform, told me, with emotion in her look and voice, how dear were these solemnities to the heart of her people, how deep was the interest which was aroused by them. I believe her, but still the whole performance, on that particular morning, was incurably lifeless. The recitation of the prize compositions began: pieces of verse and prose in the Welsh language, an essay on punctuality being, if I remember right, one of them; a poem on the march of Havelock, another. This went on for some time. Then Dr. Vaughan—the well-known Nonconformist minister, a Welshman, and a good patriot—addressed us in

English. His speech was a powerful one, and he succeeded, I confess, in sending a faint thrill through our front benches; but it was the old familiar thrill which we have all of us felt a thousand times in Saxon chapels and meeting halls, and had nothing bardic about it. I stepped out, and in the street I came across an acquaintance fresh from London and the parliamentary session. In a moment the spell of the Celtic genius was forgotten, the Philistinism of our Saxon nature made itself felt; and my friend and I walked up and down by the roaring waves, talking not of ovates and bards, and triads and englynys, but of the sewage question, and the glories of our local self-government, and the mysterious perfections of the Metropolitan Board of Works.

I believe it is admitted, even by the admirers of Eisteddfods in general, that this particular Eisteddfod was not a success. Llandudno, it is said, was not the right place for it. Held in Conway Castle, as a few years ago it was, and its spectators—an enthusiastic multitude—filling the grand old ruin, I can imagine it a most impressive and interesting sight, even to a stranger laboring under the terrible disadvantage of being ignorant of the Welsh language. But even seen as I saw it at Llandudno, it had the power to set one thinking. An Eisteddfod is, no doubt, a kind of Olympic meeting; and that the common people of Wales should care for such a thing, shows something Greek in them, something spiritual, something humane, something (I am afraid one must add) which in the English common people is not to be found. This line of reflection has been followed by the accomplished Bishop of St. David's, and by the *Saturday Review*: it is just, it is fruitful, and those who pursued it merit our best thanks. But, from peculiar circumstances, the Llandudno meeting was, as I have said, such as not at all to suggest ideas of Olympia, and of a multitude touched by the divine flame, and hanging on the lips of Pindar. It rather suggested the triumph of the prosaic, practical Saxon, and the approaching extinction of an enthusiasm which he derides as factitious, a literature which he disdains as trash, a language which he detests as a nuisance.

I must say I quite share the opinion of my brother Saxons as to the practical inconvenience of perpetuating the speaking of Welsh. It may cause a moment's distress to one's imagination when one hears that the last Cornish peasant who spoke the old tongue of Cornwall is dead; but, no doubt, Cornwall is the better for adopting English, for becoming more thoroughly one with the rest of the country. The fusion of all the inhabitants of these islands into one homogeneous, English-speaking whole, the breaking down of barriers between us, the swallowing up of separate provincial nationalities, is a consummation to which the natural course of things irresistibly tends; it is a necessity of what is called modern civilization, and modern civilization is a real, legitimate force; the change must come, and its accomplishment is a mere affair of time. The sooner the Welsh language disappears as an instrument of the practical, political, social life of Wales, the better; the better for England, the better for Wales itself. Traders and tourists do excellent service by pushing the English wedge further and further into the heart of the principality; government, by hammering it harder and harder into the elementary schools. Nor, perhaps, can one have much sympathy with the literary cultivation of Welsh as an instrument of living literature; and in this respect Eisteddfods encourage, I think, a fantastic and mischief-working delusion. For all serious purposes in modern literature (and trifling purposes in it who would care to encourage?) the language of a Welshman is and must be English; if an Eisteddfod author has anything to say about punctuality or about the march of Havelock, he had much better say it in English; or rather, perhaps, what he has to say on these subjects may as well be said in Welsh, but the moment he has anything of real importance to say, anything the world will the least care to hear, he must speak English. Dilettantism might possibly do much harm here, might mislead and waste and bring to nought a genuine talent. For all modern purposes, I repeat, let us all as soon as possible be one people; let the Welshman speak English, and, if he is an author, let him write English.

So far, I go along with the stream of

my brother Saxons; but here, I imagine, I part company with them. They will have nothing to do with the Welsh language and literature on any terms; they would gladly make a clean sweep of it from the face of the earth. I, on certain terms, wish to make a great deal more of it than is made now; and I regard the Welsh literature — or rather, dropping the distinction between Welsh and Irish, Gaels and Cymris, let me say Celtic literature—as an object of very great interest. My brother Saxons have, as is well known, a terrible way with them of wanting to improve every thing but themselves off the face of the earth; I have no such passion for finding nothing but myself everywhere; I like variety to exist and to show itself to me, and I would not for the world have the lineaments of the Celtic genius lost. But I know my brother Saxons, I know their strength, and I know that the Celtic genius will make nothing of trying to set up barriers against them in the world of fact and brute force, of trying to hold its own against them as a political and social counter-power, as the soul of a hostile nationality. To me there is something mournful (and at this moment, when one sees what is going on in Ireland, how well may one say so!) in hearing a Welshman or an Irishman make pretensions—natural pretensions, I admit, but how hopelessly vain!—to such a rival self-establishment; there is something mournful in hearing an Englishman scout them. Strength! alas, it is not strength, strength in the material world, which is wanting to us Saxons; we have plenty of strength for swallowing up and absorbing as much as we choose; there is nothing to hinder us from effacing the last poor material remains of that Celtic power which once was everywhere, but has long since, in the race of civilization, fallen out of sight. We may threaten them with extinction if we will, and may almost say in so threatening them, like Cæsar in threatening with death the tribune Metellus, who closed the treasury door against him: “And when I threaten this, young man, to threaten it is more trouble to me than to do it.” It is not in the outward and visible world of material life, that the Celtic genius of Wales or Ireland can at this day hope to count for much;

it is in the inward world of thought and science. What it *has* been, what it *has* done, let it ask us to attend to that, as a matter of science and history; not to what it will be or will do, as a matter of modern politics. It cannot count appreciably now as a material power; but, perhaps, if it can get itself thoroughly known as an object of science, it may count for a good deal—far more than we Saxons, most of us, imagine—as a spiritual power.

The bent of our time is towards science, towards knowing things as they are; so the Celt's claims towards having his genius and its works fairly treated, as objects of scientific investigation, the Saxon can hardly reject when these claims are urged simply on their own merits, and are not mixed up with extraneous pretensions which jeopardize them. What the French call the *science des origines*, the science of origins—a science which is at the bottom of all real knowledge of the actual world, and which is every day growing in interest and importance—is very incomplete without a thorough critical account of the Celts, and their genius, language, and literature. This science has still great progress to make, but its progress, made even within the recollection of those of us who are in middle life, has already affected our common notions about the Celtic race; and this change, too, shows how science, the knowing things as they are, may even have salutary practical consequences. I remember when I was young I was taught to think of Celt as separated by an impassable gulf from Teuton; my father, in particular, was never weary of contrasting them; he insisted much oftener on the separation between us and them than on the separation between us and any other race in the world; in the same way Lord Lyndhurst, in words long famous, called the Irish, "aliens in speech, in religion, in blood." This naturally created a profound sense of estrangement; it doubled the estrangement which political and religious differences already made between us and the Irish: it seemed to make this estrangement immense, incurable, fatal. It begot a strange reluctance, as any one may see by reading the preface to the great text-book for Welsh poetry, the *Myvyrian Archæology*, pub-

lished at the beginning of this century, to further—nay, allow—even among quiet, peaceable people like the Welsh, the publication of the documents of their ancient literature, the monuments of the Cymric genius; such was the sense of repulsion, the sense of incompatibility, of radical antagonism, making it seem dangerous to us to let such opposites to ourselves have speech and utterance. Certainly the Jew—the Jew of ancient times, at least—then seemed a thousand degrees nearer than the Celt to us. Puritanism had so assimilated Bible ideas and phraseology; names like Ebenezer, and notions like that of hewing Agag in pieces, came so natural to us, that the sense of affinity between the Teutonic and the Hebrew nature was quite strong; a steady, middle-class Anglo-Saxon much more imagined himself Ehud's cousin than Ossian's. But meanwhile, the pregnant and striking ideas of the ethnologists about the true natural grouping of the human race, the doctrine of a great Indo-European unity, comprising Hindoos, Persians, Greeks, Latins, Celts, Teutons, Slavonians, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, of a Semitic unity and of a Mongolian unity, separated by profound distinguishing marks from the Indo-European unity and from one another, was slowly acquiring consistency and popularizing itself. So strong and real could the sense of sympathy or antipathy, grounded upon real identity or diversity in race, grow in men of culture, that we read of a genuine Teuton—Wilhelm von Humboldt—finding, even in the sphere of religion, that sphere where the might of Semitism has been so overpowering, the food which most truly suited his spirit in the productions not of the alien Semitic genius, but of the genius of Greece or India, the Teuton's born kinsfolk of the common Indo-European family. "Towards Semitism he felt himself," we read, "far less drawn;" he had the consciousness of a certain antipathy in the depths of his nature to this, and to its "absorbing, tyrannous, terrorist religion," as to the opener, more flexible Indo-European genius, this religion appeared. "The mere workings of the old man in him!" Semitism will readily reply; and though one can hardly admit this short and easy method of settling the matter, it must be

owned that Humboldt's is an extreme case of Indo-Europeanism, useful as letting us see what may be the power of race and primitive constitution, but not likely, in the spiritual sphere, to have many companion cases equalling it. Still, even in this sphere, the tendency is in Humboldt's direction; the modern spirit tends more and more to establish a sense of native diversity between our European bent and the Semitic bent, and to eliminate, even in our religion, certain elements as purely and excessively Semitic, and therefore, in right, not combinable with our European nature, not assimilable by it. This tendency is now quite visible even among ourselves, and even, as I have said, within the great sphere of the Semitic genius, the sphere of religion; and for its justification this tendency appeals to science, the science of origins; it appeals to this science as teaching us which way our natural affinities and repulsions lie. It appeals to this science, and in part it comes from it; it is, in considerable part, an indirect practical result from it. In the sphere of politics, too, there has, in the same way, appeared an indirect practical result from this science; the sense of antipathy to the Irish people, of radical estrangement from them, has visibly abated among all the better part of us; the remorse for past ill-treatment of them, the wish to make amends, to do them justice, to fairly unite, if possible, in one people with them, has visibly increased; hardly a book on Ireland is now published, hardly a debate on Ireland now passes in Parliament, without this appearing. Fanciful as the notion may at first seem, I am inclined to think that the march of science—science insisting that there is no such original chasm between the Celt and the Saxon as we once popularly imagined; that they are not truly, what Lord Lyndhurst called them, *aliens in blood* from us; that they are our brothers in the great Indo-European family—has had a share, an appreciable share, in producing this changed state of feeling. No doubt, the release from alarm and struggle, the sense of firm possession, solid security, and overwhelming power; no doubt these, allowing and encouraging humane feelings to spring up in us, have done much; no doubt a state of fear and danger, Ireland in hostile conflict with

us, our union violently disturbed, might, while it drove back all humane feelings, make also the old sense of utter estrangement revive. Nevertheless, so long as such a malignant revolution of events does not actually come about, so long the new sense of kinship and kindliness lives, works, and gathers strength; and the longer it so lives and works, the more it makes any such malignant revolution improbable. And this new, reconciling sense has, I say, its roots in science.

However, on these indirect benefits of science we must not lay too much stress. Only this must be allowed; it is clear that there are now in operation two influences, both favorable to a more attentive and impartial study of Celtism than it has yet ever received from us. One is, the strengthening in us of the feeling of Indo-Europeanism; the other, the strengthening in us of the scientific sense generally. The first breaks down barriers between us and the Celt, relaxes the estrangement between us; the second begets the desire to know his case thoroughly, and to be just to it. This is a very different matter from the political and social Celtization of which certain enthusiasts dream; but it is not to be despised by any one to whom the Celtic genius is dear; and it is possible, while the other is not.

To know the Celtic case thoroughly, one must know the Celtic people; and to know them, one must know that by which a people best express themselves—their literature. Few of us have any notion what a mass of Celtic literature is really yet extant and accessible. One constantly finds even very accomplished people, who fancy that the remains of Welsh and Irish literature are as inconsiderable by their volume, as, in their opinion, they are by their intrinsic merit; that these remains consist of a few prose stories, in great part borrowed from the literature of nations more civilized than the Welsh or Irish nation, and of some unintelligible poetry. As to Welsh literature, they have heard, perhaps, of the *Black Book of Caermarthen*, or of the *Red Book of Hergest*, and they imagine that one or two famous manuscript books like these contain the whole matter. They have no notion that, in real truth, to quote the words of one who is no

friend to the high pretensions of Welsh literature, but their most formidable impugner, Mr. Nash: "The Myvyrian manuscripts alone, now deposited in the British Museum, amount to 47 volumes of poetry, of various sizes, containing about 4700 pieces of poetry, in 16,000 pages, besides about 2000 englynion or epigrammatic stanzas. There are also in the same collection, 53 volumes of prose, in about 15,300 pages, containing a great many curious documents on various subjects. Besides these, which were purchased of the widow of the celebrated Owen Jones, the editor of the *Myvyrian Archæology*, there are a vast number of collections of Welsh manuscripts in London, and in the libraries of the gentry of the principalities." The *Myvyrian Archæology* here spoken of by Mr. Nash, I have already mentioned; he calls its editor, Owen Jones, celebrated; he is not so celebrated but that he claims a word, in passing, from a professor of poetry. He was a Denbighshire peasant, born before the middle of last century, in that vale of Myvyr which has given its name to his archæology. From his childhood he had that passion for the old treasures of his country's literature, which to this day, as I have said, in the common people of Wales is so remarkable; these treasures were unprinted, scattered, difficult of access, jealously guarded. "More than once," says Edward Lhuyd, who in his *Archæologia Britannica*, brought out by him in 1707, would gladly have given them to the world, "more than once I had a promise from the owner, and the promise was afterwards retracted at the instigation of certain persons, pseudo-politicians, as I think, rather than men of letters." So Owen Jones went up, a young man of nineteen, to London, and got employment in a furrier's shop in Thames-street; for forty years, with a single object in view, he worked at his business; and at the end of that time his object was won. He had risen in his employment till the business had become his own, and he was now a man of considerable means; but those means had been sought by him for one purpose only, the purpose of his life, the dream of his youth—the giving permanence and publicity to the treasures of his national literature. Gradually he got manuscript

after manuscript transcribed, and at last, in 1801, he jointly with two friends brought out in three large volumes, printed in double columns, his *Myvyrian Archæology of Wales*. The book is full of imperfections; it presented itself to a public which could not judge of its importance, and it brought upon its author, in his lifetime, more attack than honor. He died not long afterwards, and now he lies buried in All-hallows Church, in London, with his tomb turned towards the east, away from the green vale of Clwyd and the mountains of his native Wales; but his book is the great repository of the literature of his nation; the comparative study of languages and literatures gains every day more followers, and no one of these followers, at home or abroad, touches Welsh literature without paying homage to the Denbighshire peasant's name; if the bard's glory and his own are still matter of moment to him, he may be satisfied.

Even the printed stock of early Welsh literature is, therefore, considerable, and the manuscript stock of it is very great indeed. Of Irish literature, the stock, printed and manuscript, is truly vast; the work of cataloguing and describing this has been admirably performed by another remarkable man, Mr. Eugene O'Curry. Obscure Scaliger of a despised literature, he deserves some weightier voice to praise him than the voice of an unlearned belletristic trifier like me; he belongs to the race of the giants in literary research and industry—a race now almost extinct. Without a literary education, and impeded too, it appears, by much trouble of mind and infirmity of body, he has accomplished such a thorough work of classification and description for the chaotic mass of Irish literature, that the student has now half his labor saved, and needs only to use his materials as Eugene O'Curry hands them to him. It was as a professor in the Catholic University in Dublin that O'Curry gave the lectures in which he has done the student this service; it is touching to find that these lectures, a splendid tribute of devotion to the Celtic cause, had no hearer more attentive, more sympathizing, than a man, himself, too, the champion of a cause more interesting than prosperous—one of those causes which please noble spirits, but

do not please Destiny, which have Cato's adherence, but not Heaven's—Dr. Newman. Eugene O'Curry, in these lectures of his, taking as his standard the quarto page of Dr. O'Donovan's edition of the *Annals of the Four Masters* (and this printed monument of one branch of Irish literature occupies by itself, let me say in passing, seven large quarto volumes, containing 4215 pages of closely printed matter), Eugene O'Curry says, that the great vellum manuscript books belonging to Trinity College, Dublin, and to the Royal Irish Academy—books with fascinating titles, the *Book of the Dun Cow*, the *Book of Leinster*, the *Book of Ballymote*, the *Speckled Book*, the *Book of Lecain*, the *Yellow Book of Lecain*—have, between them, matter enough to fill 11,400 of these pages; the other vellum manuscripts in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, have matter enough to fill 8200 pages more; and the paper manuscripts of Trinity College, and the Royal Irish Academy together, would fill, he says, 30,000 such pages more. The ancient laws of Ireland, the so-called Brehon laws, which a commission is now publishing, were not yet completely transcribed when O'Curry wrote; but what had even then been transcribed was sufficient, he says, to fill nearly 8000 of Dr. O'Donovan's pages. Here are, at any rate, materials enough with a vengeance. These materials fall, of course, into several divisions. The most literary of these divisions, the *Tales*, consisting of *Historic Tales* and *Imaginative Tales*, distributes the contents of its *Historic Tales* as follows: Battles, voyages, sieges, tragedies, cow-spoils, courtships, adventures, land expeditions, sea expeditions, banquets, elopements, loves, lake irruptions, colonizations, visions. Of what a treasure-house of resources for the history of Celtic life and the Celtic genius does that bare list, even by itself, call up the image! The *Annals of the Four Masters* give "the years of foundation and destruction of churches and Castles, the obituaries of remarkable persons, the inaugurations of kings, the battles of chiefs, the contests of clans, the ages of bards, abbots, bishops, etc."*

* Dr. O'Connor in his *Catalogue of the Stowe MSS.* (quoted by O'Curry.)

Through other divisions of this mass of materials—the books of pedigrees and genealogies, the martyrologies and festologies, such as the *Féilire of Angus the Culdee*, the topographical tracts, such as the *Dinnsenchas*—we touch "the most ancient traditions of the Irish, traditions which were committed to writing at a period when the ancient customs of the people were unbroken." We touch "the early history of Ireland, civil and ecclesiastical." We get "the origin and history of the countless monuments of Ireland, of the ruined church and tower, the sculptured cross, the holy well, and the commemorative name of almost every townland and parish in the whole island." We get, in short, "the most detailed information upon almost every part of ancient Gaelic life, a vast quantity of valuable details of life and manners."*

And then, besides, to our knowledge of the Celtic genius, Mr. Norris has brought us from Cornwall, M. de la Villemarqué from Brittany, contributions, insignificant indeed in quantity, if one compares them with the mass of the Irish materials extant, but far from insignificant in value.

We want to know what all this mass of documents really tells us about the Celt. But the mode of dealing with these documents, and with the whole question of Celtic antiquity, has hitherto been most unsatisfactory. Those who have dealt with them, have gone to work, in general, either as warm Celt-lovers or as warm Celt-haters, and not as disinterested students of an important matter of science. One party seems to set out with the determination to find everything in Celtism and its remains; the other, with the determination to find nothing in them. A simple seeker for truth has a hard time of it between the two. An illustration or so will make clear what I mean. First let us take the Celt-lovers, who, though they engage one's sympathies more than the Celt-haters, yet, inasmuch as assertion is more dangerous than denial, show their weaknesses in a more signal way. A very learned man, the Rev. Edward Davies, published in the early part of this century two important books on Celtic antiquity. The second of these books, *The Mythology*

* O'Curry.

and *Rites of the British Druids*, contains, with much other interesting matter, the charming story of Taliesin. Bryant's book on mythology was then in vogue, and Bryant, in the fantastical manner so common in those days, found in Greek mythology what he called an arkite idolatry, pointing to Noah's deluge and the ark. Davies, wishing to give dignity to his Celtic mythology, determines to find the arkite idolatry there too, and the style in which he proceeds to do this affords a good specimen of the extravagance which has caused Celtic antiquity to be viewed with so much suspicion. The story of Taliesin begins thus:

"In former times there was a man of noble descent in Penllyn. His name was Tegid Voel, and his paternal estate was in the middle of the Lake of Tegid, and his wife was called Ceridwin."

Nothing could well be simpler; but what Davies finds in this simple opening of Taliesin's story, is prodigious:

"Let us take a brief view of the proprietor of this estate. Tegid Voel—*bald serenity*—presents itself at once to our fancy. The painter would find no embarrassment in sketching the portrait of this sedate venerable personage, whose crown is partly stripped of its hoary honors. But of all the gods of antiquity, none could with propriety sit for this picture excepting Saturn, the acknowledged representative of Noah, and the husband of Rhea, which was but another name for Ceres, the genius of the ark."

And Ceres, the genius of the ark, is of course found in Ceridwen, "the British Ceres, the arkite goddess who initiates us into the deepest mysteries of the arkite superstition."

Now the story of Taliesin, as it proceeds, exhibits Ceridwen as a sorceress; and a sorceress, like a goddess, belongs to the world of the supernatural; but, beyond this, the story itself does not suggest one particle of relationship between Ceridwen and Ceres. All the rest comes out of Davies's fancy, and is established by reasoning of the force of that about "*bald serenity*."

It is not difficult for the other side, the Celt-haters, to get a triumph over such adversaries as these. Perhaps I ought to ask pardon of Mr. Nash, whose Taliesin it is impossible to read without profit and instruction, for classing him

among the Celt-haters; his determined skepticism about Welsh antiquity seems to me, however, to betray a preconceived hostility, a bias taken beforehand, as unmistakable as Mr. Davies's prepossessions. But Mr. Nash is often very happy in demolishing, for really the Celt-lovers seem often to try to lay themselves open, and to invite demolition. Full of his notions about an arkite idolatry, and a Helio-dæmonic worship, Edward Davies gives this translation of an old Welsh poem, entitled "*The Panegyric of Lludd the Great*":

"A song of dark import was composed by the distinguished Ogdoad, who assembled on the day of the moon, and went in open procession. On the day of Mars they allotted wrath to their adversaries; on the day of Mercury they enjoyed their full pomp; on the day of Jove they were delivered from the detested usurpers; on the day of Venus, the day of the great influx, they swam in the blood of men;* on the day of the Sun there truly assemble five ships and five hundred of those who make supplication. O Brithi, Brithoi! O son of the compacted wood, the shock overtakes me; we all attend on Adonai, on the area of Pwmpai."

That looks Helio-dæmonic enough, undoubtedly; especially when Davies prints *O Brithi, Brithoi!* in Hebrew characters, as being "vestiges of sacred hymns in the Phœnician language." But then comes Mr. Nash, and says that the poem is a middle-age composition, with nothing Helio-dæmonic about it; that it is meant to ridicule the monks; and that *O Brithi, Brithoi!* is a mere piece of unintelligible jargon in mockery of the chants used by the monks at prayers; and he gives this counter translation of the poem:

"They make harsh songs; they note eight numbers. On Monday they will be prying about. On Tuesday they separate, angry with their adversaries. On Wednesday they drink, enjoying themselves ostentatiously. On Thursday they are in the choir; their poverty is disagreeable. Friday is a day of abundance, the men are swimming in pleasures.* On Sunday, certainly, five

* Here, where Saturday should come, something is wanting in the manuscript.

legions and five hundreds of them, they pray, they make exclamations: O Brithi, Brithoi! Like wood cuckoos in noise they will be, every one of the idiots banging on the ground."

As one reads Mr. Nash's explanation and translation after Edward Davies's, one feels that a flood of the broad daylight of common sense has been suddenly shed over the "Panegyric on Lludd the Great," and one is very grateful to Mr. Nash.

Or, again, when another Celt-lover, Mr. Herbert, has bewildered us with his fancies, as uncritical as Edward Davies's; with his neo-Druidism, his Mithriac heresy, his Crist-celi, or man-god of the mysteries; and, above all, his ape of the sanctuary, "signifying the mercurial principle, that strange and unexplained disgrace of paganism," Mr. Nash comes to our assistance, and is most refreshingly rational. To confine ourselves to the ape of the sanctuary only. Mr. Herbert constructs his monster—to whom he says "great sanctity, together with foul crime, deception, and treachery, is ascribed"—out of four lines of old Welsh poetry, of which he adopts the following translation:

"Without the ape, without the stall of the cow, without the mundane rampart, the world will become desolate, not requiring the cuckoos to convene the appointed dance over the green."

One is not very clear what all this means; but it has, at any rate, a solemn air about it, which prepares one for the development of its first-named personage, the ape, into the mystical ape of the sanctuary. The cow, too—says another famous Celt-lover, Dr. Owen, the learned author of the *Welsh Dictionary*—the cow (*henfon*) is the cow of transmigration; and this also sounds natural enough. But Mr. Nash, who has a keen eye for the piecing which frequently happens in these old fragments, has observed that just here, where the ape of the sanctuary and the cow of transmigration make their appearance, there seems to come a cluster of adages, popular sayings; and he at once remembers an adage preserved with the word *henfon* in it, where, as he justly says, "the cow of transmigration cannot very well have place." This adage, rendered literally in English, is: "Whoso owns the old cow,

let him go at her tail;" and the meaning of it, as a popular saying, is clear and simple enough. With this clew, Mr. Nash examines the whole passage, suggests that *heb eppa*, "without the ape," with which Mr. Herbert begins, in truth belongs to something going before and is to be translated somewhat differently; and, in short, that what we really have here is simply these three adages one after another: "The first share is the full one. Politeness is natural, says the ape. Without the cow stall there would be no dung heap." And one can hardly doubt that Mr. Nash is quite right.

Even friends of the Celt, who are perfectly incapable of extravagance of this sort, fall too often into a loose mode of criticism concerning him and the documents of his history, which is unsatisfactory in itself, and also gives an advantage to his many enemies. One of the best and most delightful friends he has ever had—M. de la Villemarqué—has seen clearly enough that often the alleged antiquity of his documents cannot be proved, that it can be even disproved, and that he must rely on other supports than this to establish what he wants; yet one finds him saying: "I open the collection of Welsh bards from the sixth to the tenth century. Taliesin, one of the oldest of them." . . . and so on. But his adversaries deny that we have really any such thing as a "collection of Welsh bards from the sixth to the tenth century," or that a "Taliesin, one of the oldest of them," exists to be quoted in defence of any thesis. Sharon Turner, whose *Vindication of the Ancient British Poems* was prompted, it seems to me, by a critical instinct at bottom sound, is weak and uncritical in details like this: "The strange poem of Taliesin, called the 'Spoils of Annwn,' implies the existence (in the sixth century, he means) of mythological tales about Arthur; and the frequent allusion of the old Welsh bards to the persons and incidents which we find in the *Mabinogion*, are further proofs that there must have been such stories in circulation among the Welsh." But the critic has to show against his adversaries that the "Spoils of Annwn" is a real poem of the sixth century, with a real sixth century poet called Taliesin for its author, before he can use it to prove what

Sharon Turner there wishes to prove; and, in like manner, the high antiquity of persons and incidents that are found in the manuscripts of *Mabinogion*—manuscripts written, like the famous *Red Book of Hergest*, in the library of Jesus College at Oxford, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—is not proved by allusions of the old Welsh bards, until (what is just the question at issue) the pieces containing these allusions are proved themselves to possess a very high antiquity. In the present state of the question, as to the early Welsh literature, this sort of reasoning is inclusive and bewildering, and merely carries us round in a circle. Again, it is worse than inconclusive reasoning; it shows so uncritical a spirit, that it begets grave mistrust, when Mr. Williams ab Ithel, employed by the Master of the rolls to edit the *Brut y Tynysogion*, the “Chronicle of the Princes,” says in his introduction in many respects so useful and interesting: “We may add, on the authority of a scrupulously faithful antiquary, and one that was deeply versed in the traditions of his order—the late Iolo Morganwg—that King Arthur in his institutes of the Round Table introduced the age of the world for events which occurred before Christ, and the year of Christ’s nativity for all subsequent events.” Now putting out of question Iolo Morganwg’s character as an antiquary, it is obvious that no one, not Grimm himself, can stand in that way as “authority” for King Arthur’s having thus regulated chronology by his institutes of the Round Table, or even for there ever having been any such institutes at all. And finally, greatly as I respect and admire Mr. Eugene O’Curry, unquestionable as is the sagacity, the moderation, which he in general unites with his immense learning, I must say that he, too, like his brother Celt-lovers, sometimes lays himself dangerously open. For instance, the Royal Irish Academy possesses in its museum a relic of the greatest value, the *Domhnach Airgid*, a Latin manuscript of the four gospels. The outer box containing this manuscript is of the fourteenth century, but the manuscript itself, says O’Curry (and no man is better able to judge) is certainly of the sixth. That is all very well. “But,” O’Curry then goes on, “I be-

lieve no reasonable doubt can exist that the *Domhnach Airgid* was actually sanctified by the hand of our great Apostle.” One has a thrill of excitement at receiving this assurance from such a man as Eugene O’Curry; one believes that he is really going to make it clear that Saint Patrick did actually sanctify the *Domhnach Airgid* with his own hands; and one reads on: “As Saint Patrick, says an ancient life of St. Mac Carthainn preserved by Colgan in his *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*, was on his way from the north, and coming to the place now called Clogher, he was carried over a stream by his strong man, Bishop Mac Carthainn, who, while bearing the Saint, groaned aloud, exclaiming ‘Ugh! Ugh!’

“‘Upon my good word,’ said the Saint, ‘it was not usual with you to make that noise.’

“‘I am now old and infirm,’ said Bishop Mac Carthainn, ‘and all my earlier companions in mission work you have settled down in their respective churches, while I am still on my travels.’

“‘Found a church, then,’ said the Saint, ‘that shall not be too near us (that is to his own church of Armagh) for familiarity, nor too far from us for intercourse.’

“And the Saint then left Bishop Mac Carthainn there, at Clogher, and bestowed the *Domhnach Airgid* upon him, which had been given to Patrick from heaven, when he was on the sea, coming to Erin.”

The legend is full of poetry, full of humor; and one can quite appreciate, after reading it, the tact which gave Saint Patrick such a prodigious success in organizing the primitive church in Ireland; the new bishop, “not too near us for familiarity, nor too far from us for intercourse,” is a masterpiece. But how can Eugene O’Curry have imagined that it takes no more than a legend like that, to prove that the particular manuscript now in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy was once in St. Patrick’s pocket?

I insist upon extravagances like these, not in order to throw ridicule upon the Celt-lovers—on the contrary, I feel a great deal of sympathy with them—but rather, to make it clear what an im-

mense advantage the Celt-haters, the negative side, have in the controversy about Celtic antiquity; how much a clear-headed skeptic, like Mr. Nash, may utterly demolish, and in demolishing, give himself the appearance of having won an entire victory. But an entire victory he has, as I will next proceed to show, by no means won.

A RUSSIAN MISSION IN PALESTINE—
TISCHENDORF AND THE GRAND
DUKE CONSTANTINE.*

BY SAINT-RENÉ TAILLANDIER.

THE reputation which Tischendorf and his labors had gained in the Holy City soon attracted the attention of Russia. The eyes of the Russians naturally turn towards Jerusalem. Their defeat in the Crimea has by no means rendered them indifferent to the concerns of Turkey in Asia. The same year when the Treaty of Paris, after the fall of Sebastopol, had checked the ambition of Russia and consolidated the Ottoman Empire, at the very moment, that is to say, the labors of peace began to take the place of martial enterprise, the head of the Russian legation at the Court of Dresden proposed to M. Tischendorf a third scientific expedition to Palestine in the name and at the expense of the Czar Alexander II. The offer came from the Minister of Public Instruction in Russia, M. the Count of Norof, known in the world of letters by his travels in the East and his solid erudition. The Emperor himself felt a lively interest in the project; the Empress, born Princess of Hesse, and the Empress Dowager, sister of the two Prussian kings, Frederic William IV. and William I., engaged in it with a kind of patriotic and religious enthusiasm. They were glad to show Russia that the Germany of Strauss and Hegel was not always a battery of destructive criticism; for who had shown more zeal and learning than M. Tischendorf in establishing the authenticity of texts on which rests the belief of the first centu-

ries of Christianity, the common belief of all the divisions of the universal church, but which the *Orthodox* Church claims in the name of the Greek language as a treasure peculiarly confided to herself?

We can trace in this the political and religious enthusiasm which is one of the characteristics of the Muscovite mind. The readers of the *Revue* have undoubtedly not forgotten the glowing words of a Russian diplomatist upon the part reserved in the future for the *Orthodox* Church in consequence of the contest of Roman papacy and the revolution. "Eight centuries," he says, "will soon have passed since the day when Rome broke the last bond which bound her to the orthodox tradition of the universal church. On that day Rome, in shaping her own separate destiny, decided for centuries the destiny of the West." And how triumphantly he shows that this destiny reaches its end; that Rome, in constituting the temporal power of the papacy, offers in advance a terrible price to an inevitable revolution; that this revolution has come, that the strife has begun, and that it is as impossible for the papacy to conquer revolution, as it is for revolution to save the human race! What, then, does he believe to be the remedy? The Orthodox Church, the guardian of the primitive faith, and destined one day to reestablish the unity of the Christian world. Recalling a visit of the Emperor of Russia to Rome, in 1846, he adds: "Still remembered is the universal emotion which welcomed his appearance in the church of St. Peter—the appearance of the orthodox emperor returned to Rome after an absence of many centuries—and the electrical movement which pervaded the crowd as he went to pray at the tomb of the Apostle. This emotion was legitimate. It was not the emperor alone who was prostrate; all Russia was prostrate with him. Let us hope that she will not have prayed in vain before the holy relics."* These remarkable words, inserted in the *Revue* under cover of official documents, and which show us better than the most learned researches the political and re-

* Translated for THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, where it appeared as a review of C. Tischendorf's work, *Aus dem heiligen Lande*. Leipzig. 1865.

* See the *Revue* of Jan. 1st, 1850: *La Papauté et la Question Romaine, au point de vue de Saint Petersbourg*.

ligious mysticism of Russia in the nineteenth century, are dated in 1849. I do not wish to exaggerate the work of M. Tischendorf; but are we not reminded of such a scene, when we see the Russian government place its hand upon the defender of the Greek text of the gospel, and grant its solemn protection to his labors? Behold this paleographer, whom the Protestant theologians of London, Oxford, and Paris have saluted as a restorer—this Protestant whom the Pope has welcomed as a helper—behold him patronized by the *orthodox emperor*, and an enthusiastic prince, even the brother of Alexander II., desiring to attach his own name to his missions in Jerusalem!

The negotiations were promptly settled, in spite of certain fanatics of the court, who were alarmed at seeing a Protestant meddling with the religious interests of Russia. The preparations for the journey caused some delay. The Grand Duke Constantine, and the Grand Duchess, his wife, were to meet the illustrious savant in Palestine.*

Every thing was arranged for this meeting. M. Tischendorf set out alone from Trieste on the 11th of January, 1859. His first stopping place was Egypt. An Austrian ship belonging to *Lloyd's* company, the *Calcutta*, brought him at first to that changeable Alexandria, Europeanized by Méhémet Ali; but the traveller's attention was not arrested by the improvements of Alexandria. Fifteen years before he had seen no carriages in its streets, only camels and asses; now how many equipages, calèches, and droschkas, drawn by spirited horses with black or brown coachmen! Fifteen years before he went from Alexandria to Cairo, on a common Nile boat, and, with the most favorable wind, the voyage took not less than four days. In 1853, the steamboat had required nearly thirty hours; in 1859, thanks to the railroad, five or six hours were sufficient. In a city thus transformed there would have been undoubtedly much for curious eyes to observe—

* The Grand Duke Constantine, brother of Alexander II., the second son and fourth child of the Emperor Nicholas, was then but thirty-one years old: he was born in September, 1827, and married in August, 1848, the Princess Alexandra, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Altenbourg.

many contrasts between old Egypt and new Egypt: do not expect it of M. Tischendorf. Though he may have perceptions of the singular places on his way, it is not his work to search them out. Cairo itself cannot detain him; other thoughts control him. "I could neither enjoy the city," he wrote, "nor allow myself to make any excursions into its curious environs. I was impatient to see Sinai. An imperative force, which I felt without acknowledging it, had drawn me from the quiet labors at my fireside to undertake this journey. Sinai with its convent—although I had visited it twice already—Sinai beckoned to me, Sinai called me."

We see that the severest erudition has its enthusiasms and ecstasies. This pilgrim of science employed his sojourn in Cairo merely in preparation for his journey. From Cairo to Suez the railroad shortens the distance, but from Suez to Sinai the route is long and difficult: an arm of the sea must be passed, the desert must be travelled on a camel's back, and steep mountains be ascended. On the recommendation of the Russian consul, the governor of Suez, Selim Pacha, an old companion in arms of Méhémet Ali, sent for the Bedouin Nazar, the guide of the caravan, and addressed to him some eloquent words. If he did not bring back from Sinai a letter declaring that his master was satisfied with his services, he would lose his head. A Pacha of Suez has long arms, and the desert itself cannot protect the guilty. Thus indoctrinated, the Bedouin made an exemplary guide, and every thing went on well. On the 25th of January, M. Tischendorf left Suez; on the morning of the 31st, the caravan, after having encamped for the night, in the region of eagles, descended to the depth of the valleys, and soon beheld, standing out from the glittering blue of heaven, the majestic granite peaks, "where Jew, Christian and Mussulman recall with sacred joy the giving of the law." The route of the pilgrims showed to advantage the most picturesque side of the holy mountain. From the bosom of the vast plain of Râhah rises perpendicularly the enormous rocky mass called Mount Horeb. At the right, on the edge of the desert, on the coast of the sandy sea, the gardens

of the convent blossom like two oases. At the left, in the great fissures of the rocks, is seen a kind of fortress; it is the convent of St. Catherine. At a summons given from below, a gate opens in the midst of the rocks, thirty feet above the ground. A rope stretches along the rocks, the letters are placed upon a stool and drawn up to the floor above. This aerial gate is not used for letters alone, but for travellers also. Permission to enter being granted, they place themselves, one by one, upon the stool, and with hands and feet work their way to the threshold. Exception, however, was made for M. Tischendorf, thanks to the recommendation of the Ottoman authorities. The steward of the convent, representing the prior, descended to meet him, and admitted him by a private door. The dragoman alone with the baggage had to be hoisted up the perilous way.

It was the third time that M. Tischendorf had visited the convent of Mount Sinai; he found there old acquaintances, and yet every thing seemed new to him, so strong was the conviction that this mission to Sinai was to have great results. Was it the exaltation of desire in a soul entirely devoted to the pursuit of its ideal? The monk Dionysius, on congratulating him on this enterprise accomplished under the imperial patronage, addressed to him some words of welcome, which seemed to him like a sign from heaven, a mysterious promise.

With what joy did he traverse the vast, poetic monastery! What a delight to wander through the long galleries, to revisit the cells, the chapels, the great hall Basilica! There was the choir, a monument of the sixth century; above the altar, lighted by seven silver candlesticks, is a fine mosaic, representing the Crucifixion; at the right and left are placed the busts of the two founders of the convent—the Emperor Justinian and the Empress Theodora. Nothing is more strange than this convent, where Mohammedanism takes its place among Jewish and Christian memorials. In the great hall of Justinian is set a mosque, whose crescent rises by the side of the cross. Was it built by Mohammed himself, as tradition affirms? It would be difficult to prove it. One thing at least is certain, that the mosque is a safe-

guard for the monks of Sinai, surrounded, as they are, by Bedouins of the desert. Every year the caravans of Mecca stop at the convent of Mount Sinai, in order to pray in the mosque of Mohammed. The vassals and tenants of the monks are almost all Bedouins, who, while protecting their peaceable masters, protect the mosque also. The Arab families who cultivate the grounds of the convent, and are maintained by the monks, were once Christians; now, most of them have relapsed to Islamism.

But the three libraries of the convent especially, excited the enthusiastic curiosity of the traveller. Above the door is the inscription: *λατρετον ψυχης*. "The monks of Sinai," says M. Tischendorf, "preserving a spiritual health as robust as their friends the Bedouins, do not, any of them, feel much interest in this *medicine of the soul*. One can easily imagine what would have been its neglected condition if a monk of Mount Athos, the venerable Cyril, at once a chronicler and poet, had not installed himself there for twenty years, and undertaken to catalogue its treasures. It does not appear that the good Cyril, notwithstanding M. Tischendorf's praises of him, envied the European savant the honor of his researches. There is some distance between a librarian of Mount Athos and a Leipzig antiquary and theologian. Cyril did not always appreciate the treasures in his keeping; he liked better to celebrate in his verse the gates and walls of the convent, than to confront illegible manuscripts. The field, therefore, was open, and M. Tischendorf had no rival to fear among his hosts.

In the midst of researches, at first seemingly fruitless, yet maintained with obstinate hope, he undertook the ascent of Sinai for the third time. . . . He noted, step by step, all the points controverted by Biblical historians for the last half century, and, comparing the sacred text with the geographical features, verifying on the spot the opinions of Robinson or Titus Tobler, he composed beforehand one of the most interesting chapters of his travels.

Returning to Sinai, M. Tischendorf began new researches in the library of the convent of St. Catherine. The decisive hour approached. Was he to find

what the mysterious voice had promised him? Was he to repair the fault committed fifteen years before? During his first abode in the convent of Sinai in 1844, he had laid his hand on a basket full of old papers and time-worn parchments, and had discovered among this rubbish several fragments of a manuscript of the Bible, which he soon recognized as one of the oldest relics of Christian literature. It had marks unmistakable to a practiced eye. M. Tischendorf was eager to obtain one of these fragments; that which is now deposited in the Leipzig library, and bears the name of the King of Saxony, the *Codex Frederico-Augustanus*. As to the others, not being able to pay the price demanded, or to transcribe them, he was obliged to leave them at Sinai, commending them to the care of the monks. He resolved to return, depending on more prosperous days, when neither time nor money would be wanting; but nine years passed before M. Tischendorf was able to repeat his journey to Palestine. When he returned to the convent of St. Catherine, in 1853, the precious fragments had disappeared. Had another European savant seized upon the spoil? It seemed probable, and the traveller consoled himself by the thought that the continuation of the *Codex Frederico-Augustanus* would undoubtedly soon be issued from the Berlin or Oxford press. At length, in 1859, he made new researches with new disappointments. The traveller, who could not prolong his sojourn at the convent of St. Catherine, had already ordered his Bedouins, encamped in the neighborhood with their camels, to be ready to set out on the 7th of May. He had other convents to visit, other libraries to research from top to bottom, and the time drew near when the Russian fleet was to land the Grand Duke Constantine at one of the ports of the Holy Land. On the 4th of May, after a walk upon one of the neighboring peaks with the steward of the convent, the monk invited him into his cell to partake of some refreshment. They talked of the labors of the German traveller, especially about the editions of the Greek text of the Bible. "I, too," said the steward, "have a Septuagint Bible." And he brought from a corner of the room a manuscript wrapped up in

a black cloth. M. Tischendorf removed the cover, and recognized the precious relics which he had found in the refuse basket in 1844. His eyes ran through them devouringly. Ah! it was something besides detached portions of the Old Testament—it was the beginning and the end of the Gospels; it was even the *Epistle of Barnabas*. He at once asked and obtained permission to take the manuscript to his cell in order to examine it at leisure.

"When I was alone in my cell," said he, "I gave way to the excitement of joy and enthusiasm produced by this discovery. The Lord—I knew it—the Lord had thus put in my hands an inestimable treasure; a document of the highest importance for the Church and to science. My boldest hopes were surpassed. In the midst of the deep emotion caused by this providential event, I could not repress this thought: 'Together with the *Epistle of Barnabas*, may I not also find the text of *The Pastor*?' I was already blushing at this ungrateful impulse, this new demand, where so much had been granted, when my eyes were involuntarily arrested by a page almost effaced. I deciphered the title, and was stupefied with amazement, as I read: *The Pastor*. How shall I describe my joy? I examined the contents of these pages, of which there were three hundred and forty-six, and of the largest size. Besides twenty-two books of the Old Testament, nearly all complete, there was the entire New Testament without the slightest gap; then the *Epistle of Barnabas* and the first part of the *Pastor of Hermas*. As it was impossible for me to close my eyes, I immediately began to copy the *Epistle of Barnabas*, in spite of a bad lamp and the cold temperature. I leaped for joy at the thought of giving to Christianity this ancient text. The first part of this epistle had been known hitherto only by a very faulty Latin translation, and although there were Greek manuscripts of the second part, they were of recent date, and inspired no great confidence. Nevertheless the Church of the second and third centuries did not hesitate to give this epistle, subscribed with the name of an apostle, the same rank as the epistles of St. Paul and St. Peter. Besides the *Epistle of*

Barnabas, I copied in the convent fragments of *The Pastor*, a work no less important in the eyes of the primitive church."

M. Tischendorf knew by experience how little disposed were the monks of Mount Sinai to sell their manuscripts; he meant to ask nothing but permission to copy the text from the first page to the last. But how could he undertake such a labor in the convent, where he had neither assistance nor resources? The text comprised not less than a hundred and twenty thousand lines, and the caligrapher at Alexandria, who had written them in the fourth century, must have been at work for more than a year. The idea suggested itself that he could accomplish this work in one of the nearest cities; Cairo, for example. In order to do that he must obtain permission to take away the manuscript; and the prior of the convent had started on a journey several days after the theologian's arrival from Leipzig. Tidings had come of the death of the patriarch of Constantinople, Archbishop Constantius, a hundred years old, and the prior of the convent of Mount Sinai must be present in the capital of the empire at the election of the new patriarch. M. Tischendorf had but one thing to do: return at once to Cairo, where there was a chance of his still finding the prior; to address himself to him or other dignitaries of his order (for the parent-house of the monks of Sinai is at Cairo), and obtain permission to take away the manuscript for several months. If all these efforts should prove vain, he would return bravely to Sinai, determined to copy the text, with or without assistance, even if it should take the whole year.

At sunrise, on the 7th of February, 1859, the Bedouin Nazar, with his men and camels, was before the gate of the convent. The monks accompanied the traveller to the border of the desert, and the caravan began its march. Not a moment was lost. It was Monday; the following Saturday M. Tischendorf arrived at Suez, and on Sunday at Cairo. The prior had not started for Constantinople. Every thing was arranged with a promptness which showed the impatience and haste of the Leipzig scholar. A trusty Bedouin, accustomed to serve

the monks, is commissioned to carry a message and bring back the manuscript. The promise of large recompense lends him wings; in nine days ("it seemed quite incredible," said M. Tischendorf), from the 15th to the 23d of March, the Bedouin on his dromedary twice traversed the Egyptian and the Syrian deserts; in nine days he went from Cairo to Sinai and from Sinai to Cairo. At length the manuscript arrived; the copyists were set to work. M. Tischendorf had two of his countrymen installed under his supervision; himself busied in transcribing his part. He watches, directs his assistants, answers their questions, and solves difficulties. For more than two months the devotee of science remains nailed to his chair in the *Hotel des Pyramides*. In vain opening spring rejoices beneath his window; in vain, horses and dromedaries, the mingling of European and Oriental life, the thousand sounds and sights of this grand caravan-serai solicit his notice. Deaf to all tumults, insensible to all attractions, he sees only the sacred letters written by saintly hands fifteen centuries before; he hears only the inward voice incessantly repeating: "Stop not! A line more—a page more! Christian science is waiting for this your gift; the most ancient text of the book which contains the glad tidings."

It was, indeed, the oldest text of the Gospels! M. Tischendorf asks himself, in the midst of his enthusiasm, if the reader can understand his ecstasy. One must be somewhat initiated in order to be interested in it. The object of philological criticism in theology is to free the sacred text from errors, false corrections, voluntary or accidental interpolations; in short, every addition made by the hand of man in the course of ages. Our best guides in this delicate study until 1859, were three manuscripts of the fourth and fifth centuries; namely, the famous Vatican ms., a London ms., known as the Alexandrine; and, finally, a ms. at Paris, called the palimpsest of St. Ephraim. But none of these is complete. The ms. at Paris contains only half of the New Testament; the London ms. lacks all of the first Gospel, two chapters of the fourth, and nearly all of the Second Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians. As to the Vatican ms., the

oldest and most important of the three, its *desiderata* include four epistles of St. Paul, the last chapters of the epistle to the Hebrews, and the Revelation. We perceive the value of a Greek text equal in antiquity to the Vatican ms., and the only complete one of all those, which, from the fifth to the fifteenth century, have escaped the ravages of years.

This was the triumph with which M. Tischendorf inaugurated the Russian Mission to Palestine; this the memorial which he affixed to the journey of the Grand Duke Constantine to Jerusalem. The Russian fleet might appear in the waters of the Mediterranean, and land at Jaffa; on the day when the brother of the Czar and his noble consort should set their feet upon the holy ground, the searcher of the sacred text, sent on in advance to discover it, was able to show them the long-desired diamond, the pearl of Oriental Christendom—the *Codex Sinaiticus*! Rome, Paris, London, each possessed a token of the first centuries; St. Petersburg should also have its own, and that the most precious of all.

On the 10th of May, 1859, an unusual activity enlivened the port of Jaffa. Persons of high rank, members of the diplomatic corps, or dignitaries of the eastern church, crowded upon the quay; ships decked with flags were waiting for a signal. Toward noon two frigates were seen approaching from the direction of Greece. Immediately the Russian consulate and all the other consulates in the city, hoisted their colors. None doubted that it was the expected guests, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Constantine, making their pilgrimage to the Holy Land. The two frigates, joined by a ship of the line, did not wait to cast anchor; soon a bark, bearing the admiral's flag, left the port, and braving the rough waves, steered intrepidly for the Imperial fleet. It held the Russian diplomats, the consuls of Jaffa and Jerusalem, with the Consul-General of Syria, impatient to give the first salutation to the august travellers. Soon the Grand Duke and Duchess landed upon the quay, and were received by the Archbishop of Petra, Vicar of the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and also by the Caimacan of Jaffa and the commander of the garrison. Passing through the crowd which gathered around them, they proceeded

to the Greek Cathedral, where a *Ti Deum* celebrated their welcome. They then went to the Greek Convent, transformed into a palace for their reception, and there, on the same evening, they gave a sumptuous feast to the diplomatic body, the city authorities, and all the notabilities of the region. But while every one strove to do homage to the Prince, the one person most interesting to the imperial traveller, the scholar whose discoveries the Czar had patronized, and which were to give new importance to Russia in the eyes of the Orthodox Church, was detained by quarantine in the lazaretto at Jaffa. In vain were his angry protestations; the most which he could gain was permission to send to the Prince a letter announcing the treasure discovered at Sinai. Of all the welcomes lavished upon the noble couple, none gave them more pleasure than the simple note: "Our mission has not been in vain; a great thing will consecrate its memory. Thanks to you, I am going to bring to light the oldest known manuscript of the gospels."

The next morning at daylight the Grand Duke Constantine and his suite left Jaffa for Jerusalem, which was to be the rendezvous. M. Tischendorf, released the same day, set out with three of his fellow prisoners—a Prussian officer, a Scotchman, and an American. They hastily procured horses and mules; they travelled through the rich valley of Sharon, so poetically described in the *Song of Songs*; they arrived at Ramleh, where so many Biblical and Christian associations cluster around the Mohammedan minarets; they spent several hours at the Latin convent of St. Nicodemus, and shortly perceived on the horizon the caravan of the Grand Duke.

"This caravan, defiling across the plain, following its winding route," says M. Tischendorf, "was like a magic vision. Although the grand route of pilgrims leads every year to the same beloved goal thousands and thousands of men from all parts of the world, I do not believe that such a retinue has been seen since the days of the crusaders." If the first view of the caravan in the distance caused such enthusiasm, what must it have been when the retinue of the Grand Duke made its en-

trance into Jerusalem! After a very animated description of the last hours preceding the arrival; after the episode of the night encampment on the plateau of Saris; after the visit of the travellers to the chief of the Bedouins of Palestine, the famous Mustapha-Abu-Ghosh, lately the terror of caravans, son and grandson of bandit princes, himself a bandit, and, as such, imprisoned by the Egyptian government, afterwards restored to his domain in 1851, and now the peaceful ruler of the land he once desolated; after such scenes, where Biblical memories and Mussulman realities create the most picturesque Oriental confusion, we arrive at last with the author, at the gates of the Holy City, where his Muscovite enthusiasm has free course.

Chambers's Journal.

THE RURAL ECONOMY OF SWITZERLAND.

THERE is perhaps no country in Europe which allures to itself so many travellers as Switzerland. From far and near, north, east, south and west, an annual tide of visitors cross its boundaries, and spreading themselves over this favored land, bask in the sunshine of its smile.

Though of small circumference, and insignificant as compared with the powerful States by which it is surrounded, Switzerland yet possesses characteristics which have established its social position, and left it in some respects unrivalled among nations. Like one of her own smiling valleys, imbedded in walls of solemn grandeur, Switzerland lies ensconced within the heart of Europe, her Alpine heights and mountain fortresses determining the boundary line of her dominions; and secure in these, her native fortresses, she has hitherto repelled the attacks of political aggression.

Notwithstanding, however, the number of travellers who visit Switzerland in summer for its scenic attractions, but little of the rural economy is yet known, nor perhaps is this to be wondered at, for the impression made on the mind of man by the sublime scenery through which he passes, is of so overpowering a kind that, under the first blush of en-

thusiastic admiration, there is no room left for the more practical questions which labor and necessity invoke. The inflated mind, as it drinks in the beauties of creation, forgets that in those mighty Alps which rise in majestic confusion around, we read of a convulsed and ruined world; in the wild poetry of the rugged rocks, the groans of a desolate creation; and in the stunted fires which fringe the frozen surface of the heights, the cry of a barren vegetation.

True, nature associates with these harsh outlines softer influences, for rich forests, verdant slopes, and graceful vineyards color the landscape, each adding its quota to form one glorious whole, while the very dispositions of the soil and climate furnish rich stores of wealth, which repay laborious toil by certain gain.

The productions of the country are not limited to such as correspond to man's bodily wants only, for innumerable treasures, suited to satisfy the hunger of the soul in its search after knowledge, lie either imbedded in its soil, or scattered over the surface of the earth. There the painter, the naturalist, the geologist, the botanist, all, in fact, who feed their mind on nature's boundless stores, may find endless work and endless themes for praise. It is in the mountains especially that the rural economy of Switzerland is best understood, for there, by a personal acquaintance with the peasantry, and a close observation of their industry and hardihood, one learns the practical value of every portion of that earth, which, seen at a distance, seems but an arrangement of nature to captivate the eye and elevate the soul.

The rude quarry, the distant mountain heights, the verdant slopes, the dark forests, and sloping vineyards, each furnishes to the Swiss people the means of livelihood; and severe and rigorous are the lives led by those mountaineers whose existence depends on the cultivation of the high pasturages, or the still more dangerous labor involved in felling the woods and transporting the timber for fuel to the plains below. In studying the rural economy of the Swiss cantons, they must not, like other countries, be classed by their geographical position on the globe; their vegetation depends

not on their situation, but on the difference of their respective altitudes. By these altitudes the climate is determined, and on the climate depend the vegetation and produce extracted from them.*

The various altitudes which distinguish the cantons of Switzerland are divided by agriculturists into three distinct zones, each having its own peculiar characteristic and pastoral value. The first of these zones corresponds with the level of the hills, commencing at six hundred and forty-three feet, beginning at the border of Lake Maggiore, in the canton of Tessin, and at eleven hundred and fifty-six feet on the shores of Lake Lemman, and rising twenty-five hundred feet above. Upon these levels are cultivated wheat, barley, and other crops of grain, the vine, which is an abundant source of profit to Switzerland, and rich supplies of fruit. The second zone includes the lower mountain ranges, and within its limits the larger portion of Switzerland is found. Its altitudes are from twenty-five hundred to five thousand feet; and one of its principal features is the large and thick forests of pine, beech, and larch which adorn its heights.

Above this rises the Alpine zone, upon the steep slopes of which rich pasture grounds are found, where thousands of cows are annually fed. This zone ranges from eight thousand to ten thousand feet, till it reaches the boundary line where vegetation ceases, and eternal snows and glaciers take its place. Although agriculturists have thus defined the different heights according to the especial characteristics of each zone, they are often found to intrench on one another.

Within the various heights are found three distinct geological formations, the nature of the rocks being in uniformity with the heights to which they attain. In the lower range of the country—namely, that of the hills which extend over the great basin lying between the Central Alps and the Jura chain—the rocks belong to the peculiar formation

called *molasse* or limestone. In the mountains which rise above these hills, even some of the heights of the Bernese Oberland, the constitution of the rock is entirely calcareous. Again, above, in the chain of the Valais Mountains, the groups of the Bernina, Albula, and Selvetta, crystalline and metamorphic formations, such as granite, are found.

The most characteristic feature in the rural economy of Switzerland is decidedly that of its pasture lands, which, forming a stable source of profit to the country, are cultivated with praiseworthy industry. Wherever the eye can detect the smallest patch of verdure, there some hardy mountaineer will be found ready to drive up his cow to the solitary spot, for the sake of the feed; or if beyond the reach of the four-footed beast, he will himself ascend, mow the grass, and binding it in bundles, either carry it down on his back, or drag it to the nearest precipice, and roll it over into the plain below, where he can secure it on his descent. Many of these grass plots are in such inaccessible nooks, that it is quite a service of danger to reach them, yet the heights around are annually scaled, and the tiny crops of hay secured by the intrepid peasant for winter forage.

It is calculated that, including cows, horses, sheep, and goats, no less than a million and a half of cattle are annually fed on the mountain pasturages of Switzerland. In certain cantons, there are very strict rules in connection with the grazing of these animals; legislation determining the exact number of beasts that may be sent to feed on each separate pasturage.

As the wealth of each mountain canton is calculated by the number of cows nourished on its heights, it becomes an object of watchful care to prevent if possible the intrenchments made on the pasturages by the fall of avalanches, which, burying in their course fragments of rocks, stones, and loose earth, cover the ground, and destroy all vegetation. These avalanches frequently occur in spring, and the devastations they make are only prevented by such precautions as raising barriers to divert their course, and especially in guarding from the woodman's axe those forests which, situated above, serve as a natural protec-

* The writer is indebted to Monsieur Emile de Lavelle's newspaper *Notes on Switzerland* for much of the information in these articles on the rural economy of that land, many parts being free translations from such abstracts.

tion to the green swards beneath. These forests are, however, frequently destroyed in order to procure fuel; and then the climate below having depended on their warmth, becomes colder, and reacts on the vegetation, which directly seeks a lower level.

Notwithstanding every care, great inroads are annually made on the pasturages, and during the last century, they have considerably diminished in number. In certain statistics published by the federal government, the Alpine pasturages appear formerly to have covered an extent of seven hundred and twenty-nine thousand hectares. The heights above cannot resist atmospheric effects; and the action of constant rain and damp, added to the snow, have caused large portions of granite and rock to separate, and these falling heavily, have buried whole districts under their ruin; so that many a green sward, on which the industrious mountaineer formerly led his flock, or gathered his winter's provision of hay, is now converted into sterile rock, or an eternal glacier. Popular legends abound in this country relative to the disappearance of these pasturages, and the following is one preserved, and in many cases believed, by the simple peasants of Oberhasli, in the Swiss Oberland. I give it as a specimen of many others. "In the district where the glacier of Gauli now raises its white pyramids, there was once a large Alpage or field which belonged to a rich and beautiful shepherdess called Blümlisalp. Her manner of life was not, however, in accordance with her beauty or position, and she accordingly incurred the displeasure of Heaven. One day, when Blümlisalp was wandering on her Alpage, accompanied by her favorite dog, Rhin, an avalanche descended, and swallowed up herself, her dog, and her herds, leaving no trace even of the pasturage where they dwelt. From that date, the mountain goes by the name of this unfortunate shepherdess; and even to this day the peasants pretend to hear, mid storm and rain, the silvery tinkles of her *troupeur's* bells, the howling of her dog, and her own voice crying to them to take warning, for that she and her dog, Rhin, are condemned to wander through all eternity as prisoners on the icy fields of her own rich Alpage."

The entire limits of Switzerland extend over four million hectares; and are thus divided: three thousand parts of the entire country are appropriated by lakes, rivers, and insurmountable rocks and glaciers; thirty-six hundred parts are consecrated to pasture land; the forests occupy eighteen hundred; while the arable land, including the vineyards, only comprises fifteen hundred parts. In no part of the globe, therefore, is there so large a portion of the earth devoted to grazing purposes as we find in Switzerland, and as we have before mentioned, one million and a half head of cattle are annually nourished on the heights. These have, however, to be fed during the long winter, when, for at least six months, the fields are buried from four to six feet deep in snow, and it is necessary to provide for the wants of both seasons. The Swiss people divide their pasture ground into three distinct allotments, encouraging the growth of grass on one for hay; and driving their cattle on another, as soon as the snow melts, to feed during summer. These pastures, on which the grass is left to grow until the mower's scythe is brought into action, are generally found around Alpine villages, and are interspersed with groups of trees and *châlets*, affording shade and shelter to the peasantry.

In the early spring, these fields are of an exquisite emerald green; they bear an abundant herbage, and after mowing, have the appearance of the most carefully-cultivated lawns. The care bestowed on them is of a uniform description; they are well and thickly manured, and abundantly watered, for in these districts there is generally a good supply of water from the glaciers above, which is conducted, wherever it is needed, by simple wooden pipes laid across the fields.

In a few pastures, where this supply has not been close at hand, an immense amount of labor has been expended on irrigation, and most willingly contributed by the people, on account of the increased richness of vegetation which it produces. The Canton de Valais, for instance, has shown itself most enterprising in this respect, for a place called Venthône, which was very arid and sterile, was successfully irrigated by turning

the course of a little river over the land, which flowed many miles off. This was effected by conduits of wood, now attached to the rocks, now laid down across the land, finally inserted through the mountains, till they reached the desired spot. One cannot walk along the fields, in Switzerland, without meeting with little streamlets, half-hidden by the grass, but recognized by the murmuring sound their waters make as they flow down slope after slope, refreshing the earth in their gentle course.

Since, every year, the grass-fields are manured, and vegetation much increased by the process, it has become a difficulty, in the present day, to procure sufficient manure for agricultural purposes, which has led to quite a traffic in that article; and reservoirs are made in which all kinds of decayed matter are hoarded and encouraged, in order to supply the market.

From the immense number of cattle which are housed during the winter, the quantity of straw grown on the arable lands is not sufficient to meet the wants of litterage; and dry leaves and branches of fir trees are used in large quantities for this purpose. These, of course, also make manure; and the fields, when spread over with it, look quite black for a time, though a beautiful fine grass springs from under its warmth. The celebration of the hay harvest takes place in the autumn, and is made quite a fête-day among the peasants of these pastoral valleys. It being the only harvest they have to celebrate in the year, and one on which their maintenance depends, the mowers meet in companies, the peasants dance and sing, cider and wine flow abundantly, while songs of triumph proclaim that, come what may—winter, storm, and rain—their cattle and themselves are provided for till mowing-time comes again.

The hay made from the Swiss pasture lands has a most delicious and aromatic smell, and, owing to the ardency of the sun and dryness of the atmosphere, it is so quickly made, that it retains a far greener color than with us. It is housed in the numerous chalets and dependencies, which are dotted so thickly over the valleys and slopes, and affords many a soft bed to Alpine travellers.

In some few districts in Switzerland,

where there are no high pasturages, dire necessity compels the shepherds, when their winter forage is ended, to allow their cows to crop the early blades of grass during the month of May. This, however, invariably spoils the first harvest.

The mowers have a wonderful adroitness in the way in which they perform their work; and to look at one of these fields of grass, directly after it has been mown, it is invariably so even and closely shorn, that one might imagine the razor of some giant barber had passed over the field. The first crop is gathered in June, and the second in August; and unless the season has been bad, the Swiss look to procure from these lower pasturages the wherewithal to feed their cattle during winter, supplemented only by a scanty crop from the Alps de Mai, after the cattle have left them for higher ground.

Before, however, we proceed to notice the higher pasture grounds of Switzerland, we will take a cursory glance at that proportion of the land which is devoted to other than feeding purposes.

Switzerland, after Norway, is the country in Europe which gives the least attention to agriculture in its literal sense. Taking into consideration the culture of the vine even, only one fifteenth part of the entire land is devoted to industry. It is true that the lower pasture fields, which embrace an extent of four hundred and eighty-six hectares, might be successfully planted with corn; but as the Swiss depend more on their cattle for profit than anything else, these fields are used in preference for winter forage. In some cantons, no bread corn whatever is grown; a few small fields of barley and a little Indian corn sowed at the bottom of the valleys, serve as an apology for harvest; while to meet the deficiency of grain, and supply the nation with what is required for its consumption, public granaries, fed by foreign import, are supported.

Independent of the all-absorbing interest which the pastoral lands involve, there are other reasons which have hitherto militated against the increase of husbandry in Switzerland. The Swiss people are proverbial for their attachment to ancient customs, among which the Levitical system of tithes has until

lately been strictly adhered to. This diminution of profit on the produce of arable land, though justly acknowledged, militated against any great competition in husbandry, especially when more was to be gained by cattle-farming. Again, Swiss agriculturists used formerly to adhere strictly to the ancient triennial rule in the cultivation of land—namely, the succeeding periods of a year of winter harvest, a year of spring harvest, and a year of rest—in which the ground was allowed to run fallow—named in the Old Testament. This system naturally led to a scanty produce; but latterly there has been a more general enlightenment on the subject of agriculture, which has been introduced in the schools and colleges.

The greater portion of the arable land of Switzerland is found in the cantons of Bern, Vaud, Zürich, Argovia, Thurgovia, Soleure, Fribourg, Lucerne, Schaffhausen, and Bâle; and within the last twenty years, it may be said that great ameliorations have certainly taken place in respect to the cultivation of arable land in these districts, besides many useless old customs having been abolished. In Thurgovia, in the valley of Lake Constance, and in the Lower Rhine, the triennial system still, however, continues. In Tessin, on the contrary, thanks to the fertility of the soil, and the impetus given to vegetation by the ardent heat of the sun, the Italian style of culture is adopted; and after the first harvest has been gathered in, the fields are resowed, and a second *récolte* either of buckwheat, maize, or millet encouraged.

Up to the present time, the quantity of grain produced is not equivalent to the natural goodness of the soil, or rather what the land might produce, if there were sufficient pains taken to enrich it. The pasture lands and vineyards require so large an amount of manure, that there is not sufficient left for the agricultural purposes of those lands which are tilled, and the result is a poor and scanty harvest. At present, Switzerland also is far behind other countries in its implements of husbandry, very few of the newer inventions having as yet found their way into the mountain farms; nay, save in a few exceptional cases, the spade and other primitive tools are still used instead of the plough.

No other nation, not even excepting England, will be found on inquiry to be in so dependent a position for the staff of life. The fact, however, speaks for itself as to the industrial interchange of goods that the Swiss must needs carry on with other countries in order to supply their own land with bread—the manufactured articles of Switzerland being found all over the continent of Europe.

During the last century, the potato has been an object of much cultivation among Swiss agriculturists. It is found to bear the mountain climate very well, and, being of rapid growth, is well suited to the short summers of an Alpine country. The peasants use it for food almost as freely as the Irish, and cook it in various ways.

Among other plants, in Switzerland, devoted to industrial purposes, flax and hemp may be noticed; the former especially occupies some portion of every little farm, its bright-blue blossoms forming a pleasing contrast to the green vines or verdant fields between which they bloom.

A great deal of tobacco is grown in the cantons of Fribourg and Vaud, though not nearly enough for the consumption of the country, which, in comparison with its population, is enormous. Switzerland is also rich in fruits, which form no unimportant part of its produce in the spring; and as Swiss experience has decided that the trees do not injure the grass lands, every available meadow within reach of surveillance is planted with cherry, pear, apple, and plum trees. These trees grow at elevations as high as twenty-eight hundred feet, and in the Engadine valley to thirty-six hundred feet.

Of all the fruit trees in which Switzerland abounds, the vine plays by far the most important part, and is looked on as by far the greatest agricultural product of the country; while the produce of the wine is estimated at two hundred thousand hectolitres (equal to twenty-two English gallons), giving forty-four gallons to every hectare, or two and a half acres of vineyard ground. The cantons in which the vine is most cultivated are those of Vaud, Zürich, St. Gall, Argovia, and Schaffhausen.

The woods and forests of Switzerland occupy about eighteen per cent. of the

entire country, and the cut wood forms a large portion of product, it being used almost exclusively for building purposes and fuel. It was by studying the formation and growth of the forests, that little by little the effect was remarked which the different altitudes have in determining the vegetation of the country.

Macmillan's Magazine.

WILLIAM WHEWELL.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE name of "Whewell," confined to a few households in the North of England, had never been borne by any one of note till he whose death we are now deploring made it famous among all English-speaking men. He himself believed it to be identical with "Wyvill," but we are not aware that there is any ground, beyond this questionable etymology, for connecting his lineage with that of a family which dates from the chivalry of the Middle Ages. Be that as it may, the proudest "Sir Marmaduke" of them all need not have blushed to acknowledge, as his descendant, one who was so stalwart in body, so fearless in spirit, so ready to maintain the right, to redress the wrong, and to do battle with all comers for his country and his faith.

William Whewell was born at Lancaster on May 24th, 1794. His father, a house-carpenter—not, as has been said, a blacksmith—was a man of probity and intelligence. His intellectual strength came from the mother's side. She is still remembered as a person of remarkably powerful and cultivated mind, though she never attempted any literary task beyond the humble one of contributing annually enigmas and charades to the *Lady's Diary*. Of such trifles her son was fond to the last. To both his parents he was always dutiful and affectionate. The family consisted of two sons and three daughters. The other son, a child of remarkable promise, died at the age of ten. From his earliest years, William Whewell was passionately fond of books. At a very early age he had read through all the volumes in his father's little library, which included, among others, the *Spectator*. Addison may thus have contributed to

form his excellent English style. He was always reading. He who, as a man, took such keen interest in all the serious pursuits of men, as a boy never shared in the amusements of boys. This was attributed—and the cause will surprise those who only knew him in his robust and vigorous manhood—to the bodily languor produced by ill health. He suffered from an obstinate derangement of the digestive organs, which was finally removed by the treatment of a Cambridge physician. He was educated first at the grammar-school of his native place, and afterwards at Heversham, whither he removed in order to be qualified for holding an exhibition to Trinity College, Cambridge, connected with that school. Having gained this exhibition, then worth about £50 a year, he commenced residence at Trinity as a subsizar in October, 1812. The same exhibition had been held fifty-eight years before by Watson, subsequently Bishop of Llandaff. There are those still living who remember Whewell as he first appeared at Cambridge: a tall, ungainly youth, with gray worsted stockings and country-made shoes. But he soon became known in the college as the most promising man of his year. He was elected in due course to a foundation sizarship and to a scholarship. In his second year he gained the Chancellor's medal for the best English poem, on the subject of Boadicea. In the mathematical tripos of 1816 he graduated as second wrangler, the first place being gained, contrary to general expectation, by Jacob of Caius College. The Smith's Prize examination gave the same result. Whewell is said to have consoled himself by an apt quotation: "Is he not rightly named Jacob, for he hath supplanted me these two times?" His rival abandoned science for law. In the same year, Graham, of Christ's, afterwards Bishop of Chester, was fourth wrangler and senior medallist; Hamilton, of Trinity, the present Dean of Salisbury, was ninth wrangler; Sheepshanks, founder of the exhibition which bears his name, tenth; and Blunt, of St. John's, the loved and lamented Margaret professor, fifteenth. Fourth in the senior optimes was Elliott, author of *Horæ Apocalypticæ*. Another honored name, which does not appear on the mathematical tripos of the year, was

that of Julius Charles Hare. He was elected fellow the year after Whewell, and was one of his dearest friends. Twenty years later, in dedicating to him his *Sermons on the Foundation of Morals*, Whewell writes: "I turn to the speculations which these pages contain with a more cheerful and kindly spirit, because they carry me back to the days in which you still resided in our much-loved Trinity College; when I had the delight of constant intercourse with you, and such themes were not unfamiliar to our conversation."

Whewell was elected Fellow of Trinity in 1817, and soon afterwards commenced lecturing on mathematics as assistant tutor, at the moderate salary of £75 per annum. His earliest book seems to have been a *Syllabus of an Elementary Treatise on Mechanics*, published in 1821. This was followed by *A Treatise on Dynamics*, 1823. These two works were the bases of many successive volumes on mechanics, variously recast, expanded, and subdivided by their author. In conjunction with Peacock, afterwards Dean of Ely, who was three years his senior, he labored zealously in reforming what he considered to be the defects in the system of mathematical teaching then followed at Cambridge. His textbooks were deficient in arrangement and method, and have long since been superseded; but at the time they exercised a very beneficial influence on University studies. Only five years after taking his B.A. degree he was elected Fellow of the Royal Society, which in 1827 awarded him the gold medal—the "Royal," not the "Copley" medal—for his investigations on the subject of Tides.

As tutor, I am told that his multifarious literary and scientific pursuits somewhat impaired his efficiency. To be a thoroughly good tutor, a man must be content to write only on fleshly tablets. Whewell's heart was with his books and his speculations rather than with his pupils. Yet it can not be doubted that his example was a great stimulus to them, while his growing reputation continued to attract students to his "side." On all important occasions he was both kind and just, but he was impatient of minor details, and an unwilling listener to what he thought trivial complaints. Add to this that he wanted

the royal faculty of remembering faces. His memory, wonderful accurate as regarded books, failed him as regarded men. Thus, his pupils were sometimes mortified at finding that he did not recognize them. The same thing happened to the Fellows of his College after he became Master, and not unnaturally gave great offence to men who coveted his friendship in proportion as they admired his genius.

He was ordained soon after taking his M.A. degree. He became tutor in 1823, and continued to discharge all the duties of the office alone till 1833, when he associated with himself Mr. Perry, the present Bishop of Melbourne. He remained tutor till 1839. During all this time he took an active share in College and University business. He never refused to serve on syndicates and committees, mastering every subject with wonderful rapidity. He was one of the founders of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, and was an active correspondent of other scientific societies elsewhere. The long catalogue of his contributions to their "Transactions" attests his ardor in diffusing knowledge of all kinds, and I have before me, as I write, evidence of his industry in accumulating it. This consists of a vast body of notes on the books which he read from the year 1817 to 1830—books in almost all the languages in Europe, histories of all countries, ancient and modern, treatises on all sciences, moral and physical. Among the rest is an epitome of Kant's *Kritik der reinen Vernunft*, a work which exercised a marked influence on all his speculations in mental philosophy.

He was made Professor of Mineralogy in 1828, and held the office until 1832, when he found a worthy successor in Mr. Miller.

He was one of the most active founders and promoters of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. At the request of that body he undertook a new series of experiments on tidal phenomena, which displayed in a high degree his ingenuity and acuteness, and led to important discoveries. But it is rather as a historian of science than as an original investigator that his name will be remembered. In 1837, he published his *magnum opus*, the *History of the Inductive Sciences*. In the com-

position of this work he sought and received assistance from a number of men eminent in their respective departments. The letters written to him on this occasion have been carefully preserved among his papers, and will, it is hoped, be published. For range of knowledge, for depth and grasp of thought, for lucidity of style, the *History* has few rivals in modern times. It will doubtless long continue to be the standard English book on the subject, enriched and amended by the comments of successive editors. In a book which takes a bird's-eye view of all science, numerous inaccuracies must of course be apparent to microscopic investigators, and further corrections and qualifications will be required by the growth of each branch.

The Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences, which he regarded as the moral of the former work, was published in 1841. It was not so successful as its predecessor. Many thinkers were unable to accept the ultra-Platonic hypothesis on which it was based, but none could fail to find in it much that was suggestive and instructive if not convincing, and many brilliant guesses at truth, if not clear discoveries of it.

The excellence of the book as a whole is wonderful, if we consider the rapidity with which it was composed. We learn on good authority that it was sent to the press chapter by chapter as it was written. He worked with the hot haste of a parliamentary reporter. For this haste there was no apparent reason; no reason indeed, except such as sprang from his own ardent temperament. Other yet unexplored fields of knowledge were tempting him, and he was eager to be done with the mechanical drudgery imposed by the task in hand. He had none of that "long patience" which, according to Cuvier, is "genius." But few will deny that he had genius, and his example alone would suffice to prove that Cuvier's definition is not universally true.

In 1837, he preached before the University four sermons on the foundation of morals, in which he developed and illustrated the doctrine of Butler, which rests moral obligation on the teaching of a divinely given and divinely-enlightened conscience. This doctrine was not with him a school thesis, but a profound and,

if I may use the term, passionate conviction. Butler was the master whom he followed in moral speculation, as Bacon and Newton were his masters in other branches of philosophy. He was an ardent opponent of the utilitarian theory, and labored long, and at last successfully, to oust *Paley* from among the text-books of University teaching. With this object, probably, he accepted, in 1838, the Professorship of Moral Philosophy. So he preferred to call it, in place of the singular title given by its founder, "Moral Theology and Casuistry." His chief works on this head were, *Lectures on the History of Moral Philosophy in England*, *Lectures on Systematic Morality*, and *Elements of Morality, including Polity*, published in 1845. The direction given to his thoughts by the latter portion of his subject led him to study international law. He published *Grotius de Jure Belli et Pacis*, with a condensed translation, and in his will left to the University a munificent bequest for the purpose of founding a Chair of International Law, with scholarships for students of the subject. The rents of his new hostels attached to Trinity College are to be devoted to that purpose. Thus is explained the inscription which he placed over the gate of his first building, "*Paci sacrum*."

The year 1841 was a marked epoch in his life. In the summer he married Miss Cordelia Marshall, and in October was made Master of Trinity on the resignation of Dr. Wordsworth. There were some who feared that the new Master would be imperious and overbearing, but their fears were dissipated by the result. His government was, with scarcely an exception, the government of a constitutional monarch, not a despot. Of his rights and privileges he was tenacious enough, but he preferred to delegate the active exercise of power and its consequent responsibility to the several college officers, and was best pleased when all went smoothly without any reference to him. He did not interpose *nisi dignus vindice nodus*. The Lodge was the scene of generous hospitality, and received a constant succession of distinguished guests. Among others, the Queen and Prince Consort stayed there in 1842. In domestic life he was thoroughly happy. His wife, though

she appeared cold to strangers, showed to those who knew her an equable temper, a noble, generous spirit, and an affectionate heart. She became devotedly attached to the college, and since her death has been annually commemorated among its benefactors. She had suffered for several years from a painful illness, during which her husband's anxious care had been as unremitting as his grief was profound when all was over. It was, I believe, to divert his thoughts during this time of affliction that he wrote his most popular work, *Of the Plurality of Worlds*. He treated the subject as he used to treat subjects in his table-talk. He loved to get hold of some commonly-received opinion, and demonstrate its fallacy in all sorts of ingenious ways. Sometimes he was borne on the wings of his eloquence into the regions of paradox. It had been assumed both by the impugnors and defenders of revelation since Fontenelle and Voltaire, that the existence of other inhabited worlds was probable. Whewell began by showing that it only rested on doubtful analogies and hypotheses; then, warming with his theme, he pleaded as an advocate the cause of the habitable globe *versus* the rest of the universe, and treated planets, stars, and nebulae with a graduated scorn exactly proportioned to their distance from the Cambridge Observatory. The book was published anonymously, but the characteristic style revealed the author. Any one marking its buoyant and joyous tone would have supposed it to be the ebullition of a happy spirit, not, as it was, a violent reaction from anxiety and sorrow.

After the death of his wife he commemorated her in a volume of Elegiacs, privately printed, some of which, especially those entitled "Recollections of the Burial Service," have a deep pathos for us as we read them now with the recollections of another burial service so fresh in our minds.

"So we enter the gates where *we* so often have worshipt.

She, pure worshipper here, worships in Paradise now.

Yet the sable bier, in the midst of the sorrowing circle,

Makes us to feel, even yet, sense of communion with her.

Then ascends the voice of the Psalm of trust and of meekness:

Voice of the Temple of old; voice of the Churches of Christ:

Voice whose solemn sound has, in many a grief-stricken bosom,

Soothed the wildness of woe: Oh! may it soothe it in ours."

And, again, when he speaks of the return from the funeral:

"So we turn us away—and the heart-strings crack with the motion—

Back to the desolate world, blank of the light of our eyes.

And with leaden feet, to our home, to our life, we return us;

'Home that no longer is home, life that no longer is life."

Mrs. Whewell died in December, 1855. On the first Sunday after the college reassembled in the following term, the Master preached a funeral sermon in the chapel, taking for his text the first three verses of the third chapter of the First Epistle of St. John: "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God; therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not. Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is. And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as He is pure." He poured out his whole heart as a father speaking to his children—all his love, all his sorrow, all the Christian hope that saved him from despair. Then, I think, for the first time we knew him as he was, and from that hour were fond as well as proud of him. None heard him without emotion, few without tears; yet it was only once that his voice faltered.

For months afterwards he used to be seen going alone to the cemetery, "to the grave, to weep there." It was long before he recovered his cheerfulness.

A visit to Rome, which he then saw for the first time, finally dispelled the cloud. There, in the intervals of sight-seeing, he devoted himself to the improvement of his Italian, taking lessons and writing exercises like the veriest schoolboy.

In 1858 he married Lady Affleck, widow of Sir Gilbert Affleck, and sister of Robert Leslie Ellis, one of Mr. Spedding's coadjutors in his edition of Bacon. On this occasion he preached a wedding sermon—one which none who heard him will forget—telling us of the renewed happiness of his hearth, his joy, and his thankfulness to the Giver of all good.

Lady Affleck won all hearts by her gentleness and kindness. When she died in 1865, all who knew her shared the sorrow of her husband. His passionate grief at her funeral was most sad to witness; yet a few Sundays later he nerved himself to preach a funeral sermon. Next to his Christian hope, he found his best consolation in the sympathy of those who, as he now knew, loved, as well as honored him.

After some months of solitude and sorrow, he was cheered by the company of an attached relative, and began once more to mingle cheerfully in society, and to take an interest in his old studies. One of the fruits of this renewed activity was the article on *Comte and Positivism*, which appeared in the last number of this magazine. Every one was pleased to see the kindness and courtesy which he displayed in it towards his old antagonist, Mr. Mill. A paper on Grote's *Plato* which is to appear in the forthcoming number of *Fraser*, was his last work. The last book which he read was Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's *Tales of Miletus*.

The accident which happened to him on Saturday, February 24th, and its fatal issue on March 6th, have been so fully chronicled in the newspapers, that the details must be familiar to all. The most authentic account will be found in the *Lancet* of March 17th, from the pen of Dr. Humphrey, who with Dr. Paget, attended him throughout. It seems that the brain had shrunk, so that it was fatally injured by a concussion which did not injure the skull. It is remarkable that he had shown no sign whatever of failing power, unless it was an increased somnolency. He would fall asleep in the morning quite suddenly, in the very middle of a discussion in which he had just taken an animated part. But, in the natural course of things, he might have been spared at

least long enough to witness the completion of the great building which he had just commenced in realization of a long-laid plan.

I may here mention a few details of his last days not yet published. He was never delirious nor entirely unconscious. His mind ran much upon things he had intended to do and not done, particularly upon a bust of J. M. Kemble, which had been offered to the college, but not yet formally accepted, and upon his unfinished article upon Grote's *Plato*. One day, when his attendant had left the room for a few minutes, he got out of bed, and was found seated at a table writing, or attempting to write, some additions to it. When some favorite book was read to him, if the reader made a mistake he would murmur the correct word. On the day before his death he received the sacrament from Professor Lightfoot, and audibly repeated the responses. On the day of his death, when sinking fast, he was heard to mutter "The Great Court," which his attendants interpreted as a wish that they should open the window shutters, to let him look once more upon the place he loved so well.

On Saturday, March 10th, he was buried with all possible pomp and solemnity in the ante-chapel. His former pupil, the Duke of Devonshire, and his old friends, the Bishops of Worcester and Ely, Sir J. Herschel, the Provost of Oriel, and the Astronomer Royal, with many others, followed him to the grave.

To quote one couplet more from his his own Elegiacs:

"Blessed the dead that die in the Lord: they
rest from their labors.
So the Spirit said. This be our solace and
joy."

It only remains for me to supplement this imperfect sketch of his life by a still more imperfect sketch of his character. Any one may point out his failings, which were accidental and external; but a man must be as great and strong as he was adequately to gauge his essential greatness and strength.

In the judgment of all who knew him, his life was throughout one of exemplary purity. The temptations of youth left him unscathed and unstained. Pure in deed, he was also pure in word.

Even in his youth when a bad fashion corrupted many, he religiously abstained from the use of profane oaths, and from the utterance of any word unbefitting Christian lips. Such consistency can come only from the heart, and we doubt not that he was one of those to whom it is promised that "they shall see God."

Bold and confident as he was in all that he considered legitimate matter for speculation, he was humble and reverent in matters of faith. His orthodoxy was the expression of a sincere and unwavering belief. At the same time he was tolerant and charitable towards those of a different creed, and never was heard to impute unworthy motives to men who doubted what he believed. He was too sure of the goodness of the cause and of its ultimate triumph, to employ any arms but those of celestial temper.

His integrity and truthfulness were above all suspicion. He was incapable himself of all *finesse* and intrigue, incapable, indeed, of suspecting it in others. I was about to say that he would have made the worst diplomatist in the world, but when I reflect that he held so tenaciously to what he believed to be right that it was impossible to overreach him, I incline to think that in a good cause he would have made the best.

He was essentially magnanimous, just, generous, and forgiving, incapable of malice towards those who had offended him, or (what is still more rare) towards those whom he had offended.

With all these great and noble qualities, it is not to be denied that he was in former years very unpopular. The causes of this anomaly are not far to seek. He was deficient in tact, and not careful enough of the feelings of others. He never sought to temper acts of authority by the *suaviter in modo*. He was so prominent among the governing body of the University, that the blame of any unpopular measure fell chiefly upon him. At one time his appearance in the Senate-house was always the signal for a storm of disapprobation from the galleries. He bore all these insults with unflinching scorn. Inwardly, it may be, he was wounded more than he cared to show. When he entered the Senate-house for the first time after the death of his wife (being then Vice-Chan-

cellor), and had nerved himself to face the usual demonstrations, the under graduates, with instinctive good taste, received him with profound silence, and then suddenly burst into enthusiastic cheering. This expression of sympathy completely overcame him, and he wept.

Of late years he had outlived, or rather lived down, his unpopularity, and the sight of his white head towering above the rest was always greeted with loud applause.

His munificence was extraordinary. Though no one could charge him, like the Cardinal, with being unsatisfied in getting, yet in bestowing he was, like him, most princely. Besides devoting the main part of his fortune for the benefit of the University and the College, he gave largely in private charities, and lent considerable sums to persons who had as little claim upon him as prospect of repaying.

In politics he was too independent, too fond of thinking for himself, to be a partisan. In fact he cared more for "polity" than politics. As to particular measures, such as Catholic Emancipation, he held with the Liberals, but his general sentiments and predilections were staunchly Conservative. He loved the historical traditions of England, and revered the constitution in Church and State as their visible outcome. His feelings towards the Queen and Royal family were those of an enthusiastic worshipper. He had the most sincere respect for rank, but this was as far removed as possible from servility. He held his own against a duke or marquis with the same pertinacity that he would against a junior Fellow who had ventured to contradict him.

In society, his encyclopædic knowledge, his fluency of language, his wit, his readiness in illustration and repartee and, we may add, his loud voice, gave him always the lead in conversation, if that can be called conversation where one man talks and the rest listen. The general effect was well expressed in a letter written to him by Sydney Smith: "When are you coming to thunder and lighten at the tables of the metropolis?" He was fond of quoting this remark. He reminded people of Dr. Johnson, and was sometimes, like him, "a tremendous companion." Dr. John-

son's stereotyped reply, "Well, sir, no," not inaptly expressed the general combativeness of Dr. Whewell. Yet I have seen him sit for hours a pleased and patient listener to Lord Macaulay's monologues, till nature claimed her rights, and he fell asleep.

As a preacher he marred excellent sermons by the delivery. He was frequently unable to read what he had written, *more suo*, in haste: and he could not modulate his voice properly. Yet, at times, in delivering a passage which especially interested him, he rose into true eloquence.

He was a man of undaunted courage, moral and physical, yet he had none of the coolness and self-possession which usually characterizes courage. Had he been a soldier, he would, if required, have stormed a breach or charged a battery alone; but every pulse would have throbbed and every nerve quivered with excitement.

The only exercise to which he was partial was riding. The last fatal accident—and he had had many previous falls—reminds us that he used to be called "a bold, bad rider." This is unjust. Bad he was not, but very careless. He might often be seen lolling rather than sitting in his saddle, with one if not both feet out of the stirrups. That he was not, in the ordinary sense, a bad rider, the following example will show. Once, when he was staying at the then Lord Fitzwilliam's, his host said to him at breakfast, "We are all going out hunting; how will you amuse yourself, Mr. Whewell?" He answered: "I have never been out hunting, and I should like to go, too." Lord Fitzwilliam accordingly mounted him, and, of course, mounted him well; and, pointing out the huntsman, said: "If you keep behind that man, you can't go wrong." The hounds went away across a stiff country. The huntsman looked round from time to time, expecting to see a divorce between the college don and his horse; but no. After clearing an unusually high fence: "That was a rasper, sir," said the huntsman. "Indeed," replied the other; "I did not observe anything remarkable." So he followed, till worn out with the pace and the weight of his load, the horse came to a standstill in the middle of a plough-

ed field. At dinner Lord Fitzwilliam asked his guest how he had enjoyed himself. "Exceedingly," he replied; "and I have learned for the first time that the powers of a horse are not inexhaustible."

This characteristic anecdote was reported to me on the best authority. I have been led on, almost unconsciously, to mention it, and now I feel inclined to obliterate it as unsuitable to the sad occasion. But the truth is, I cannot associate all that bright and exuberant life with the darkness and stillness of the grave.

He will be long missed, and never forgotten.
W. G. CLARK.

The Leisure Hour.

OXFORD AND ITS COLLEGES.

I.

THERE is, perhaps, no city in Europe which in proportion to its size is so impressive and interesting as Oxford. It has been well called the "City of Palaces," and travellers have liked to compare the distant view of Oxford to the first view they have obtained of Rome. The beautiful city lies girdled about with waters and gardens. The elm-shaded and "lilied" Cherwell, the clear, broad Isis, flow through a fair English landscape, adorned by wonderful architectural effects, and endeared by a thousand associations. The imposing streets, of great breadth and noble frontage, the magnificent public buildings, the stately libraries and halls, the cathedral-like chapels, the armorial gateways, the smooth verdant lawns, the embattled walls, the time-worn towers, the wilderness of spires and pinnacles, the echoing cloisters, the embowered walks, create an impression—which familiarity only deepens—of beauty and wonder. We can well understand how Wordsworth recognized here a "presence" which "overpowered the soberness of reason." We can well understand how those who have been disappointed in most places acknowledge that they have not been disappointed in Oxford. For when the eye has drunk in, with unexhausted pleasure, the many aspects of beauty, there still remains a whole wealth of recollec-

tions of the great and good; and also for many there exist personal and endearing associations that make them breathe the prayer that peace may always be within her walls, and plenteousness within her palaces.

The name of Oxford, like the Greek Bosphorus, means "a ford for oxen"—the definition set forth by the city arms. From the earliest period of our national history the place has been celebrated. "Oxford is a city most strongly fortified and unapproachable, by reason of its very deep waters which wash it all around; being on one side most carefully girt by solid outworks, beautifully and very powerfully strengthened by an impregnable castle and a tower of vast height." This is a description of an ancient work of the time of King Stephen. And, from the time of King Stephen downward, Oxford is a name which, either as a city or university, sometimes as the scene of a court or parliament, is constantly recurring in the annals of England.

We will now move about Oxford, and endeavor to gather a general impression of the place. Generally speaking, people come into Oxford by the rail, and so enter the fair city by the least worthy of its avenues. The view is very imposing as you enter from the Blenheim road, passing through the broad, noble street, which, with its lines of trees on each side, presents a boulevard appearance, and, indeed, is superior to many boulevards, having on this side ancient colleges, and on that stately modern structures. Still more beautiful was the great London road in the old coaching days, when the coaches passing into Oxford through the eastern entrance traversed the beautiful bridge arched over the Cherwell, and, skirting the tower of Magdalen, were borne along the "stream-like" High-street. Some years ago the railway entrance was from the west, which led into Oxford by a street which owns some interesting and antique buildings, and gave the traveller his first view of the magnificent frontage of Christ church. Carfax is the central point in Oxford; and we will suppose that our visitors have reached this as a rendezvous, and will make it their point of departure. At Carfax the four main streets meet, and perhaps it derives its

name from this circumstance (*quatre voies*). Formerly a remarkable and picturesque conduit stood here, but as it obstructed the road, it was taken down, and the University and city united in presenting it to the Earl of Harcourt. It is still to be seen at Nuneham Park, which is always a favored spot in the summer for water parties from Oxford. Let us take due notice of Carfax church, which is dedicated to St. Martin of Tours, and which, besides its immemorial antiquity, is the civic and municipal church, officially attended by the mayor and corporation. Almost without a doubt, any group of visitors meeting at Carfax will proceed to move down the High-street. As they do so, they will not fail to be struck by the magnificent shops, some of which in their collections of pictures and rarities have a world-wide reputation. We will turn off presently to the left, that we may enter the School Quadrangle, where the principal university buildings are grouped together; and here we would strongly advise all visitors to ascend the Sheldonian or the Radcliffe. Before we do so, however, we obtain our first view of the beautiful church of St. Mary the Virgin. This is the University church, as Carfax is the municipal.

Stand before that beautiful porch. Perhaps none other is so familiar to you; artists have loved it so much, and photographs have reproduced it so widely. It is an Italian porch, and within it is an image of the Virgin and Child, which has a historical importance; for it was erected by a chaplain of Archbishop Laud, and was made the matter of one of the articles of impeachment against this archbishop. The tower and spire of the church are of imposing beauty. The pinnacles of the base of the spire are especially remarkable. They are decorated with many pomegranates, in honor of Queen Eleanor of Castile, the mother of Edward II. There are also statues in canopied niches. Queen Eleanor's almoner, Adam de Brom, superintended the work, and his monumental chantry on the north side is the only one that remains of the old chapel. It is now used chiefly as a robing room for the doctors of divinity. Of late years there have been considerable apprehensions respecting the safety of the tower.

In 1856 it was considered in a dangerous state, and was repaired and secured with rods by Mr. G. G. Scott, and the whole exterior was completely restored by the same illustrious architect in 1862. We will now enter this famous church. It was built in the reign of Henry VII. by the University, with the help of many benefactions; the King himself making a grant of forty royal oaks. Charles VIII. of France also contributed, together with many princes and bishops. At the western door is the grave of Amy Robsart, whose body was brought here from Cumnors Hall, about three miles off, and whose sad story has been rendered so familiar by Scott's *Kenilworth*. In the chancel Flaxman's monument to Sir William Jones will be noted. At the northeast end of the church is the congregation house, with an upper and a lower chamber. The lower chamber has a groined stone vault, with ribs and bosses of the time of Edward I.

But, after all, the pulpit of St. Mary's is the great attraction. A large part of our modern ecclesiastical history is centred there, from the time when Wycliffe, the morning star of the Reformation, denounced in the University pulpit the Romish canons and novelties of his day, down to the present generation, when the pulpit has been occupied by all the illustrious divines of the University on many memorable occasions. Here men of the most diverse characters have preached, from John Wesley to John Henry Newman. Here the Bampton Lectures are regularly preached, which now in themselves amount to a very important theological library. St. Mary's is both the University church, and also the church of a small parish, comprising a small adjacent district and the outlying hamlet of Littlemore, two miles off on the Henley road. There are regular parish services here, and besides these the University sermon, preceded by the "bidding prayer." It is the theory that undergraduates should always attend the University sermon; but the attendance is often thin, and always fluctuating. When the preacher is celebrated, standing room can hardly be obtained. Every master of arts is, in his turn, called upon to preach before the University, and when a master for-

bears his turn, this is supplied by one of the select preachers. The morning sermon falls to the dean and canons of Christ church, heads of colleges, and theological professors, according to cycle.

Leaving the church we get into the famous Radcliffe Quadrangle, so called from the magnificent building which occupies its centre. The Bodleian Library faces the Radcliffe, and St. Mary's church is behind. We have All Souls and Brasenose respectively on the east and west. Of these colleges we shall have something to say in later articles. It is our intention to ascend the Radcliffe, which has always been our favorite position for a panoramic view. We are now in the centre of the public buildings of the University of Oxford, to which we propose to devote the present paper. "The assemblage of buildings in this quarter," says Horace Walpole, "though no single one is beautiful, always struck me with singular pleasure, as it conveys such a vision of large edifices unbroken by private houses as the mind is apt to entertain of renowned cities that exist no longer." The Radcliffe Library derives its name from that celebrated and eccentric physician who attended the English sovereigns William, Mary, and Anne, and who is said to have predicted the dates of his own death and his royal patients. He left forty thousand pounds for its construction, and a liberal endowment for its support. The architecture of the building is curious, and in marked contrast with the surrounding buildings. It is of circular shape, standing upon arcades, and a noble hall expands into a splendid dome. This hall is exceedingly beautiful, enriched with many works of art, and a noble library of natural science. A dinner was here given to the allied sovereigns in 1814, a scene of great splendor, but attended, we should think, with a very considerable amount of inconvenience. A gallery runs round this room, furnished with bookcases and reading tables. The building contains Kneller's portrait and Rysbrach's statue of the founder. We should say that Radcliffe's library has been removed to the new University Museum, and the new name has been given, although it will long retain the old one, of *Camera Bodleiana*; and the

place now serves as a reading room to the Bodleian, open in the evening as well as in the day time. The Hope collection, recently bequeathed to the University, is deposited here. By a narrow winding staircase we now gain access to the roof for our panoramic view. Gleams of "bowery loveliness" in the very heart of stately buildings, wide meadows bordered by walks where over-arching trees make an ever-lengthening arcade, reaches of fair waters whose broad silver tapers away in the far distance to a glancing thread of light, gardens with gay parterres and armorial gateways, clusters of pinnacles, tall spires, dim cloisters, turrets and embattled parapets, and, beyond these, hills and woods of historic name as a framework to the picture—these make up the panoramic view from the Radcliffe or "Camera Bodleiana." But the pleasure of the observer is greatly heightened if one of the numerous Oxonians, filled with intelligent love for the fair city, is at hand to describe the different objects. There is the old Norman keep-tower of the ancient castle; there are the square towers or tapering spires of the city churches; there is the curious spire of the cathedral, with Tom Tower just behind it; there are the new chapels of Exeter and Balliol; there Magdalen Tower, in its perfect beauty, ruling all its own landscape of watery glades; close by the curious cupola of the theatre, and the receding towers of All Souls. The beauty of the view is indefinitely heightened when we learn to understand the historic and moral interest with which it is invested.

Through a narrow vaulted passage we turn from the Radcliffe Quadrangle into the Quadrangle of the Schools. Be it known that we are now, as it were, upon academic ground. The undergraduate would be thought to be acting with extreme hardihood, and render himself amenable to proctorial jurisdiction, who should move about in this arena otherwise than in academical costume. On a low door on the right hand side opposite you will perceive a written paper, in front of which a large group of men were gathered. It is the honor list of some examination just out. In another part you will find a large printed list of men who have put down their

names for an examination in some other school. You may see men anxiously scrutinizing the list, and drawing a line under some name. Such a one is probably calculating the number who will have to undergo a *viva voce* examination before his own turn comes, and how far it may be safe to relax, or how far it may be desirable to put on some extra pressure in his work. If any public examination is going on, any stranger, whether lady or gentleman, is at liberty to go into the room and listen to what is passing. If the examiner is a well-known man among his contemporaries, he may have many auditors; otherwise the stranger may find himself almost alone. Formerly it was compulsory upon undergraduates to sit for a certain time in the schools and listen to examinations; but this has been abolished now. The scene is simple and impressive. Examiners, one, two, or three, are sitting behind a large table, flanked by a long line of books; an examinee is before them, answering with easy confidence or painful hesitation; one or two men who have been remanded for examinational purposes are filling up, or trying to fill up, their answers to a paper of questions. Looking at any long list of men to be examined (*examinandum*) on our University calendar, one is always struck by the great number of good familiar names, well known in our modern life or past history; a fact which reveals how great a proportion of our best youth are absorbed by Oxford. It is probable, however, that, though there is no falling off in numbers, but, on the contrary, various projects for University extension are afloat, Oxford is rather losing its hold upon our territorial aristocracy. Lord Derby stated some time back in the House of Lords that, whereas he remembered a time when three fourths of their lordship's House had been at Oxford, this was now hardly the case with a fourth.

In the Schools Quadrangle we turn first to the Bodleian Library, of which, in common with many Oxonians, the present writer would desire to make most grateful commemoration. The library owes its name to its illustrious founder, Sir Thos. Bodley, who achieved, as Casaubon calls it, "a work rather for a king than a private man." Wood in-

cludes him, though no author, in the *Athenæ Oxonienses*, "because, by his noble and generous endeavors, he hath been the occasion of making hundreds of public writers, and of advancing in as high degree the commonwealth of learning." Bodley was a Devonian. His father was one of the English Protestants who took up their abode at Geneva during the Marian persecution. After the death of Queen Mary they returned to England, and Thomas Bodley was successively of Magdalen and Merton Colleges. He went abroad "with the allowance belonging to a traveller," and continued for some years in Germany, France, and Italy. He subsequently married a rich widow, and was afterward employed by Queen Elizabeth in some high diplomatic offices. Burleigh told the Queen that there was not any man in England so meet as Bodley to undergo the office of secretary, by reason of his well-based wisdom in the Low Country affairs, intending that that he should be colleague with his own son Robert Cecil. But, as the unfortunate Earl of Essex also recommended him, Burleigh's jealousy took the alarm, and he prevented this promotion. Mr. Bodley, taking farewell of his court hopes, betook himself to learning, and, "setting up his staff at the library door in Oxford, did restore or rather new found it," and was later knighted by King James.

Standing in the Quadrangle of the Schools, we see on the east the tower gateway. The portal has a groined vault and oaken folding-door ornamented with royal and collegiate arms. The architecture of this tower is of a very curious kind. It exhibits the five orders in regular gradation—Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, Composite; the parapet is Gothic and the plinths of the columns are Arabesque. The rooms that run round the court on the ground floor are used for examinations, for the reception of the Arundelian marbles, and for the library. In the early part of the sixteenth century the ground was a garden and a pig market, which latter fact facetious wits have not forgotten. The Proscholium on the western side is often called the pig market. The library, the picture gallery included, takes all the other floors; the third story of the gate-

way, however, contains the University archives, and the uppermost is, or was, reserved for the use of the reader in experimental philosophy. A door in the southwestern corner of the quadrangle reveals a staircase which leads into the library. The original founder of the University library was Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester. The basement story of Duke Humphrey's library was the divinity school; this is one of the most beautiful rooms in England. The windows were once richly filled with beautiful stained glass of a heraldic character; this has all perished in the manifold vicissitudes which the structure has undergone. In the time of Edward VI. the lead was torn from the roof, and the brambles grew up about the walls. Here Ridley and Latimer were cited to appear. Ridley at first stood bareheaded, "but so soon as he heard the Cardinal named and the Pope's holiness he put on his cap." The House of Commons held their sittings here when they were driven from London by the plague in 1625. In the civil wars it served as a storehouse for corn; but, though the glass is gone, the matchless roof remains, covered with mouldings and bosses on which are shields of arms. There are pendants from the vaults, which contain small figures in niches, and at either end of the school saints in richly-canopied niches. The building was restored to its present state by Sir Christopher Wren.

To Duke Humphrey's original library Bodley added his own building, containing his costly collections, devoted large funds to its extension, and matured a plan for adding University public schools to the library. At the time when he did this the original royal library was reduced to such a condition that it did not contain more than four or five books. Bodley, unhappily, did not live to watch the carrying out of his plans. But the good work prospered. Other benefactors, prompted by a similar public spirit, aided in the extension of the library. Not many years after, the famous Earl of Pembroke, being Chancellor (1624), presented two hundred Greek manuscripts, collected by a Venetian nobleman. Sir Kenelm Digby, the husband of the beautiful Venetia Stanley, only four years later, added the same number

of manuscripts. Soon afterwards Archbishop Laud, becoming chancellor, added many other manuscripts. Then the great Selden added his noble library of eight thousand volumes. After making this bequest, he is said to have revoked it in a rage, because the University authorities would not lend him some book which he wanted. His executors, however, considering that they were to represent his deliberate wishes and not his ill temper, handed over the library to the University. Many other benefactors might be enumerated—such as Lord Fairfax, always the hospitable friend of learned Oxonians, Malone, the editor of Shakespeare, who gave his library of early English literature, and Mr. Douce, whose benefaction of medals, manuscripts and drawings constitutes a museum by itself. The library abounds with Oriental and Rabbinical literature, and possesses manuscripts collected at Mount Athos, and the Isle of Patmos. It is entitled by act of Parliament to a copy of every book entered at Stationers' Hall. It also constantly makes additions from its own revenues.

We will now ascend the staircase to the library. If it is not a saint's day, and, therefore, no service at St. Mary's, it is open as early as nine o'clock. Directly we enter we are struck by the stillness and solemnity that reign around, helped by the dim light, the windows with bits of painted glass, the ponderous shelves, the illuminated missals, the graduates or attendants conversing in low whispers, or moving quickly about. There is not the least difficulty about gaining access to the Bodleian. The University costume is sufficient, and an introduction from any master of arts will suffice for a stranger. For reading purposes, the library is as free and as good as the library of the British Museum, with the advantage that you may be seated in front of a window commanding a beautiful garden prospect, that your arm chair is not disturbed, and that books are allowed to accumulate around you, and you are not obliged to return them to the care of the custodians when you leave the library. The officials, however, are hardly used to the ways of the British Museum, where the attendants delight in promptly honoring the largest orders. At the Bodleian, if

you require many books, they were, in my time at least, handed to you indeed by gentlemanly assistants, but with a resigned expression and a look of injury. You will not fail to notice the portraits in the library, and especially to upcast a grateful look at Cornelius Jansen's fine portrait of Bodley. You will see the exercise book used by Edward VI. and Elizabeth when children, and close by the autographs of distinguished visitors. Considered as works of art, the collection can hardly be thought very valuable, but it is interesting as a series of portraits of University benefactors. It contains many curiosities in addition to pictures; among them the very lantern of Guy Fawkes, which he had with him when he was apprehended in the cellar of the House of Commons. One of the most imposing objects is a splendid bronze statue of the Earl of Pembroke, the chancellor of whom we have already made mention. Here is a chair made out of Drake's ship, with an inscription by the poet Cowley. Notice especially a portrait of the amiable Dr. Routh, the late president of Magdalen, taken in his ninety-sixth year.

Descending once more to the basement, we turn into one of the old schools to see the Arundelian marbles. These marbles were collected in Asia Minor by one Earl of Arundel, and presented to the University by another Earl of Arundel. They contain some valuable inscriptions, especially the Parian chronicle. There are also other valuable curiosities. In that basement story, which is below the Seldenian portion of the library is the Convocation House. The vestibule is called the apodyterium, or unrobing room. In the apodyterium men matriculate when they first come up to the University. And here, also, the Vice-Chancellor's Court is held, generally by his assessor, and is virtually a court for the recovery of small debts. The convocation room is principally used for the purpose of conferring degrees; the public business of the University is also transacted there. The process of conferring degrees is curious. At one portion of the ceremony the proctors parade up and down the room, and we are told that if any one plucks the proctor's gown the degree is not conferred upon the candidate; an ex-

treme proceeding occasionally resorted to by Oxford tradesmen in the case of debtors.

Beyond the Schools Quadrangle we pass out into Broad-street through the Clarendon. This spacious building was erected in part from the profits of Lord Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, which was presented to the University by his son, the second earl. The frontage from the lower part of Broad-street is very imposing. The architect was Sir John Vanbrugh, the architect of Blenheim. The Clarendon occupies a middle position in the history of the University press. It was used for more than a hundred years as the place of the printing press of the University after the Sheldonian had for a long time served that purpose, and since then the University press has been removed to its present abode. For some time it did duty as a Geological Museum. It is now used for various public purposes, of a very mixed kind. The Hebdomadal Council meet here; the Vice-Chancellor has his justice room, the registrar his office, the police have their apartments, and lectures are also delivered here.

Proceeding westward, we come to the famous Sheldonian Theatre. This theatre was erected at the expense of Gilbert Sheldon, who suffered much during the time of the Commonwealth, was made Bishop of London when Juxon was raised to Canterbury, and became Archbishop of Canterbury when Juxon died. It is remarked that Archbishop Sheldon never visited Canterbury that he might be installed, and that, though made Chancellor of Oxford, he was never installed as such, nor yet ever saw this noble building which he so sumptuously erected. Sheldon was one of the most munificent of prelates. He built the library at Lambeth, and aided in the restoration of St. Paul's Cathedral. In various respects he showed himself to be a man of large-minded and princely generosity. Sir Christopher Wren was the architect, and he is said to have taken his ground plan from the theatre of Marcellus at Rome. In the roof of the building was formerly the printing press of the University, and books printed during this time, and even long after the press had been removed to the Clarendon bore on the title page *E The-*

atro Sheldoniano. In 1858 a cupola was added to the original building, to replace one which had evidently been lost. The public acts of the University are celebrated here—the Comitia, Encænæia, and Commemoration of Benefactors. The scene at the Sheldonian is always a very splendid one. The most famous commemoration was that of 1814, when the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, Blücher, the Cossack Platoff, and others, received the red robe of doctor. But year by year the glorious scene of the Commemoration is witnessed. The Sheldonian Theatre then affords a sight which, once seen, is never forgotten. The area is crowded with Masters of Arts and strangers. In the semicircle above, the Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, heads of houses, and other dignitaries are seated; behind them are arranged the ladies, in gay and regular parterres; and the galleries are crowded with undergraduates. The undergraduates, in these modern years, have adopted the practice of greeting all kinds of people and subjects with violent hissing or tumultuous applause; a custom which diminishes the decorum, but certainly heightens the liveliness of the proceedings. There is something very touching, very suggestive, also, in the contrast which these proceedings afford. On the one hand, men who have already rendered their names illustrious are receiving honorary degrees; and on the other, young men, flushed with success and hope, are advancing to the rostrum to recite their prize compositions, which seem an earnest of the future successes of advanced life.

To make our enumeration of this important group of buildings complete, we ought to proceed a few yards westward of the Sheldonian Theatre and examine the Ashmolean Museum. The famous Tradescant and his son formed a collection known as Tradescant's Ark, the most curious and popular show of the day. The son bequeathed it to a lodger named Elias Ashmole, who had kindred tastes, and added a collection of antiquities, including the library of the astrologer Lilly, now of little or no account. Ashmole's Museum was the first museum ever known in England. The catalogue of the curiosities of this museum is highly interesting. Perhaps the

most curious item is King Alfred's jewel, found in the isle of Athelney. This was set with colored stones, cased in crystal, with the inscription, "Alfred ordered me to be made."

This remarkable group of buildings, then, may be considered as making up materially the main part of the University system. The University, in its corporate capacity, and even in its members, is constantly concerned with some one or other, if not all, of these stately structures. Another group of University buildings remain to be considered, which are quite modern in comparison with these, which are comparatively ancient. The chief of these is the new University Museum, which has subtracted most of the old contents of the Radcliffe and the Ashmolean. This museum is the result of well-considered attempts to give Oxford the same preëminence in natural science as she has so long enjoyed in mental science and scholarship, and to give her *alumni* the knowledge which may enable them to comprehend and extend the vast material progress made by the age in which our lot has been cast. The first stone was laid by Lord Derby in 1855, and it was first used, though not quite completed, by the British Association for the Advancement of Science when they visited Oxford in 1860. The architecture of the edifice is constantly a moot subject of discussion, the attack and defence being equally ardent. There is, perhaps, a tolerable unanimity of praise or dispraise in reference to certain portions. You enter beneath a gateway tower into the central quadrangle, which has a glass roof, resting on slender iron pillars. Opposite the entrance is Woolner's memorial statue of the Prince Consort, subscribed for by gentlemen of the City of Oxford. Two galleries run round this court, with open arcades, which give ready admittance to all parts of the building. The shafts of the cloister, chosen under the direction of Professor Phillips, are examples of the geological formations of the British islands, the Cornish granites being especially beautiful. The corbels in front of the piers are in process of being filled up with statues of men eminent in the sciences which the museum illustrates and teaches. The Queen has given five, the undergraduates ten, the Freemasons

one. The upper floor has a spacious lecture room, and on the western front are reading rooms and library; at the back there is a small observatory. Besides the lecture rooms, there are work rooms and laboratories for the Regius Professor of Medicine, the Professors of Geometry, Astronomy, Chemistry, Natural and Experimental Philosophy, Mineralogy, Geology, Physiology, and Zoology. There is also a dissecting room, and a large chemical laboratory. The Professorship of Zoölogy has been only lately founded by the late Rev. F. W. Hope, who bequeathed, in aid of his object, large collections and large funds. Dean Buckland's collection of fossils is here; and Miss Burdett Coutts has given the Pengelly collection of Devonian fossils, and five thousand pounds to found two scholarships in geology.

One more public building, at least, ought to be specified, which shows how well the University, in its corporate capacity, and independently of the meagre instruction furnished in this direction by the colleges, is providing for what is called the "modern" education of her sons. These are the sumptuous Taylor Buildings and University Galleries, a magnificent "mass of architecture," worthy of its magnificent contents. We shall confine ourselves on the present occasion to Sir Robert Taylor's institution, reserving the subject of the University Galleries for separate mention. Sir Robert Taylor bequeathed a sum of money to the University, "for erecting a proper edifice, and for establishing a foundation for the teaching of European languages." A professorship of modern European languages (held by the philologist Max Müller), and teacherships in German, French, Italian, and Spanish, have been established. No fee is asked of the members of the University, who may enjoy, without the least expense, the use of a valuable library and the services of the ablest teachers. Yet, such are the inducements of the regular collegiate and University courses, that in the writer's time these lectures were but thinly attended, and the reading rooms of the Radcliffe and the Taylor generally were solitary and unattended.

The galleries, which face Beaumont-street, comprise on the ground floor a sculpture gallery of 180 feet long by 28

wide, with an additional wing, at right angles, of 90 by 28 feet; on the first floor, besides an ante-room, is a fire-proof gallery and a picture gallery; there is also a basement story, with lodgings for the keeper. In the west wing of the ground floor are now placed a portion of the munificent gift of Lady Chantrey, in the original casts of the late Sir Francis Chantrey's principal works; the remainder, with the greater part of the Pomfret statues, are in the basement story. In the fire-proof gallery up stairs is the celebrated collection of original drawings by Michael Angelo and Raffaele, one hundred and ninety in number, purchased partly by subscriptions contributed by members of the University, but chiefly by the noble donation of four thousand pounds by the Earl of Eldon.

This sketch of the public buildings of Oxford, beyond the historical and topographical interest will show how rich is the University in appliances and means, not only for its old scholastic education, but for all the training demanded by the various necessities of modern life. We believe, also, that there are many of her teachers who are deeply impressed with the great end and aim of this wonderful intellectual apparatus. In the noble "bidding prayer" used at St. Mary's, the divine protection is invoked on Oxford and her colleges, that England may never want men qualified to serve God in Church and State. Such noble words indicate the great central truth that all study and service should be dedicated to the glory of God. It is by the divine blessing resting on intellectual exertions, and the divine grace overruling such to good results, that the highest aims of the highest education will be accomplished, and peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety will continue among us for all generations.

All the Year Round.

A FREAK ON THE VIOLIN.

SUBSEQUENT to Tubal Cain's inventions, harp and organ — the fiddle, or lyre played on with a bow, takes rank by reason of its antiquity. Its place and importance in the world of Music are of

the first interest. The difficulty of handling it, which is extreme, implies the rarest delicacies of ear and of touch—the latter not to be attained to by strenuous good will, supposing apt physical organization denied. "A hand" on the pianoforte is not a more peculiar possession than a "bow arm." On the precision of finger-positions does purity of tone depend. The human voice has little more expressive power — even with the advantage of verbal declamation to help it—than the Violin. Lastly, the instrument when mute has characteristics which give it a place of its own. Whereas every other one of its comrades is worsened, the fiddle is bettered by age and use. A violin has been sold, in our time, for one hundred and forty times the money paid for it when it came from the hands of its maker. A story is told, by Messrs. Sandys and Forster, in their *History of the Violin*, that for an instrument by Steiner the Tyrolese (who came after the great Cremonese and Brescian makers) fifteen hundred acres of American land were ceded, at a dollar an acre, on which the thriving city of Pittsburg now stands. There is nothing analogous to this in the vicissitudes of price which "the marked catalogue" of sold statues and pictures registers.

The above being all so many indisputable facts, no one need wonder that a body of tradition and anecdote has gathered round the violin family — the same comprising four members: besides itself, viola, violoncello, and double bass—rich and various in quality. A delightful and amusing book might be written on the subject for the delectation of those "who have music in their souls;" and, since it is unfashionable to confess to contrary organization in these our times of changes and progress, when music has become a pleasure, which, like the Plague of Egypt, pervades our kings' chambers and our working men's houses—a freak on or about the violin family, their makers, their players, and the music prepared for the same, may not be altogether untimely. A compendious and well-executed little book*—one of the best, as well as most unpretending, books of its kind that I know of—has reminded me of a few old

* *Violins and Violin Makers, etc.* By JOSEPH PRARON, JUN. Longman & Co.

tales and truths, and encouraged me to string together a few of these in a desultory fashion.

How many centuries have passed since the world was first edified by the sounds of a fiddle? is a question for the Dryadusts — not to be dismissed lightly here. Old painters — how far inspired by tradition or not, who shall say? — have put it into the hands of Apollo on the hill of Parnassus; and, following their example, the other day, Mr. Leighton, in his Picture of Music, put it into the hands of Orpheus as the magical instrument by which Eurydice was given back to life. Certain it is that, about the eleventh or twelfth centuries, the violin had taken its present form, and many antiquarians, the diligent and erudite Mr. William Chappell among the number, are satisfied that this form was of northern rather than southern origin. The Welsh, those dear lovers of pedigree, and who have asserted (it has been humorously said) that the primeval language spoken by Adam and Eve was theirs, have laid claim to it. One of the lozenges in the quaint painted roof of Peterborough cathedral, showing a bare-legged man dancing to his kit (date the twelfth century), has a curiously modern air, so far as the shape of the instrument is concerned; but it was not perfected till the sixteenth century, when Amati of Cremona, and Di Salo of Brescia, gave models which have been slightly varied by such notable artificers as Stradivarius, Guarnerius, Steiner, and others, but never unmade; nor, indeed, have essentially changed. Since their day, no improvements have been effected, save in the making of the bow—a condition of things without parallel in the fabrication of musical instruments—which has been universally a story of discovery and progress. Think of a Broadwood, or an Erard Concert Grand Pianoforte, as compared with the meek and weak little clarichord, which sufficed to Sebastian Bach; think how the powers of King David's instrument, the harp, have been extended by pedals and "double-action" since the days of the bards, nay, and even of such modern celebrities as Krumpholtz and Madame de Genlis, and Madame Spohr the first. Think of what has happened to "the German flute" since Frederick the Great

bored his court of wits and philosophers, and the ears of his patient concert-master, Herr Quanz, by playing his three nightly concertos. Think how all the mechanical appliances of the Organ, as the lightening of touch, and the easier combinations of register, have been improved during the past century and a half, since Christian Müller, the maker of the Haarlem organ. Gabelaar, and Silbermann, and Father Schmidt built their instruments, still magnificent, in respect of their sonority, but comparatively rude in structure. No fate of the kind has befallen the violin. The best workmen are those who best imitate the men who wrought three hundred years ago. In its form, in proportion, in the addition to its means, no improvement has been made; and less so in some points of decoration which assist in the preservation of the instrument. The secret of the old varnishes, which are as essential to the well-being of a violin, as is manipulated clay of delicate quality to the texture of china, seems, if we are to believe common testimony, irrecoverably lost.

Few who see that simple-looking toy, out of which such admirable music is drawn, have an idea of its delicate complexity of structure. A well-made violin contains more than fifty different pieces of woods, the woods being three: maple, red deal, and ebony. The wood must be thoroughly seasoned, especially the red deal; and the only artist of modern times who is said to counterfeit the works of the great Italian makers, M. Vuillaume, of Paris, has done so mainly by a most careful selection of materials. Many a roof and panel from Swiss chalets have found their way into his workshop. Be the grain ever so good, the material must have undergone the slow action of time. Some have thought to supersede this by the use of acids and by artificial heat. But these expedients, I am assured, have only a short-lived success. The violins thus *forced* deteriorate steadily; whereas the good instruments become more mellow and precious in sound year by year. It seems agreed that the amount of sonority in the violin partly depends on the flatness or otherwise of its form. How it should be that no change of any importance has been made since the days of Di Salo and Amati, presents, I

repeat, one of the most singular anomalies in that history of anomalies—the lovely art of Music. But the violin is nothing without its bow; and the perfected bow is an invention dating nearly two centuries later than the perfection of the instrument which it “bids to dis-course.” Here is a second anomaly.

A third is, that the instrument was brought to perfection before any music was produced worth performing on it (as we understand matters). Corelli and Scarlatti were not writing when Amati, and Stradivarius, and Guarnerius were producing their masterpieces, which sufficed for the Paganinis of modern times for the execution of their stupendous feats of volubility and brilliancy. In truth, till the beginning of the last century, the music written for the violin was mere child’s play—the works of one wonderful man excepted—John Sebastian Bach. This great genius who divined so much, and the value of whose experiments to the world of musical poets has only come to be appreciated within a comparatively recent period, can have encountered no one, I suspect, in the least able to present on the violin his difficult and recondite fancies. His Sonatas, Chaconnes, Variations, as good as buried until Mendelssohn disinterred them, tax a player to the amount which few players, save of the calibre of Spohr, a Joachim, and a Molique, can afford to be taxed. Perhaps, as a body, the French violinists, as represented by Leclair, inheriting Italian traditions from Lulli, were in advance of their contemporaries of other countries—but so loose is all record of Music at that period, that nothing beyond conjecture is possible.

I have tried, in the above, to touch on a few of the leading points and peculiarities of the leading instrument of the orchestra—the most singular representative of conservative and progressive life in combination that the story of Music, that most capricious among the arts, includes. It would be easy to swell these paragraphs to any extent, by offering characters of what may be called the representative men of the violin, such as Farini, Geminiani, Rode, Viotti, Lafont; but these can be found by any reader who ransacks the dictionaries; so that I shall content myself with rummaging

my own peculiar stores of recollection regarding some of the great players of this nineteenth century.

Of course, the first of these to be named is Paganini; but the man whom to name, so as to give any distinct record of the impression made on me by him, is most difficult. There are people of genius who rule by disturbing, not subjugating, the spirits of those who listen to them. One of these (to cite a parallel in music) was Malibran as compared with Pasta; another, the great Genoese violinist, who convulsed Europe by his triumphs, as no instrumentalist (the Abbé Liszt excepted) has done before or since his apparition.

One may well talk of “apparition” in Paganini’s case; because the intense and eccentric personality of the man had its share in the attention his performances excited. A vampire in an orchestra is not an every-day sight; and never did man by dress and gesture make more of a ghostly aspect than did he, neither more obviously thereby invite the fabrication of the marvellous anecdotes which Fancy makes out of nothing for Scandal to repeat. Paganini’s real life had been miserable and disorderly enough to satisfy such foolish people as think mystery and error inevitable accompaniments of genius. It was a long fever fit of gambling and avarice, alternating with the exercise of most startling progress in art. With most hearers, owing to the exaggeration of his expression, to which his limitless execution enabled him to give the fullest scope, Paganini passed as being fuller of passion than any instrumentalist who ever appeared. Such is not my own impression. I never could rid myself when I heard him, though I was then inexperienced and liable to be carried away by what is astonishing, of a conviction of the player’s eccentricity, which gave a false pathos to his slow movements, and a regulated caprice to his brilliant effects. His execution was limitless; his tone was thin, and chargeable with a certain abuse of trembling vibration, which, for a time, became tiresomely fashionable; but the tone was unimpeachable in purity. His peculiar effects in execution, in staccato and pizzicato passages, in a command of the fourth string so complete as to enable him to turn his violin into a mono-

chord — those glassy harmonic sounds (which, however, when used to excess satiate), are now understood not to have been invented by him, but by Durand, or Duranowski, a miscreant belonging to the class of vagabond geniuses, wrecked by their wasteful profligacy, whose number, happily for art, diminishes year by year. Spohr, in his autobiography, declares that the harmonic effects had been also anticipated by the "once famous Scheller"—another violinist of great talent and disordered life, who was possibly ruined by his connection with the unclean and profligate Count Württemberg, and who passed out of sight in want and misery. But though Scheller may have heard Duranowski, it is improbable that the Genoese artist ever crossed Scheller's path. The harmonic feat is not worth much.

It may be added that, from the time when he rose into notoriety, Paganini took small pains to maintain his powers of execution by practice; never, it is said, taking his violin from his case betwixt exhibition and exhibition, and showing small general interest in music; the exception being the munificent present volunteered by this miserly man to M. Berlioz, as the continuer of Beethoven, which has become a historical anecdote.

Paganini's playing of classical music was in no respect remarkable. His great concert pieces composed for himself, though unequal, were excellent in point of grace, fancy, and opportunity for display. He was the original "Carnival of Venice;" and threw into the changes of that insignificant gondola tune an amount of whim, contrast, and reckless gayety (costume, almost, one might say) impossible to forget. To sum up, whether his strength was that of health or fever, whether his taste was always unimpeachable or the reverse, whether he was more powerful to surprise than to move, or not—as an executive artist, whose genius left his impress on his generation, Paganini stands unparagoned. For a time the influence was not a good one. Sham Paganinis appeared by the score, and made concert music hideous. One or two of these were meant by nature for better things; to give an example, the Norwegian virtuoso, M. Ole Bull, whose peculiarities amounted

to a specimen of those close and ingenious parodies of a strange original, which perplex and cause regret in every honest observer. To have justified his choice of style, M. Ole Bull should have carried out Paganini's effects, as Paganini carried out Duranowski's. Only the feat was simply impossible.

At the antipodes to this magnificent curiosity of Genius working out its purposes, not without resource to empiricism, stands in the modern history of the Violin a man whose notable talent almost rose to genius: and whose influence on his art was wider, healthier, and will probably prove longer-lived than that of his Italian contemporary—Louis Spohr. The impetus given by him to the school of German violin-playing cannot be over-estimated. Of all the players to be mentioned in connection with the violin, Spohr takes the highest rank as a composer; in fact, he is the only great violinist who succeeded in opera, in sacred, in symphonic, in chamber, and in solo concert music: and this without any peculiarity in invention or brightness of fancy. Not a single theme by Spohr has become popular. It may not be without interest to speculate how far this may be referable to the character and physical organization of one of the most respectable, most self-engrossed, most stalwart, most diligent, and least engaging men who has figured in the annals of music. He was a singular mixture of intelligence and bigoted loyalty to himself, as his autobiography makes clear. He had something like universality of endowments, for, as a youth, he drew and painted portraits—his own (which is significant), and those of the girls who fell in love with him—and for a while could hardly decide by which of the sister arts he would make his fortune. Having decided, however, for music, Spohr carried through his purpose in a truly characteristic manner. He stalked along through his life to the end of it, holding his head high, looking neither to the right nor the left; and though honest, as remarkable for his self-esteem as for his probity. His presence was as striking as Paganini's, though in a style totally different. There was nothing of the charlatan about Spohr. He was of commanding stature, with features noble in form and serious in ex-

pression, well befitting the musician, not a bar of whose writings is chargeable with vulgarity, but whose aspect promised a refinement in the man which his social manners did not always fulfil; for to be refined is to be considerate of others, and this Spohr was not. Of all the instrumental players I recollect, he was the most stately to see, and one of the coldest to hear. Of all the mannered composers who ever wrote, (and Spohr was as mannered as the veriest Italian—to name but one, Signor Rossini, whose flimsy writings he so coolly analyzed)—he was the least mannered in his playing. Not a point in it was overwrought, not a point was underfinished. “Propriety and tact,” as the late George Robins said in one of his advertisements, “presided;” and there was in it such beauty as belongs to perfect order, perfect purity, perfect symmetry, perfect command, over all the legitimate resources of his craft. It was a sincere, complete exhibition—if there was ever such a thing—but one which spoke to the head, not to the heart; to the conscience, and not to the affections. The “sacred fire” was not there. I think that if Spohr had been a thin little man, and without that Jupiter port of his, his playing might have been less successful in Germany, Italy, France, and England, than as in his autobiography he fondly tells us it was.

But make what we will of Spohr, of his strange indifference, or else false appreciation of other comrades’ works—of his deficiency of fundamental knowledge, proved by his taking late in life to re-study counterpoint, when the task in hand was an Oratorio, there is no doubt that, as a German violinist and composer for the violin, he must always hold a first place. As a professor, he knew (not always a winning or flexible man) how to quicken the intelligence, and not so much to insure the respect as to gain the affection of his pupils. These could be named by some two score, were a contemporary catalogue the matter in hand; but two may be mentioned—the Brothers Holmes—if only because of the singular indifference of their and our native country to their great accomplishments. Rude as Spohr could be to his Cassel orchestra, calling them “swine” when they displeased him, his pupils,

one and all, seem to have attached themselves to him without stint; and many an act of private forbearance and kindness, on his part, to those straitened in their means, is to be set against the impression above recorded.

Then, as to written music for the violin, whereas Paganini’s efforts and effects have died out, to be reproduced in a feeble and incomplete echo by his kinsman, Signor Sivori, the violin Concertos of Spohr will not soon be laid aside, owing to the perfect knowledge of the instrument they display, the sensible orchestral combinations they conclude, and the individuality of their manner; which, be it right or wrong, is Spohr’s own, and his alone. Further, his violin duets are unsurpassed as combinations of melody, suave, if not new, with harmony pleasing and luscious, if something monotonous. The rage for Spohr’s music has subsided everywhere; but his influence, and that of all he wrote for his special instrument, has not subsided; nor, I fancy, may altogether subside,

“Till Music shall untune the sky.”

and the devices and desires of Herr Wagner shall rule the world.

One of the most delicious artists who ever took violin in hand was De Beriot, some shortcomings in depth of feeling granted. He may be named as among the exceptions by which rules are proved. That certain qualities are “constant” (as the mathematicians say) in certain countries, I have been long convinced. The vivacious Irish, as a body of musicians, have a propensity to dragging and drawling. The English have small feeling for accent as compared with the French. There has not been one great French contralto singer. The Belgians in music are heavy rather than elegant, and are apt to substitute (as M. Vieuxtemps has shown us on the viola) elaborate pomposity for real feeling and grandeur. But De Beriot, the most elegant of violinists, was a Belgian, born at Louvain. If Paganini pairs off with Liszt, De Beriot does among pianists with Thalberg, and among singers with Madame Cinti-Damoreau. The three may be cited as irreproachable. Greater beauty of tone was never heard than theirs. Greater grace and polish without finicality than theirs cannot be at-

tained. Had more of emotion been added by nature, the excellence might have been less equable. None of the three can be called cold; none of the three ventured one inch deeper than the point their powers enabled them to fathom. In Spohr's Autobiography he speaks grudgingly of De Beriot (as he does almost of every violinist save himself), albeit De Beriot exercised a fascination by his playing which Spohr never commanded, more solid though Spohr's music is. And De Beriot's airs with variations, and Concertos (especially one with the rondo in the Russian style), live in recollection, though not heard for many a year, as distinctly as if they had been enjoyed but yesterday. The one man who might have challenged him on his own ground was Mayseder of Vienna (whose lovely and natural and becoming compositions must not pass without a word, when the Violin and its sayings and doings are the theme); but Mayseder was not a show—otherwise a travelling player—and never, I believe, quitted the Austrian capital, and the orchestra of the Kärntner Thor Theatre there. A solo I heard from him in a hackneyed ballet to accompany a dancer on a hot autumn evening to an empty house, was enough of itself to show his sweetness, graciousness, and thorough knowledge of the best uses of the violin.

I come now to speak of a violin player in whom something of the spirits of the North and South were combined—the classical grandeur and repose of the one—the impassioned abandonment of the other: who was, nevertheless, in no respect an eclectic artist; neither one on whom, as in De Beriot's case, given qualities could be counted on with certainty—a player who in his best hours, in the best music, had power to move his public as none of the three professors of his instrument mentioned before him were able to do. This was Ernst; who appeared after the three great players commemorated, and who, in spite of one fatal defect, a tendency to false intonation, no more to be controlled than was the same fault in Pasta's singing, could assert himself as among the best of his order, and occasionally, as best among the best. I have never heard a man play worse than he did sometimes. I have never heard a man play so

well as I have heard Ernst play: and this not in the form of showy displays, such as any glib or indefatigable person may bring himself to produce, but in the utterance of the intense, yet not over-intense, expression with which he could interpret the greatest thoughts of the greatest poets in music. His leading of Beethoven's three Russian quartets (the Razumouffsky set) may be set beside Madame Viardot's resistless presentment of Gluck's Orpheus, beside Pasta's "Son io" in Medea, beside the "Suivez moi" of Duprez in Guillaume Tell. In all the four instances cited, the case was one of fervent genius—so fervent as to make defects and disadvantages forgotten; but mastered by, not mastering, its possessor. Herr Ernst's tone on the violin had nothing of Spohr's immaculate purity, nothing of De Beriot's winning charm; but it was a tone that spoke, and that spoke, too, to the heart, and representing there the nature of as genial, and affectionate, and noble a man as ever drew breath, or drew a bow. No matter a disadvantageous education—no matter a certain languor of physical temperament which made him too accessible to persuasion—there was in Ernst nothing paltry, nothing jealous, nothing to be explained away, in any artistic transaction of his life. And this, I hold (believing that every man's art will, more or less, express his nature), was to be heard and felt in Ernst's playing. There was sometimes in it a majesty, sometimes an intimate expression, by right of which he deserves to stand alone in the gallery of violinists. The same qualities are represented in his music; "the stars" having destined Ernst to be a great composer, had he been born, like Spohr, with untiring "thaws and sinews," or had been as strictly trained as was Spohr. But, he just produced in the way of composition what sufficed for his own needs and remarkable executive powers. One production of his, however, the first movement of a Concerto in C sharp minor, though overlaid with technical difficulties, is full of great thoughts carried out by adequate science. This fragment may well be the despair of smaller folk who attempt the violin. When Ernst played it (on his good days) there was no feeling of difficulty, either in the music or for the

player. It should be recorded that Ernst's inequality, to which allusion has been made, in some measure, limited his popularity. Those who think that the presence of mind and feeling borne out by great executive power, and a style thoroughly individual, do not still atone for occasional uncertainty, dwelt on Ernst's imperfect intonation, and denied him merit.

No such question has been or can be raised against the reigning King of violinists, Herr Joachim—whose popularity is without one dissenting voice, and whose excellence as a player is without alloy. Avoiding, for the most part, what may be called *trick* music, and, till now, unsuccessful in his attempts to write that which shall satisfy a mixed audience, he has been driven, beyond any of the artists hitherto named, on the interpretation of other men's compositions. In this occupation he has been equalled by no predecessor. Whether the matter in hand be the wondrous inventions of Sebastian Bach—ancient but not old, and with all their formalities of former times, more romantic and suggestive than most of the ravings of the day, which are set forth as profound and transcendental poetry—whether it be Beethoven's loftiest inspirations (such as the Adagio in his D major trio), or Spohr's Scena Drammatica, or Mendelssohn's lovely Concerto, this magnificent artist leaves nothing to be desired. With a purer taste than Paganini—with more feeling than Spohr—with more earnestness than, and almost as much elegance as, De Beriot—with more certainty than Ernst, Herr Joachim presents a combination of the highest intellectual, poetical, and technical qualities. In the rendering of music he is without a peer.

I must name one more artist, never to be mentioned without respect when the Violin is in hand. Having illustrated by parallels, I may say that what Moscheles is as composer for the pianoforte, Molique is for the Violin—not always spontaneous, but always interesting by ingenuity and distinct individuality. The concert pieces of Molique will not grow antiquated. They are quainter and less cloying than Spohr's; perhaps less advantageous in displaying the executant, but demanding, in their final movements especially, a certain humor, clear of ec-

centricity, which gives them a great relish, and is totally unborrowed. In Herr Molique's chamber music there is more labor and less freedom, but everywhere traces of a sincere and thoughtful musician, which must interest those who value the thorough workmanship of an intelligent head and hand. If it be added that many a charlatan without a tithe of Herr Molique's ideas, or a fiftieth part of his skill in treating the same, has amassed a fortune, whereas his long life, now drawing towards eventide, of honorable toil, extended usefulness, and the respect due to one without a taint, jealousy, littleness, or intrigue, has been ill recompensed, the purpose of such a revelation will be easily divined—not to sadden those who love Art, but to cheer them, by giving them a chance of cheering the latter days of one to whom every sincere student of the Violin and violin music owes a debt.

FRANCIS GRANT, ESQ.,

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

A SKETCH BY THE EDITOR.

PORTRAITS of eminent men, distinguished in any department of human learning, in literature, in science or art, or in any high station in life, in Church and State, on the bench, or on the throne, or at the head of armies, are always interesting and valuable. In the past years and volumes of this work, we have selected a great variety of illustrations and finely engraved portraits of eminent men, and we now add a portrait of the President of the Royal Academy of England, as the representative of the great world of art. The artists, and the admirers of art, among our readers in this country will, we trust, be gratified with this portrait. We add a brief biographical sketch:

FRANCIS GRANT was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1803. His youngest brother is Lieutenant - General Sir Hope Grant, G.C.B., the officer who so distinguished himself in India and China. Mr. Grant was originally destined for the Scotch Bar; he always had, however, a strong penchant for art, and when a youth at Edinburgh took lessons in drawing the human figure from Mr. George Somerville, who enjoyed much local celebrity

as a teacher. Mr. Grant's very first attempt in oil painting was a small equestrian portrait of his brother, Sir Hope, then a Cornet in the Ninth Lancers; and it was from the keen competition among the members of the family to possess this picture that Mr. Grant was induced to exchange parchment and pleading for palette and pencils. It may be remembered that a full-length portrait of the same officer, painted on his return from the East, full of honors, many years after, by the same brother, then an R.A., was exhibited in Trafalgar-square four years ago. The Earl of Elgin, whose name is honorably associated with the priceless marbles he brought from Greece, was so pleased with the young artist's resolution, that he offered to lend him for copying, to be retained as long as he required, any picture from his fine collection. Mr. Grant chose the equestrian portrait, by Velasquez, of the Duc d'Orléans, which was so much admired at the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibi-

tion; and we understand that the new President attributes much of his success simply to study of that noble work. Mr. Grant has had the honor of painting life-size equestrian portraits of her Majesty and the late Prince Consort—these were painted for Christ's Hospital; also a picture of the Queen on horseback, attended by her suite, in Windsor Park, including portraits of the late Lord Melbourne, the Marquis of Conyngham, and others. To attempt to enumerate all the notabilities transferred to canvas by the most fashionable portrait-painter since Lawrence, we should have to mention a considerable proportion of the British personages distinguished either by talent, rank, beauty, or fashion, during the last thirty years.

Mr. Grant has recently been chosen the new President of the Royal Academy, and, by custom, will soon become Sir Francis Grant. He is at the head of his profession—an accomplished painter, and a courteous British gentleman.

P O E T R Y .

NEMESIS.

We were sisters, fortune favor'd,
Born of noble race;
She was fragile, timid, tender,
With the sweetest face!

Like a shy half-hidden snowdrop,
Pure, and pale, and meek;
Not the faintest glow of summer
Resting on her cheek.

She was guileless, good, and gentle
I was restless, strong,
With a fierce ambition burning,
Goading me along.

She was like a star at evening,
Exquisitely bright;
I was like a flashing meteor,
Putting out her light.

To be fairest, first, and greatest,
Heart of heart's desire,
Raged beneath my proud cold bosom
Like consuming fire.

Daring, reckless of the future,
Conscience, shame, remorse,
Earth despising, Heaven defying,
I pursued my course.

Be my guileful arts sure working,
Treachery, cold deceit,
Soon I brought my sister's suitors
Vanquished to my feet:

Victims but to grace my triumph,
On their necks to tread;
What to me was love or rapture?
I who scorn'd to wed!

Till at length he came. Oh! Nature,
What a skill was thine,
Out of worthless clay to fashion
Creature so divine!

Dower'd with grace and every virtue,
Noble, gentle, grand,
All my pulses thrill'd and quiver'd
When he touch'd my hand.

Oh what rage, disdain, and anguish
In my bosom strove,
When I knew he loved my sister,
Answering to her love!

Sleep forsook my bursting eyeballs,
Tortures rack'd my brain;
Nought remain'd 'twixt death and madness,
Save his love to gain.

Then the deadliest powers of evil
To my call obey'd,
Envy, hate, and malice, forging
Slanders for mine aid.

Demons in my bosom wrestling,
Scheming night and day;
Iron will at length prevailing,
Iron fate gave way.

In my bride-robes, at the altar,
On my finger shone

Golden circlet that betoken'd
Me his chosen one.

While my cup of dizzy transport
Brimn'd and sparkled o'er,
Ere I drain'd the draught delirious,
Death stood at the door.

Death, to claim my hapless sister;
Happier she than I!
Happy when the broken-hearted—
When despair, can die!

White as lilies, cold as marble,
In her shroud she lay;
Blest oblivion! how I envied
The unconscious clay!

Yet my impious soul, unbaffled,
Stuffed nature's cry;
Bought at such a price, I dared not
Let the prize go by.

While earth's crown of love and glory
Circled my vain head,
I must live among the living.
Let the dead be dead.

Nothing to my selfish cravings
To my matchless pride,
To my never-resting, fretting
Fancy, was denied.

On from change to change I hurried,
On from land to land,
Till at length an arrow struck me
From an unseen hand.

Ay, and with an aim so secret,
Subtle, sure, and dread,
Scarce I knew the point had touch'd me
Till the poison spread.

Then upon my heart and spirits
Fell an icy weight;
'Mid the crowds that once ador'd me
I stood desolate.

Evermore a long black shadow
On my pathway lay;
Wheresoe'er I moved, the sunbeams
Seem'd to slant away.

Every hand I sought, shrank from me,
As from touch of death;
If I pluck'd a flower, it wither'd,
Tainted by my breath.

Through the festive crowds, ungreeted,
Like the plague I pass'd,
And with sudden gloom and terror
Every soul o'creast.

Loved no more—and how unlovely!
Speak! my soul's despair!
Where were the lips that praised me?
Hearts that worshipp'd—where?

Ev'n that one, for whose brief favor,
Fond mad dream of bliss,
I had plunged, past all forgiveness,
Into guilt's abyss—

When, with bitter cries, I sought him,
Comfort, help, to crave,
Even him I found lamenting
On my sister's grave!
—All the Year Round.

A BLUSH.

"THE ELOQUENT BLOOD."

In a blush doth a tell-tale appear
That speaks to the eye, quite as plain
As language itself can convey to the ear,
Some tender confession of pleasure or pain;
What thoughts we should never impart,
What secrets we never should speak,
If the fountain of truth in the heart
Did not rise in a blush to the cheek.

As the blossom of spring on the bough
Is promise of fruits yet unseen,
So the color that mantles thy beauty just now
May be but prophetic of hopes but yet green.
How vain is each delicate art
Of concealment, when nature would speak,
And the fountain of truth in the heart
Will arise in a blush to the cheek!

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

Poetry—Lyrical, Narrative, and Satirical—of the Civil War. Selected and edited by RICHARD GRANT WHITE. New York: American News Company. 1866. The author has been governed by sound judgment and good taste in his selections, and has produced the best volume of the kind we have seen. There is a great deal of good poetry in the book. The appendix contains a selection from rebel poetry.

The Queen Mother and Rosemond. By ALEXANDER SWINBURNE. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866. This new play from this popular author will be likely to attract attention. He undoubtedly possesses not a little poetic power, and commands choice language. We do not believe he can make popular this semi-antique type of the drama. The publishers have produced the volume in a style of great neatness.

The South Since the War; as Shown by Fourteen Weeks of Travel and Observation in Georgia and the Carolinas. By SMITH AMARVA. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866. The substance of this volume originally appeared as the letters of a correspondent to the daily press. The author is a careful observer, and improved his opportunities well. By far the most interesting portions of the book are those relating to the action of the South Carolina and Georgia Conventions, at which the author was present.

Ralph, and Other Poems. By HENRY L. ARNEY. Rondout: Horatio Fowkes. New-York: N. Tibbals. 1866. Mr. Abbey possesses considerable poetic power. There is a grace and finish about some of his poems which make them attractive. His previous little volume we read with interest.

Doctor Kemp; the Story of a Life with a Blemish. The American News Company, 1866. Dull as the book trade generally is, novels seem to thrive, judging at least from the number which are published. We have not found time to read this, and, therefore, cannot express an opinion as to its merits.

Gazelle, a True Tale of the Great Rebellion; and Other Poems. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New-York: American News Company, 1866. Still another volume of poems on the war. The leading one especially is good, and some of the others are readable. It is amazing what an amount of poetic composition, good, bad, and indifferent, the war has brought out. We doubt not it will be read with more interest in coming generations than by the present.

Asphodel. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1866. This anonymous book is written in a very fluent and graceful style, and has other elements of popularity. Still it is dreamy, sad and unsatisfactory, both artistically and morally. "Erminia" deserved a better fate. Her voyage to California, in search of Russell, whom she deeply loved, but who had never declared his love to her, is a violation of all propriety; and the tragic scene which follows her discovery of his marriage to another, coming unheralded upon him in the midst of the very marriage ceremony, is harrowing in the extreme. And yet it is a book which will find many readers.

In Trust; or, Dr. Bertram's Household. By ARMAND M. DOUGLASS. Boston: Lee & Shepard, 1866. A capital American story, the scene of which is laid in Newark, N. J. It does not belong to the sensational school, and we like it the better for that. It is pure in every line, and elevating in its teachings, and leaves a good impression. The "Doctor" is truly noble in his unselfishness, and "Daisy" is matchless, and yet both are natural. We have read the whole of the book, which we seldom do in works of this class; and we believe all who begin it will want to see the end of it before they lay it down.

Temperance Recollections—Labors, Defeats, Triumphs. An autobiography by JOHN MARSH, D.D., for thirty years corresponding secretary and editor of the American Temperance Union. New-York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1866. This is a remarkable book, in many respects, and deeply interesting and instructive for its historic facts and statements, which gem and sparkle along its condensed and powerful pages. It is a book to be read, pondered, studied in every family where there are sons and fathers to be seduced into the destructive paths of intemperance and ruin by the myriad demons of alcoholic drinks, which lie in wait in every city and village of the land. This book is a fitting memorial and climax of a long and very useful life in the temperance cause—of abundant labors, toils, and self-denials, amid many discouragements and opposition of open enemies and lukewarm friends. Dr. Marsh is a well-tried veteran in the service, and green laurels, in his green old age, await him on earth, we doubt not, and in heaven, of "well done, good and faithful servant." We are in no danger of

speaking too strongly of Dr. Marsh and his well-written volume. We have known him, seen him, observed his course of action, for more than thirty years. He has deserved well of his generation, saving, by his advocacy of the temperance cause—his strong arguments, facts, writings, and publications, widely diffused—thousands of his fellow-men from the drunkard's grave in this world and their souls from eternal death. "He has fought a good fight" in many battles against intemperance, and the volume contains a historic record of great interest and value, of facts, anecdotes, arguments, statistics, notices of eminent men and personages, imperial and royal friends of the cause—a vast and yet condensed embodiment of facts of current history, such as can be found in no other book within our knowledge. If this is high praise, the book deserves it all and more. The book grasps the temperance cause in this country, in England, in Ireland, in France, and in Russia, etc., and lifts the curtain before monarchs and many eminent men at home and abroad. It is a rich text-book for every man who would plead the cause of temperance in public. We recommend every father and widowed mother in the land who have sons exposed to the ruin of intemperance, to procure a copy of this book, with an earnest request to read it and study it. It may be of more value than a fortune left to them. It is a book which should be in every village library in the land. We ask all the friends of temperance to read and recommend the book. We believe that many lives would have been saved, and more battles gained, if copies of this had been in the hands of the army and its officers when the late war began; and, if half the statements in the public press are true in regard to Washington, we verily think that Congress would perform a valuable service by appropriating funds to supply a copy for each member, and some other officials at Washington—not that all need it, for many true friends of the cause are there, and we wish there were more of them.

Daily Meditations. By Rev. GEORGE BOWEN, American Missionary, Bombay, India. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Publication Committee, New-York: A. D. F. Randolph, 1866. These meditations are for each day in the year, and are similar in general scope and character to *Jay's Morning and Evening Exercises* which was so deservedly popular some years since. The work is executed with good judgment and commendable ability. It cannot fail to be a welcome and useful closet companion to the devout Christian.

The Chinese Language. We have received a curious and remarkable book. It is a history and geography of the United States, written and neatly printed in the language of China, by the Rev. Dr. Bridgeman, American missionary at Shanghai, China. The title page is on the right of the volume, like the Hebrew. Each page contains ten columns, with light intermediate lines, within which the characters are printed, much like columns of numeral figures. It contains two hundred and sixteen pages, printed only on one side. It contains a hemispherical map of the world, small maps of American lakes, territories, cities, a print of the capitol at Washington, with the east front, and various illustrations, to inform

